

AMONG THE SULU MOHAMMEDANS

Correspondent Carpenter Writes of the Pearl Fisheries and Natives and Other Curiosities of Archipelago of the Southern Philippines.

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POLO, Island of Sulu, May 23.—I am still in the land of the Moros. I have sailed westward from Mindanao, and for the past week have been traveling among the islands of the Sulu archipelago which dot the sea in a great crescent from Mindanao to Borneo. There are 200 of these islands, some mere dots upon the face of the sea; others composed of mountains and plains, covering an area equal to that of several hundred good-sized farms. Some, such as Basilan, Sulu and Tawi Tawi, even approach the dignity of countries, running from 15 square miles in Tawi Tawi to 350 square miles in Sulu, with Basilan coming between at an area of 283 square miles.

The Sulu Islands are among the most curious, wild and romantic of our Philippine possessions. They are inhabited chiefly by Moros of the most savage order, governed by dattos, and all subject to the Sultan of Sulu, with whom the Government has made a special treaty, giving him a monthly salary from the United States treasury. His rule is such, however, that we have had to place troops at a number of stations throughout the archipelago. The chief garrison is here at Jolo, but there are soldiers also at Siasi, Bongao and Basilan.

Basilan is only a few hours' ride by boat from Zamboanga. It has a population of something like a thousand or so, and its capital, Isabela, contains about 800 inhabitants. It is a beautiful island, with good soil and having mountains covered with timber. The Spaniards used it as a naval station, and built there dockyards and barracks and a hospital.

The island of Siasi is the most important of the Tawil group, which embraces about a score of islands and islets. It is situated about 40 miles from Sulu, and its capital, Siasi, vies with Jolo as one of the commercial centers of the archipelago.

The town of Siasi is the only port in the Sulu Sea at which steamers can come directly up to the docks. The main street of the town, in fact, is built out over the sea. Its houses are built on posts standing out above the water, and some of the people go from house to house on stilts, stepping from their stilts to the first floor of the houses and leaving them outside until they are ready to depart. The town is very pretty, being well shaded with coconut trees and doing a considerable business in copra, shark's fins and shells. We have a company stationed at this place.

Tawi Tawi Group. Another company is quartered at Bongao, to keep watch over the two dattos who live there and the people of the Tawi Tawi group. This group has about 40 islands, the most important being Tawi Tawi, a long oval island, 50 miles in circumference, and Basilan, 35 miles in area. It is very mountainous, lacks water and has almost no cultivated lands.

The island of Bongao is a huge, rocky mass, rising about 1000 feet almost straight up out of the sea. At one end of it there is some lowland. This is about Bongao Bay, and upon it are the barracks of our soldiers. There is a fort and some other buildings.

It is said that the pirates used Bongao as a resort in the past, it being especially well fitted for defense, and the jungle on the mountain forming a good place for retreat when attacked. Bongao is on a few hours' ride from Borneo.

These islands are all more or less surrounded by pearl fisheries. The chief business is in the shells of the pearl oysters, which are gathered from the bed of the ocean near the islands. There is an English company at Jolo, which is shipping quantities of these shells to Europe. They receive from the natives a variety about \$50 a ton, with the additional profit which now and then comes from the pearls in the oysters, some of which sell for hundreds of dollars apiece. General Butte told me that when he called on the Sultan, His Majesty offered him a pearl as big as the end of your little finger as a present. He says it was worth about \$500, but that as he was a Government official, he did not feel that he had a right to accept it, and hence, to the surprise of the Sultan, refused.

The Sultan and the dattos have the right to the largest of the pearls, which are gathered by the Moros, and it is said that the Sultan has a great fortune in pearls stored away in his palace. A German jeweler called upon him the other day and tried to buy some, but he found His Majesty as well posted on values as himself, and went away sorrowful. The company which is now doing most of the business is composed of Englishmen. They paid, I am told, the Sultan \$25,000 for their fishing outfit, and they have a special arrangement with the Sultan. They own about 25 schooners, and make regular excursions to the pearl-fishing grounds. They use divers, who wear diving suits, and carry on the business after modern methods. The shells are used in manufacturing knife handles, buttons, paper-cutters and other such things.

Shells Chiefly Valuable.

I am told that not one-tenth of the money made from the fishing comes from the pearls themselves. The shells are the most valuable, the pearls being merely a by-product. This is so, I believe, in all the pearl-fishing centers. In the Western Australian fisheries, for instance, the value of the shells is about \$25,000, while the pearls gotten during the same time sold for \$150,000.

The fishing goes on about the island of Basilan and in other grounds in the western part of the archipelago, such as at Bongao and Tawi Tawi, as well as in the seas not far from Sulu. The seas have not yet been carefully prospected, however.

The method of diving for pearls as followed by the natives is exceedingly simple. They use no diving suits, but go naked into the water, tying heavy stones to their feet to help them sink to the bottom. They usually choose grounds where the pearl oysters are not more than 40 feet below the surface. The oysters are attached to the rocks, and the diver cuts them loose with his knife and puts them in a net bag. He then gives the signal by jerking the rope about his waist, and is dragged to the surface.

The Moros are expert divers and swimmers. They have trained themselves to holding their breath under water, and some can remain below the surface for about two minutes at a time. The business is exceedingly dangerous, for there are numerous sharks, and a man is liable to lose a leg or an arm, if not his life.

After the shells are gathered they must be cleaned, and the oysters shucked out before they are ready for sale. They are often piled up on the shore and left there to decay, in order that the pearls may be squeezed out. Not all the oysters have pearls in them, but a very poor shell may sometimes contain a very fine pearl, so that great care is used in handling the product.

Pearls, you know, are caused by some foreign substance working its way into the flesh of the oyster. It may be a grain of sand, a small pebble or some other foreign matter. The oyster tries to protect himself from it by putting a coating of pearl about it, and this coating goes on and on until at last we have a pearl.

Indeed, I am told that pearls are now being made in Japan and China by taking

the oysters from the sea and carefully opening them just wide enough to slip a particle of sand between the leaves of the shell. The oysters thus treated are planted and fed, and within a short time each begins to grow a pearl. It is said that the French bore holes through the oyster's shell and insert a little sliver of glass, and about this the oyster grows a pearl.

Other Pearl Fisheries.

I have seen something of the pearl fisheries of different parts of the world. Some of the best until recently have been in Ceylon, but more are now being discovered in the Persian Gulf, where about \$2,000,000 worth are taken out every year. The fishing there is done by Arab boats, who plug up their noses and ears before they go down into the water, and, like the Moros here, tie great stones to their feet to enable them to remain down the more easily. In Panama the diving is done by the native Colombians. They find both pearls and shells, and some of the shells are exceedingly fine. Not long ago a sea captain made a contract with the natives of Panama Bay to clean the barnacles from the bottom of his ship. They did so, and among the shells fastened to the hull found an oyster containing a pearl worth \$500. The captain claimed that the pearl should be his, but he was not able to persuade the Colombians to give it up.

I am told here that the best pearls come from oysters which are about four years old, and that they range greatly in value according to color and shape. Those which are perfectly round are most prized. The most of the Sulu product consists of small pearls, many seed pearls being found. The largest pearl known to the world is about as big as an English walnut. It weighs three ounces, but its shape is not a perfect sphere.

I find it very difficult to get much information from the English concerning the pearl industry here. They have succeeded to the business of a Chinese, who evidently found it quite profitable, for he is said to be a millionaire, and one of the richest men of the Philippines. The English evidently have a good thing, and prefer to keep the details concerning it secret.

What they pay the Sultan I do not know, but I am told that the Chinese gave him \$500 a month for the privilege of fishing in the deep waters of the archipelago.

During the past week I have coasted around the island of Sulu. It is one of the most beautiful of the Philippine group, made up of mountains and valleys covered with rich grass and here and there spotted with forests. From the ships the hills make me think of the mountains of West Virginia rather than the tropics, save that many of the peaks are extinct craters, and yet in every where see that the land is volcanic. The grass appears to be very rich. It grows so luxuriantly that in riding through the country I have often found it growing my head when I sat on my pony. The trees on the mountains are large, some of them being mahogany, teak and other hard-

wood trees. The island of Sulu, it will be worth a great deal for building lots, as it comprises the only section upon which more houses can be built.

Comfortable Quarters.

The buildings of Jolo are nearly all of two stories, each having a shop on the ground floor and living quarters above it. The oyster shell window, common to the north, is used here, and the architecture is about the same style as that of the better houses of Luzon. There are large barracks for the soldiers, a well-con-

structed fort, so that the troops are quite as comfortably quartered as they could be at home. The business of the town is done almost altogether by the Chinese, there being only one Moro merchant in the whole town.

One of the queerest places in Jolo is the market. It is largely patronized by the Moros, who are the chief peddlers and market sellers. The business begins at 6 o'clock in the morning and it ends before 10. It begins at 6 because the gates are not open before that time. I got up at 5:45 yesterday morning to see the crowd of market people enter the city. The soldiers were pacing the streets. There were two soldiers at the gate, and in front of the gate itself, under the tower which rises above it, two other soldiers

were sleeping in their hammocks. The town was quiet. I could hear only the barking of a dog, the crowing of cocks, and the snoring of the soldiers. I crawled under a hammock and mounted the steps of the tower, and from its windows looked down outside of the wall.

Below me stood as motley a crowd as you will find in any part of the world. The only one I have seen which will compare with it is that which gathers at the gate of the capital of Corea on market mornings. There the crowd was of yellow-faced, almond-eyed mortals, dressed in white gowns. Here the people are dark-faced, straight-eyed, half-naked Malays. Stand with me on the tower and let us look at them together. There is a Moro with a half a dozen chickens. He is clad in a jacket and dirty white

drawers, but he wears a white turban and has a gorgeous red belt at the waist. Beside him stands a black-faced boy in a breech-cloth. He has six green coconuts fastened to each end of that pole, which rests upon his shoulders; he is bringing them to the market for sale.

Further over are two Moro women, half hiding their faces. They have red cotton cloths wrapped about their lean persons. They are barefooted and almost bareheaded, and you fear that the wind will blow off their gowns. Each has a basket of vegetables on her head, which she balances there without touching it, waiting for the gate to open. In the same crowd there are pigtailed Chinese, carrying baskets of lettuce and vegetables on poles. There are Mohammedans with bunches of oranges and Moro boys loaded down with bananas, durian and bread fruit. What a variety of hats. Here is one just below us, which is as big as a parrot, and by its side, hiding the head of a woman, is another the size of a soup plate.

The Bugle Sounds. But there! The bugle sounds! The crowd wakes up, as it were. The gates open and all rush for the market. Let us follow and see how they buy and sell down here in our Mohammedan land on the edge of the tropics. We are in a low building, consisting of walls of stilted about 10 hollow squares. But few of the stalls are in use; the rest of the peddlers have squatted down on their heels in two long rows, facing each other, with their wares in front of them spread out on the ground. Some have laid green banana leaves on the sand of the court and upon them have placed little piles of eggs, fruit, betel nuts and vegetables of various kinds, while others have laid their wares in the dirt. All are chewing the betel or smoking as they wait for their customers.

Cast your eyes up and down through the market. Could you ever conceive such a scene as American citizens? They are more fantastic and strange than you ever imagined. Let us notice them as they squat down before us.

Here, under our feet, is a dark-faced woman, with hair like a negro's. Her dress consists of a dirty brown cotton cloth as big as a sheet, which she has so loosely wrapped around her shoulders that it has fallen to the ground. She has a big about the waist which barely reaches her knees. Her face shows little intelligence. The eyes are beamed and down the corners of her mouth are streaks of the blood-like stain of the betel. She opens her lips and you see that her teeth are as black as your boots. She is as dirty and ugly as any old woman of the African wilds, and it makes one almost gasp to think her his sister. As I look at her she sees my note book and begins to primp, combing up her wool and drawing in her dirty brown rags over her bosom.

Further on are more women of the same class, although some are better dressed, and not a few are quite clean. All are chewing the betel, and every woman and man has a cigar in her or his mouth. The men are by far the best dressed. Many of them wear light-colored shirts of bright colors. Some have red sashes and all turbans more or less gay. Some wear red fez caps, such as you see in Egypt, but all are disreputable.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Road to Fame.

He was an unknown Colored.

Somewhere in the sunny South;

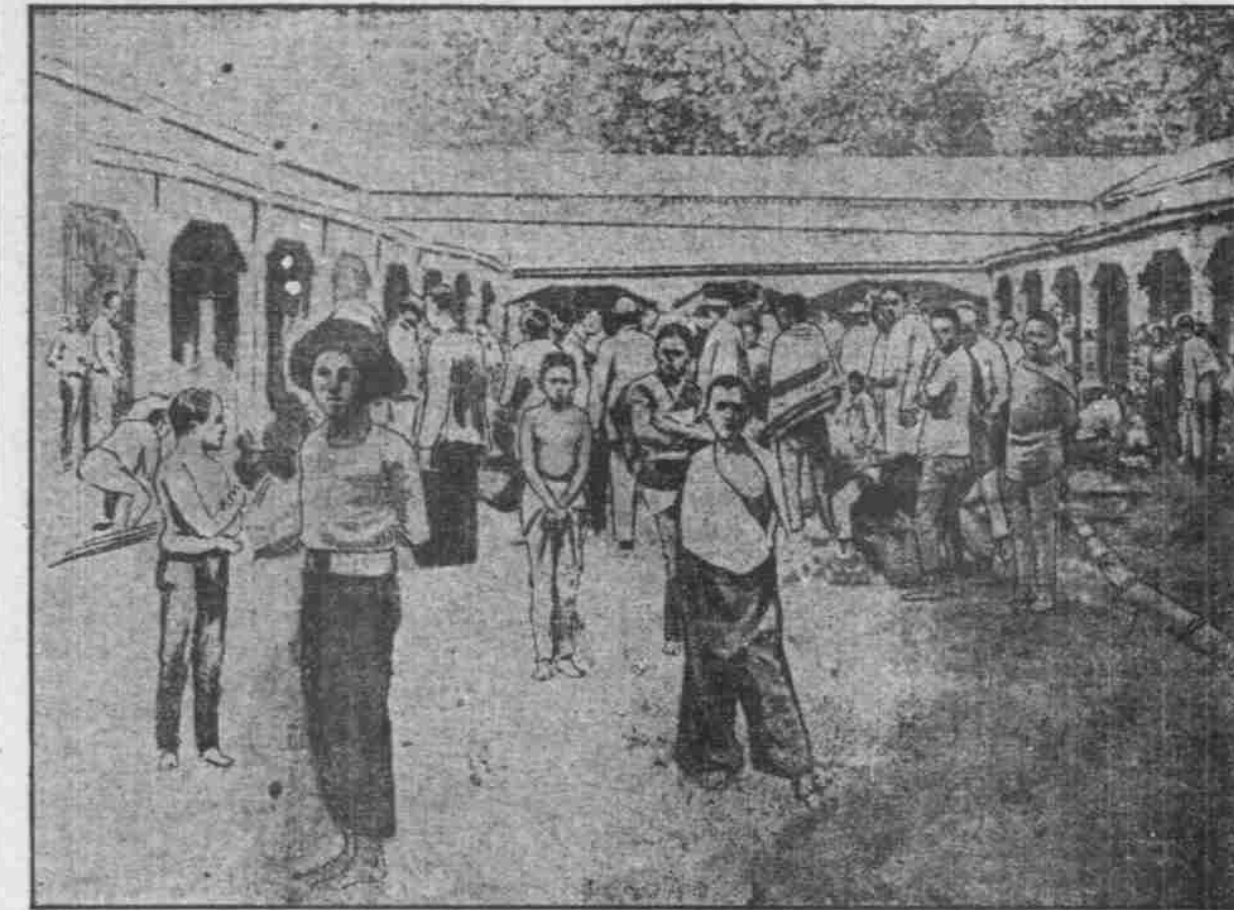
But he discovered a new trick.

Now his name is in the South;

—Chicago News.

One of the curious features of the town is its wall. This consists of one thickness of brick wall built on a concrete base a yard high. It could be easily battered down by a cannon, but it was intended to protect the Spaniards from the knives and arrows of the Moros, and for this reason you see cracks or holes in it at intervals, each crack just wide enough for a gun to be poked through. For the same reason the mortar on top of the wall is filled with broken wine bottles, so placed that they will cut the fingers of any one who tries to climb over.

Jolo has often been in a state of siege, for the Spaniards have had many wars with these Mohammedans. The gates even now are never left open at night, and no more than 100 Moros are allowed to come into the town at a time. The Spaniards restricted the Moros to certain limits outside the town. They had a



IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT JOLO, THE SULU CAPITAL.

structural resources of the Island of Sulu. It will be worth a great deal for building lots, as it comprises the only section upon which more houses can be built.

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HER GRADUAL EVOLUTION

GENESIS OF THE SUMMER GIRL AUTHENTICALLY GIVEN.

Summer Hotel Man, Seventy Years in Business, Tells All About Her and Her Progenitors.

Perhaps the best authority in the world on the "Summer girl" is Charles L. Beach, for 70 years manager of the Cats-

boys and girls then. There had never been any talk about the equality of the sexes. The Summer girl would sit contentedly among the old ladies in their stiff black silk gowns and white kerchiefs, and sew diligently on a piece of white embroidery, never joining in the conversation unless she was asked a question.

"Now, this young creature did not suddenly vanish from our midst. She merely gradually merged into the Summer girl of today. There was no violent change. It all came about naturally and quietly, just as the railway up the mountain side superseded the old-time Concord coaches. "Tear by year I began to notice a difference in the girls who came to the mountains. They were growing more independent, freer. They didn't squeeze their waists or their feet, and they didn't often blush.

"Half a century ago there were some girls who, even with the disadvantages of hoopskirts and high-heeled shoes, went in for outdoor sports. There wasn't anything they could not do except climb trees and run races, and they would even do these in a moment of exuberance when unobserved.

"These girls were called tomboys. After a while they found a sedate outlet in croquet.

Voted Masculine.

"When the short-skirted, bicycling young woman first came along she was voted masculine. But she would mount her wheel and go for a spin through the shady roads and come home with such a healthy color, as well as a healthy appetite, that her critics became her admirers.

"That marked the beginning of the popularity of the athletic girl.

"The Summer girl of 1900 is an outdoor creature. She seems to be hampered by long skirts or feminine frills. She is tailor-made, independent and joyous. "She delights in hunting, wheeling, golfing, tennis, bowling and all the sports of the men. She is their comrade. There isn't so much romance about it, perhaps, but there is a lot of real fun.

"It seems amusing, but I can remember the first girl who ever wore a short or bicycle skirt on these mountains. She was called bold, and the women blushed and turned their heads when she came by. Now there is hardly a girl who comes here without a short skirt, which she dons every morning, and is ready for the golf greens, for tramping or for any of the amusements that she now claims as her own.

"While this new girl of ours is very different from the Summer girl I knew as a boy, by a queer provision of Providence she is just as charming and just as womanly. And we wouldn't exchange her for the old-fashioned type if we could."

CHINESE PRONUNCIATION.

Not So Difficult if Three Simple Rules Are Followed.

An acknowledged authority on the pronunciation of Chinese names as transliterated into English assures us, remarks the Boston Transcript, that there need be no serious difficulty in sounding the many Chinese names now appearing in the newspapers, if the speaker will remember that the vowels in these names are uniformly those of the Italian or Continental alphabet, namely:

(1) A always about as a in far; a always approximately as e in they or them; i very like i in machine or pin; o as



JOLO NATIVE POLICE.

maiden of long ago who used to come up here in the wide-spreading crinolines and big poke bonnets tied under the chin, and the young women of today in golf skirts, high boots and Alpine hats.

"The old-time Summer girl wished to be called ladylike and modest. There wasn't any such word then as up-to-date. To designate these girls she maintained a decorous silence in the presence of her elders. When they spoke to her she dropped with winking grace a quaint little courtesy, and if there was a mischievous light in her eyes the eyelids dropped and quickly hid it.

Her Diversions.

"Her only diversions were walking and dancing, and she did not enter into either of these very vigorously. But she tripped a measure gracefully with a young gallant and then went back to sit demurely beside her mother.

"But you must not imagine that this Summer girl of the past was namby-pamby or stupid. Not by any means! She was saucy and piquant.

"There was no comradeship between the

either the o of song or how; and u always as the u of rule. (2) Also, it should be remembered, every syllable has an independent value and should be given that value in pronunciation. (3) As for consonants, they are pronounced exactly as written. These three rules will secure a correct pronunciation of Chinese names as they can be secured without oral instruction.

For example, under the first rule one would say tak-hoo for Taku, not take-you, as one may frequently hear the word pronounced. Lee-hung-chang for Li Hung Chang, not lie-hung-chang; pek-hing for Pekin, not peek-in; shang-hah-lee for Shanghai, not shang-hah; tung-ling-yah-men for Tung Li Yamen, not tung lee yamen, and so on. Under the second rule Tien-tai is pronounced teen-tai, accenting the yen syllable, not teen tain. General Nien's name is Nee-yeh. The Chinese con-tai is not tale, but tal-ah pronounced quickly. Tun-nan fu, not yoon-nah-fu, not pun-yu. In like manner all words are pronounced with syllable distinctness and with uniform vowel sound. Under the third rule the province name Szechuan is sounded, not sechan, but nearly as shoh-wahn, touching the choo very lightly; Nganhwei as ingahng-ho-way, dropping the initial i sound, and the German possession Kiau is Kieah chah.

However, without multiplying examples, concludes the Transcript, the reader of news from the much-troubled Far East will find his way through the many difficult names he is to meet in his reading in the near future, with sufficient safety if he will but observe the three simple rules here given for their correct pronunciation.

The Golden Laburnum. The elms laburnum has no fellow. Can match her tresses long and yellow. Although in gown as gay as green The casita may today be seen.

Soon shall her long gold hair be coiled so close the widest wind is felled. That fair would lose those amber tresses To catch the sunlight in gold beads.

There may be Summer trees as fair, But none can rival her gold hair. Not evening primrose that will come in June, or bright chrysanthemum. Vowed to November, when the leaves are red and swallows quit the eaves. Now 'tis mid-May and through the town Laburnum o'er her grass-green gown.

Shakes her gold locks, and fills the air With the gold glimmer of her hair. Soon and forget in June will be, But now she stands a golden tree. —Westminster Gazette.

THE PALATIAL OREGONIAN BUILDING



Not a dark office in the building; absolutely fireproof; electric lights and artesian water; perfect sanitation and thorough ventilation. Elevators run day and night.

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