

THE MUSICAL SOUL OF THE FILIPINO

Queer Instruments That Are Made to Produce Sweet Sounds

the Luneta, the famous pleasure esplanade in Manila, listening to the strains of "Faust" or "Lohengrin" or "La Boheme"; to Sousa marches or American ragtime; to Strauss waltzes or the wailing music of Russia and Scandinavia, played by a band made up entirely of Filipinos of the most ordinary class, and I have wondered whence came their ability to do this really remarkable thing.

It cannot be said that they have acquired the ability as the Japanese have acquired it. A Japanese band can play anything that a Filipino band can play, but they do it in a "wooden" way, without originality or even a generally accepted standard of expression. They play notes.

The Filipino plays music, feeling it, loving it, juggling with it and oftentimes improving upon its accepted interpretation.

They have a perfect ear for sound. Almost all Filipinos, that is, Visayans and Tagalogs, play some kind of instrument. Every little town and village has its band, and there are dozens of them, of varying grades of excellence, in the city of Manila. They are everywhere.

Music is the distinctest thing in one's life in the Philippine islands. Every day is full of it, if one cares to listen. There are many bands made up of young men who do not know one clef from another who cannot read a single note of music, who do not know by name "The Pilgrim's Chorus" from "A Hot Time in the Old Town." But these bands play.

They will play quite acceptably anything that is sung or played to them, and they will do it instantly. I have myself, at dinner parties, or other social gatherings where the Filipino band is sure to be, often tested their ability to do this by singing for them some song which somebody wanted them to play.

The first violin or tenor horn would follow me closely, just breathing the melody as I sang it, and then he would play it over to the other members of the band (or stringed orchestra, as the case might be), and in a few moments he would have it in full harmony.

PLAYERS APPLAUD THEMSELVES

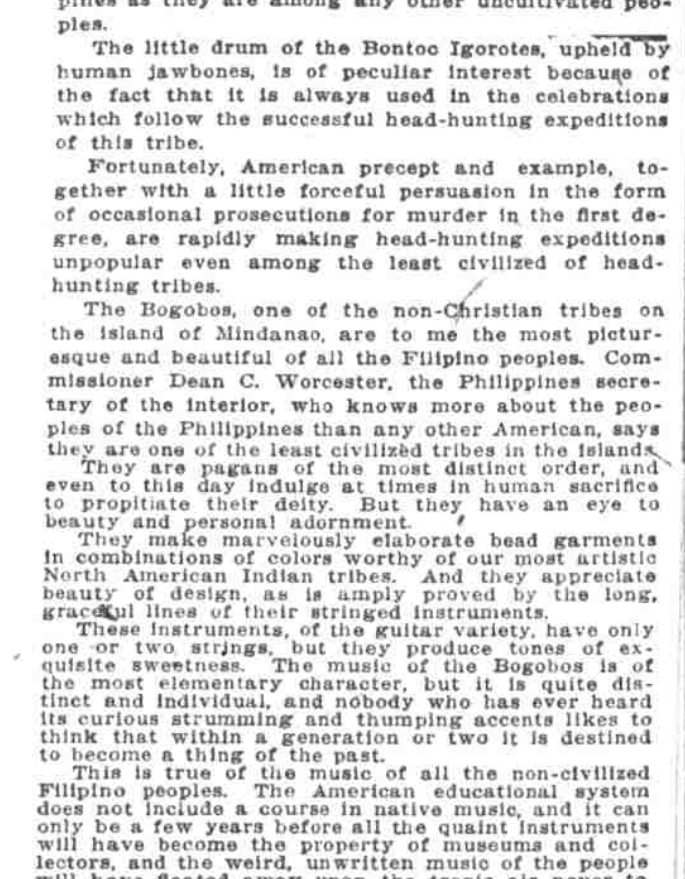
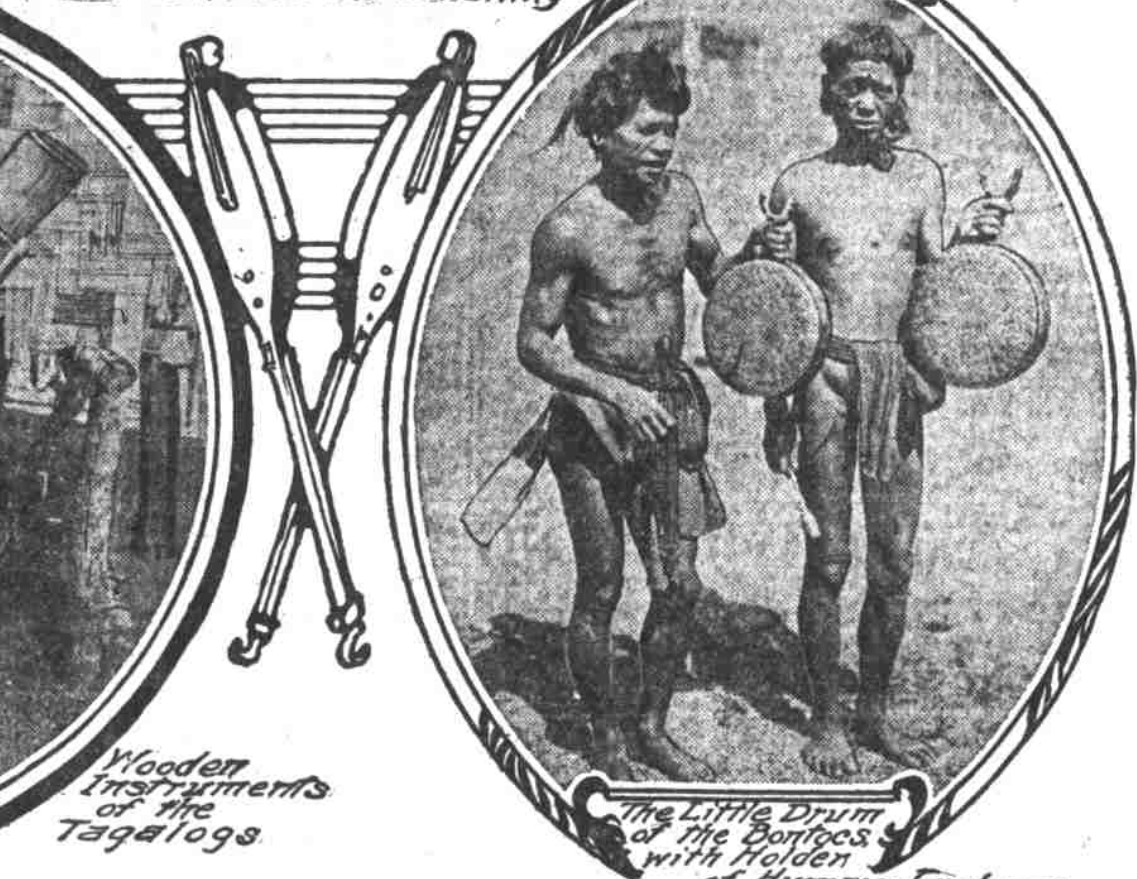
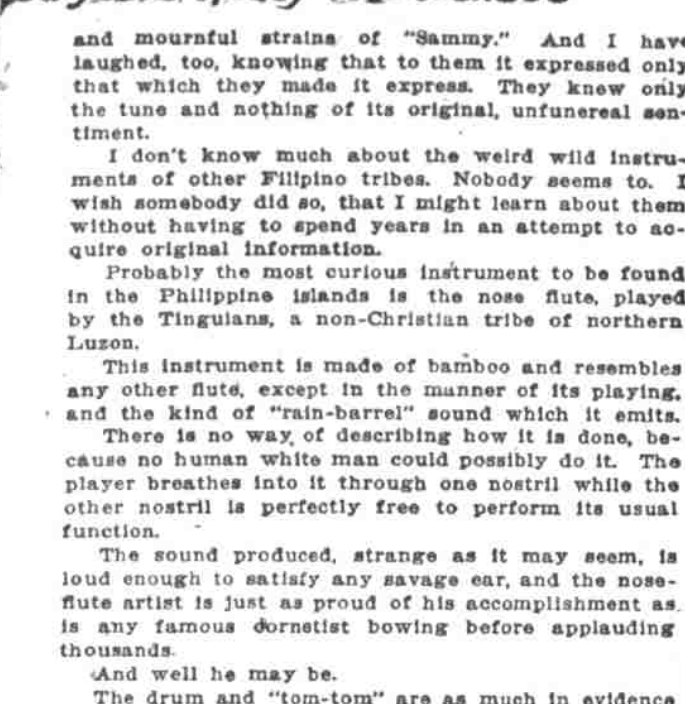
It might not be just perfect in detail, but it would be good enough. And the players would be delighted with it, too. They would applaud themselves joyously and try it again and again until they had quite mastered it or until somebody volunteered to give them a new tune to practice upon.

Many an unforgettable evening is spent by American "exiles" in Manila in just such harmless diversion as this, and many a Filipino band or orchestra has acquired its entire repertoire in this off-hand manner.

Most of their bands are equipped nowadays with modern brass instruments, but it has not been so long since the brass instrument was a great possession and the bamboo horn of native manufacture the instrument of the many. These bamboo horns were made by the players themselves, and nothing argues so strongly for the native Filipino musical ability as the fact that they were made to produce true tones of good quality.

Of course these musically uneducated bands and orchestras do strange and incongruous things. Most about having heard "A Hot Time in the Old Town," or "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back," played by a native band at the funeral of some dear departed friend. But if you ask them they will tell you that it was played soulfully at least.

I have never heard either of these strangely inappropriate ragtime melodies played for a funeral march, but I have heard a band at the head of a sad little funeral cortege straggling along to the uneven



Nose Flute of the Tinguians

AS AMERICANS learn more of their little brown brothers by adoption, the Filipinos, they find revealed to them, more and more, interesting racial and individual characteristics.

One of the most interesting things about them is their love of music and the inventive genius that enables them to produce musical strains from what seems to us the queerest instruments imaginable.

It is true that much of what a Filipino regards as music may be classed as mere noise by an American, but the musical spirit exists, to a remarkable extent, in those far-away islands of the sea.

Eleanor Franklin Egan, who has written the following entertaining story of "The Musical Soul of the Filipino," studied her subject among the natives of the islands. She spent considerable time in the Philippines, and made a special endeavor to understand the life and home spirit of the people.

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

AMONG our "little brown brothers" in the Philippine islands it is not difficult to find proof positive that music hath charms to fire as well as to "soothe the savage breast." The average Filipino lives his life and hath his being in the midst of a "concord of sweet sounds." Some of these sounds may not strike the ear of the cultivated occidental listener as "sweet," but he will recognize them all as being attuned to a various national soul which best expresses its longings and its triumphs in music.

The Visayans and Tagalogs, the two Filipino tribes which have attained the highest modern cultivation, are musical in the most occidental sense. They are musical enough to interpret Wagner or Verdi, Gounod or Sousa in a manner not to be despised by anybody, and their musical ability gives them better right than any other faculty which they possess to be called "our little brown brothers," and to be recognized seriously as such.

But the Visayan and the Tagalog are not the only people who inhabit the fair islands in the south seas. There are a dozen or more other tribes as musical as they who have never heard a modern orchestra or brass band, and who play only upon their native instruments native music as curious to us as is the music of the Chinese.

This is an enormous subject, a subject which should be carefully considered by somebody who knows oriental music thoroughly—if such a person exists—and who would be able to write a complete history of the development of musical expression among the peoples of the Philippines through a process of comparison with the musical development of other Malay peoples.

Many a time I have sat near the bandstand in



The Prospector's Range from Poverty to Riches



HOW many persons know anything of the life of the prospector who is seeking mineral riches in remote, rough sections, far from the luxuries, even the

conveniences of civilization? Did you ever think, you who have studied upon the facts that go to make the mysterious problems of human life, what part is played by the bewhiskered man? There is about this typical man an individuality that cannot be found among the crowded masses of more civilized sections.

an air about him that marks him as a tenderfoot who has just blown out of his home nest. The bonny face of his sweetheart haunts his mind, her cabinet photograph is in his inside pocket, and his coat is still damp where she wept her farewell on his shoulder. He intends to make a fortune in a few months and go back to her. He will write her every few days in his most graphic style volumes of interesting matters. He tells her of the bright prospects in view, of the wonderful opportunities at hand. He tells her to be true to him for a few months and he will return to her laden with riches and honors that his own energies will surely fetch him.

Let us watch him on his first trip as a gold hunter. The wilds of nature seem a paradise to him, for the hills and forests are new pictures, and what poetic

fancies he has are not yet blunted or worn out of him by hardships. His camp equipment consists of a multitude of unnecessary articles, and it takes him half the season to pack them to the hills and the other half to pack them out. His cooking is something awful, yet he is as particular about flies and bugs as if it would make him actually ill should he hold a mouse in his coffee pot or swallow a few ants in his tea.

He does not get time to prospect much the first year, but he talks to some old veterans of '49, and in an amazingly short time he knows all about the business. To hear him talk about formation you would think he was present at the creation of the world, and to hear him go over a list of ponderous geological terms that he has committed from his little four-bit prospector's guide would actually make an old prospector homesick.

He is initiated, however. He has taken his first degree, has played the first card in the great game, the wheel spins around. So far he has drawn a blank, but he writes to his sweetheart to wait for him another year. His letters still come, but not so regularly as at first. They are crowded with affectionate epithets to be sure (more, perhaps, than he would like to have his partner see), but they seem more studied and less genuine than before.

Another year has gone out with the snow and returns with it, with but little to show but a luxuriant growth of beard and a few choice specimens of float which he found just where his grub-stake played out. He is sure he can find the ledge the coming season. The snow comes and goes; the rivers fill and empty. Again Jack Frost that breezy agent of winter, hangs his yellow posters on the birch and tamarack.

Then the prospector comes in again to "hole up." He has drawn another blank. His wagers against the game are heavy, the passion has mastered him. He will prowl away his life in the hills or strike it. He may have a few prospects by this time—fine indications.

He has learned to play jokes on his stomach—he promises it pie and slips in bannock or a flapjack. He must work his prospect if he has to go on half rations, so he hammers away a few years of his life in a dump tunnel. He crosses the contact and runs under the croppings; if he is wise enough, he gives it up, packs his things and leaves. But he is sure that the next shot will expose the long-looked-for treasure. He will have to go off shift for good some time.

Imagine that he was wise enough to quit after a few years and start out once more for the hills, where there is, perhaps, new excitement, where every one is striking rich. He will get in on the ground floor this time. When he arrives at the camp he finds that the good things are all staked, and he prowls around the edges until winter drives him in again.

He begins to feel a little old. He is playing the game heavily, has staked about all but his life and has risked that many times. He feels a twinge of rheumatism, and the demon of dyspepsia has taken up its abode within him. He imagines he is getting "queer," and perhaps he is. He knows he is getting crampy. He wonders sometimes if he is not getting some crack on his brain as well as on his overalls.

He can't get along with a partner any more, and sometimes it is all he can do to get along with himself, so he goes out alone with dog and cayuse or Rocky mountain canary. He has his peculiar ways of doing things, and it worries him to have any one upset his little, petty methods. He likes to hold conversation with himself, and grows to think that he wants no better company.

Sometimes he catches a glimpse of the gilded wings of fortune as she beckons him from some distant peak, and he struggles upward to find, like the end of the rainbow, it is still in advance.

However, "all things come to him who will but wait"; he strikes it at last. He has stumbled on to gold by accident. It is cropping before him in all its magnificence. His practiced eye tells him it is a fortune. He is not excited, but a keen good luck cooly, he has been so well trained in taking things as they come. He may even be careless in staking the claim properly. He goes on to get equipment and spread the news. He sells out for a handsome sum, runs over the census and calls the township up to the bar. He buys the most stylish clothes he knows anything about. The new hat that crowns his wrinkled visage would hardly pass under the boughs that overhang his old trails, and his cayuse would be frightened into a stampede should he catch sight of the expanse of snowy linen. He alienates the affections of his faithful dog by taking a Turkish bath.

At last he buys a palace-car ticket for his old home. He expects a great ovation in his honor. He thinks of the happy smile with which his old sweetheart will greet him. When he arrives at the depot he is surprised that the Mayor is not there to greet him. He wonders what has become of the old brass band that used to bellow out "Marching Through Georgia" every Fourth of July, and as no one greets him he starts on foot to find the old farm.

But what a change! He gets tangled in the suburbs of the town; the new streets and cross streets are problems difficult to solve. He looks for the old "blazes," but they are gone. When he reaches his homestead his brothers seem glad to meet him, but they hardly have time to talk with him. They have scarcely missed a day of hard work since he left. His father and mother have long since taken up their abode on the hill.

He calls on his old sweetheart; she has been married many years; she has grown old and plain. Her reception of him is anything but flattering. She says him critically and wonders, perhaps, how much his store clothes cost.

That is enough of civilization; he takes the shortest trail back to his old camp, leaving the proverbial fattened calf still feeding at the manger. His wealth is a burden to him and he proceeds to dispose of it. After hiring a theater for a few nights and trying to break up a brewery or two, we see him once more taking the trail with a smile and a grub-stake.

"Clies" will spring up where his campfire once smoldered. Steamboats will plow up the stream where once he boated his rude dugout, and railroads will follow his "blazes." In the great play of life, where courage, fortitude and honest endeavor are the parts most to be commended, cannot you say that this man has played his part and played it well?