

WHERE WOMEN SMOKE AND BOYS THE MEN

Queer Phases of An Unknown Industry in One of the Rich Islands of The Philippines



MANILA, Oct. 2.—(Special correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—It is the great Cagayan Valley of Northern Luzon, you want a native farmer to do some work for you, you call upon his wife. She is the master of the household. She keeps all the money in a secret bamboo pole; she pays all the household expenses and does out every cent that the "old man" gets. In other words, like many better educated daughters of Eve, she keeps his nose on the grindstone. Sometimes, by the way, he digs around a deceased man's home, hunting for hidden treasure. Near Tuguegarao they found 20,000 pesos (\$10,000) that a native had hidden, amassed from a lucky strike, in one of these bamboo tubes. Often in building their homes some secret bamboo jars or beam is made a depository for money. Houses have been torn apart to disclose concealed treasure.

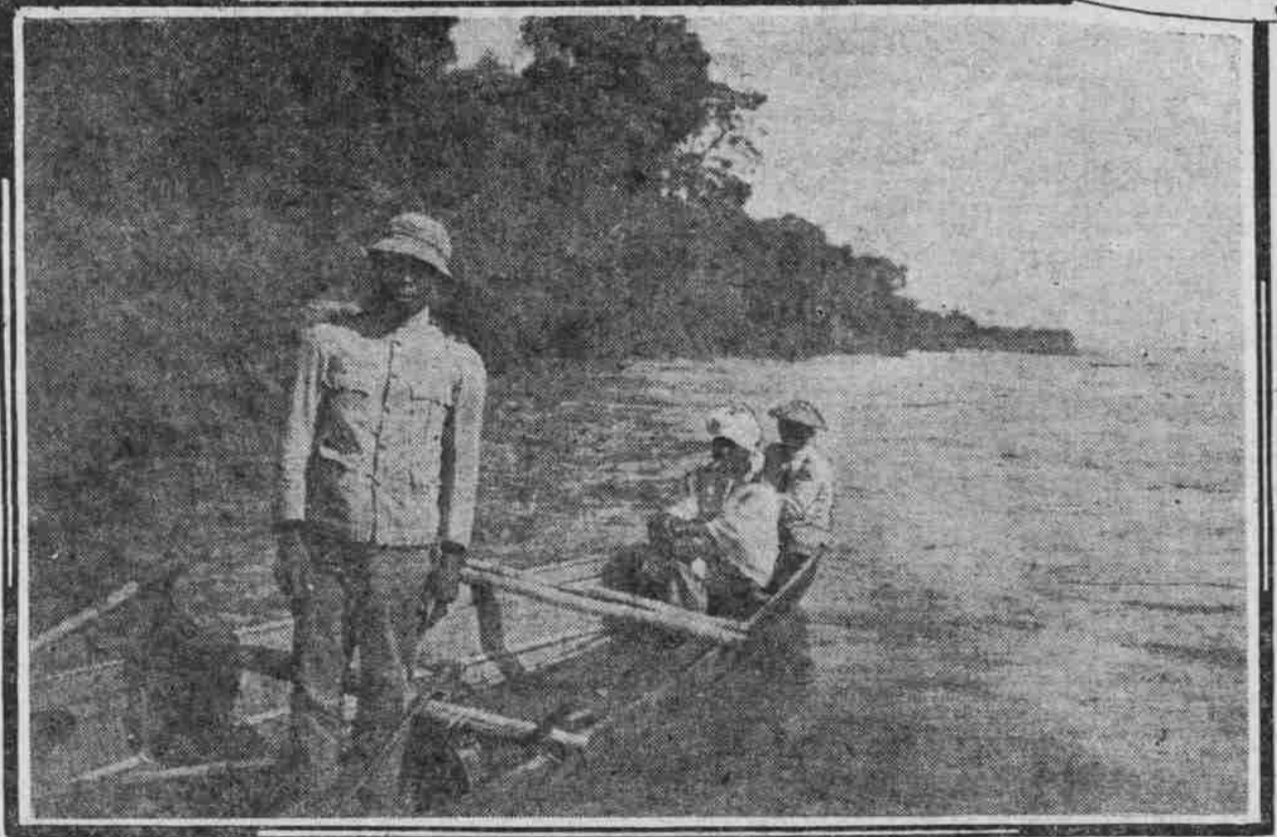
Probably when you find the lady, she may be smoking a huge cigar, almost three feet long and several inches in diameter. Invariably, if she is smoking, she will invite you to take a puff of her cane-like cigar. When you have explained your mission, the good woman calls her husband, and in a torrent of vociferation, expostulation and command issues her mandate while her better half remains standing humbly twitching his fingers in his straight black hair. Then she gives you a cup of cocoa, a nice "small" cigar (though, indeed, of ordinary size, such as the men smoke), and after you have left her you may rest comfortably in the fact that your man will be out at work at 6 the next morning, and as many mornings thereafter as you have bargained for.

Smoking Mammoth Cigars.

Almost everybody smokes in the Cagayan Valley; men, women and children— from 2½ years old up to the grave. The women alone, however, smoke these huge cigars, from 30 inches to three feet in length and big around as a man's wrist. A cigar of this size is called a "tañca Grande"—sometimes even larger cigars are smoked. These latter are so huge that they cannot be conveniently handled, so they are suspended by a string in their middle from the dwelling-room ceiling. They are called "Tabacos de Familia," or family cigars, and are puffed by members of the family, mostly the women and children, at intervals for a couple of days, until they are all smoked up. A tobacco Grande, though, lasts a matron of the Cagayan Valley for about a day and a half to two days. I never saw a man smoking these great cigars. The reason is, probably, that the men are more particular about what they smoke, and these Grandes are but carelessly rolled up by the women themselves, who doubtless find it a saving of time to have a smoke which will last for so much longer than the puerile cigar of their men folk. Your good matron puffs her huge cigar most of the time when she is unoccupied, sticking it around in odd places when her work prevents, as one does a "cut" of Tutti-Frutti Gum.

Government Monopoly of Tobacco.

Back of all this smoking of big cigars by the women and the puffing of some kind of tobacco by everybody lies the story of the first government industrial monopoly, which indeed was a gigantic affair at the time. For a period of 100 years, from 1781 until 1882, the production of tobacco in the Cagayan was a monopoly of the Spanish government. It was then that the natives learned to smoke. These local officials were a bad lot, it seems,



A MATRONLY LADY SMOOKES HER MORNING CIGAR WHILE CROSSING THE CAGAYAN RIVER AT SALAGA

They oppressed the people terribly. Often they only paid the natives 20 per cent of the value of their crop, and then it was

in a depreciated scrip. The natives furnished their own Carabao or work ox and owned their own lands. But the un-

scrupulous agents and padres were fattening on them. Finally, the abuses on the natives became so great that the Span-

Obadiah Oldway's Ideas on Hallowe'en Pranks

The Hoaxville Philosopher Indulges in Dreams of Boyhood Days and Then Wakes Up

HOAXVILLE, Or., Oct. 31.—Mr. Editor: Do you know what night this is? I just got to thinkin' of it this evenin' as I was alookin' in my almanac to see whether we was agoin' to have a wet or a dry moon the next change, and I seen that tonight is Hallowe'en. I ain't thought of it before in I don't know when, so I just thought I'd set down and write to you and see if you recollect anythin' about the times when we was young.

The folks has all gone to bed but me, and I'm asettin' here reflectin' on the days when I was a boy back in old Missouri. With Shakespeare I can say "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," and I'd give a fat hog to be back there in the good old days, just for a little while. I wouldn't want to stay. It's too derned cold, but just long enough for a taste of what used to be. When I got to remissin' like I be tonight, I could almost write poetry. My soul gets so uplifted. Dnat them chickens, I wonder what's set them to cacklin' this time of night. Fightin' over the roosts, like as not, Hanner will keep the greatest mess of poultry around in spite of all I can say or do.

As I was aassin', I'd like to be a boy agin, and listen to the old niggers' tales of the witch and goblins that go prowlin' about at night, and then go out and play some of them innocent pranks to make believe the witches done it on Hallowe'en.

I'll never forget how mad old Hartman got when he got up in the mornin' and found his truck waz on top of the meetin' house. He just tore around and threatened to do some shootin' if he

found out who done it. Well, sir, it took him and his hired man the best part of a half a day to get the thing down off the roof. Us boys had to take it apart to get it up there and it had to come down the same way. We could see 'em a-workin' at it through the schoolhouse windows and it was mighty hard to keep from alookin' in 'em in time of school. Cousin Bill, he got licked that mornin' for laughin' out so the rest of us calmed down, bein' afeared as we'd get the same dose.

What under the shinin' heavens ails them chickens, anyhow? They're a-makin' more fuss than a parcel of politicians on election day.

Another time me'n a lot other fellers went over to the Widder Wilkinnes and took her old white cow as never looked as if she had enough to eat, and shut her up in the corn crib. I tell ye it took some liftin' to get the old bag of bones in there, but you'd better believe the old woman had to do some huntin' before she found her, and when she did finally run on to her, the critter was nigh about froze to death. It come off mighty cold that night and the big cracks in a corn crib don't keep out the wind very good even in Missouri. The widder made such an ado about it that the whole neighborhood got up in arms over it, but us boys kept it still about us havin' a hand in it.

That was the last time I got a chance to play Hallowe'en pranks. The next year I was bid to a party and Hanner and me got to keepin' company. Every time she'd sling a apple peelin' over her shoulder it would take the letter O, which was taken to mean Obadiah Oldway, and she

set her snare to catch me from henceforth. I was just fool enough to be taken with her smiles and beamed her home from all the doin's in the neighborhood. You know what the consequences was, and how I've been henpecked all these years. If I had it to do over ag'in I'd never be seen at one of them Hallowe'en parties, and I'd like to say to all young men as believes in tryin' signs on that night that the whole thing is a snare and a delusion of the evil one.

You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Editor. I'm agoin' to get a lantern and see what ails them pecky chickens. There ain't no use in me a-tryin' to write with all that cacklin' agoin' on and Hanner smorin' like all possessed.

Well, of all the pernicious doin's this beats the record! What do you think I found out to the henhouse? No wonder the poor birds was scared nigh to death. Some prowlin' band of hoodlums has been a-trepassin' on my premises and creatin' a disturbance among the poor, helpless dumb brutes all evenin'. I found my big billy goat tied to a root in the hen coop, and the old turkey gobbler was in the goat shed fast by one leg.

That set me to lookin' around the rest of the place and I discovered that my front gate is gone and the yard left to the mercy of any of Abram's stock that happens to be out. The horses all had their tails tied to the maners. John's new buggy harness, collar and all, was on old Spot. I left that where I found it. I couldn't see to get it back into shape tonight. I'll serve John right anyhow; he ought to have seen to it that the barn was locked. He'll find it when he goes to milk.

There's a lot of stuff ahangin' on the telephone wire. I can't just make out

inside the aerating sheds which were usually erected on the fields under tithes. If he happened to be caught by a carabaoer only a few steps outside the shed with a cigar in his mouth he was fined \$2; if a cigarette, 50 cents, and, adding to these sums the cost of the conviction, a cigar of his own crop came to cost him \$7.25 and a cigarette \$1.50. From sunrise to sunset the native grower was subject to search for concealed tobacco, his trunks, furniture and every nook and corner of his dwelling was ransacked for the precious puff. He and all his family, wife and daughters, were personally examined, and often an irate husband, father or brother, goaded to indignation by the indecent humiliation of his kinemen would lay hands on his bolo knife and bring matters to a bloody crisis with his wanton persecutors.

There is only one American company in

the Cagayan Valley, but this company is composed of hustling, wide-awake Americans, who quietly secured an immense estate of 44,000 acres at Calabucuo during the close of the insurrection, when everybody was sleeping, and property could be picked up at a reasonable figure. Now they are going ahead with all sorts of modern machinery and modern curing houses, something never known before in the Cagayan Valley, and the natives are beginning to open their eyes and learn and imitate, for they see "how the American does things," and, of course, it is infinitely better than their slipshod way of doing.

Manila are called, and the forty-fifth infantry drove them out. Yet the Cagayan is one of the most remarkable valleys in the Philippines, if not in the world. The huge river is first once the Nile and the Mississippi of the archipelago. Every year, like the Nile, it overflows its banks, leaving a rich deposit of silt. Its fertility almost baffles description. It grows most of the products of the tropical and many of the products of the temperate zones. Because we have had a discussion in the last Congress as to whether or not Philippine tobacco should be put on the free trade list, readers of The Sunday Oregonian may be interested in a description of this remarkable country. So many our United States Senators and Representatives, not one of whom have ever been in the Cagayan Valley. Besides tobacco, which almost all of the 250,000 inhabitants of the valley are interested in, one way or the other, the Cagayans grow sugarcane, corn, cotton, peanuts, sweet and Irish potatoes, melons, squashes, garden peas, pumpkins, limes, grapefruit. Sixteen varieties of oranges are found growing wild, one of which though green when ripe is of large size and the Mississippi of the archipelago are worth \$2.24 (gold) a bushel, yet the Cagayans are so occupied in tobacco that they will not grow them. Though the Official Handbook says "sheep will not live in the Philippines," yet there are some excellent flocks in the Cagayan.

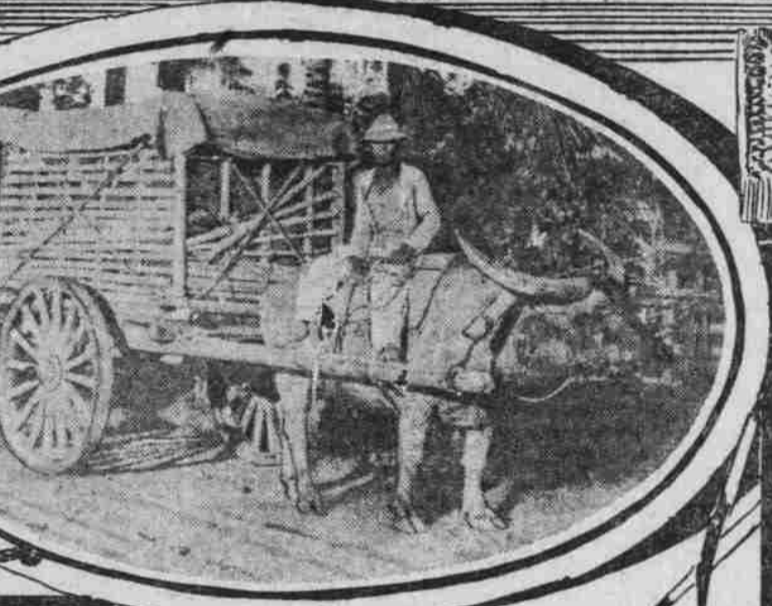
The Cagayan Valley is of special interest at this time because the proposed railroad will enter this great elevated valley system from the Carabalos by way of a tributary valley of the valley of the Magat River, which itself is a tributary to the mighty Cagayan River. It enters this valley at an elevation of about 2500 feet, and runs northeast to Echagua, on the Cagayan River, for a distance of almost 100 miles; thence the railroad will run north down the west side of the Cagayan, the huge Mississippi of the Philippines, for a distance of 147 miles, where at last it reaches Aparri, on the China Sea, and in all its travels between the head of the Magat and Aparri, the line has maximum grade of only one-half of 1 per cent. The drainage system of the Cagayan River comprises more than two-thirds of Northern Luzon.

Like Our Southern States.

The Cagayan Valley is the most remarkable because it is less like the Philippines and more like our Southern states, though it has true Philippine fertility. Rising in the mountains of Central Luzon, the Cagayan River empties into the sea at Aparri, 200 miles north, but almost 300 miles counting in the sum of its great tributaries. The valley itself lying between the gorgeous purple-peaked Cordillera Mountains has an average width of about 40 miles. As a whole, it is a huge, open, grassy, gently undulating plain, dotted here and there with groups of trees, while dense fringes of forest line the occasional watercourses. Taken in detail, the valley barries de-



JUDGE McCABE OF FUGUEARAS AND TWO PRETTY MISSES WHO WERE STOPPED WHILE ENJOYING A SMOKE WHILE STOPPING



A CARABAO DRAWING TOBACCO IN A BAMBOO CART BUT WITH AMERICAN WHEELS



MATRON OF THE CAGAYAN SMOOKING

count the treasury scrip issued to the natives for their tobacco. "The misery of the natives was so distressing, the distrust of the Spanish government so radical, and the want of means of existence so urgent, that they were wont to yield their claims for an insignificant specie value," says an old Spanish writer. "The speculators held the bonds for realization some day. The consequences were appalling. Once the treasury was so hard pressed that tobacco ready in Manila for shipment to Spain had to be sold on the spot. It was eagerly bought by representatives of London, England, firms and caused a tremendous shortage in the factories in Spain.

Fined for Smoking.

Though the Spanish had taught the Cagayans how to smoke, yet it cost a native a big fine sometimes to do it. A Spanish historian says a letter to El Liberal, Madrid, in 1880, thus described the situation. "The planter was only allowed to smoke tobacco of his own crop

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A Wonderful Valley.

Not many people know about the huge Cagayan Valley of Luzon, where centers the tobacco industry of the Philippines. Even in Manila the majority of men know it is "way up in the north, but outside of the tobacco-buyers and commercial men, few of them have been there. Its people were pacific during the in-

scription. The Cagayan River itself seems like the Mississippi. Sixty miles from its mouth it is as wide across as the Mississippi is at St. Louis, but near its source in the mountains the Cagayan is a gently flowing stream, which glides through green meadows of gramma grass, growing knee high, where the pasture-hidden soil is as rich and black as Cannan, or it grows creeping through dark forests, where huge trees are wrapped pythonlike by giant creepers and immense tree-ferns 60 feet in height struggle for the sun from a dense growth of vegetation.

Near its mouth at Aparri the Cagayan divides into hundreds of channels, which go by separate ways to the sea. Here are the tawny swamps, almost at water level, and there are large stretches of rice under cultivation. Sometimes there are little islands covered with jungle of bananas. At Aparri, which is a likely seaport town of 18,000 people, one can take a steamboat to Manila, making the 450-mile trip in 48 hours.

The Bachelor's Child.

Baltimore Sun. He tosses her above his head, He romps until his face is red, He holds her arm's length to see The wonder of her witchery; He talks to her in a soft, low tone That only little babies know, He pauses now and then to gaze Far off as if 'twere in a maze, And then with sudden sigh and start He presses her to his heart.

BAD LANDS OF CUBA.

Poor Bargains Waiting for Gullible American Investors.

The World Today. It must be remembered that there is some very poor land as well as much very good land in Cuba. In only too many cases the buyers either did not know or did not care about the quality of their purchases, if only the price was low enough. Flowery prospectuses with pictures of beautiful tropical scenes and luscious fruits, and most extravagant statements as to the profits to be derived from the products of a few acres, were scattered broadcast, especially in the United States; large commissions were given to canvassers, and the work was merely begun of unloading worthless acres that cost only \$2 or \$3 on unsophisticated investors, clerks and railroad men at prices ranging all the way from \$15 or \$20 to \$50 or more per acre.

During the early days of my residence in Cuba I had the good fortune to travel some distance by rail with a typical representative of that most charming class, the well-to-do Cuban planter. My friend was educated in France, had traveled much in Europe and had resided for many years in the States. He was thoroughly posted on Cuban agriculture, and was keenly alive to any suggestions as to means by which existing conditions could be improved. He talked entertainingly and instructively of the country through

Will get a chance to empty the shotgun before daylight. It'd learn the varmint a few things.

Yours truly, P. S.—If you know of any one as 'as got a good bull pup to give away send 'em to me. I want one as can be learned to grab hold and hang on, and when I get him trained we'll see if this lawlessness will be tolerated around this farm.

THE BACHELOR'S CHILD.

Be still—the shadows fill his room! A wrinkled, lonely bachelor's doom! To yearn for things that pass him by, To hold the memory of a sigh, To glimpse the shadow of a face, Once sunlight with its slushy grace, To toss in play and sing to sleep, When all the lonely shadows creep And o'er his heart— The little baby of his dreams!