

MOST FAMOUS OF MORO CHIEFS

Correspondent Carpenter Has Chat With Datto Mandi, Uncle Sam's Best Friend in Southern Philippines.

ZAMBOANGA, April 2-1 have just had an interview with Datto Mandi. He is one of the most powerful of the Moro chiefs, and has more strength of character than the Sultan of Jolo. He controls the Moros of the western part of Mindanao and has hundreds of fighting men who will wage war for him at a nod of the head. He is, moreover, a friend of the Americans, and was the first of the Mohammedans to espouse our cause in this part of the world. He fought for us against the insurgents; and as soon as our gunboat, the Castine, arrived he got an American flag and raised it over his town. He flew it at the mastheads of his boats and offered his services to us. He sold supplies to our gunboats, and when General Bates came to Jolo in August he sent word to him, that if he desired he would take his warriors and wipe the insurgents from the face of the island. General Bates did not like to authorize Mohammedans to kill Christians, and for this reason refused his permission.

Before I describe my audience with Datto Mandi, and my visit to his people I must tell you something of our Mohammedan Empire. It includes this great island of Mindanao, which is as big as Ohio, and the numerous islands which spot this southern sea. Mindanao is said to be about two-fifths Christian, two-fifths Mohammedan and one-fifth savage. In the other islands the people are nearly all Moros, but there are a few Christians on Mindanao as on all the rest. No accurate census has ever been taken, and estimates of the number of Mohammedans vary all the way from 200,000 to 500,000.

The Mohammedans, or Moros, as the Spaniards called them, are made up of different tribes. Each tribe is under its independent chief, or datto, but they all owe a certain allegiance to the Sultan of Jolo, and on the island of Mindanao to another Sultan who lives near Cotabato, and whom I expect to visit after I leave Zamboanga. It is not entirely clear as to just what the relation between the Sultan and the dattos is. It is semi-feudal and semi-tribal, with the dattos often so strong that they apparently pay no attention to the Sultan.

Recognizes No Superior.

I doubt whether Datto Mandi recognizes any one as his superior. He is far different from the other Mohammedan chiefs and far more civilized. The other dattos give commands to kill and spare not. In their wars they kill as many of the men as they can and capture the women and girls for wives, while they use the boys as slaves. Last September Mandi had a

quiet, they are all armed with knives, and there is no telling when one may not go into a state of Juramentado, or, as the Malays say, "run amok." There is one advantage the Juramentado fanatic has over the average murderer. He is like a rattlesnake in that he gives warning before he strikes. He informs his people before he goes into this state. He has his eyebrows shaved, takes a bath and puts on his best clothes, usually dressing in white. He then goes to a priest and takes an oath before him that he will die killing the ungodly.

He then arms himself with one of these terrible bolos or kris, and starts out, killing every Christian he meets until he is himself killed. As he goes on through the path of death he often disregards the religious character of his victims, and kills every one he meets, being insane in his endeavor to add another and still another death to his list. Cases are cited of where the Juramentado, being chased by a soldier, with gun and bayonet, has turned, and, seizing the bayonet, forced it into his body. In order that he might thus get closer to and kill the man at the end of the gun.

So far no Americans have been killed by Juramentados. General Bates guarded against such a possibility to some extent by telling the Sultan and dattos that if a Juramentado killed an American he would kill not only the murderer, but also the priest who swore the oath and every one else who had a hand in the crime. He impressed this so firmly upon the mind of the Sultan of Jolo that his majesty issued a proclamation, telling his people that: "They must not kill Americans, because they are like a bunch of matches, and if you touch one, the whole bunch will go off." "Besides," he added, "there is really no reason why Mohammedans should kill Americans, because they are not Christians."

Last Juramentado Case.

I have just heard of a Juramentado case which occurred last week on the island of Basilan, and which was indirectly caused by our troops. The fanatic in this case was the servant of a man named Yaqul, who was being used to some extent by the Americans as an interpreter. The other day when some of our soldiers called at Yaqul's house all of the servants with the exception of this fanatic stood up and did them honor. The fanatic sat sullenly in one corner and would not obey his master's call. As a result when the Americans left he was given a scolding and a whipping. He at once resolved to kill his master and then go to the garrison and kill as many soldiers as he could.

He went to the priest and took the oath of the Juramentado. He had washed himself and shaved his eyebrows, and was about to start forth when the datto, who had heard of his taking the oath, ordered

him to have a lean-to, or a shed extending out at its front or side, and you have some idea of a Moro village. You cannot see it, however, without you fill it with people, foraging the queerest conglomeration of features and colors you can imagine. You must place here and there scores of bare-footed, brown-faced men, wearing bright turbans, loose jackets and side-tight trousers of red, yellow, blue, and, in fact, all colors of stripes, half-naked boys and altogether naked children moving about. At the waist of every boy who is over 15, and of every man, you must put a great knife in a wooden sheath.

Queer Mixture.

You must now and then add one with a



DATTO MANDI AND A FEW OF HIS FAMILY.

spear or a lance, and scatter through the whole men with helmet-like straw hats which end in a cone at the crown, adorned with a piece of white tip, which shines like silver under the rays of the sun. You must mix with the crowd scores of dark-faced women and girls, only a few of whom hide their faces after Mohammedan fashion, and some of whom show a great deal more of their bodies than our customs allow. This is so also of the men;

under him, and he told me 7000. I asked him if he would not make a visit to the United States, telling him that I had no doubt the President would be glad to see him. To this he replied that he had been a friend to Spain, and as such he had made a trip to Madrid and there been received by the Queen, and that as he was now our friend, he hoped to be able to visit and hold a conference with the President.

It's the Fashion.

I don't think the custom prevails in Turkey, however, and I have never heard of it in any other Mohammedan country. Here both men and women universally do it, the teeth of the girls being filed just as soon as they reach marriageable age. The operation is so painful that they often faint under the file, but it is the fashion, and every maiden pines for the day when she can change her ugly white teeth for hollow-ground molars of a beautiful black. This day comes here at 12 or 13 years of age, at which time the girls often have husbands, and it is said that Moro will not take as a wife a girl whose teeth are not black.

From what I have written you may notice that the Mohammedans want the dattos of their town are not so secluded as the women of Turkey and other Mohammedan countries. This is so throughout these islands. The females go about with unveiled faces, and although one dare not touch a woman for fear of death from her owner, he may look at her as he pleases without offense. My visit to Datto Mandi was in company with Colonel Webb Hayes, and it was together that we explored the village and made photographs of the people. We even entered a number of the houses and took snap shots of the ladies of the harem.

The average house has no separate apartment for women. There is usually but one room, and all sleep on the floor together, the different wives gathering their respective children about them and the common husband, I suppose, lying next to his favorite, and the floors are of bamboo poles. They are covered with mats at night. The women were sitting on the floors of the houses we visited, for there were no chairs, and with the exception of a few boxes, no furniture whatever. The clothing of the family was hung from the rafters of the hut, and at one side, fastened to the wall, was usually a collection of barongs and kris, ready for use in case of an attack. In one house we found a little yellow-skinned baby, swinging in a hammock slung from the roof, and it was on the plea of making a photograph of it that I was able to photograph the four wives and the female slaves of the establishment.

It was in a house like this that I found Datto Mandi. His town was burned last Summer during his fight with the insurgents, and his present quarters are but temporary. He is, however, building what among the Moros would be called a palace, near by. It is a house about 50 feet square and perhaps 60 feet high, with living rooms upon posts at least 10 feet above the ground. The house is chiefly of bamboo, and it will be roofed and walled with the Nipa palm thatch, the common roof of the country.

Hayes and myself first arrived we were told that the datto was taking his siesta, and that, as he did not dare to disturb him, we had better wait until he got through with his nap. This we did, and within a quarter

of an hour were rewarded by his coming, leg out and bidding us welcome. Through our interpreter he made us at home and chatted with us about himself and his people.

Datto Mandi is by far the finest-looking Mohammedan I have seen in the Philippines. He is a dark-faced, sober-looking man of perhaps 30 years, as straight as the tall coconut trees which wave their fan-

like leaves over his village. He has bright, piercing black eyes, a nose which is almost Roman in shape, and a broad forehead. His mouth shows determination, and his teeth are of the black variety, how so much desired by the Moro.

During our conversation I asked him to send a message to the American people through the Oregonian, saying that we appreciated that he was our best friend among the Moro chiefs, and that we hoped the friendship might continue. The datto replied that he considered himself an American citizen, and that I might say to the people of the United States that he desired to be friends with them and would fight for them.

I asked him how many people he had

under him, and he told me 7000. I asked him if he would not make a visit to the United States, telling him that I had no doubt the President would be glad to see him. To this he replied that he had been a friend to Spain, and as such he had made a trip to Madrid and there been received by the Queen, and that as he was now our friend, he hoped to be able to visit and hold a conference with the President.

Friendship Valuable.

I could see that Mandi has great strength of character, and I am told that General Bates considers his friendship very valuable to the United States. If he could be persuaded to visit Washington with some of his brother dattos, and perhaps the Sultan, the effect might be worth, in the prevention of future wars, a thousand times the expense of the trip. I don't know if such a thing is in contemplation, but I would suggest that the President send such an invitation to a party made up of the most distinguished of the Moro dattos, the Sultan of Mindanao and the Sultan of Jolo, including a visit to the electrical exposition at Buffalo as a part of the programme.

After our interview was over, I asked the datto if I might not make a photograph of him and his house. He not only consented, but dressed for the occasion, coming out with his cane of rank and a number of gold and silver medals which he had received from Spain. He brought out his favorite wife, a beautiful Moro girl, and I stood up with her, the datto and his eldest son, while Colonel Hayes pushed the button.

Later on he took his kris, a serpentine knife or dagger, a yard long, and showed the favorite cut to be used in carving up an enemy. I did not ask him to cut off a head in way of illustration, but I am assured that he might easily have done so without arousing an insurrection among his people.

Out in Oregon.

On the big Columbia, 'way out in the West, there's some purty country, where I love to rest— Rustle in dreamin', nev'er see a feast On the fruits an' berries they sent raise back East.

Gooseberries like hen-eggs, chairlady one inch throo, Strawberry like teacups, one-pound peaches, too! Luscious pears, an' prune trees loaded by the ton—

'Vittin' Aunt Lizzie, out in Oregon.

Chiny faunsens crowsin', showin' their fine tails, Mosler-larks a-singin' on the 'fence rails, 'Robins eatin' chairlady, steamboats tootin' by, Big blue grouse a-bootin' in the trees high; Red-wing blackbirds singin' where the plow turned high!

Husky fishin', rambinin' tel the night comes on— Vittin' Aunt Lizzie, out in Oregon.

—J. Gordon Temple.

Had Nerve a Plenty.

Quinn—He has more nerve than any man I ever met.

DeFonte—In what way?

Quinn—Why, he went over to his neighbor's to borrow a gun. Said he wanted to shoot a cat.

DeFonte—Where does any nerve come in?

Quinn—It was his neighbor's cat he wanted to shoot—Chicago News.

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