

It was a fitting end to the Conference, which I am sure has done much to liquidate the ignominies of the War, to liberate the countries of Europe, and to enable them to pursue more actively their economic reconstruction. Above all, I believe it will be seen that it has brought a new spirit into international policy which will help to bring that peace so abundantly desired by the people.

Tropical Landscape Architecture

(Continued from page 9)

for instance, sweet Alyssum—is singularly effective. *Pilea* may be used for this purpose, and *Alerananta* is also frequently employed in a similar way.

Climbing plants may be divided into three classes: the woody semibush form (requiring a wooden frame upon which it is trained), of which the *bougainvillea* and *allemanda* are good examples; the herbaceous, twining, or tendril-bearing climbers, such as the many species of *Ipomea*, *Convolvulus*, and *granadilla*; and the climbers that attach themselves to the object upon which they climb, such as *Bignonia*, *Crusin*, *Pothos aurea*, and several species of *piper*.

The first-named class can be used to the best advantage in screening unsightly objects. A frame should be built upon which this class of plants may climb. The more vigorous species of the second class may be used in a similar way and those of medium vigor are particularly well adapted as porch climbers; the third class is

particularly useful in covering walls or the trunks of old trees; they succeed best in shade.

A very attractive form of gardening is the rockery, which may be built over a heap of refuse and rubbish in a shady situation with enough good soil on the crevices between the stones on the surface to support and nourish the plants. Ferns and Selaginellas, begonias, tradescantias, various aroids, and similar plants, as well as terrestrial orchids, are particularly appropriate in a rockery. If water is available for small pond, the rockery as an island in the center with a simulated run can be used with telling effect, the pond being planted to water lilies and lotus, with here and there a clump of *Cyperus* on the shore. Bamboos, coconuts, rearing palms, plants of weeping habit, and tall grasses may be planted in the proximity of a pond.

Hanging baskets always add distinction to a house, be it large or small; and every house should have a few, either of the bird-nest fern, orchids, or combination baskets of orchids and various ferns. Fern baskets made of strong galvanized wire are most satisfactory and lasting. Coconut husks make very picturesque receptacles for ferns and orchids, and securely wired with copper or galvanized-iron wire last a long time. For small plants, split bamboo joints are attractive and serviceable, but they decay rapidly.

Neglect to utilize native plants in connection with ornamental gardening is not confined by any means to the Philippines or the tropics, but

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The Ikgan or The Men With Tails

BY IVON GRUNER COOK

Since, in this modern civilized age surgeons have occasionally found the spinal bones of men lengthened into a tail-like appendage; and Darwinian theories as well as other links have been made, it may be considered not surprising to find among the Manobo tribes of the upper Agusan near the mountain fastness of Mount Apo a race of men with tails.

The old warrior, Amay, hunched closer to the fire as the chill night air swept down the valley from the mountainside. Flames threw into relief the wrinkled face with its prominent cheek bones, its high forehead, small black eyes that glittered like insect eyes of coal, and lips reddened from the juice of the betel nut chewed by fated teeth which had been darkened to an inky-blackness.

The sun had only a little while ago dropped behind Mt. Apo and children were still playing and laughing together. Several of the boys resting from a strenuous game kept glancing toward Amay, and whispering among themselves. Amay, though now an old, old man, was a *Baganis lipus*; that is, one who had killed innumerable men (more than one hundred) including other *Baganis*, with his own hands. He commanded great respect not only for his deeds, but also because he was a fierce man in spite of his age. He alone of the whole tribe was entitled to wear the costume of black, embroidered in red, and the magenta kerchief turban with the yellow spots.

Finally one lay-bolder than the others crept near to his side and questioned him: "Tell us, Oh, great Amay, why the earth and trees swayed and shook yesterday, until I felt a great fear in my heart and a strange sickness in my head and stomach."

The others drew closer. The warrior sat stern and silent and no one moved. Suddenly Amay shot a gory spur of betel juice into the fire, which flickered and sputtered from the deluge. Then he began to speak.

"The earth is as square and as flat as the floor of yonder house, beneath it are four great columns which hold it in the air. Some of the great snake-god, lives between those supports. When he shakes and twists against the posts, the earth trembles."

"But why does he shake and twist?" the boy questioned.

"When the blood of men is spilled upon the earth, Sawa smells it, but he cannot reach it on account of his position beneath the earth, he

becomes infuriated and lashes his great tail with violence. At times he smashes our houses flat, trees crash, and even the earth cracks open."

"In his anger, he orders *Makabuntayag*, who lives beside him and governs the fates of the earth, to create a famine so that people may suffer as he suffers. To punish him the goddess casts a spell upon the earth so that neither pili nor camotes will grow, and the people of the world must live on such roots as they can dig from the ground."

"Busao, the God of War, lives at the side of Sawa also. Greatly to be feared is Busao for he can take the form of any animal, fish or tree and thus learn which men are cowards, which stir up mischief, and which are brave. Watch, too, the birds that fly by night, because though you may not dream of such a thing, one of them may be Busao."

A solemn hush fell over the group as the old brave's voice fell silent. Gradually they began to whisper to each other in wondering tones. Finally one youth, who had remained on the outer edge of the groups, sidled nearer to the veteran.

"Sumagayan says that there were once men with tails." His voice trembled at his own daring.

"Sumagayan! Huh!" grunted the old man, with a disparaging shrug. Sumagayan was only a *Baganis* *ayupog*, one who had killed not more than eight persons, and who was entitled to wear only the red kerchief turban. Why, he did not amount to as much as a *Baganis* *nanagan*, or a *Baganis* *tanagan* who had killed fifteen and twenty-five men respectively. What right had he to tell ancient folklore to these boys? That was the duty of the prophetic dancer. This must be corrected at once.

"For the present, no more! Tonight when the moon rises high in the sky you may sit in the rear of the warriors' circle and listen to the dancer's tale. Go now to your homes."

He dismissed the boys and with a jubilation about their rose to their feet, and rushed to tell their parents the glorious news.

The hour was late when the moon finally reached the highest point in the heavens and flung its many rays over the dark forest of motionless trees. Houses built among the branches cast weird, incongruous shadows; the figures of men and women were like sable silhouettes until they moved into the campfire's

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circle of light. The warriors seated themselves in the foreground while the women and wide-eyed boys remained in the background.

Slowly the steady boom of the agongs began, and as the notes became swifter, rising and falling in cadence, a dancer holding palm leaves in his hands leaped to his feet. Gracefully he swayed back and forth, like flowing water, as he took weaving steps in first one direction and then another, the palm leaves oscillating with the plastic movements of his body. The hills seemed to vibrate with the music; then, as the drums gradually grew silent and the dancer swayed in one spot as a flower bend's in a gentle summer breeze, the clear high notes of the *abaya*, a bamboo flute, were projected into the air, and the dancer prophet began his tale in a half-chanting tone.

"Our fathers were brave men who lived deep in the primeval forests at the head of the Agusan river. None was more powerful than they, for their word was law throughout the valley, from the mountainside to the seashore, until one day there came swarming over the mountain top, through the overhanging foliage, those fierce war-like creatures, known as the *Ikugan* or the *mo-wit-tails*. In these days one never sees the *Ikugan*, and whither they have gone, or from whence they came, only *Magbabaya*, the All Powerful, knows. They were colossal creatures whose skin was covered with long, soft hair; they walked with a stooped, swinging gait, and though their hands and feet were huge they made very little noise as they moved through the vast woodland. Most inconceivable of all was the elongated tail with which they did startling things, such as reaching out with it and choking a warrior who was about to attack them from the rear, at the same time moving down another in front; or they hid themselves in trees, waiting until a war party passed beneath, then suspended themselves over the group by their tails, and quickly overpowered the unfortunate people who were thus placed at a disadvantage. In such a manner, this war continued for nearly fourteen years.

"At the time the *Ikugan* first made their appearance, one clever woman took flight when her tribe was attacked and hid herself in a ragged swamp, shielded by tignon plants. During the interval that she was hidden, she amused herself by dyeing all sorts of fibers and weaving them into various kinds of cloth. It is because of her diligence that the Manobo women of today are excellent weavers.

"One day as she sat weaving, her eyes were attracted by an indistinct object which glistened each time the wind rattled the bushes in front of her. Intrigued, she rose and parted the bushes.

"'Aha!' she said to herself. 'A limokon egg. Now when I am hungry I shall have a feast. Lest a wild animal should take this unexpected wind-fall I shall hide it within this hollow tree.'

"Having concealed the treasure she returned to her work. Strange to say, for many days she forgot all about the egg; one day, suddenly remembering it, she hastened to see if it were still within the rotted tree trunk.

"Her surprise knew no bounds when she beheld the broken shell and its contents. Instead of a limokon she found a beautiful girl. Delightedly, she gathered the infant in her arms, and from then on, until the end of the war, she gave the lovely child every care. Each year as the child grew older, her beauty became more radiant. Strands of wavy black hair, scintillating gleams of blue in the sunlight, hung far below the flawless, gold-tinted face and shoulders. Her dark brows were straight and narrow over widely-placed, almond-shaped eyes, the depths of which sparkled like the stars of night. The grace and swiftness of *rendos*, the small deer, was not to be compared with the liteness of her dainty body. Her laughter was as the cool breezes which blow from Apo's crown, while her voice thrilled with a sweetness like the song of the thrush.

"One morning, nearly fourteen years after the discovery of the limokon egg, just as Helios parted the foliage of the forest with his rose-tipped, silvery arrows, three *Ikugans* crept steal-

thily upon the old woman and the girl sleeping deeply on beds of boughs. The leader immediately signalled to his followers to bind the sleepers and take them to the king. As the huge, hairy hand touched her, the child screamed and struggled to reach her foster mother but to no avail. Both women were quickly overpowered and hastily carried away.

"Now when the king beheld the girl he fell passionately in love with her, and felt that he could not live unless he could have her for his wife.

"'Old woman, if you will give me your daughter to wed, I will grant you any request you may make.'

"'Tell me first, oh, king, what you have done with my people.'

"'Your people are no more. From the mountain top to the level of the sea, we have fought with them and have killed them; saving only these men and women you see here.' With a wave of his hand he indicated a sullen group of prisoners.

"'These,' he continued, 'I shall use as slaves and for sacrifices.'

"The old woman stood quietly before him. She knew that she was powerless to refuse him his desire, and her heart was heavy with grief. Then a great light seemed to flood her mind. . . . did he really mean to grant her request? . . . she could no more than try. . . .

"'Sure, if you would wed my daughter, you must first place a married couple from these captives on each of the streams which feed the Agusan.'

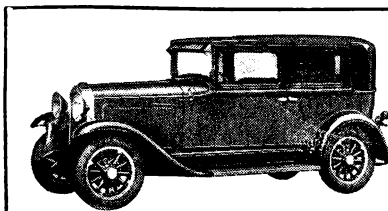
"'Only the finest specimens of each tribe had been taken captive. At first the king hesitated, but he had given his word, and moreover such a wondrous maid was worth twice as many slaves! He was indeed enamoured of the beautiful girl.

"And so he ordered banacs to be prepared, and in each one placed a man and woman with food enough to last them for a week. Instructions were given them to turn off, one at each trib-

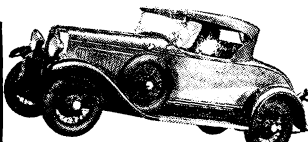
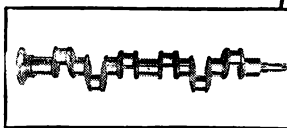
(Please turn to page 17)

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Little Biographies of Men of the Crowd

(Continued from page 15)

as casually as he homesteaded it; the land not having come to him in the customary way, he does not look upon his patent from the government as a genuine one, and he has a motive of remuneration for his labor in getting the land under cultivation he will pass title and move off. He likes to be among his people, and an infiltration of Tagalogs from the south—a process which never ceases—disgusts him and inclines him to move away.

Valerio is a Tagalog. What of his brothers and sisters?

There are four boys living, and two girls. One of the girls is still in school, the other is married to a man of her own class, a tenant farmer. But this tenant has saved money and bought himself a farm of four hectares; a new crop is coming on, too, and if Valerio sells his land his brother-in-law will buy it. Valerio's three brothers are tenant farmers of San Isidro; one of them works Valerio's land, and another helps their father, now too old for all the work of a three-hectare farm. The married sister has six children, with good prospects of being able to cut all of them through school. As for the old father, the boon of rapid transportation into Manila benefits such old men as he, and the young as well. It has become a very profitable and easy avocation to grow mangoes; twenty years ago this fruit brought almost nothing in San Isidro, but last year Valerio's sister sold one from one tree for P150 without the trouble of leaving her house to do so. The crop of a single tree has sold for P200; the buyers motor up from Manila, and bid for the crop, which they gather themselves, when the fruit is well set; and the new immigrants from Baliuag have taught the San Isidro growers how to smoke the trees to stimulate early bearing, while a method of fertilization sometimes induces two crops a year.

Valerio's wife has borne him two children. In reality, however, he has three; for one of his brothers has, according to ancient customary law, given him a boy now thirteen years old and in grade VI. Valerio's own boy being under nine and in grade III. The elder boy, as much

Valerio's as if born to him, was a dreamy herdboy when his father and uncle discovered that he had a mind good enough to deserve schooling; so he was given to his uncle and put to school in Manila. He sketches with skill, Valerio hopes he may become a painter; he will be given a chance in the fine-arts school.

"I live in Manila in order to have the advantage of the best schools," says Valerio. "It is hard to find money here, but I am doing my best. We don't own our own home now; we did have a house on leased land, rent P8 a month, but we sold it when we could make P250 clear. Now we wish we had it; the new owners get P40 a month from rooms rented to students, and live there besides. We may buy in one of the additions, but not until after I do something about the new land; we are saving every thing for that and the tailor shop because they will make me money. We have cut our expenses 50%."

Remember, Valerio is a barber.

The Ikugan

(Continued from page 14)

of the Agusan. Everyone rejoiced as the flotilla sailed out of the harbor.

"The king's marriage to the lovely maiden was celebrated for several days amid great feasting; after which the king, his bride and the Ikugans passed on over the mountain and were never seen again. The old woman remained in the upper Agusan teaching the new tribes the art of dyeing and weaving.

"Some say that the lovely maiden was Tagabayo, the Goddess of Love, who assumed a human form to aid her brother, Busao, in overcoming the war-gods of the Ikugans, who were greatly weakened after her marriage to the Ikugan king.

"However that may be, thus it was that all the tribes in the upper and lower Agusan, after being nearly exterminated, once again populated this fertile valley."

The voice of the dancer died away and the slow, explosive boom of the agong commenced once again, gradually growing faster and faster. In like manner, the dancer at first moved solemnly and with slow deliberation to the rhythm of the music, then as it accelerated, he stiffened his body and whirled and leapt with ever-quickenings movements until at last he fell exhausted.

Softly the tribe crept from the dying fire to their tree houses. Sleepy-eyed boys stamined along beside their parents. Another day would find these youths fighting the battles of the Manobos.



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Zamboanga Building Villa Tourist Place

A committee designated by the provincial governor has been busy during the past week studying the proposition to build a hotel or inn at Pasosana and develop the park as a pleasure resort in cooperation with the Philippine Tourist Association and the Manila Hotel Company.

A prospectus has been prepared and will be submitted at a meeting of the officials and businessmen of Zamboanga to be held in the Zamboanga Club next Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and all interested in the progress and welfare of their city are urged to be present.

As outlined in the *Herald* last week, the Manila Hotel Company proposes to supply half the capital necessary for the erection and operation of the inn and the Dollar Steamship Lines propose to bring the tourists to Zamboanga.

Realizing, however, that such an enterprise could hardly pay dividends for some time to come if entirely dependent upon the tourist trade, it is intended to make Pasosana park and inn so attractive that local patronage will pay all running expenses and leave a safe margin of profit. The tourist business will be "velvet." The bungalow arrangement, with numerous small cottages adjoining or in the immediate vicinity of the main building, will appeal espe-

cially to the local people, many of whom will make their homes there; and the golf course, tennis courts, auditorium, swimming pools and other attractions will make the park the recreation center of the community, all to the financial benefit of the company operating the inn.

The prospectus prepared by the committee provides for the organization of a corporation to be called "The Zamboanga Inn and Resort Co." (or any other name that may be chosen). The corporation to have an authorized capital stock of P200,000, divided into 4,000 shares of P50 each. At the present time it is proposed to sell not more than P50,000 of this stock to local people. The Manila Hotel Company will take P50,000. This will give the company P100,000 with which to construct and furnish the inn, with an ample surplus for operation and new development.

As a cold business proposition the plan should look good to investors, and in providing an ideal place for the local people to live, healthful recreation and entertainment, it cannot be surpassed anywhere in the Orient. The support and cooperation of all elements in Zamboanga is assured. — *Manitara Herald*.