

always is a balian promising to lead them back to heaven. He tries and they believe, but the harvest passes and the plans fail. It is because of the evil spirits, of course; everything in life, at least among the Tirurays, is governed by the will of spirits. When a balian is trying to exalt his people to heaven, he recites terrible maledictions against the evil spirits, but in the end they prevail against him. Some day the balian is to be helped by the hosts of heaven, and then the evil spirits will be vanquished forever. In short, there is to be a redeemer.

These simple and kindly people reject hell; bad people simply perish and forfeit the joy of heavenly life. Between heaven and earth there's

quite a merry place called *Falter En Route to Heaven* Bungo, from the name of the old woman who keeps the inn there and serves

excellent fish, rice and wine of the sugar cane. Here all the dead sojourn to await the death of the living; and death, it is seen, means merely the end of earthly and imperfect existence. Dying, one immediately sets out along the upward-leading trail to Bungo. It is really more than a trail, it is a nice wide road such as the Christians in the valleys have between their villages and towns.

Hedges along the road to Bungo blossom with flowers and tinkle with silver bells, to cheer the weary traveler along, for the way is long and the heat intense; the traveler almost famishes and often falters as he moves along, sweating in his earthly garments. The hawk gazes down in pity on him, uttering a mournful note that the people often hear as they see the somber bird circling above them. The soul on its long pilgrimage is believed to see the hawk also, but neither its sympathy nor the fragrance of the flowers nor yet the gentle cadence of the bells relieves the agony of the journey.

Tiruray dancers imitate the movement of the

hawk and interpret the tribal meaning placed upon it.

Souls begin their journey to Bungo at dawn, and late in the afternoon, when the shadows are long on the mountains, they can hear the voices of the dwellers at Bungo.

*Looking Back* At the first house they reach *Spells Death* they exchange their earthly garments for others more suitable for celestial realms; after changing their clothes, they cannot come back to earth again.

At the second house they partake of food fitting them still more for life in Bungo. Soon they are in the midst of the settlement, if such it may be called, where every one welcomes them and old acquaintances inquire about friends still on earth. It is well if in all the long journey they have not looked back along the way, for if they have then this has caused others to die; it is strange that as happy a place as Bungo is supposed to be, with heaven in the offing, earthly life is still so well regarded that the emancipated souls are blamed if they have given the backward glance that shortens it for any one.

Now the wondering souls, at their journey's end, meet old Bungo herself, who spreads a feast in their honor. Life is very happy in her realm,

every one is gay and care-free; there are hardly any rules or laws to observe, and the souls of men and

women and children alike join in daily games of sipa, a Malay version of football. When all Tiruray souls have shaken off this earthly coil and gone to Bungo, then the farther trek toward heaven itself will begin, with old Bungo, stout and merry, leading the van. Along this fabled route is a narrow bridge spanning a pool of boiling water. It is here that every soul that has been cruel while on earth will fall off, descending into oblivion.

the *Chicago Daily News*, being the latest of them—sees this, deplors the fact that no one utilizes this material, and tells the editors about it when he gets back home. Finally, Governor Stimson's advent here revives interest in the Philippines. The magazines, however, have but limited space for essays; fiction is what they want.

Let's give them what they want. Begin with the *Journal*, if you care to, come in and talk things over, in any case, and get started. We show Vincent H. Gowen's picture. He is an old China stager, author of *Sun and Moon*,



Frederick O'Brien, famous for South-Sea novels, is writing fiction of the Philippines.

## We Have Not Yet Received a Good Fiction Story



Vincent H. Gowen

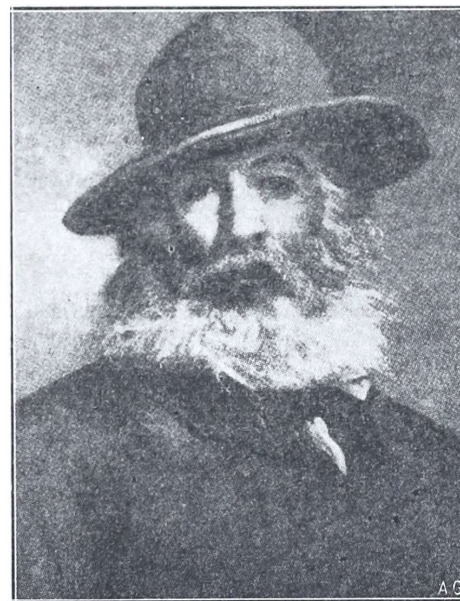
Some critics of the *Journal*, we hope every reader may be counted in this category, have thought a mistake is made in being willing to include short stories in the monthly grist and in stating that the *Journal* wants a short story worth P100, which it will pay upon publication when one turns up. None has turned up so far, but the offer remains open and hope persists. We of course

offer no market whatever to the absurd drivel now consuming printer's ink and newsprint by the barrel and ton in Manila. A story we should pay P100 for would sell in New York for \$250, five times as much; but there would be an advantage in beginning with the *Journal*, which would willingly, more than willingly, bring the budding author to the attention of magazine editors in America.

For the *Journal's* prime object in this venture is to establish such a literary market in Manila as will bring capable persons, who are not now writing, out of their shell. Fiction, first rate fiction, is going to waste all around us. Put into shape for editors, it becomes a commodity and may be sold quite as readily as any other commodity. Thus it will bring both money and repute to the community. There is hardly another part of the United States which isn't being hymned in song and story in the magazine press and the Sunday feature pages of the newspapers. No other part, on the other hand, has such abundant and virgin materials. The *Journal* knows, from its correspondence with editors, that they would fall upon anything from the Philippines with avidity; and that if it were at all available they would accept it promptly. Then why not try one's hand, if one have the time? What becomes of Vassar graduates after they marry their West Point beaux and accompany them to Manila for

Philippine duty?

Is *Heat* the best any of these mesdames can do? We don't think so. But we suspect they are putting off till tomorrow what might better be done today. One New York editor managing a dozen fiction magazines has been hankering



Will the Islands Ever Have a Whitman? Or a Lafcadio Hearn?

for the past eight years for Philippine fiction, with little or none forthcoming. Without doubt, too, the Curtis group would be glad of a look at a good Philippine fiction manuscript. No single element of any magazine's audience is larger than that made up of men and women who have been in the islands, and editors know it. Besides, they know the material is here; every visiting writer—Paul R. Wright, of the foreign staff of

recently brought out in London and New York and making a success.

Let's not be exclusive. What about missionaries?—what about their wives? What about the devoted mission priests?—the teachers? Dr. Gowen is sojourning in the Philippines, to make his next book a Philippine story. That's fine, and yet the *Journal* believes that the opportunity is just as much ours as it is the occasional visitor's. Let's grasp it too. Incidentally, Dr. Gowen immediately makes himself a *Journal* subscriber; and we are conscious too, every time we make up the dummy for the printer, of the material we tuck away in it for the hand skilled at weaving fact into fancy.

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