

Danish, 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. Now I shall tell you of Don Sebastian."

He was a very great man and very war, generous and proud; and terrible was his wrath. He stood high in the favor of the Captain General, and the Director de Aguas.

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. But 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 three times the height of a man.

The spirits do not kill men outright, Señor; when they have successfully cast their spell upon a human being, they lead him off into the depths of the wood. Losing his bearings, he stumbles helplessly through the jungle. When he falls entirely beneath the spell, they never wake him; 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, Señor, 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—pillars 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 chatter 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 friend of mine, Señor, and I have heard the story told of a man who was struck by a stone, and he put this in

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 force of laborers to aid him in carving the chamber in the solid rock of San Juan del Monte. How many, Señor? Perhaps ten or twelve. Some of them worked by day, others by night.

(Please turn to page 14)

...ing, then
 "And... and, he sputtered as she wrung his hands in gratitude, "here is chow for you—enough; and on the shelf are some magazines to look at."

"But what about you, Mr. Alloss?" She queried as he drew nearer to the door. "What do you mean—you go away?"

"I must! I absolutely must!"
 Before him, under the scorching midday sun, lay the road; and nowhere a sign of anyone. They were all taking their siestas. Blessed siesta! They would not see him go to town at this inordinate hour. He did not want anyone to know that he was not also taking his siesta. Safely in town, he first went to the post office. Slowly, painfully, unobserved, he wrote the

let... mailed...
 way for Johnny's bar. For an honorable way to get out of the... would get drunk—gloriously or ingloriously—it did not matter. Plenty of beer and... tuba would put him just where he wanted to. He'd remain there all afternoon; and in the evening, when the sailors would come on shore—leave, he would start a fight. Easy enough, with the beer and the tuba in him. He would make it a lively fight, they would take him to the police station, and he would refuse to be bailed out even if his barrio friends, hearing of it, were financially able to offer bail, which he much doubted. So he would have to spend the night there, two nights, this being Saturday. Mariano would be back on Monday.
 It worked fine.

...ing of the...
 spirits would bring misfortune... and even the children's children of all who were engaged in the carving out of the chamber. For the evil spirits never forget, Señor.
 For a long time after I finished telling Don Sebastian of the evil spirits he sat silent, and I wondered if he, too, was afraid of the tigbalang; but at last he arose and made the sign of the cross, and I could see that he was not afraid. Then he addressed me, saying: "Juan, I do not fear these spirits. They will not harm me, nor those who help me carve the chamber in the rock. Heed you well my words. Tomorrow, after the siesta, there will occur a rainstorm, and a bolt of lightning will destroy that tree."
 He pointed to a huge sampalok tree which stood at a distance of some fifty meters from the house.

How the "Tigbalang" Fought the Waterworks

(Continued from page 9)

But the laborers soon lost courage, for every night they were harassed by the matanda sa punso, and frequently the tigbalang appeared. Many were the strange and frightful happenings. The laborers began leaving, surreptitiously at first, and then openly. Don Sebastian grew very wroth. I, Señor, never lost faith in him; so great was my admiration for him that I would have faced death in his service. Juan Jaralar is not a coward, Señor; I was young then, the hot blood of youth and adventure was in my veins. Besides, Señor, it is doubtful if the wrath of the spirits could have been as bad as that of Don Sebastian.

One day Don Sebastian called me to the great house at the edge of the bondok where he then lived, and I sat facing him on the veranda even as I now face you, Señor; and after he had spoken of other things, he said to me: "Juan, do you trust me?" "Absolutely, Don Sebastian," I answered.

"But there are those who do not, eh?"
 "They are afraid of the spirits."
 He nodded, and for a long time was silent; lost in contemplation of the great difficulties which faced him. Finally he arose and looked

at me frowningly, and I could feel the power of his spirit as he spoke.

"And you, Juan, are you afraid?"
 I knew not what to say, Señor. Of course every sensible man is afraid of evil spirits. One would be a fool to deny that. And, anyway, it was useless to lie to Don Sebastian; for by looking in a man's eyes he could tell whether or not he was speaking the truth.

"It is well known that there is danger, Don Sebastian," I said. Then I arose and looked in the great man's eyes, and he knew that I would not run away like those others. Laying a hand on my shoulder, he said: "Juan, you are a brave man." Ah, Señor, I know not his exact meaning to this day, but that was the proudest moment of my life.

"Come then, Juan," he commanded, "and tell me more of these evil spirits, and of how they frighten my laborers."

And so, there on the veranda of the great house, I told Don Sebastian of the anger of the spirits of the bondok and how they were attacking the laborers at night, and how they were determined to avenge themselves upon those who were destroying the great rock of San Juan del Monte, which has been the home of the tigbalang

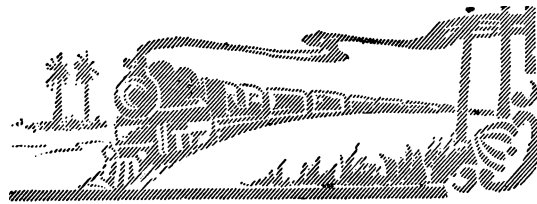
"Go you to the laborers and tell them of my words; tell them that I do not fear the evil spirits. Say to them that the evil spirits are jealous, but that they cannot harm us, because this project is pleasing in the sight of God. An tell them that the destruction of the sampalok tree is the sign by which they may know the good spirits, more powerful than those of the bondok, are helping us in our work."

So I went to the laborers and told them the words Don Sebastian had bidden me. Many of them scoffed, saying: "How can Don Sebastian, being but a man, foretell the time an place a lightning bolt will strike? If he can do this, then he too must be a sorcerer, or witch. But I explained to them that the good Don Sebastian had but prayed for the lightning strike the great sampalok tree, and that fulfilment of his prophecy would be merely a sign that God was pleased with the work in which we were all engaged.

There was much muttering among the laborers, but their curiosity was aroused, and they at last agreed to stay and see if the words of the master came true, and if so, to continue their work.

Don Sebastian went down to the sampalok tree at sunset, carrying strange looking bags, and candles. Far into the night he knelt pray-

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The old San Juan reservoir which figures in the story concluded below has become antiquated, with the development of Manila's modern water system, but remains of peculiar historical interest.—The grilles cap the ventilators.—The large building was, in earlier years, the offices of the water administration.

ing beneath the tree. Many of us watched him from a distance, but none venture near, for they were afraid that perhaps he, too, was in league with evil spirits. Finally, at a very late hour, we all fell asleep. In the morning the laborers all gathered about the plaza of the temporary village, and anxiously awaited the rain and the lightning bolt which our master had promised as a sign. And as truly as I sit before you, Señor, at midday clouds began to appear. At about the fourth hour in the afternoon, the rain began to fall, and there was thunder and lightning. Then, suddenly, a great sheet of flame shot up from the sampalok tree, and there was a deafening explosion. The great tree was thrown high in the air, and torn into fragments. And though most of us were much frightened, we did not run away, but fell to our knees and prayed. Then the great Don Sebastian came out and, kneeling in the rain before the great house, gave thanks to God for the sign which had restored the faith of the people.

Thus was the confidence of the people in Don Sebastian reestablished and made absolute. Those who had left, returned to their work; still constantly harassed by the tigbalang and the matanda sa punso, they continued steadily, until at last, in the year 1883, their task was finished.

The great tube was laid from the foot of the chamber down to the fountain of Carriedo, in Manila. Then pure water from the mountains was let in until it filled the twenty-four galleries of the great chamber, and the work of the great Don Sebastian was done.

There was a great fiesta in Manila, a fiesta which none of us who were employed by Don Sebastian will ever forget. There was a very magnificent parade, Señor, headed by the *Arzobispo* and the *Gobernador General*. The *Arzobispo* himself turned the spigot of the fountain, and blessed the pure water as it sprang forth, the water which was ever to supply the people of Manila in the seasons of dryness.

Ah yes, it was a proud day, Señor. The great Don Sebastian sat in the carriage with the *Director de Aguas*,—there were no automobiles then, Señor, and our master made a speech, and praised all of us who had helped him build the chamber. There was plenty for all to eat and to drink; we all gave thanks to God. Much honor was conferred upon the *Director de Aguas* and upon Don Sebastian.

Thus, Señor, was built the great water system which should really have been called the *Aguas Don Sebastian*, but which was named the *Aguas Carriedos*, in honor of a great man who died long ago, and who left money to pay the expenses of the work. The people of Manila should thank Don Sebastian, rather than this other man, for only he could have succeeded in completing so great a task. But many strange and frightful things have happened in the bondok since the completion of the *Aguas Carriedos*, Señor. The evil spirits are still angry, and they still strive to avenge themselves upon the descendants of the builders of the chamber of waters, who destroyed their home. And of these things also will I tell you, Señor, some day when you have an hour to waste in listening to an old man's tale. They shall be all true tales, Señor, for I do not believe in the superstitions of the ignorant folk; and I tell only of the things which I have seen with my own two eyes. Adios, Señor. May you walk with God.

Missions in Old "Distrito del Príncipe"

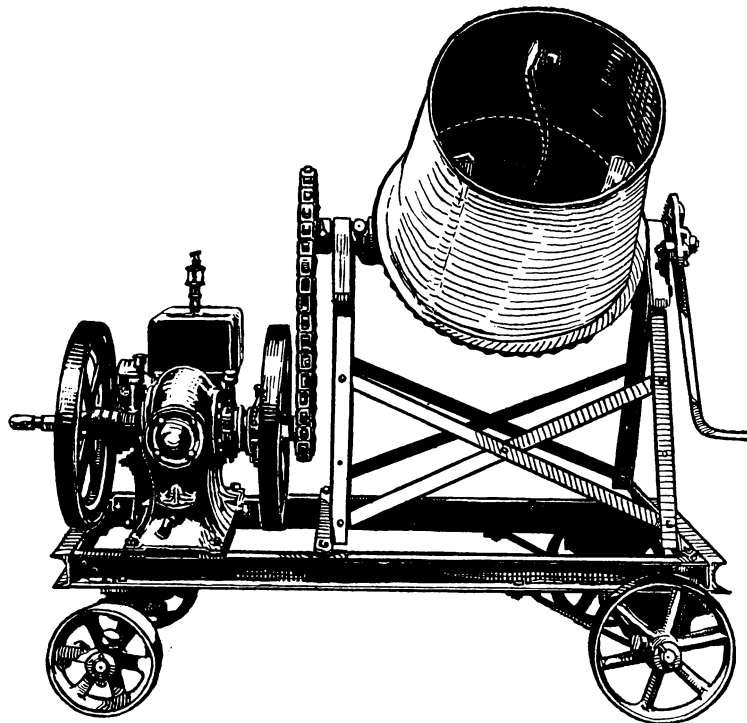
Of Baler, in the old political division of north-eastern Luzon called the *Distrito del Príncipe*—west and the Caraballo range west. The church, dedicated to San Antonio de Padua, the great healer, is of mixed materials. Good timber abounds.

"It is not easy to estimate the area of land pertaining to this pueblo, surrounded as it is (Huerta wrote in 1865) with infidel inhabitant which is the reason why few explorers have visited it. But all the religious, whether few or many, have penetrated the jungle in an effort to reduce to the Christian faith the infidel tribe and all affirm in one accord that these mountains so generously irrigated by numerous streams, produce all that may be produced from the most fertile lands in the world. The coast is a secure harbor even for vessels of the deep draft, and the entrance to the harbor is in no wise dangerous of navigation."

Casiguran.—Founded by Fr. Blas Palomino and his companion missionaries in 1609. First parish priest, Fr. Pascual Serrano, 1616. Administration ceded to the Recollects, 1658, "because of the great scarcity of religious in our province of St. George the Great," Father Huerta says, our readers all understanding, of course, that to the Franciscans the Philippines are the province of St. George. Returned to the Franciscans by the Recollects, 1703. Situated on the east coast of Luzon at Cape San Ildefonso, mountain border of Isabela on the north, Dipaculao on the south, Casiguran south-

The rich region which Huerta thus describes still remains but little developed, but unquestionably it cannot be long before its variation

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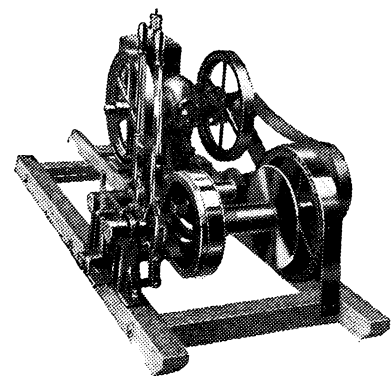
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