PHILIPPINE FRIARS

Some Inside Facts Regarding a Most Perplexing Problem.

WHY THE NATIVES HATE THEM

Purchase of Lands Held by Roman Catholic Orders and Departure of Friars from Island Will Prove Beneficial.

THE report that Pius X. has decided the property of the friars in the Philippines belongs neither to the vatican nor to the church at large, but to the Philippine church alone, has caused excitement far and wide.

The idea, it seems, is that whatever money the United States shall pay in the purchase of the property of the friars shall remain as a permanent fund for the support of the Catholic church in the islands; for the maintenance of its churches, schools and charitable works. As the sum is estimated at from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000, it is no wonder the subject is a matter of wide interest.

As a class the Philippine friars are men that have been trained from boyhood up in the seclusion of the church seminary; not men that have sought monastic life in mature years, after an experience of the outside world, as is the case with many members of the Jesuit order. The Philippine islands have held a unique postion in that the administration of the church has been wholly in the hands of monastic orders, and that what is called the secular priesthood has had only small, subordinate positions.

The friars have been at work in the Philippines for almost four centuries; the Augustinians came to the archipelago in 1589; the Franciscans in 1577; the Dominicans in 1587, and the Recollets in 1606. When the various orders took up the Catholic work in the islands, the work that has grown to such great dimensions, the country was portioned out to them, individually and each followed the task assigned. The friars did not settle in communities of their own, but were scattered widely, the priest, ordained to live apart from his fellows, cheerfully accepting hardship and isolation with the native.

From the first the native of the Philippines took kindly to the Catholic missionary, and the Spanish conquest of the Philippines was due to the religious orders; to the missionary rather than to Spanish arms. In the beginning, the labor was altogether in the line of missionary endeavor, but gradually the friar began to have put on his back civil burdens, and gradually he took unto himself such burdens. The indolent Spanish officials found it easier to rule through these men that spoke the dialect of the native, knew him and his mode of life so much better than did they themselves. In the course of time, especially in the provinces, the friars came into absolute control. Finally their power reached such a height that if decrees were made in Spain not agreeable to them they would either have the decrees repealed or else ignore them; if officials were sent out that proved disagreeable, they were usually retired sooner or later.

In the meantime the friars accumulated great wealth. The Spanish government had bestowed large tracts of sparsely settled land upon the church with the idea that the lands would be cultivated and the country improved. And that the friars, or their parishioners, improved these lands, is undeniable; the revenues therefrom have climbed to high figures; the friars have been able to build great cathedrals, construct monasteries and convents almost palatial.

By various other means much other real estate than that granted by the government was added to their possessions, and sometimes half of a province would become church property. At the close of our war with Spain, in the immediate vicinity of Manila the Dominicans held 140,000 acres. Within the walled city in Cavite and in Paco, the Dominicans, Augustinians, Franciscans, Recoletanos, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and Jesuits, all had large churches, convents, schools and other property; the finest buildings in the islands were the church buildings. In 1902 the valuation of the real estate of the friars in Manila alone was 5,901,978 Mexican dollars. In addition to their "parish" property—convent, rectory, cemetery, glebe and farm lands the orders have owned sugar estates, blocks of real estate, shares in business companies, and have themselves entered into business enterprises. For awhile they had the monopoly of the important rice trade.

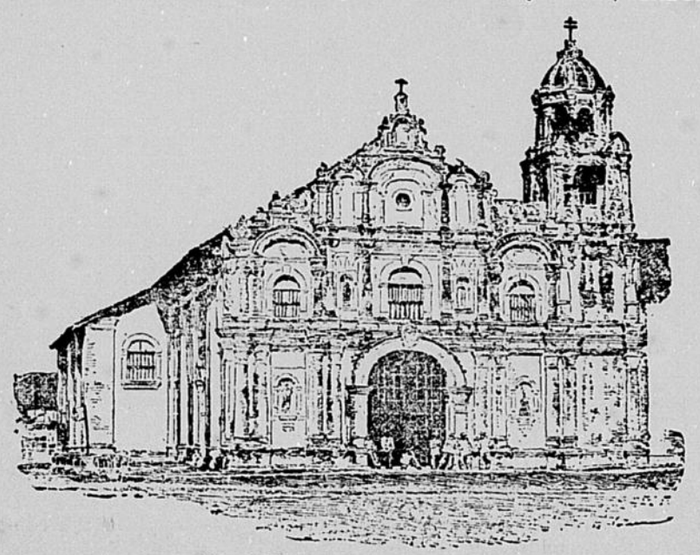
At various periods the people rebelled against their power. In 1622 the island of Bohol made insurrection, and again in 1744; in 1872, in Cavite, there was an uprising; and in 1896 the Tagalog provinces evinced their dissatisfaction with the priestly power. The object was the expulsion of the friars and the confiscation of their property. From time to time secret societies were formed and much agitation was kept up against ecclesiastical control. As one writer has so well put it, at the root of all things political in the islands has lain that most delicate of all matters, a religious question. The feeling has grown and grown, and to-day, whether unjustly or not, there is a considerable demand amongst the natives for the expulsion of the friars.

The constitution of the Philippine Republic, adopted January, 1899, confiscated their lands; and the revolutionists not only drove out many monks, but imprisoned and put to death others. Some sought safety in flight, and their numbers decreased from the 1,124 who were in the islands in 1896 to only the 472 of 1900. But the treaty of Paris, which defined our relations with Filipino affairs, allowed the expelled monks to return and provided protection for the property of the religious orders.

Since our assumption of authority, petitions find their way to newly-arrived American dignitaries, military and ecclesiastical, asking that the signers, loyal Roman Catholics, no longer be required to submit to the administrations of the distasteful friars, but that the secular clergy serve in their stead. Such requests, as can readily be understood, have proved difficult matters to settle at all satisfactorily, and the question of what to do with the friars has been one of the very gravest that has confronted us since we took to expansion. Latest reports say, however, that the friars themselves now wish to leave the Philippines, would go as a body into voluntary exile from the land where their kind have labored for so long.

There are many evidences that the friars not only took but also bestowed in their centuries of work in the Philippines. They proved of greatest aid in protecting their people from invading Moor and from Chinese pirate. All the Filipino received in the way of education and religious instruction was through the friar; and however narrow that may have been, he gave the savage whatever of enlightenment he attained to. In 1901 the parish registers showed 6,599,998 church members out of a population estimated at from 9,000,000 to 12,000,000. As missionary, teacher, confessor, physician, the friar has played a very important part in the life of a Filipino community; and if he has arrogated to himself much power, he has also borne the white man's burden of the tropics.

KATHERINE POPE.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT CAVITE.
A Characteristic Specimen of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Philippines.

POPE PIUS X.

Baby Bridesmaid Ran Away.

A curious incident occurred at a fashionable wedding in St. Peter's church, London, the other day, when Miss Ruth Okeover, niece of Lord Waterpark, was married to Capt. Hervey Bruce, of the Irish Guards. Shortly after the commencement of the service quite a commotion was caused by the baby bridesmaid, daughter of Mrs. Asheton Curzon. Tiring of the long ceremony the child placed her basket of flowers on the floor and trotted down the aisle between the perplexed guardsmen in search of amusement. She was captured at the door by her nurse and handed over to her mother, who carried her back to the altar.

Burglar with Fishing Line.

An American, a guest at a hotel in Peking, was awakened during the night by a roll of paper falling. Getting out of bed he saw, with astonishment, a pole, to which was attached a fishing line, moving about the room, collecting various objects and removing them through the window. Upon going downstairs he was heard by the burglarious Chinaman outside to whom the rod belonged, and who escaped, leaving his fishing line behind him.

THE TRAVELERS AND THE CROW.

Find a Fourth Traveler.

Some Travelers, setting out on a journey, had not proceeded far when a one-eyed Crow flew across their path. This they took for a bad omen, and it was proposed that they should give up their plan, for that day at least, and turn back again. "What nonsense!" said one of the Travelers, who was of a mocking and merry disposition. If this Crow could foresee what is to happen to us he would be equally knowing on his own account; and, in that case, do you think he would have been silly enough to go where his eye was to be knocked out of his head?"

Moral—All bad omens may usually be dismissed as easily as was this one by the optimistic traveler.

GAVE THEM A SETBACK.

How the Automobile Interfered with the Domestic Economy of One Village.

"I was making a little tour of a suburban county in my automobile last summer," said a New Yorker, relates the Sun, "and one day drew off to one side of the road with my machine and stopped to let an approaching farm team pass. The team came up, showing no fear at the sight of the auto, and I hailed the farmer in the wagon. He stopped his team.

"'I'm glad to see that the horses through here have become used to the automobiles and are no longer frightened by them,' I said.

"'Yes,' replied the farmer, "but it's a big setback to us farmers. It's goin' to raise our taxes like all possessed.'

"'Raise your taxes!' said I.

"'Yes,' he replied. 'You see, some of our feller citizens has been hot foot fer a good while back to have the town git one o' these steam road makin' machines, and they cost tremendous—$2,000 or $3,000—and we've been objectin' to it every time, and carryin' our p'int, on the ground that one o' them machines workin' on the road and tinkerin' of 'em up all the time would be everlastin'ly sheerin' our hosses so at every turn that there'd be nothin' but smashed wagons and broken bones in the town from one year's end to t'other, and it wouldn't be safe fer us to drive nowheres.'

"'Well?' said I not a little puzzled.

"'Well,' continued the farmer, 'then by and by along comes the automobiles of all kinds and sizes and shapes, and with all sorts o' noises, and the first thing us farmers knows it gits so our hosses ain't no more afeard of 'em and don't keer no more about 'em than if they was only ox teams geehawin' by. And that knocks us.'

"'How so?' said I, still puzzled.

"'How so?' responded the farmer. 'Why, consarn it, if our hosses ain't skeered by automobiles, of course they ain't goin' to mind a steam road makin' machine, and so we hain't got no legs to stand on in arguin' ag'in the gittin' of one! And they're goin' to get one and set it to work, and our taxes is goin' to be humped up like all possessed to pay fer it! Two or three thousand dollars, and all because our hosses has got used to automobiles on the roads, and won't skeer no more! Big setback? I should say so! Geet up, Bill!'

"And the farmer drove on, but he didn't appear to be as much cast down over the setback as one might have thought.

Coldest Liquid.

Liquid hydrogen is by far the coldest liquid known at the present time. At ordinary atmospheric pressure it boils at—422 degrees F., and reduction of the pressure by an air pump brings the temperature down to—432 degrees, at which the liquid becomes a solid, resembling frozen foam. According to Prof. Dewar, to whom the credit is due of having liquefied hydrogen in 1898, the liquid is a colorless, transparent body, and is the lightest liquid known to exist, its density being only one-fourteenth that of water; the lightest liquid previously known was liquid marsh gas, which is six times heavier. The only solid which has so small density as to float upon its surface is a piece of pith wood.—Cassier's Magazine.

Clever Girl.

Nell—Doesn't Mr. Staylate annoy you awfully with these tiresome stories of his adventures?

Belle—Oh, no; they come as a relief. They enable me every now and then to elevate my eyebrows and enjoy a yawn, which he takes for "open-mouthed" amazement. — Philadelphia Ledger.

More Than Once.

"Queer idea that of calling a man and wife 'one.'"

"Well, when they are married they are practically one."

"Nonsense! It takes two to make a quarrel."—Philadelphia Ledger.

STRANGE SEA MONSTER.

How the First Sight of a Manatee or Sea Cow Impressed a Fisherman in Florida Waters.

A sight that is getting more and more rare now is that of a manatee, or sea cow—the wonderful mammal lives exclusively in the water, like a fish, and that has furnished the foundation of many a mermaid story by thrusting its head and shoulders out of the ocean near shore, just in time to let a startled crew see it, says the Washington Post.

"I shall never forget the scare I got at the first sight of a manatee," said John Mansfield, the angler. "It was last year, in the Indian river, in Florida. My boat was anchored under a bank of grasses, and I was lolling in the stern, looking idly downward into the water and thinking of anything except a sea monster, when suddenly a vast form made me pull my head back intinctively.

"The thing was so dark that it looked almost black. It was shaped like a huge, thick carrot, only, instead of the thin tail of a carrot, it had a broad, flat tail exactly like that of a lobster.

"It came along smoothly and silently, gliding close along the bottom, and at first I couldn't see any head at all. It looked weird, and I couldn't imagine what it was.

"Suddenly, it bent that big lobster tail backward, doubled it beneath itself, and instantly its progress stopped as if it had put on brakes.

"The next moment the thing was apparently standing straight up on end. Then I saw two bony things like arms shoot out from the upper part of its body, and the thing began to bob back and forth like a very clumsy person trying to make funny little bows.

"Then I realized that what I was looking at was a manatee, or sea cow, and that it was in the act of feeding. A big bunch of river grass grew just where it had stopped, and it was taking it down in great mouthfuls.

"I now saw that it had a head, sure enough, although it was a most absurdly small head, looking like a little cork in a big, fat bottle. But the most remarkable thing about the head was the mouth.

"The lower jaw was all right. It was like that of a seal. But the upper jaw was split vertically, so that it opened like the upper lips of a rabbit. It was a true hare lip, only it was about 40 times as big as the worst hare lip that ever was on dry land.

"With the queer upper lip the manatee seized the big whisps of river grass, and handled them as an elephant would handle hay with its trunk. Then the lower jaw would shoot out and yank it into the cavernous mouth. It was a great sight,—the funny mouth, the tiny head, the huge body, twice as big around as that of a man, and about as long; the rough hide, the tiny flippers, and the lobster tail—a veritable cross between a cow and a seal, and a fish and a waterbug."

Unhealthful Palaces.

The illness of the czarina has been attributed to the insanitary condition of many royal palaces in Russia. It may be so, but there are cases where inflammation of the ear arises from quite other causes. There is, of course, considerable difficulty in renovating the private apartments of a monarch whose life is in constant and imminent danger from obstinate anarchist intrigues. Unless rumor gravely lies, the czar himself does not know where he will sleep before night comes, and to throw open the geography of the palace to workmen would increase its terrors tenfold. The best plan would be to employ foreigners, and, preferably, Englishmen, who are least of all touched by hatred of monarchy. A court is always conservative, like a university, and it is not uninteresting to compare the statements about the damp and unhealthy palaces of Russia with the famous American mother's characteristic condemnation of the colleges at Oxford.—London News.

THE TRAIN TO TRUNDLEBED

Every night, when the sun goes down,
The train pulls out for Trundlebed town,
For Trundlebed town, that is far away,
In a land where goblins and elves hold sway,
A land that is Summer the whole year through,
The grass ever green, the sky ever blue,
And every night, when the stars look down,
The train pulls out for Trundlebed town.

Choo!—Choo!—Choo!—
"Hushaby," the bell is ringing;
Choo!—Choo!—Choo!—
"Hushaby," the steam is singing;
Singing, ringing, ringing, singing,
Choo!—Choo!—Choo!—
—John N. Hilliard, in Four-Track News.

TOM WAS ASTONISHED.

"Snoop Cat" Has a Christmas Eve Experience Which He Will Not Forget Very Soon.

Thomas was a very exemplary cat, except for the fact that he was inquisitive. His cold nose would be stuck into ll the jars and pitchers on the table, until they gave him the name of "Snoop-Cat," which hurt his feelings. It was Christmas eve when Thomas wandered into the dining-room. "My! that's a funny looking box over there by the fireplace. Wonder what's in it?" said he to himself. "Been told not to touch hings that didn't concern me, but I'd certainly like to know what it is.

"Wonder if it'd hurt just to push that hook back and look in. I'll die if I don't see what's in there."

Softly he stole up and pushed the wire hook back. "Must be some sort of a Christmas present for Bill. If I see it first, that will be a joke on him, won't—"

Fizz! squeak! slap! slam! bang! wow! Up flew the cover and out of the box came the worst-looking ogre that ever disgraced a fairy tale.

"PUT ME BACK, OF COURSE."

"What d'yer mean, you rascal?" shrieked the figure.

"Oh!" groaned puss, as he shrank back, trembling, "this is so sudden!"

"I should say it was," said the ogre, "I had just settled down for the night, hoping to get some rest before those children got hold of me to-morrow, and here you come 'snooping' around and meddling with the hook and my spring sprang, and now we're in a pretty mess, for I can't get back in the box by myself, and to-morrow is Christmas."

"What shall I do?" asked Thomas.

"Put me back, of course, you stupid."

"But I can't get you back."

"That's just the moral of the whole affair," snapped the ogre. "One never can do over what they have undone, which is to say, they can never undo what they have did, which is to say that—"

But Thomas was so terrified that he did not wait to hear all the moral.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BOY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Although But 13 Years Old He Larruped a Pupil Who Was Nearly Thrice His Weight.

The youngest pedagogue in Missouri, and perhaps in the United States, is teaching a country school near Gainesville, in the Ozark mountains. He is Glenn Harrison, aged 13 years. Glenn is the eldest son of Guy T. Harrison, a lawyer.

He completed the course of study of the Gainesville public schools in March, 1902. The same month he took the examination given candidates for third grade teachers' certificates in Ozark county, making a good average and securing a certificate. He continued to study, and just after he became 13 years old he took the examination for a second grade certificate. This time his average grade was the highest made, being 96 per cent. Mr. Harrison believed his promising son was too young to teach and refused to let him accept several offers. But one day when his father was absent attending court, Glenn took the job of teacher of a rural district, the directors of which came and offered him the place. He began work before his father returned, and the latter, finding him so ambitious, decided not to interfere.

Glenn now has 29 pupils. The majority are larger and older than he, but he maintains a degree of discipline which many older and more experienced teachers may well envy. "How are you getting along, Glenn?" asked his mother one day, when he came home at the end of a week's work. "I had to whip several of the boys," the youngster replied. It turned out that among others he had larruped an obstreperous youth that weighed 180 pounds. Glenn doesn't weigh much more than half that.—Kansas City Journal.

ARE FIERCE FIGHTERS.

The Masais in Whose Country the Zionists Propose to Locate Are Handy with Weapons.

In Africa there are many native warriors, but, as the accompanying picture shows, few are as picturesque as those of the Masai tribe, which has for many generations made its home in British East Africa. To this tribe peculiar interest attaches just now, and for the reason that its members are scattered over that portion of the country which has been promised to the Zionist colony and which is known as "The Promised Land." Though comparatively few in number, these Masai warriors are fearless and independent, and those who have studied them closely say that they are becoming more and more opposed to the British on account of the high-handed manner in which they are parceling out the country, which they rightly or wrongly regard as their own property. However this may be, it is certain that these stalwart fighting men are well worthy of study, a fact of which ethnologists have recently become aware.

A NASAI WARRIOR.

AWFUL SWEAT BATHS.

Native Boys of Alaska Have a Hard Time When They Take Their Weekly Ablution.

Boys who make a fuss because their parents oblige them to take frequent baths should be glad that they are not Eskimo children living on the shores of Norton sound. In that cold region of Alaska all the boys are obliged to take a sweat bath every week, and this bath is no joke.

A fire of driftwood is built in the center of the floor of the kashim—the one-roomed house where the men and boys of a village pass most of their time—and when the smoke has passed off and the wood is reduced to red, glowing coals, a cover is put over the smoke-hole in the roof and the place becomes intensely hot.

The boys then must take off their clothes and sit about the furnace-like apartment until their skin becomes as red as the shell of a boiled lobster and seems on the point of blistering.

Owing to the intense heat the bathers are obliged to wear respirators to protect their lungs. These respirators are pads of shavings bound together, concave on the inside and convex on the outside, and large enough to cover the mouth, nose and part of the cheeks of the wearer.

Across the inside runs a little wooden bar, which is held in the teeth to keep the respirators in place.

The boys sit there until they are dripping with perspiration. Then they rush outside into the intense cold and roll in the snow.

E. W. Nelson, who spent between four and five years in investigating for the government the Eskimos living about Behring strait, says: "On several occasions I saw them go from the sweat bath to holes in the ice on a neighboring stream, and squatting there, pour ice water over their backs and shoulders with a wooden dipper, apparently experiencing the greatest pleasure from the operation."

Although the Eskimo boys seem to withstand such a bath as this all right and even to enjoy it, it would, in all probability, kill any white boy who tried it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

JOHNNY'S LATEST ESSAY.

Subject Is the Hog, and the Knowledge He Displays Still Leaves Him Star Scholar.

The hog is called a hog b'cuz he makes a hog of himself. It runs in the family. All hogs are hogs.

The hog has two sides to his character, one of which is good to eat and the other we can't so cordjully admire. As an article of diet the hog is one of the warmest friends to the human race that I know of. Most of him is good for food and the rest is useful in making sausages, bristle brushes and other utensils. Nearly everything about him is palatable but his voice. The latter always seems to me to sound as if it had kind o' soured. It is said that you can't make a silk purse out of a lady hog's ear. I have never heard of any fool big enough to try it.

As a citizen the hog is not so warm. His manners and instincts are gross in the extreme, and his sole ambition 'pears to be to eat from early morn till far into the night. When a man is dead he becomes the late Mr. So-and-So, and we say nice things about him. When a hog is dead he is pork, and pa often says: "Confound this pork!" When I eat too much pa calls me a pig. A pig is a hog's little boy. This is all I know about the hog.

How Races Are Timed.

In timing a racing man, the watch is started at the crack of the pistol, and stopped when the runner breasts the tape. When three watches are held on a race, it is the custom to take the average time.