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 "JOLO, June 1.—I beseech you to read  
 reverently the following. It was written  
 in Arabic characters in my notebook and  
 is signed with the hand of the Sultan of  
 Sulu, a hand that has more power in  
 those islands than that of the Czar, in  
 Russia, or that of his brother Mohammed-  
 dan, the Sultan, in Turkey. It is a mes-  
 sage of peace, however, rather than war.  
 It is a message of friendship sent by his  
 majesty, through this paper, to his broth-  
 ers, the American people. If you should  
 read it in Arabic you must begin on the  
 opposite side of the column, for the lines  
 were written across the page from right  
 to left, instead of from left to right, as  
 with us.

[illegible]

"Written this 18th day of the moon.  
Ramalan, in the year 1317."  
His Majesty, the Sultan.

Your audience was held in what is here called "the palace of the Sultan." It looks to me more like a cross between a barn and a haystack than any "palace" which I have yet seen. It is surrounded by a mud wall about 10 feet in height, entered by gates at which Moros stand, with great knives at their sides and long, three-tined spears in their hands.

It was so when we arrived, and it took us about two hours to get to the shore. We were rowed in from the ships by the sailors till we came to a place where the water was so shallow that the row boats stuck in the mud. Here some of the naval officials took off their shoes, rolled up their pantaloons and waded to the steps which led up to the street built high upon piles. The men were armed with the British half-cannon coolies, and the others took dug-out canoes and were dragged by men through the mud. I first tried the back of a coolie, but the man staggered so that I feared myself and my camera would be dropped in the mud, and I forsook him for a dug-out.

**Slippery Bamboo Bridges.**  
We walked through the town over bamboo bridges, so slippery that they are unsafe for all except the Moros, who are

Imagine a stocky little fellow of not over five feet four inches, with the face of a bulldog, a pair of bushy eyebrows, and a nose that has a high, receding forehead, large yellow ears and sensual lips, on the upper one of which is a thin black mustache. Upon his head is a blue velvet cap bordered with a lacy high collar. He is pushed back from his dark yellow forehead. Let him seem uncomfortable in a light business European suit and a white shirt with a high collar. He is adorned by a gold collar button. Watch him as he opens his lips and notice his teeth are jet black, and see, if you can, the white lining of his mouth. Under his eyes are two deep, sunken, hollows. He is a perfectly gruff, earnest manner. Upon his hands turn rings, each set with pearls as big as marrowfat peas, and in one of them let him hold a gold-headed cane. He is a man of about 24 years of age, as he met before me not 24 hours ago. He was not prepossessing, and, indeed, the dantes and servants about him looked upon him as a man who had been a bad character. Ragh Munda had a great bolo at his side, and his headdress was a turban. He was clad in the picturesque Moro costume, as were all the men in the room. He was a foreigner, and His Majesty himself, the foreigner, and

"Oh," said the Admiral, "and then we will settle it in some other way." Had he uttered the threat he intended to make England would probably have had a war on its hands from the loss of an Admiral, and the Sulu Nation would probably have been wiped out of existence.

The present Sultan looks to me very weak, but he is a man of great power among the Moros, and he could, if he would, cause the United States no end of trouble. He has been very diplomatic, and has managed to keep first the General Bakers, and of late by Major Owen J. Sweet. He is, you know, the greatest of our Filipino Mohammedans, being revered by them not only because he is the son of a royal house, but also because he has made a pilgrimage to Mecca, and is supposed to have his Mohammedanism direct from the fountain source. He is the ruler, in the Sulu Islands alone, of about 600,000 people, and is the head of the Moros of North Borneo. He has some kind of authority over the Moros of Mindanao, but is more nominal than real, and such dattos as Mandi and others hardly acknowledge his authority.

Here in Sulu he is supposed to have the power of life and death over his subjects. His power is limited, however, somewhat like that of the Kings in the days of feudalism. Some of the dattos refuse to obey him and make war upon him in case his demands do not suit their ideas and plans. He has always more or less trouble with his people, oppressing them as far as he can without causing rebellion.

**His Income.**

A large part of the income of the Sultan comes from fines. He has his men watch to see which of his subjects are making money, and as soon as a man gets something ahead he is charged with some crime, and the result is a fine. If a man has amassed \$500, for instance, he will have him accused of some crime, and sentence him to pay at once into the royal treasury the amount of his fine. The death in most cases, and the man's friends have to make up the balance. The safest thing in case of trouble is to settle such matters yourself. The other day a Moro in the city was taken up. He accused the thief to the Sultan, and his majesty's officers caught him. The thief was sentenced to pay \$100 into the royal treasury, while the Sultan confiscated the

The other day the Sultan learned that one of his subjects had about \$3000. He charged him with fishing for pearls without license, and fined him \$3000 straightaway. He sent his bodyguard, and the Crown Prince to the village to collect the fine, and the people, rather than be attacked joined together and paid it.

According to the laws here, every pearl which is found of a value of about \$100 goes to the Sultan, and I am told that he has a large number of pearls stored away in his barn of a palace. So before he went to Mecca he sold pearls to the amount of \$10,000. He carried a lot

of pearls with him, and during his stay at Singapore he was robbed of about \$30,000 worth of jewelry. Some one broke open his box one night and stole some of the rings, some pearls and other jewels.

Another source of the royal income is the tribute which the Sultan receives from the North Borneo Company for the lease of the island. He receives from them about him \$3000 a year, but I am not sure whether it is in silver or gold. We pay him an annual tribute of \$3000 in silver.

The Sultan is like Solomon in that he has numerous wives. I am told that he has about 100 neighbors. He has in addition to the many females of his royal harem. His first wife, who is a Princess, has left him on account of a multiplicity of his loves. She did not object to the Sultan's polygamy, but she was not satisfied when his master demanded more.

she began to get jealous, and got a divorce. She now lives on the opposite side of the island in a big white house at Mabu, a Moro village some distance east of Jolo. The divorced Sultana is said to be a very bright woman, and she is the only wife his majesty has had who is of royal blood. On this account, provided he does not marry the daughter of a Sultan, his children, if any, will not be succeeded by his brother, for the laws are that the succession can only go to the offspring of the Sultan and a Princess. I am told that his majesty has proposed to the daughter of Datto Kalib, but that the datto refused his consent. He is now in the Rajah Muda, or in the line of succession.

**First Audience With Americans.**  
The Sultan's first audience with our people was some time before General Bates came. It was with Captain Hagadorn, who had taken possession of Jolo. The Sultan came across the island on horseback. Captain Hagadorn has told me the circumstances of the meeting. Said he:

"The Sultan appeared before the walls of the town on a white horse, accompanied by 50 or 60 as wicked-looking chaps as ever cut a throat. They were dressed in brilliant robes, all carrying turbans and carrying big baroque and twisted swords. Some had long spears, and others were armed with rifles.

"The Sultan himself was in evening dress, although it was too clock in the morning. He said he was drunk, and he wore no collar. He had a large pearl ring on the little finger of his left hand, and three big diamond studs accentuated the dirt of his shirt. Soon he met him who had been his lover, and the man who was then Captain Pratt, and we held there a conference which lasted several hours. We had no cupidiore, and some of the Sultan's attendants went to the ash bars and the sewerage pipes and were used as spittoons. The Sultan himself scorned to do this, and dyed the floor of the audience-room a brilliant red with

an expectation. The Sultan, with all presentations of friendship, which we and he hoped would be lasting. He impressed upon us that if any difficulty arose, we should come to him and talk it over. When he left the Sultan's presence, he said to me, "I have motioned to a slave, who threw himself on his face on the ground. The Sultan put his foot on the back of the slave and thus got into the saddle."

After this, we were called upon by the Sultan, or the Sultan's mother. She is a woman of great power, controlling, it is said, the Sultan himself. She is much feared, and some slyly whispers that she is the real ruler of the empire. In fact, it is said that the old Sultan had an elder son by another wife, but that she was anxious to have her eldest son, the present Sultan, on the throne. This was accomplished by the death of the elder son, and the elder brother and their both died



and did what he could to make her our friend, giving her some money, as well as other presents. She was very much pleased with the German and the close of his interview, presented him gift in return. It consisted of her dead husband's purple trousers and embroidered satin jacket, which she had treasured for many years. The clothes were given to her, since that you could not your finger through them. The Sultana was courteously with the General, apologizing for the poorness of her home, and telling him that now the Americans were here, she would like to have him to stay. She said, in which to receive them, but, she added: "Although my house is poor and broken down, it is always at your disposal."



**MAJOR SWEET, COMMANDER OF UN  
AND HIS SUITS**



He asked us for some more rolls to use with the phonograph, which General Bates sent her, at the expense of the Government. There was a phonograph in one of the gunboats which first came to the Solo Islands. It was shown to the Moros, and, among others, to Rajah Muda, the son of the Sultana and brother of Rajah Kudat. He was very anxious to talk into it, and they were so astonished thereafter that they went around to everything on the ship, talking into it and listening to it. They would not hear it talk back. One went to the mouth of a six-inch gun and shouted some verses from the Koran, and then came back and asked the gun to make a reply. Rajah Muda was willing to speak a message into the phonograph to the Datto Tanton of Bangha. When the latter, a week or longer, heard the message, he said the phonograph was bound to answer him.

I wish to send you my best wishes. Signed and sealed by

"SULTANA INCHY JAMILA."

Captain Hagardorn, in response, took a machine out to her and showed her how to operate it. She heard some verses of the Koran recited into it, and also some of the war songs of the Moros. Her majesty was delighted with it, and she is now especially anxious to have more phonographs and cylinders. She has a few of the war songs and history of the Moro people.

An Honor With the Sultana.

I was much impressed with the sultana during the hour or so we spent with her. Her home is very much like that of the sultan, only, if anything, a bit meaner. The old lady was dressed in a gown of bright colors with a lavender shawl draped over her shoulders. She wore a white handkerchief tied around her



It was a message from Ali, and could not understand how it came.

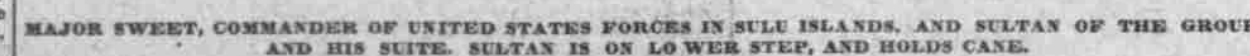
Rajah Muda told his mother, the Sultana, about the wonders he had seen and she thereupon asked General Bates to send her one of the wonderful talking machines. When it came to Jolo she was very anxious to get it, and she wrote to Captain Hagadorn a message in Arabic, asking him to send her one. He took a photograph of the letter, and have had the Arabic translated. It reads as follows:

"My Brother, Adjutant and Secretary of the Governor of the Americans: I beg to inform you that I should like to have a look at the picture machine, that makes a noise, in order to get acquainted with it. If you will send it to me you may do so by one of the men belonging to your office."

head. Her skin is light brown, her eyes black and her teeth like oxidized ebony. She has a straight nose, thin lips and rather strong features.

"She was seated with one leg under her chin, a divan in front of a table covered with a white cloth. Upon the table was a black velvet box bound with silver. From this box she now and then took a chew. Two slaves stood behind her, one on each side, who frequently put under the chin of her subjects in order that she might spit out her saliva.

Notwithstanding these little accessories the old lady received us with dignity and courtesy grace. She said to us that we had arrived and she said compliments to the whole sale. She told Captain Nazaro that she liked him and that she believed that his hair was as white as his coat. She said she was the wife of Vanda and she thought that would happen, the count



**Kobe Saloon Quaintly Termed "Hon-  
or of the Foaming Glass."**

Two miles out of the city of Kobe, along a smooth road that forms probably the most beautiful jinriksha run in Japan, you reach one of the beer groves, the first that was established in the country. The surrounding district consists of a picturesque succession of native villas and gardens and has long been a favorite visiting place for tourists, on account of its possession of a picturesque waterfall and two of the largest teahouses in that part of Japan.

Immediately across the road from the entrance of one of these tenhouses, and a hundred yards from the waterhole, is the "home of the foaming glass," as they call it. A signboard over the gate, skillfully made of gnarled trunks of trees, bears, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the following inscription:

"To English and generally foreign: The beer of this establishment is made with most purest spring waters that flow. It will be satisfied to the taste in all respect, and our proprietors guarantee politeness to each everyone. Inside within we present samples of this purest truth, and can be tested at all times."

**The Interior.** The interior, being Japanese, is of course spotlessly clean, and is beautiful, with dozens of artistic little touches—characteristic of everything that these quaint people do. Take an old-fashioned German beer garden, strip it of everything but the open-air idea and its little tables, and then fill up the whole space with graceful arbors covered with climatic paths of neat matting running in all directions over the ground, cunningly colored lanterns hanging from the trees in their corner, and in place of bulky white-bosomed waiters with heavy tread and wilted collars, imagine black-eyed, demure little women clad in the brightest colored kimono ever printed in the Yamanaka catalogue—and you have some idea of a Japanese beer garden.

"Back of a lovely cluster of Magnolia creepers that covered the farther end of the trellis, where the waitresses of the resort disappeared every few minutes to fill their orders, we could see a small group of men hidden in its tangle with great bunches of wine grapes written in the air above their heads," wrote the inquirer. Here they kept busy with the reids, old Amontillado sherry casks doing new duty far away from their native Europe. In little openings through the trellis you could catch glimpses of the flower beds in the background, looking so close in the wonderfully clear air that they seemed to be only a few yards from the tables.

"What will you have—largest or smallest glasses? No difference in price."

**Beer Very Flat.**

One of the two partners of the establishment asked us this, while the other stood smiling behind him. Half of the fun in visiting a strange land is lost if you don't "take a chance" once in awhile. When they came, served on a lacquered tray by one of the rather attractive garden maids of this etherialised saloon we found that they were not glasse at all, but large blue and white bowls on the breakfast mush order, but with handles on both sides. And the beer itself proved rather a surprise, too. It looked like the palest kind of lager, and the taste reminded one dimly, very dimly, of extremely flat ale.

Truly these enterprising proprietors might advertise: "Not a headache in a barrel." Strength it had none, and what it lacked in that essential is made up in sugar and water. The Japanese are not an intemperate people, but if any of them ever get a desire to stray from the straight path they must have an interesting time trying to accomplish their aim by patronizing home industry.

A bumblebee couldn't work up a decent stupor on a hoghead of it.

**Regular Pastime in Which Decoying  
Is Principal Feature.**

The Chinese have made pigeon-flying the deceiving game that it is because they like any kind of "playing for keeps." Even in kite-flying they fix little hooks to their kite strings, and try to pull in each other's kites, and count it fair to keep any kite that drops into their yards. They will tell you that a kite or a strange pigeon that comes to your place, if given up, takes away your "family luck." So you must tear the kite and keep the pigeon. But when you see the towed kites dies sauntering out with their fans and bird cages to watch the noon kite-flying, criticising the flocks and their tactics and arguing the fine points of deceiving, you guess that "family luck" has very little to do with the game.

To decoy strange pigeons, say St. Nicholas, pigeon-keepers must first train their flock to "fly in spirals"—that is, to rise steadily in circles without straying far from the center. They do this by naturally feeding them in circles. Even wild pigeons wheel about in flocks before straggling off to the fields. Chinese make their birds eager for drooling by keeping them in a cage up to their heads, and on the ground around the dove-cote; and they cure their birds of straggling by pelting them with pebbles when they try to fly. The Chinese also have a ridgepole of the roof facing their wicker house. The flock must alight there in a bunch, and immediately walk down the eaves. This is done to break any strange pigeon when he enters the flock within sight of the grain, which is then

Pigeons are fed only after flying, for unless they fly, they are lazy and unmanageable. Their food is millet, sorghum seed or corn, which they keep close to get as much work from them as possible for as little feeding as possible. When there is much flying and calling down to do, they are usually fed with millet, which is so small that it keeps them eating a long while without filling them. At other times their food is sorghum seed. Corn is not very good for pigeons, but the best feed of all is sorghum, which they usually have it on hand to call them down when they are already fed.

Chinese talk of three regions of pigeon flight—the "sparrow region," just about the housepoets; the "crow region," where the housewives are; and the "eagle region," where the scholars are. In every flock there are several strong-winged birds that will rise to the eagle region. These are the "high-fliers" which are usually sent up first, carrying whistles as a signal. The other birds go to join them. When they have mounted to some height, the heavier-winged birds, or "low fliers," are sent up. Then the flock is sent down. The low birds are kept back to call the others down, which they do by flying round the roof and clapping their wings. Pigeon whistles were in early times put on the birds' legs. In the North of China the hawks do not mind them at all, but they are still useful for attracting stray pigeons, for signaling and for guiding the young pigeons when flocks become mixed.

In Pekin flocks are sent up at sunrise, at noon and just before sundown. Neighboring flocks always join, and their keepers then try each to draw apart his flock with call birds, so as to bring with it any unwary pigeons from the other flocks. If a stranger is brought to the roof, the

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[illegible]

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