CARPENTER AT THE CAPITAL OF THE PHILIPPINES

People of all Nations Crowding to the New American Possessions—Rigid Inquisition Enforced by the Military Forces—Soldiers on Police Duty Everywhere—A View of Manila From the Tower of San Sebastian—Inhabitants Good Natured and Cleanly.

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MANILA, January 22.

I HAVE traveled in the neighborhood of 10,000 miles in coming from Washington to the Philippine islands. I have gone almost half way around the world, and if I could bore an auger hole through this great, round ball on which we live and fasten my eye to it I might feast it on rays of light which are now washing the United States. It has been a long trip, a hard trip and a costly trip. In actual travel, not including the short stay I made in Japan, it took me thirty-seven days to get here. Six days were spent in crossing the United States and seven days more in coming to Honolulu. We had twelve days of smooth sea between the Hawaiian islands and Japan, and about ten days, including our stops at the ports between Yokohama and Hongkong. From Hongkong to Manila we steamed over 630 miles of stormy sea, our little tug boat of a steamer, the Diamante, bouncing up and down like a cork on the waves, rolling and pitching and twisting its tail about in corkscrew curves during the whole of the voyage. This trip is always rough. It is one of sixty hours, during which few escape sea sickness.

As to cost, the trip from Washington to San Francisco, with sleeper and meals, requires about $100, and the fare from there to Manila is $255. Add $45 for excess and stay at the ports, and you will see that the expense of a first-class passage to the Philippines is just about $400 in gold. A second-class passage, with the incidentals cut down, might reduce the total to $350 or perhaps $300, but the loss in comfort would be great.

At present all of the steamers are crowded to their utmost. I found the hotels at the ports in China and Japan full at prices ranging from six to eight silver dollars a day, and at Hongkong half of those of our ship passengers, who applied for rooms at the leading hotel, were turned away.

Flocking to the Philippines.

Here at Manila I am in the Oriente, the largest and supposedly the best hotel in the Philippines, but none too good for all that. The first night I had a room with three other guests, and now I have to fight daily to keep from having an extra bed put in my apartments for the night. The number of people coming here steadily increases, and now that the war is practically over, Americans will soon be found in all of the islands. A large part of those with whom I traveled were the wives and children, sisters, cousins and aunts of our soldiers, and especially of the officers. On the China, the steamer in which I came from San Francisco to Japan, we had fifty-six women, and children of all ages, from a little 10-day-old baby, whose mother was on her way from Atlanta to join her husband, a lieutenant supposed to be on the firing line, to an Oregon girl of 19 who was going out to marry her soldier sweetheart. On the Doric, which took me to Hongkong, there were many more army women, and on the Diamante we had, among others, a young wife who was taking her little baby to give it its first introduction to its papa, a captain in the army, who had left America before his baby was born.

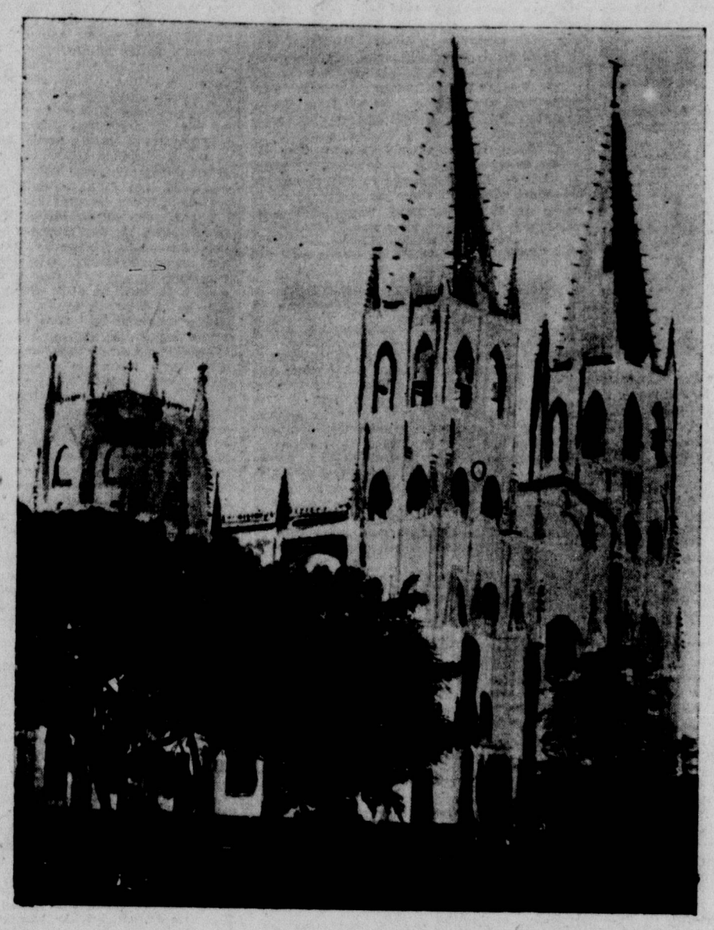
We had a number of commercial and business men who were going to the islands to look up the prospects for investment trade, a dentist who had left Japan to accept a partnership with one of the American dentists here, and a lot of young men who were coming out second-class and steerage, hoping to make their fortunes in one way or another.

A queer couple in the second-class was a German of 60 and his 18-year-old daughter, who had sold out their farm in Southern California for $5,000 and expected to invest the money in a hemp raising ranch in one of the islands. The girl was nearly six feet in height, and her father told me she weighed 285 pounds and that she could plow with a four-horse team as well as any man.

At Hongkong I saw the first evidence of the rigid martial law which is now exercised over the islands. When I bought my ticket there I was required to sign a sheet of paper as big as two pages of this journal, and insert thereon answers to all varieties of questions. I had to give my age, sex, nationality, last residence, profession and to state whether I was married or single. I was made to state whether I had money upward of $50, whether I had paid my own passage and whether I was going out to join a relative, and if so, whom. I put in writing the facts that I was not a polygamist; that I had never been in prison or an almshouse, and that I was neither deformed nor crippled. I wrote also where I expected to go and what to do, and a number of other things about myself of greater detail than any I was required to make during my travels in Russia.

Enforcing Rigid Inspection.

Upon reaching the harbor of Manila I had to make a written statement as to the value of my baggage, and notwithstanding I showed the American customs inspector letters of introduction from our secretaries of the state, war and navy departments, had to open by trunks and allow him to diligently search for firearms. I fortunately had none. The old German was not so lucky. The inspector discovered a revolver in one of his boxes, and there was gave him a chance of having it confiscated by the government or throwing it overboard. The German preferred not to contribute to Uncle Sam, and tossed the revolver into the sea. A number of armed soldiers came out to the vessel and men with guns at their sides stood at the gangway until the inspection was finished.



CHURCH OF SAN SEBASTIAN

FILIPINOS ARE CLEANLY

CHINESE BAZAAR

Upon landing we found soldiers everywhere on guard. There are 5,000 so employed in Manila alone. They are to a large extent the police of the city, and the most rigid order is everywhere kept. Everything closes up at 8:30 p. m., and after that no one is allowed to be out on the streets without a pass. Any person walking or driving through the town after that hour will be halted by guards at every few steps, and if he cannot quickly show that he is out on business, and that with the authority of the military governor, he will be taken to jail. But few passes are given. I was refused one today by Gen. Schwan, who told me he came near being shot by mistake himself the other night, and that just now he thought it safer and better for me to be in at night, for the police were apt to shoot before such passes could be produced, if they had any reason to suspect the parties they met. He told me, however, he would give me a special pass if I found there was occasion for its use.

Outside of this the city is as quiet and peaceful as any in the United States. The people go about their business as usual, and every one is as good-natured and smiling as though the country was not in a state of war.

I am trying to swallow the city of Manila, but it has so many strange features that it sticks in my throat, and it may be weeks before I can digest it." It is like no eye view of the city. We take a carriage, a little black box the size of a good-sized packing case, swung between wheels, and our filled with strange craft, in which families of these brown-skinned people live and die and do business. At times the canals remind me of Holland, for there are tiled roofs of curious shapes overhanging them, and again you strike a quarter which has some of the aspects of Venice. There are streets like those of old Spain, having bright-colored houses, with balconies and barred windows, which hang out over the streets; and in the older part of the city, which is surrounded by a wide moat and great walls, you are in the Europe of the middle ages.

Manila a City of Peculiarities.

The business sections are still stranger. There is one made up of Chinese, where ten of thousands of Chinese live and have their stores. The chief street of this section is just like one of the streets of Canton. There are so many Spanish signs and Spanish merchants on the Escolta, the main business thoroughfare, that you might there be in Madrid or Buenos Ayres, and in other places the bazaar-like shops, mere holes in the walls, with their awnings and curtains of flapping, dirty canvas, are not unlike the thoroughfares of Delhi or Agra, in Northern India. In every case, however, Manila has features peculiarly its own, features which make it one of the most curious birds in the whole municipal aviary.

Take that building just across the way from the hotel. I can see it as I write. It is an immense two-story structure, with huge balconies jutting out from the second story and overhanging the street. It has a ridge roof of dark red tiles, which curve inward like the corrugations of a gigantic washboard. In each of the tile valleys there is a line or row of the greenest of green. The birds of the air have dropped the seeds, the moist kisses of this damp climate have warmed them into life and have grown there a very garden of the air.

Now look at the lattice work of that snow-white and sky-blue balcony which shows out under the roof. See, the sun has caught it and has turned the lattice into a checkerboard of mother of pearl. Each square in the structure is filled with an oyster or other opalescent shell, so thin that it lets in the light while it keeps out the heat. There are thousands of such balconies in Manila. They wall the second stories of the houses of the better parts of the city, so that the town is that near heaven in that it has pearly windows, if not gates of pearl.

Look again at the house. Where is its chimney? It has none. The town does its cooking over charcoal or fires made of sticks not much bigger than your finger. There is so little smoke that large chimneys are not needed, and in most cases the smoke gets out as it can. Below the balcony you may notice the stores and shops. The first floor is usually given up to business and trade and the better classes of the people live above stairs.

But that is only one house. Come with me to the great galvanized iron church of St. Sebastian. Its tower is the highest in all Manila, and from it we can get a bird's-eye view of the city. I have ever seen, and I look in vain for comparisons. At times I think I have it in Bangkok, for the town is cut up by rivers and canals brown-skinned driver flogs his pony as we dash through the streets. We skirt one of the canals, cross a bridge and enter the church. A black-gowned priest with a shaven tonsure opens the door, and we climb round and round up the hundreds of steps of a slim spiral staircase till we come to the top. We are now far above the city on the outermost edge of Manila. The city lies on a plain backed by blue mountains. It covers miles of land running about the bay, beyond which are other mountains and rolling hills. It is a town of 350,000 inhabitants, all of whom live in one and two-story houses. There are no tall buildings, except the churches and cathedrals, which have domes and towers rising high above the rest of the city. There are green trees here and there showing out above the house roofs.

Bird's-Eye View From Tower of San Sebastian.

Almost in front of us is the walled part of the town. This is but small in comparison with the rest, which spreads for a long distance up and down and back from the sea. At the right, running through the midst of the city, is the River Pasig, a dirty stream perhaps a thousand feet wide, which at times of the year is so deep that small steamers can come up it and anchor at the wharves, but now so low that the boat in which we came from Hong Kong must remain out in the bay.

The walled city is old Manila. It is largely taken up with government buildings. There is the palace where Gen. Otis and his officials do their business, and there also are a large number of churches and monasteries, the church owning, I should say, at least one-third of the old city.

That part of Manila at the right outside the walls is where the most of the people live, and where nearly all of the business is done. Away off at the edges you can see fashionable suburbs, such as Malate, where the finest residences of the Filipinos are, and there down on the bay is the Luneta, the park where all swell Manila goes to drive at 5 o'clock every afternoon. Back of the city, as you can see if you will but turn about on the church tower, is a great green plain as fresh now as Ohio in June, with clumps of green trees spotting the fields. That is the country, the rice fields and the vegetable gardens which aid in supplying the markets of the town.

As we look the sun comes near to its setting. The roads in the plain are filled with people, who make white lines through the green fields. Those are the suburbanites of this Filipino capital, the poor who work in the stores and factories and are now returning to their homes. Many of them are women, who have bright red skirts, above which are draped black shawls. The red catches the rays of the sun, and we have a band of vermillion between the green and the black.

But let us go down and walk through the streets back to our hotel. We are moving along with the strange characters of this strange city. Hundreds of brown-skinned, black-eyed men, women and children go by us. They have eyes almost slanting, and they are of all shades from yellow to black. They are not so tall as our people at home, and most of them are lean rather than fat.

Men, Women and Children in Motley Array.

How queerly they dress. Many of the men and women are clad in stiff gauze as thin as mosquito netting, through which the air has free passage and through which the skin shows. They have clothes of the different Philippine cloths made of the fiber of the pineapple and other plants, which is as stiff as hair, but which in some cases is as fine as spun silk. The women are without hats or bonnets, and their luxuriant black hair is done up in a knot on the crown of the head. They wear jackets of gauze cut very low in the neck, with great bell-like sleeves reaching only to the elbow, but so full and so stiff that the arm is bare to the shoulder. Under this, or rather below it, is a tight skirt, which consists of a wide bag of calico or other light cloth wrapped around the waist and legs. It falls to the ankles and is fastened by a twist at the waist. Over this waist cloth or skirt there is usually a black shawl, which extends from the waist to the knees and which seems to be intended to hold on the skirt.

The workingmen have on little more than a shirt and pantaloons, and the shirt is in all cases outside the trousers. The majority of the men and boys, in fact, remind one of the hero of Mother Goose, "Little Dickey Dout, who had his shirt tail out." The shirt tails of the Filipinos, however, are intentionally out for the sake of coolness. The air is thus admitted to the bare skin, the white linen flapping merrily in the breeze as they walk. The effect is on the whole rather striking, and you look for them to rush round the corner and tuck their shirts in. Some of the shirts are imported, with well-laundered bosoms, in which are gold studs. The native shirts are of the thinnest gauze, a sort of a cross between haircloth and mosquito netting. They are of all colors—white, yellow, black and pink—being often embroidered and stamped. The stuff is like that which the ladies here wear for their dresses—stuff which is so delicate and so beautiful that the American ladies buy it for party or evening gowns. Further down in the business streets of the city, and especially on the Escolta, you meet many men in suits of white duck, Filipinos of the higher classes who dress much as we do.

We hear in America much about the dirt and savagery of the people of Manila. So far I have seen none of it. The people are far more cleanly than the Chinese. Even the poorest of them wear clean clothes and the most of the costumes are white. In many respects the Filipinos are like the Japanese, or rather more like the Burmese, both of whom are noted for their cleanliness and frequent bathing. Among the women on the streets you see many who wear their hair down their backs, their rich black manes falling usually from their necks to their waists. My guide, "Thomas a Becket," he says his name is Becket, tells me this is because they are fresh from the bath and that they go about so to let their hair dry. He says there are swimming baths for women in the city and that he himself takes a plunge in the canal near his home every morning.

People Noted for Cleanliness.

As to savageness, the people seem to me more civilized than any of the Malay races I have yet seen. They are far more good-natured and friendly than the natives of the Straits Settlements. They appear to be fond of one another, and I see men and boys going along with joined hands. The women go in pairs as a rule, and all chat and laugh as they move along together. There is no scowling at the foreigner as in China, and if they really hate the Americans they do not show it in their faces.

But to return to the streets through which we are moving. The crowd has grown as we approached the business section, and we are often forced to step out in the road. The sidewalks of Manila are seldom more than three feet in width, and more than three people cannot well walk abreast upon them. They are flagged with rough stones, the roadway being unpaved as a rule. The houses are everywhere close to the streets, and in many cases there are blocks of buildings which have these overhanging balconies so that as you walk you are shaded by them from the rays of the sun. Many of the balconies have their shell windows pushed back, and we frequently get a glance from a Filipino maiden as she sits in them and looks down on the street.

The scenes in the middle of the street are even more strange than those on the sidewalks. What would you think of having rats and hogs to pull your drays and your carriages? Well, the Filipino draft animals are not much unlike these. The carriages are drawn by little ponies not bigger than three months' old calves, who are as rattey looking as the team of mice which appeared before Cinderella, to be turned by the wand of the fairy into the magnificent steeds which took her to the ball of the prince. They form the riding and driving animals of the people, who flog them without mercy as they go through the streets.

Queer Substitute for Horses.

The heavy work is all done by caribou, or water buffalos, which can best be described by calling them immense black hogs, with horns. They are as big as the average Durham cow, and are of the same genus, but no respectable American cow would acknowledge that it had any relation to them. The caribou has a skin like a pig, with black bristling hair standing out upon it, so that you can see everywhere the hide through the bristles. They have, I am told, few pores in their skin, and they wallow in the water and mud just like hogs. They are worse in this respect than hogs, for they must wallow several times a day in the hot weather or they will go crazy, and a mad caribou is a dangerous beast. For this reason their drivers stop them every now and then at the river or a canal as they go through the streets and let them take a ten-minute bath. The great beasts walk down steps into the water and lie there with nothing but their heads showing out. You may see scores of them so bathing during a half hour's walk along the waterways of Manila.

The most of the hauling is done by these caribou on drays and carts. They form a part of the street cleaning brigade which Gen. Otis had organized, and thousands of them are employed in transporting the supplies of the troops. They usually work single in shafts which are joined at the end by a hoop-like yoke, which rests on the neck just in front of the shoulders. They are led or driven by means of a ring through the nose, to which lines are fastened. They are very strong, and, as a rule, very gentle if they have their regular baths of water and mud. I am told that they are used generally throughout the Philippines. Even the children ride them, and out in the country it is not an uncommon sight to see a four-year-old boy astride of a caribou as it feeds in the pasture. They furnish much of the milk of Manila, and the poorer classes use their meat for roasts and stews.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MURDER IS THEIR STOCK IN TRADE.

Mafia of Sicily Has No Regard for Human Life or Law.

THE Mafia of Sicily has for more than thirty years maintained a reign of terror in that country, and, although the government of Italy has at times made efforts toward its suppression, it is today the most powerful organization of assassins in the world. No man's life is safe in any part of the kingdom if he has an enemy rich enough and unscrupulous enough to invoke the aid of these mercenaries. Assassination is their profession, robbing their diversion. With such secrecy and skill are their crimes perpetuated that the officers of the law have seldom been able to discover the culprits, and such a terrorism have they inspired that no public prosecutor has dared to attempt to bring either the instigators or executioners of their conspiracies to justice, through fear that he himself might some day fall a victim to their murderous revenge.

According to Herr Schneegaus, consul of the German empire at Messina, the Mafia is a secret society, which, having usurped every part of life, whether public or private, exercises an illegal action to the advantage of its adherents, by all means, licit or illicit. The Mafia, whatsoever its importance may be, is a state within a state, representing an illegal and arbitrary force, which invades order and legality and oppresses them.

Such is its general definition, but the Mafia, extending itself into every possible field, takes various aspects and works upon all social relations. Hence we would form an imperfect and partial idea of it if we discussed and judged of it according to one or the other of its aspects without taking heed of the individual features of the whole picture.

There is nothing which has taken such strong and deep roots in the heart of the Sicilian people as the tendency to exercise, even in least things, an illegal power. The idea of a usurpation of power is what the Mafia is founded upon. This idea is expressed and incarnated, according to the customs of the country, in a system of secret and almost subterranean conspiracies, which enforce obedience by intimidation and terror. The Mafiosi—as the adherents of the Mafia are termed—are real conspirators against the laws, against society, against the public powers and constituted rights.

The ordinary traveler in Sicily can gather little information from the people regarding this universal opposition to the laws by this society, which is not secret because it seems that everyone is a member of it. It is designed as a secret society, admirably organized, with numerous affiliations and many mysterious statutes; a hidden and terrible force, which defied justice, despised the laws and compressed Sicily as in an iron net.

The spirit of the Mafia still reigns in Sicily; it is a result of oppression in the past, and it may be said in this sense that every Sicilian, especially among the people, belongs to the Mafia. It is an interested solidarity which unites, by instinct of defense, a whole social class against the constituted laws and customs. The bond of union is neither apparent nor regular. A real Mafia constituted of adepts, initiated individuals, statutes, chiefs and secret intelligence with the whole country, does not exist. In some districts, however, the Mafiosi are organized in societies of malefactors. These are composed at times of groups which are enemies one to the other, but always agreed in concealing their dealings from their adversaries.

The adepts in the Mafia are more or less criminal. When they have done something harsh or offended against the laws and evaded the consequences of their wrongdoing they are respected among their companions and acquire an ascendant over them. These offenders in time are chosen judges in disputes between masters and servants, laborers and their employers and such like. Then they begin to be surrounded by the followers who are necessary to them. Thus is the nucleus of a dangerous society formed.

Suppose that a person is suspected of being a spy on the society. The only safety, according to the authorities quoted by M. Vuillier, lies in getting rid of him. "And this strange society will act not only on its own account, but will sell its arms to deliver anyone from his enemy. The price of the crime will vary from 50 to 500 lire."

The dominant character of the Mafiosi is diffidence and dissimulation. He affects simple good nature, he patiently bears offenses or wrongs; but, look out, one evening or another he may kill you.

The Mafia can also serve the interests and passions of persons who do not belong to it. It will avenge an assassination; it will chastise, for sake of a woman who has been abandoned, her faithless lover. It happens occasionally that the Mafia imposes the servants and furnishers of the house on a new family.

When one of its followers falls into the hands of justice the Mafia makes every exertion to save the one who is taken. The furnishing of information for the sustaining of the charge is rendered difficult and diverted from the truth by false witnesses, anonymous letters and articles in the newspapers.

If the "friend" is sent to take his trial at the assizes the Mafia immediately procures the names of the jurymen; it makes known to them that the defendant is innocent, that he is the father of a large family, that the "preventive" imprisonment will bring him to misery and that he is the victim of the maneuvers of his enemies.

To this is added the information that he has many and powerful friends ready to help him with their money and to avenge him at need, friends near and far, and, in fine, ready for anything.

The case of Notarbartolo's murder and the accusation brought against the deputy from Sicily to the Italian parliament, Raffaele Palizzolo, who is suspected of being the person who commissioned the assassin or assassins, renders this account of the Mafia of interest today. Up till now, during the six years that have passed since the crime, justice has only succeeded in bringing before the courts two persons charged with the crime; the railroad conductor, Giuseppe Carollo, and the brakeman, Pancrazio Garuffi.

Leopoldo Notarbartolo, the son of the murdered man, who is a lieutenant in the marine, has made it his mission in life to discover the moral authors of the assassination of his father. It is he who has brought the accusation against the deputy Palizzolo. This latter at first replied very blandly to the charge, and he found that the accusation brought against him by the son of the murdered man was justifiable on account of the sorrow the young man suffered.

A prominent advocate of Rome has made the startling accusation, which seems to be borne out by the facts, that the Italian government did not put the Mafia down, for it felt the desirability of allowing it to live "for electoral contests, for political aims."

Such is the creditable picture Sicily presents in the fortieth year of its union with the purifying influence of Italy.

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