

WANTED - 10,000 BRIDES!

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

About a year ago there was in The Journal an article in which it was stated that American girls of a marriageable age were few and far between in the Philippines. At that time it was said that at least five thousand were needed to remedy the deficiency. It appears, however, that five thousand is too small an estimate. At least twice that number are wanted, according to the writer of the following story. He speaks from experience, having just returned from a two years' trip in which he worked his way around the world. One year of this time was spent in the Philippines—six months as a school teacher in the little town of Pasig, and the other six as a reporter for the Manila Times.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In the Philippines it is always spring. It quite naturally follows that the young man out there in our sunny tropic possessions is obsessed with such fancies the year round. But the word "lightly" does not apply to him, for he regards the matter as a serious proposition.

BY GILMAN MONCURE PARKER.

WANT a husband? Very well—all that you have to do is pack your trunk, buy a steamship ticket, and go out to the Philippine islands. You'll get a husband, all right. In fact, you'll be lucky if you don't get a dozen.

Probably you remember that part of the history of the United States which tells about the amorous young swains of Jamestown and how they raised an awful rumpus because there weren't enough marriageable damsels in that colony. They made such a fuss about it that the London company finally got hold of ninety young women, told them what a grand and glorious place America was, and shipped them over to Jamestown. There, upon landing, they were met by the young men. Each grabbed the first girl he could lay his hands on and paid for her transportation expenses to the company. During the rest of the day the ministers of the colony did a thriving business in the "I pronounce you man and wife" industry.

That was in 1620. Now, nearly 300 years later, there arises practically the same condition of affairs in another American colony. However, the weeping need for brides in Jamestown was nothing to the palpitating necessity for 'em in the Philippines. Throughout the length and breadth of that archipelago—from the haunts of the head hunters of northern Luzon to the realm of the sultan of Sulu in the south—there are hundreds of earnest, hard working American youths going about and saying, "Owhytheheldidievercomeouthere?" simply because they're unhappy and unmarried.

Single and Sorrowful Synonymous.

Now, you never hear a married man talk like that—that is, in the Philippines. It's only with bachelors there that the terms single and sorrowful are synonymous. Ask a double harnessed gentleman what he thinks regarding the islands, and he'll answer that Utopia and the Elysian fields are but barren Saharas as compared to them. Inquire of a single man, however, and he'll exhaust all the expletives in his vocabulary in condemning them to the bottommost dungeons of perdition.

You can't really blame him. As a matter of fact, he doesn't mean all he says; for, after leaving the Philippines for any considerable length of time, he becomes imbued with an almost overpowering desire to get back there again—this being "the call of the orient" and all that sort of thing. The main trouble with him, while there, is just downright loneliness. All that he wants is a mate to love, honor, and be bossed by. She obtained, the seventh heaven of the Moros has nothing on the Philippines.

Let's take, for example, the case of the average unmarried young man who goes out to the islands. On arriving in Manila he either secures a government position or annexes himself to some commercial firm. If he has any capability at all he can obtain a monthly salary of at least 200 pesos, which in Christian money amounts to \$100. In the event that he doesn't spend most of his spare time in chinking his salary at the seagulls he should be able to save at least half of this amount per month, for the cost of living in the Philippines is far less than in the United States. Let's look into his monthly running expenses for a moment:

Large, airy room overlooking Manila bay... \$10.00

Meals (including six or seven course dinner)... 27.50

Muchacho (Filipino valet)... 5.00

Laundry (including the washing of white and khaki suits)... 3.00

Car fare... 2.40

Miscellaneous... 2.10

Total... \$50.00

These expenses, of course, apply only to Manila—in the event that he is stationed at some small town out in the bosque, which is Spanish for country, he will find his expenses to be about \$10 a month less. Why, out in the provincial towns, villages, and barrios you can rent a four or five room house—of the suale walled, nipa roofed, and bamboo floored variety—for only \$10 a month. By way of digression it may be said for these houses that they are in many ways more sanitary and conducive to continued good health than a ma-



SOME OF MANILA'S YOUNG BACHELORS WHO ARE TIRED OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.



PHILIPPINA GIRLS LIKE THIS ONE FURNISH AMERICAN GIRLS THE ONLY COMPETITION.



MAYOR BROWN OF MANILA IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE THE MOST PROMINENT BACHELOR IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Majority of our dust collecting, poorly ventilated houses here in the United States.

His Daily Program.

But to continue with our young man. We'll suppose that he has obtained a government position, with station in Manila. His daily program, then, is to arise at 7 o'clock every morning and report for work an hour later. From that time until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon he is engaged in his official duties, excepting an hour at noon for luncheon. On Saturdays throughout the year and every weekday during several months of the "hot" season, however, he works from 8 o'clock in the morning until 1 in the afternoon, having practically half of the day to himself. On quitting work his usual procedure is to return home for a siesta, or afternoon nap, which is customary in many countries of the tropics. Then he either goes to his club or to Manila bay for a swim and a rubdown or enjoys some other form of exercise which is essential to good health in the Philippines. At sunset he strolls over to the Lupeta, a large



MAYOR BROWN AND FRIENDS, TAKING IT EASY—THEY LOOK HAPPY BUT THEY ARE NOT.

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