

Spanish, Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish ships regularly call at Philippine ports and participate in the ocean carrying trade of the islands, and the Spanish mail line counts in the commerce with Spain. American vessels do not carry all the goods America sells the islands; of these goods last year the amount carried by British vessels was valued at \$30,000,000, and Norwegian vessels

carried another three millions' worth. All this was offset but little by the shipments to Great Britain and Norway by American vessels, or from those countries by American vessels to the Philippines. There's still a gap between what America sells and buys overseas, and what vessels of her own nationality are carrying for her.

strange things have I seen in the bondok of San Juan del Monte.

Like the tigbalang, the matanda sa punso have a language which, so far as I have learned, no human being understands. True, there once lived a man here who claimed that he had talked with the spirits of the bondok, but it is well known that he was a notorious liar, and his wife is believed to have been a witch. Many of the matanda sa punso have I seen rolling about the footpaths in the darkness, and menacing me with weird mouthings and their terrifying eyes; but when I have attacked them with staff or bolo, they have invariably escaped with incredible speed and agility. And as they fled they looked like very fat sheep. "Even thus, Señor, I told the story of the evil spirits to Don Sebastian; and then, as now, I spoke only of the things I have seen with my own two eyes.

## How the "Tigbalang" Fought the Waterworks

FRANK LEWIS MINTON

*This is the story of the excavation and building of the "old reservoir" in San Juan del Monte, as told by Juan Javalan, one of the few laborers still living who were employed on that great project. His wife, Aquilina, and an old friend, whose name the writer has forgotten, contributed several bits of forest lore. In order to bring the scene more vividly to the reader, I have used as nearly as possible the style of the narrators.*

It was many years ago, Señor—in 1877, to be exact—that the great Don Sebastian (Don Sebastian Jube, a noted Spanish engineer) came to the bondok for the purpose of carving in the solid rock of San Juan del Monte, this great chamber of waters which you have just seen; so the people of Manila might have pure, fresh water during the time of drought. I was very young then, Señor, yet I remember that day as if it were but yesterday.

The people were greatly worried over Don Sebastian's project; for, they argued, if it were God's will that the people of Manila should have fresh water during the season of dryness, other than that of the great river, which they had used for centuries, then why had He not, in His omnipotence, caused such a receptacle to occur in his own way? Or why had he not caused springs of pure water to flow in convenient places about the city? And perhaps the people were right, for several times those who have drained and cleaned the great chamber have found the skeletons of dead men, who were doubtless thrown into the water by the angry tigbalang. At any rate, you will admit, Señor, that had God so willed, he could easily have supplied Manila with pure water himself, and saved all that great labor and expense, and perhaps the lives of many unfortunate people's well.

The people were much worried, and many of them refused to help with the construction of the huge chamber; for it was believed—and his belief later proved to be well founded, Señor—that the building of such a receptacle would offend the spirits of the bondok. The great rock crest of San Juan del Monte is the home of the tigbalang. 'Tis said it was constructed these spirits at the beginning of the world. There were other evil spirits, Señor, the matanda sa punso, which infested the trails and footpaths. "You know not of these evil spirits, Señor? Strange! Then will I tell you of the tigbalang and the matanda sa punso, Señor, so that you may realize the dangers faced by the great Don Sebastian, and all who helped him in the construction of the great chamber.

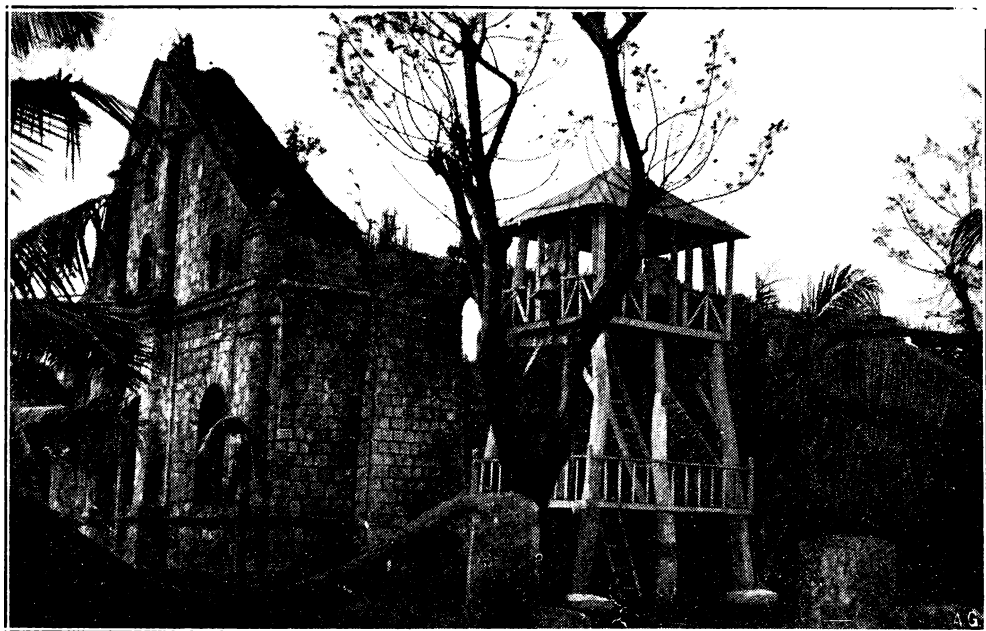
The tigbalang, Señor, sometimes appears in the form of a great dog, with a long red lolling tongue, but usually he shows himself in his natural form, that of a very tall, thin creature, man, half beast, with most extraordinarily thin legs, and long ears like those of an ass; he also favors that of the horse, although certain human features at times. It is said sometimes the legs of the tigbalang are as tall as the total height of the terrible man; but those I have seen were not more than twice the height of a man.

The evil spirits do not kill men outright, Señor; when they have successfully cast their spell upon a human being, they lead him off into the heart of the wood. Losing his bearings, he is helpless through the jungle. When he falls entirely beneath the spell, they never return; but wander on at the call of the tigbalang until they die. Some say that those who are thus eaten by the spirits, Señor; but I have no proof, and I incline to the belief that it is a mere superstition. Seldom indeed do they overcome the spell of these evil ones, except in cases where the tigbalang

about the size of a large dog. Their hair sometimes grows so long that they resemble great balls, rolling hither and yon, in the darkness, menacing the pedestrian with their great round fiery eyes. They change shape with ease, and often the front feet become hands, with which

## The Old Parish Church Apostrophises

By VERNON J. SNAPP



*Stand and look at me. Ponder. Well may you wonder. But do not think me dead. Think of yourself as you are, dreadfully young and giddy. My walls are stone, they will perish only with the hills.*

*A typhoon took my roof. Then my bells were taken from me and placed on those pillars of wood—the ants will gnaw down. Worst of all, puny men of this puny age have built a puny structure of nipa palm and bamboo inside me—and they call it a church! How dearly they must love their god, that they build such a temple to him!*

*Where are the worshipers who once thronged through my doors? Where are the children? For of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

*There they are, romping out of school over my neglected plaza. They are saturated with the idea of progress, imbued with the myth of change. But the truth they get is only confused discussion, and their understanding is the understanding of the present only.*

*At those buildings and at those builders, I scoff. For I shall see them waste into the mud out of which they have come, and die with the men who made them.*

*And the wise shall speak of them, and say, "Art thou also like the church the Spaniards built? What, no?"*

*Thy walls, O school, shall also be covered with cloying vines. From thy corners shall the baliti grow. In thy deserted portal shall spring up a woody growth. Thou shalt not be inhabited, nor resorted to from generation to generation. Neither shall the American teach in thee, nor shall the Filipino learn from thee of life. But the wild birds shall perch about thee, and vines shall hide thee from view. Thy gable shall be the haunt of bats. Trees shall crowd against thy fallen walls. For thy time too shall come. Thy days shall not be prolonged forever.*

they hurl missiles at those with whom they are angry.

It is a peculiar fact, Señor, that these bits of earth and stones, hurled by the matanda sa punso, have never, so far as I know, actually touched those at whom they were thrown. Usually they go whistling past one's head, or fall nearby. I have heard that should they actually strike the person at whom they were thrown, the result is death; but a few years ago, Señor, and I

had a knowledge of the spirits of the air, and of the stars, and of the water, and of the earth, and he feared nothing. Ah, he was a great caballero, Señor. He also knew much of magic, as you shall learn.

So great was his influence that despite the displeasure of the tigbalang and the matanda sa punso he succeeded in gathering a large force of laborers to aid him in carving the great chamber in the solid rock of San Juan del Monte. How many, Señor? Perhaps ten thousand. Some of them worked by day, others at