

town of Balbasano, some sixty kilometers away from the provincial capital where he rules like a benign despot. He took great pride in showing us his house and the sanitation of the barrio in which he lived.

It was Christmas, and Captain Puyao insisted that we accept from him some offerings in the way of food supplies. He sent us mountain rice, fruit, eggs and chickens; we fared well



On a Kalinga Trail

under his care. He also scoured the barrio for horses and saddles, so that we might get an early start the next morning on the long trail over the mountains to Abra province where the Tinguianes live.

We said goodbye to Captain Puyao, whom we found to be a Tinguian who in his youth had crossed over the mountains and identified himself with the Kalingas. He gained an ascendancy over his adopted people because of his superior ability and, as the years passed, they soon learned to recognize him as their leader in all matters affecting the general welfare of the tribe. He had learned the ways of civilization, was shrewd in barter and had amassed considerable property. He kept communications open with the more advanced Tinguianes and welcomed the coming of Ilocano merchants to exchange cloth and trinkets for coffee, cacao and other mountain products.

This shows something of the way in which civilization is being extended to include our one time head hunters. Let the simple minded mountaineer get a taste of the better things of life and it awakens ambitions and desires. The gratification of such desires leads to progress and prosperity.

We got an early start the next morning on the forty kilometer ride over the mountains to the land of the Tinguianes. The road led up and up for thirteen kilometers, over the steep boundary between Kalinga and Abra. As we swung around the hill we came face to face with the cold wind of the mountain top. It was laden with fog and mist which scurried around the peaks. We felt the cold to the marrow of our bones and the moist wind stung our faces like so much sleet.

No wonder the tribes have been kept apart down through the ages, with natural barriers like this mountain between them.

It was now noon, but as we were yet in the moss covered forest of mountain oak there was nothing for the horses to eat and no place for man or beast to stay with any degree of comfort, so we pushed forward for another hour until we got down to where the pine trees grow. Here the trees grow more sparsely, and this allows for the growth of coarse grass. We made a dry camp and finished with great relish what was left of the food given us by Capitan Puyao. From this point we soon left the pines and got into tropical forests. Soon we came upon a grassy ridge from which we could see the rice fields of Ba-ay, in the land where the Tinguianes live. There before us lay the route over which progress and enlightenment is destined to travel in order to reach the finest race of mountaineers in all the uplands.

Oddities of Stockholm: Appetites and Baths

By JOHN GUNTHER*

We got into Stockholm—surely one of the most beautiful cities in the world—late in a brilliant afternoon in early June. Several things happened. Entrance into Sweden is exciting.

The first thing was horticultural. The railroad station was big, crowded, noisy, orderly—and full of flowers! Cut flowers, freshly watered, stood on the windowsills, in neat designs in the center of the concourse, on the trains themselves. Flowers—in a busy railroad station!

And we decided that Stockholm was a decorative city.

Keep the Grass Swept.

The second thing also was horticultural. Outside the station is a park. On the grass of the park we saw women with long brooms sweeping. What were they sweeping? The grass.

And we decided that Stockholm was a clean city.

The third thing was more dynamic. We tumbled, bags and porters and all, to the taxis. But we did not get in the taxis. Why? Because an extremely efficient commissionaire was giving each porter a numbered tag and assigning him, and us with him, to whatever taxi, moving slowly up the line, corresponded to our number. At that moment also our bags disappeared. It was a shocking thing to have our bags disappear. We found them later—open in our room at the hotel.

And we decided that Stockholm was an orderly city.

It is these three things and much else besides.

We had been in Stockholm a week. In the hotel the chambermaid had been to considerable unauthorized trouble to make us comfortable. She brought us a new desk. She fixed the bed lights. She kept the room dazzling in cleanliness. After a week of it (though tips are taboo) I thought that perhaps a kronen or two slipped inconspicuously into the palm might not be amiss.

The chambermaid handed the kronen or two—right back.

We blanched.

After all, Stockholm is in Europe, and no one in Europe ever turned down a tip.

"No," said the chambermaid. "It's not allowed."

We argued.

"Besides, you're travelers here," she said sternly, "and you'll be a-needing your money!"

And that ended that!

Later we discovered that, like most other servants, she pays almost 10 per cent of her wages in taxes—though to be sure these taxes come back to her eventually as sick relief, accident insurance and an old-age or disability pension.

Anyway, we decided Stockholm was another thing. Not merely decorative and clean and orderly. Unique. For Europe—unique!

Bathing a Strange Affair.

As far as we could gather the Swedes have two great indoor sports—bathing and eating. They are great bathers and also great eaters.

Now, a Swedish bath is a strange and terrifying affair. I undress and get into the tub.

I turn on the water and loll in the water. I begin to wash. So far, so good; just like any ordinary bath. But then something happens.

There is an ominous knock on the door and, despite my protestations, the knock is followed by an even more ominous slow turn of the key in the door. The manager? The police? Nay, as the Swedes say—nay, nay. It is an elderly lady. And she has a long, stiff forearm and in the long stiff forearm is a long, stiff brush.

The bath thereupon begins. It ends, twenty minutes later. I am in the tub, in the water; but the physical fact of presence is my sole contribution to the occasion. I am helpless. Nothing is more helpless than a man supine in a bathtub—before a long, stiff forearm and a long, stiff brush. Anyway, I get clean. And anyway, if it gets too terrifying, the management conveniently keeps a little telephone within reach in the room.

Eating No Sport for Amateur.

Eating is the other sport. This is a serious sport, and one not to be undertaken lightly.

This sport may be begun at any time during the day, and may be maintained almost indefinitely, according to capacity. Natives in excellent condition have been known to sit down at 4 in the afternoon (the proper dinner hour), and arise at midnight. Such a strenuous afternoon is not recommended, however, for amateurs. Still, the occasion is always there.

At one good Stockholm restaurant "lunch" lasts from 8 a. m. till 2 p. m., "middag" from 11 till 4, "specialdiner" from 3 till 8 (p. m.), "supe" from 7 till 11, and "cafe med konditoriserving" from 5 till midnight. This latter requires special precautions while in training; it is sweet and dangerous. Under amateur rules, the sport may begin at any time, but overlapping is strictly forbidden.

Lunch usually is the simplest manifestation of this sport. Sit down and the waiter says I am going to have "smorgasbord." I agree. As in the bath, I have little to say. The waiter thereupon brings in relays portions of caviare, smoked salmon, raw salmon, Russian salad, beet-root, pickled shrimps, unpickled shrimps, "sill," seven different kinds of herring, sardine in oil, sardine in tomato, filet of anchovy, smoked anchovy, pickled anchovy, radishes, eggs mayonnaise, green beans, slices of tongue, raw ham and smoked ham, reindeer steak, cucumbers, lettuce, meat-balls, tomatoes, occasionally nuggets of lobster, whitefish (raw), tunafish and always inexpressibly delicious brown bread and fresh butter.

An hour later, groggy, I arise.

"No! No!" shouts the waiter, running.

I sink back, before his compelling hand.

"Now," he announces imperatively, "funcheon is about to begin!"

N. B.—The mortality from appendicitis in Stockholm is alleged (by prejudiced observers) to be the highest in the world.

*This is the third of the Gunther articles on Sweden, for which the Journal is indebted to the Chicago Daily News. The fourth will appear in an early number.—ED.

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