

The gates of the walled city were closed at sunset, when curfew rang from the towers of all its churches; they were not opened again until dawn. Low, massive, stone-arched, typically medieval as one sees them today, these gates were all furnished out with ponderous drawbridges lowered and raised by rube captans, with strong porcellous of square iron bars which settled into place as the drawbridges rose upright. On either side of the gates were casemates and alcoves, the latter serving as shelters for the guards and the former for prisoners arrested for petty misdemeanors.

The villages of Tondo and Binondo were separated from each other and from the Pasig by clumps of bamboo and a series of grassy swamps or shallow lagoons, while along the river a sandy path connected the northern bridehead with the Santa Cruz convento. In the clumps of native dwellings round about, all on stilts of bamboo as if prepared to wade for it in event of an unusual tide, there lingered for a long time the vestiges of the cult of Islam. They lingered under the bells of the new churches, they lingered despite the persistent teachings of the friars; and many irreconcilables lurked in the hills of Montalban, persisting on the age-old trade of *kulisanes* and *mandu-dukots*, thieves and kidnappers.

Toward evening, therefore, the narrow path from the convento to the bridehead was crowded with fearful pedestrians hurrying to get inside the walled citadel before the closing of the gates at vesper.

In those old times there existed, where the De la Rama building now stands, a *posada*, or inn, frequented by soldiers of fortune, new arrivals, hangers-on, and a general nondescript clientele given to inordinate boasting and the imbibing of the wines of sunny Spain. With more freedom than was permitted in the walled city, the rattle of the dice box was heard; very naturally, all types of Spaniards foregathered at the inn, but especially the pioneer and the swash-buckler. The Spaniard has a varied and handsome character, he has inherited the adventurous blood of the Cathaginian, the courage of the Moor, and the persevering valor of the Goth, to say nothing of his Iberian ancestry.

One of the habits of the *posada*, at a certain period of which we write, was a boisterous soldier with a peculiar squint which marked him permanently. A native of Aragon, he had seen military service with the Flemings and Hollanders and had become tainted with the heretical teachings of those low countries. A plausible and smooth-tongued talker, he would often, when in his cups, voice his opinions in a manner to horrify the bystanders; for while military men generally pay little enough attention to the religious beliefs of their comrades, the devout Spaniard is an exception to this rule.

Besides, the fellow was cross-eyed, which, taken with his sardonic squint and his cynical dissertations soon caused him to be shunned as a companion. The superstition of the evil eye was upon him. Men began repeating the old Tagalog aphorism, *sa sampung duling, ni isang magaling*, in ten cross-eyed men, not one is any good.

The heresy was soon reported to the Familiar



Perez-Samanillo Building.
Escolta, Manila

of the Holy Inquisition, but the garrulous one paid no attention to repeated warnings. One evening he left the *posada* almost at the curfew hour, intending to visit some acquaintances in the walled city, and set out along the sandy path to the bridge. He was never heard of again; he had utterly disappeared. A few *Indios* had disappeared along this path from time to time, but no Spaniard had ever been molested, and the colony was soon quite worked up over the mysterious incident. Fear of similar occurrences in future at last drove a citizens' delegation to wait upon the royal governor, with a request that he station a detachment of the *alabarderos* along the path as a guard until after the city gates were closed. The governor assented, detailing a grizzled officer to arrange the escort, the *escolta*, in such a manner as to protect the path for a period of six months; and from this the winding path by the riverside got its name, *la escolta*, the escort, long before it was widened to the dignity of a street.

What became of the heretic? Surviving Flanders, did the parish ignominiously when put to the question in Manila? The friars said they suspected Satan, that the Evil One had bodily carried the man off; and it seems only natural that they would maintain this. The *Indios* blamed it on the *mandu-dukots*. If the higher secular authorities knew anything about it, they at least kept their own counsel, and no account ever appeared in the *Gazeta Oficial*. Royal governors came and went, and still there were halberdiers on the Escolta. They had their stables and barracks on calle Soda, abutting the river, where they kept His Excellency's carriage. When summoned, they were off posthaste, coach-and-four and footmen and outriders, down the Escolta and out through the country to Malacañang, and back along the Escolta and over the bridge—not the old swaying bamboo one the Chinese built, but a better one, and at last the handsome *Puerta de España* itself—and hurriedly and officiously rumbling into the walled city and pulling up at the Ayuntamiento in the grandest manner of the road, for there His Excellency would do his

day's work and preside over the Audiencia, royal council and supreme court rolled into one grandiloquent Spanish colonial institution.

On these excursions on His Majesty's service there was a great clanging of stirrup and harness, a flashing of burnished halberds and a shouting of menials exalted to momentary importance. *Make way! Make way!* But now times have changed. Governors seldom visit the Escolta, halberdiers only appear there in the movies. But the people throng there daily, buying finery for their ordinary use that would have been the envy of royalty itself in the days when the heretic rode forth unawares and the Escolta was a foot-patch instead of a street of merchants' windows and glittering lights, streams of motors and traffic policemen.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A PYTHON BY JAMES M. FRENCH*

One day I was riding over the cattle pastures as usual when I came upon a number of cows and calves which had evidently got separated from the main herd. Taking some salt from the saddle bags I scattered it on the ground and called out, "Asin, asin! Salt, salt!" They came crowding up, and I could observe them better; that is, all the cows but one came. But one old cow refused to move from where she stood, about 200 yards from me, and was apparently indifferent to the fact that I was salting her companions. In fact, I could see that her attention was riveted elsewhere.

I then urged my pony closer to her, to find out what could be keeping her away from the salt. Anything that keeps one of our cows from coming on the run for salt is worth investigating. As I drew closer I recognized her as a cow that had calved about a month since; and it was no remarkable feat of memory, as some may think, to pick the cow out of a herd of several hundred, for I am among the cattle practically all the time, and this cow is one of the pets of the herd. I rode up alongside her and looked in the direction she was looking. What a sight met my eyes! Two meters away, a python lay coiled around the month-old calf, which it had crushed to death and was in the act of swallowing.

It had already swallowed the head and neck, and was on the shoulders when I came up. It did not see me at first, apparently, and I rode up still closer in order to get a better look. Then it saw me, quickly uncoiled itself from the calf's body, disgorging at the same time, and crawled away to shelter in a nearby clump of jungle-trees and bushes—all in a matter of seconds.

I was stupefied, not knowing what to do. That day I had not taken along the shotgun, as I generally do. Of late I have developed a hatred of packing it with me on the saddle, it is so unhandy to carry when one is riding over rough country. And I have no pistol as yet.

*James M. French is the son of an American cattleman, J. P. French, of Passi, Iloilo, and this is one of his experiences. Do other lads in the provinces have hair-raising experiences like this? The Journal would like to have accounts of them.—ED.

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though this incident has decided me to get one. As the snake disappeared in the bushes, I realized that I ought to do something, try to kill it if possible. The lives of other calves were at stake. I dismounted, pulled out my bolo, and made my way carefully to the bushes where the snake had disappeared. Only its tail was visible with the bolo. My bolo was sharp, I struck with all my might, hitting the tail about two feet from the end and nearly cutting it off.

With a furious thrashing, the snake freed itself from the bushes and started toward me with open mouth. That was too much for my courage, and I made for my pony and leaped

into the saddle as quickly as I could. The snake kept coming, bent on continuing the scrap which I had started. I turned the pony towards it, afraid as I was, and as it approached it raised its head about two feet from the ground, evidently with the intention of striking. When it was close enough, I struck it with the bolo squarely on the head and knocked it senseless; and then I dismounted and severed the head from the body. By actual measurement this snake was 18 feet long from tip to tip. I walked over to the calf and felt of it. The spine and legs were crushed to pieces, the body covered with a slimy white fluid. The snake had killed its banquet and prepared it well.

It will be the first, if built, ever built by Captain Dollar on land he doesn't own in fee simple; but titles remain in the government on the port area, the logical site for a Dollar building, and he is ready to break his rule to conform to the law. He has felt it an anomaly, he told the *Journal*, to have seven buildings in China, on foreign soil, and none in the Philippines, on American soil. But he added that heretofore conditions caused him to doubt the wisdom of building here, and hence to postpone the project. These doubts have passed. Captain Dollar eulogized Governor Wood and Governor Stimson in his public addresses, speaking of Wood as "a great man, the greatest you have ever had or will have," both in his addresses and in his interview with the *Journal*.

In his address at the chamber of commerce he referred to the situation in northern China briefly, but without animosity, and predicted that now that Japan is back in Shanghai again she will remain there. In Japan he found business conditions improving. (Mr. Cokely reported to the *Journal* specifically on business in China,

Captain Dollar Greatly Pleased With Manila Visit

A confident mercantile community rejoicing in more settled conditions than seemed to prevail formerly is what most impressed Captain Robert Dollar on his May visit to Manila, on his fiftieth world voyage on behalf of his shipping and mercantile interests, which circle the globe. Captain Dollar and his party arrived in Manila May 13, the party being made up of Mrs. Dollar, who shares excellent health with her famous husband and always travels with him, Miss Helen Fennie, their cousin, Miss Jane and Miss Grace Dickson, their grand daughters, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Cokely, Mr. Cokely being the general manager for the Orient of the Dollar company, with headquarters in Shanghai. S. C. Sarson, secretary to Captain Dollar, was also in the party. Mr. and Mrs. Cokely continued with the party as far as Singapore, then returned to Shanghai, and they are soon going on a furlough to the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Cavender, Mr. Cavender being the general agent in the Philippines for the Dollar company, left Manila Saturday, May 26, for a furlough in the United States, having remained in Manila to welcome Captain and Mrs. Dollar and their party. Mr. Cavender gathering the company's representatives in the Philippines in Manila and arranging many conferences. On Wednesday, May 16, Captain Dollar addressed a luncheon at the chamber of commerce presided over by Mr. A. B. Cresap, who stressed the growing intercommunity cordiality in the islands, particularly in Manila, and reviewed briefly the work of the chamber of commerce. Captain Dollar had already noted the trend toward harmonious relations and mutual understandings, and commended it in his speeches at the chamber of commerce and at the Rotary club luncheon, the latter on Thursday, May 17.

Standing before his audience, a slightly bent but venerable figure, the fire of derring do still light in his eyes, Captain Dollar eulogized simple friendship as man's greatest earthly blessing—"among ourselves individually, among ourselves nationally, and between our nation and other nations internationally." Before his departure he made good his words, declaring unfair the decision preventing the Philippine vessel *Consuelo* from loading freight and passengers at Honolulu, where she had gone with laborers, for Manila, on the ground that while she flew the American flag, she was not manned by American officers and sailors. Her officers and sailors are Filipinos, and Captain Dollar told the *Herald* that the Philippine government was a competent agency under the sovereignty of the United States and that its certificates of seamen and officers should be given the recognition that its other official documents are given.

The significance of this is that Dollar ships too engage in traffic between Manila and Honolulu, and that the decision which Captain Dollar censures tends in his favor but, if the *Herald* reports him correctly, he feels the decision to be unjust and has said so.

Captain Dollar conferred with more than a hundred leading business men while in Manila. Generally they reported business fair, with the outlook favorable, and conditions relative to government the best ever known, by which they felt greatly encouraged. He too feels encouraged, and if successful in obtaining a lease on the port area he will erect a substantial office build-

ing there for the use of the Dollar interests in the islands.

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