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eggs, chickens and vegetables—all of which were lacking before. Here again the administration must watch its step, under the mortifying eye of the politician. A leper family may grow a great deal of produce and poultry, but may not have these for its own consumption and enjoyment; all is bought by the administration and the colonists, by this means, kept on the even keel of the regular and official ration, furnished free.

Thus no politician can truthfully say that some are rationed free and others left to rustle for themselves. Though many might do much better for themselves, and would benefit from

the effort, which they should likewise enjoy, the mendicancy of stark invalidism is enforced upon them by the circumstances, whether they really are invalids or not. The better diet the new supplies of poultry, eggs and vegetables have made possible give tone to the patients' general health; these and the exercise found in the daily work connected with growing them tend to reduce the inroads of tuberculosis, the malady from which most lepers really die. No doubt this is significant in the progress of the patients under the medical treatment; it has helped the 200 patients which Governor Gilmore reported as additional negative cases after his holiday visit to the colony.

Davao Lades 82 Ocean Ships: Plantations Thrive

By F. M. WOODSIDE

With eighty-two foreign vessels and ninety-two coastwise vessels calling at the port of Davao during the year 1927, besides the continual operation of a fleet of sixty launches, ranging from powered bancas to larger modern launches of one hundred tons and more, including the latest types and of Diesel power plants, development is fast increasing in the Davao region.

Foreign tonnage for the year moved a total of 168,985 bales of the finest hemp produced in the Philippine Islands 4,057,174 kilos of copra, and 334,992 board feet of lumber.

Custom house valuations show a total value of exports of P10,759,866, with custom house receipts totalling P175,380.

Imports for the same period amounted to 1,245,856 kilos only, as this is a new port of entry and local merchants have not completed arrangements with foreign firms for direct imports.

Direct hemp exports increased 6,582 bales, with the increase of copra amounting to 11,000 piculs over 1926 shipments.

New hemp plantings are in evidence everywhere and the next year should show a much larger increase. Hemp prices have been good and for the most part steady, which has made possible many improvements to plantations and accounts for much of the new planting.

Copra has maintained a steady price, but slightly lower than expected. The next year will show a much greater increase as many thousand new trees will come into bearing during the year. Planting of coconuts has far exceeded any equal period of the past, altho no very large single plantings have been made, but the great number of home-steaders and small plantings will no doubt exceed even the most liberal estimates.

Purchase of machinery and implements for plantation use has shown up well. At the present time three large central stripping plants are in operation, as well as several mechanical driers for copra. Much is expected from a new type natural draft drier now being installed on one of the large coconut plantations. The quality of copra has greatly increased with the use of the driers, which no doubt will have its effect on the market and encourage other plantations to install driers.

During the last few months two shipments of logs and considerable sawn lumber have been exported by direct steamers to Japan. This industry is the newest of exports and a big field is offered in this commodity as large stands of timber meet the water edge at several places in the northern end of the Davao gulf.

For several years silk worms and mulberry trees have been raised on a small but scientific scale with much better production than is possible in other places. Therefore it is expected that silk will take its place with other exports within the next few years.

At the extreme southern end of the gulf pineapples have been producing fruit for the experienced eye and taste of an expert from Hawaii for several seasons and, according to reports, it is expected that canning and direct exports of pineapples will soon rival that of the Hawaiian Islands.

Land for agricultural purposes, for the growing of hemp, coconuts, rubber, pineapples, coffee

and all tropical crops, is plentiful and easily obtained for occupancy, but often require several years to get title. During the year 159 ap-



Manila Hemp in Davao

plications, covering more than 11,500 hectares of land for purchase, were made, but only 17 were awarded, totalling 2,000 odd hectares. There

Tiruray Legend of the Fall and Redemption of Man

Philippine Parallel of the Story in the Bible

Stories of pagan origin of the creation and of the redemption abound in the Philippines, where they still are far more than traditions among the many isolated tribes of pagan peoples.

In the simple folklore of the native peoples happy in their primitive hamlets one sees striking parallels to the sagas sung by the ancient shepherd race on the hillsides of Canaan; for these peoples in the Philippines also live near the stars and draw inspiration from the phenomena of nature round about them. One senses a brotherhood of all mankind in its universal awe in the presence of the unknown and the mysterious.

The Tirurays of Cotabato are a very small tribe contented with the most primeval existence, yet Tiruray mothers tell their children the proud story of the race. Its first home, it

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were 80 odd applications for leases made covering 45,900 hectares and only one award made for 425 hectares.

Public works development for the year have included the extension of the Santa Ana pier with concrete to a depth of 30 feet of water. Work on this pier should be finished within the next few months and will allow two of the biggest coastwise vessels to load or unload at the same time. When finally completed all large deepsea vessels will be able to dock and load direct over the pier.

Considerable new roads have been built and several kilometers are now under construction, as well as several bridges and sizeable cuts shortening the road to the south which will open up thousands of hectares of virgin lands.

A new concrete municipal building was completed early in the year, as well as a sizeable park around the provincial building.

Eleven large lighters, including a water barge, a ten-ton lift and two big tugs, afford quick dispatch to foreign vessels calling at the port and assure the producer the full value for his produce, as the gross of the production is loaded direct from plantation piers into lighters, thence direct into the ship that is to take it to its foreign market. This assures but one handling which greatly reduces stowage and handling charges to the producer. Loading at the port is often done in record time for out-port loading, five thousand bales loaded in one ship in a day is not unusual.

In all, the development of the province for the past year has been along good sound lines and shows a normal healthy increase which has made for general prosperity thruout the entire province.

—Mindanao Herald.

seems, was in heaven—or possibly a kind of Garden of Eden—but one day when all the tribe was out fishing a sudden wind blew all the boats away to this strange land—the Philippines—and the people have never been able to find their way back since.

But to get back to heaven is a hope that never wanes in the Tiruray heart, so tradition has invented a means of doing so. Indeed, there once was a leader, Lagi-Linguas, Expect a who succeeded in leading back to Redeemer heaven a portion of his people, but they were only a few, and they await the arrival of the rest.

Priests are baliangs among the Tirurays. At harvest time each year, when the people have something to pay for the holy service, there

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

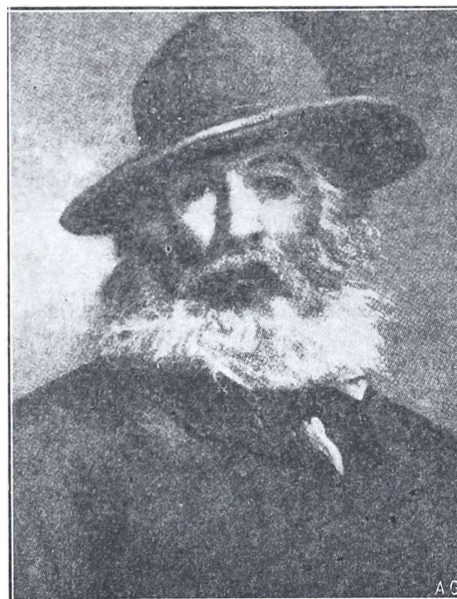
Some critics of the *Journal*, we hope every reader may be counted in this category, have thought a mistake is made in being willing to include short stories in the monthly grist and in stating that the *Journal* wants a short story worth P100, which it will pay upon publication when one turns up. None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