

mission. He said, however, that he was instructed to secure a full and dispassionate report of the conditions as they were found to exist in the islands and make such recommendations as the results of the mission would justify.

He said further that he was looking forward to the trip with pleasure, and to the prospect of again visiting the islands and renewing his acquaintance there with his many Filipino and American friends.

It may be assumed that the mission will include a thorough study and investigation of the school system, the conduct of sanitary affairs, public works, finance, and the general administration of the islands. In estimating the efficiency of the present form of government I have no doubt that General Wood will take into consideration the shortness of the period of twenty years in which the United States has had to build up the Philippine nation; for the stability of a people and the capacity of individuals to become a nation depend upon character and not upon superficial education.

National solidarity can come only with a common language. The dozen or more distinct languages and sixty to seventy dialects to be found in the Philippines constitute one of the great problems affecting the question of whether the Filipinos are ready for their independence and can function as an independent nation without the support of the protectorate now exercised by the United States. The Filipinos cannot become an educated people until fathers and mothers, as well as their children, are the product of the Philippine school system; and their fitness for self-government depends upon the extent to which they have become an educated people.

We have attempted to do a job of nation building. It does not consist in hoisting a new flag in the world and turning a lot of untutored people loose.

The question of granting independence to the Philippines should be approached from all angles, and a decision reached only after the most careful deliberation.

In this connection there is also to be considered the unrest in the East. The demand there for self-government is based on what we have done for the Fili-

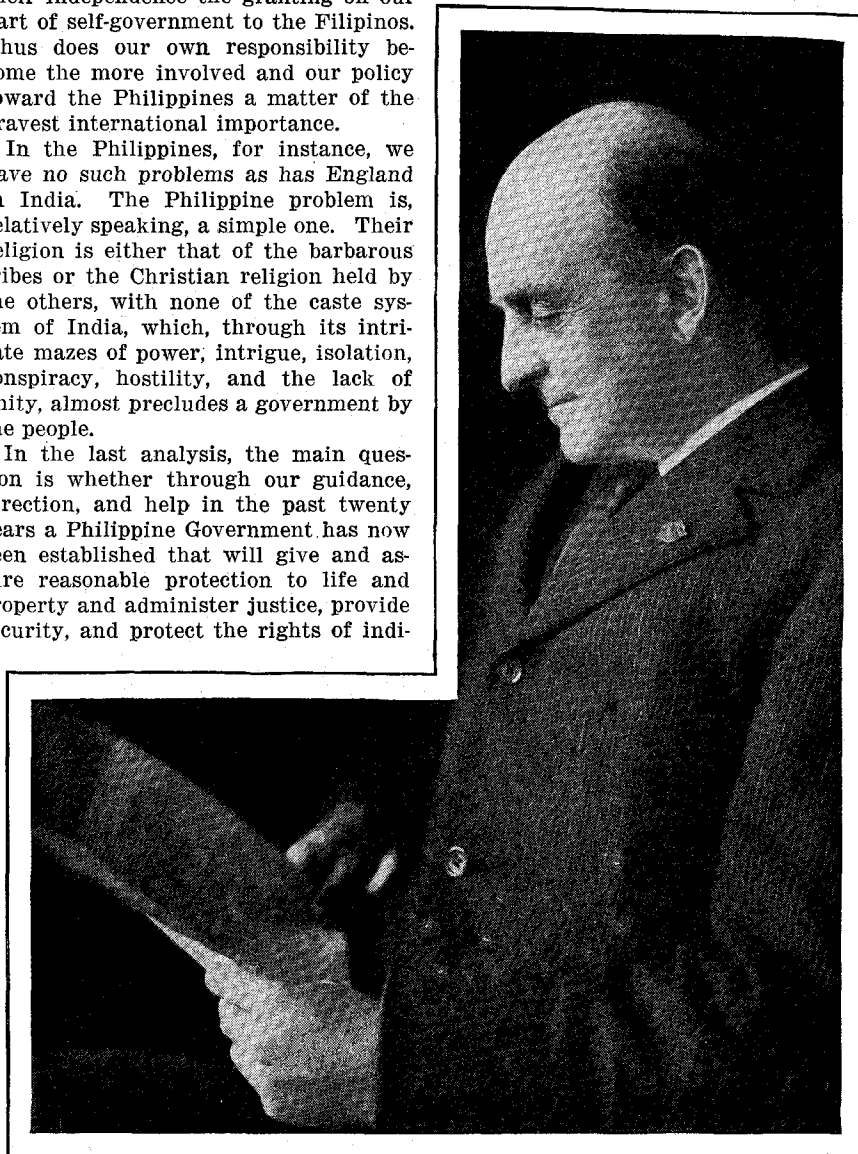
pinos and our rapid transfer of self-government to them.

At this time our policy in the Philippines is being closely and jealously watched by India, Java, Ceylon, and the Dutch colonial possessions; and these countries will be quick to use to their own advantage in attempting to secure their independence the granting on our part of self-government to the Filipinos. Thus does our own responsibility become the more involved and our policy toward the Philippines a matter of the gravest international importance.

In the Philippines, for instance, we have no such problems as has England in India. The Philippine problem is, relatively speaking, a simple one. Their religion is either that of the barbarous tribes or the Christian religion held by the others, with none of the caste system of India, which, through its intricate mazes of power, intrigue, isolation, conspiracy, hostility, and the lack of unity, almost precludes a government by the people.

In the last analysis, the main question is whether through our guidance, direction, and help in the past twenty years a Philippine Government has now been established that will give and assure reasonable protection to life and property and administer justice, provide security, and protect the rights of indi-

viduals. I believe that General Wood will bring back to President Harding, and our people an honest report, with recommendations having in view, not alone the wishes and aspirations of an educated minority, but the safety and well-being of the great inarticulate mass of the majority.



(C) Underwood

CAMERON FORBES, FORMER GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINES, IS ASSOCIATED WITH GENERAL WOOD IN THE INVESTIGATION OF CONDITIONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

AMOK

A PHILIPPINE STORY

BY A. DALE RILEY

IF court hadn't convened so near Ramadan, or the sun hadn't shone so pitilessly upon yellowing abaca and withering rice-fields, or had the rains but come in time to save the ripening corn and keep the people from starvation and despair, there might still be a man the more to pay the cedula tax and reap scant harvests from the uplands of Bud Tukay, to dance the sayao to the time of the gabbang in the moonlight or come wandering back with cop-

per trinkets from mysterious excursions into the dark. There might be a tale the less to be whispered by old women around the rice-pots at night or sung by young men to the wildly sounding agongs among the Parang hills.

But "naught shall befall save what Allah hath written down," says the Koran, and "Verily, what ye are promised will surely come, nor can ye frustrate it," and the sun, rising so red that it seemed to drip blood upon the wrecked

cottas of Bud Daho, appeared a sign and a warning. The great cracks that opened across the fields and along the roads and the marang leaves, drooping like elephant ears in the noonday heat, seemed a prophecy of the time when roaring fires without a sign of flame in their rolling smoke were to sweep fiercely across the cogon grass, and green cocoanuts were to be taken from the trees, leaves stripped from the trunks and the trunks finally cut down that

starving children might devour the hearts.

The Government officials, being unbelievers, made some attempt to meet the situation, but Allah is great, and they fell far behind in their estimates. Then, near the end of the fast, came the Judge of the Court of First Instance to try those who had been least affected, the prisoners in the jails.

And so it was that when the rains finally came with a rush of pent-up fury they beat upon many a fresh mound of the starving time, and upon one grave of a man who had lost his head to the case of criminal skulls, a grave hidden deep in the forest where flame-tree blossoms, sweeping down the wind, lodged in the soggy depression, an emblem of the man's departure, and clusters of night-blooming cereus moved like his ghost in the evening breeze.

* * *

LAJAHALI AMALOL arose at a sign from his counsel and amid a hum of voices strode hastily out of the court-room. At first he seemed dazed by the glare of sunlight on the street and the ever-moving groups of brilliant bajus, sawals, and sarongs. Then a friend stood before him with a rope in his hand. Lajahali grasped the cord mechanically, murmured a few words of thanks, and stuck a great toe into the hemp stirrup. While he climbed stiffly into the wooden saddle his friend melted again into the crowd. Lajahali sat looking about him, startled at the emaciated faces of his few friends among that gayly colored throng gathered outside the provincial building. Then he kicked the skinny little pony with his heels, and in another moment was trotting through the gates of the town, out the Asturias road, and toward the Parang hills.

It had been a long time—eighteen months in the provincial jail on a charge that hadn't been proved—but if that dim Malayan mind had shown but vague ideas regarding crime, it had revealed a remarkable ability to procure witnesses. Yet eighteen months, though too long for nothing, might be too short for killing a Chinaman. As he rode along Lajahali dropped the cord on the animal's neck from time to time, raised his hands, and slapped his thighs in despair at his inability to understand the intricacies of right and wrong. Once he slid from the saddle and stripped off a switch of young teak by the dusty roadside, and stood for some time cleaning off the leaves and bark. He carefully bound the turban about his head, while the pony continued to crop mouthfuls of dry weeds.

Around a bend just ahead, out of the deep shade of a dap-dap tree, came a party of Moros from Indanan, trotting along the road, their black-satin vests and pink flowing breeches gleaming, their buttons and barong handles glittering, and their swarthy brown faces shining as they rode out into the sunlight, with a great rattling of breast-plate and saddle bells.

"Huh!" grunted the foremost, draw-

ing up quickly as he recognized the man by the side of the road; "it is better to be in the cage by the rice-pots than out starving among the trees."

"Yes," said another, a patriarch of the municipality, "and the young man's nights are long in a house from which the woman has gone."

"Stop!" cried Lajahali in a voice that boomed like the lantaka from the hill-tops. "Old men are night birds that cry only tidings of ill."

The aged man sat stroking a few straggly gray hairs on his wrinkled chin and gazing down at the comely young Moro out of watery eyes. Three of the party rode up and stopped. Others passed by in a cloud of dust.

"Old men speak with the wisdom of age," he observed, calmly, "but young men heed them not. Yet I tell you, although the rains will come again and the flowers will bloom, a woman is only a woman and the grave is an easy bed of sleep for the little man-child in starving time."

Lajahali clapped a quick hand to his waist, then let it drop idly to his side. A look of the wild man of the jungle stole into his eyes.

"Tell me, old man," he demanded, thickly, for his speech had become cracked and harsh like the rattling of rice grains in a worn brass pot, "tell me of the woman and the child."

"When the hawk is overhead," began the old Moro in a sing-song chant, breathing all the hopeless melancholy of a caste that does not change, "when the hawk is overhead, the wise chick will beware; when the wildcat cries in the forest, the house-cat will be still; when the master plucks a rose, the wise bush stings him not, lest he cut it down. In the sight of the panglima, master of the village, Johaila was like the rose, but the panglima has many children, and he could never treat your little Hamja as his son."

The old man leaned forward as he spoke; words came not easily from his toothless gums.

"In the starving time," he said, earnestly, "the blossom drops off before the ripened fruit, and Panglima Sankula took not the woman away until the child was dead. She may not have lived, and she must have thought you could not come back, but now she has rice of Saigon for the evening meal when you have none, and the child can sleep this night while sleep will be far from your eyes."

Then he settled back in his saddle, and with a cut of his short whip was gone. In another moment the whole party had disappeared over the hill, and their dust settled upon the bare brown fields and the shimmering road, the carved wooden saddle and the skinny horse, the sarong that had fallen by the bushes, and the man who was going to a vacant house to spend the night alone.

MURMURING, the man remounted his sorry animal and rode on slowly, looking neither at the passing bamboo

clumps, the copses of mangoes and wanis overgrown with orchids and tangled with vines, nor at the hills beyond (old volcanoes whose craters slept under flapping plantains and waving palms), but keeping his eyes upon his horse's shoulders and flicking the switch savagely against its brand scars from time to time. A flock of white parrots dipped toward the valley, then, perceiving the lonely figure on the dusty road, arose and swept chattering across to the forests on an opposite hill. A low hum arose from a near-by hemp patch as the rider passed under a gigantic banyan at an abrupt turn. Green flies bumped against his face and arms, a small gray viper crawled into the dust-covered weeds by the roadside, but he seemed oblivious to all these senses and sights and sounds.

A bright-yellow glow still lingered in the western sky, although its reflection had faded to an almost imperceptible pink in the east, glowing faintly through darkening acacia trees, when Lajahali stopped before a dilapidated bamboo structure covered by a thatch of sac-sac that he had once dignified by the name of home. A rough board fence surrounded the lower part of the house, where the cattle had been kept before they had gone to pay for attorney fees and witnesses, but the ground that had always been so slimy and damp and cool was now parched and cracked and the grass that had sprung up hung yellow and dead. When the man climbed the creaking ladder and pushed aside the sagging amacan door, he saw that his feathers had been taken from the nest with his bird, for only a small bench and rough board table remained in the single room. Several broken clay pots still lay upon the square box of earth where fires were kindled, and a blackened iron tripod rested against the wall, one of its legs raised and pointing, as if in protest, towards the doorway.

The Moro unfastened the girth, turned his animal loose, and carried the saddle up the steps. Then, taking a small bottle of oil from its loop on the pommel, he poured a little out into a piece of one of the pots. When the room grew dark, he twisted a rag into the oil and lit his lamp. But he did not eat; he did not sleep. All night he lay awake upon his lonely mat on the bamboo floor, his slothful brain wandering in a maze of ideas and reflections that came and went like the gliding phantoms of a dream.

IN the morning came Imam Ali from the house of the panglima, bland and fat and sleek near the end of the starving time, to deliver words of wisdom to Lajahali Amalol and to bid him begone from the house of his lord, since the house had been appropriated in payment for counsel and witnesses after all the cattle had been sold and the fruit picked from the trees. It was not good, explained the imam, and his voice was low and smooth, with a rubbing quality like the melody of the gabbang floating at evening over a quiet sea—it was not wise for Amalol to remain in the neigh-

borhood of the panglima at a time when the stain of the accusation had not yet been forgotten nor the debt of the trial wiped away.

Lajahali listened in silence; but in the words of the priest of Allah he seemed to hear the rustle of musty silks and old embroideries hidden away in Sankula's secret drawers, the dull bong of age-old gongs and the faint tinkle of glass bells, the quiet shuffle of slippered feet and the soft thud of a falling Chinaman.

"There is no manner of regaining the affection that has been snatched away," the imam was misquoting from the "Chapter of Women," "and there is no honor in suffering its loss." Therefore it is but right that you leave a place that must have sown evil in your heart which others may reap—"

"There is but one road left to travel," interrupted Lajahali Amalol angrily, arising and muttering dark words in Arabic that caused the smooth-faced imam to start; but Amalol laughed and sank back upon the mat.

"Grant but a few days, O priest," he begged, "and show me the grave of the little man-child, that I may carve a small post for its head."

"It is well that you do so," mumbled the imam, reassured; but when they stood by the mound of crumbled earth at the base of a marang tree not a hundred yards from the house and he perceived the face of the man who stood before him, dark as the clouds that rise over the Sulu Sea before the storms, he quoted from the Koran the words of warning, one of the few injunctions that he knew:

"And do not kill yourselves; verily, Allah is compassionate unto you.

"But whoso does that will be broiled with fire."

With a great show of pompous dignity he spoke the words that must be obeyed, and, turning away, was soon passing out of sight among the trees.

THEN it was that Lajahali Amalol began to carve the teak post for the grave of his little son through the long days of heat and hunger; but always in the evening came thoughts and visions, until one night he arose from the mat and, reaching far into a bamboo corner-post, pulled out a rusty barong. Thereafter when the lights disappeared from the village for the night he polished and sharpened, sharpened and polished, until he could cut the hairs from his forearm and see his face in the gleaming blade, all the while wailing in a low, strained voice, like the creaking of a bamboo copse before a southwest monsoon:

Love will come to all some day,
Ah-ah-ay-ay-ee-eee!
Love from me has gone afar,
Ah-ah-ay-ay-ee-ooo!"

"Six days has the man been at work on that post for the grave," observed the imam one evening, arranging a sweet pill in the tiny bowl of the long-handled ivory pipe before handing it to the pan-

glima, sprawling on a gaudy pink mattress against cushions of red and white, and looking vacantly up at the curious figures on the blue and yellow cloth stretched across the ceiling.

"Huh!" grunted Panglima Sankula; "six days, but at last it is finished and was set up on the grave at sunset."

"Then," observed Imam Ali, lying back against his pillows to enjoy the brass pipe he held so affectionately between greasy fingers, "he should be leaving to-morrow, for it is not good to remain like that—alone, and always thinking. I have heard that he talks much to himself in the day, and there are those who have heard the man singing at night."

"To-morrow he will go," said the panglima with decision, as he stretched out his fat legs and lay back breathing in the quieting smoke; "but a starving crow can harm few chicks," he added complacently.

Yet that same night Lajahali Amalol was swimming in another sea of pale-blue visions—a sea of heads old and young, bald heads that looked wrinkled like the tops of skulls, hairy heads of men and women and children, black and gray, and always he was swinging his glittering barong among them to keep them down. Not one must be missed. But now there were shoulders and arms and legs that kept arising around him until he must cut desperately to keep from drowning in a sea of limbs.

And then he awoke, trembling and wet with perspiration; but when he closed his eyes the heads appeared again, until he finally dozed off into a fitful sleep to dream of rows of rice-pots filled to overflowing. He tried to catch them, for they were dancing away from him, and yet they were standing in a row. Only when he reached for them they danced. Then he caught one, but when he plunged a hand into the boiled rice greedily his fingers became entangled in damp black hair, and he pulled out the head of his child. Again he awoke in a cold sweat. The wick flickered in the oil and across the room his own shadow danced like the pots.

"Always they come," he muttered feverishly, "always," burying his face in his arms, "but to-morrow—"

THE night was very quiet, but through it all there came a faint sound of rustling leaves and soft airs bringing the fragrance of sampaguita and camellia flowers. Then suddenly a breeze sprang up that rattled the amacan doors and windows, puffed out the light, and whistled through the split-bamboo walls. The man shivered like one with an ague, but in a few moments it had died away, leaving the air pleasantly cool, and he went to sleep.

When Lajahali awoke the sun was streaming through the cracks of his house. He felt more refreshed than he had seemed for many days. He arose and stood stretching himself, at first a bit unsteadily. Then he picked up the barong by his pillow, swung it about his head several times, and allowed it

to hang suspended along the line of his back from his right hand resting upon his shoulder, in the act of striking a descending blow. Over barong and hand and shoulder he flung a many-colored Malay pis, completely covering them. And then he stepped quietly to the door. It may be that the heads seemed to be crowding around him again, or perhaps the white horse of heaven, appearing as he descended the steps, dilated the pupils of his eyes and caused them to shift so rapidly as he strolled down the path, cautiously and apparently unconcerned.

The market-place was crowded, for fish could still be caught, and this morning the people lingered long in their filth and rags to discuss the heavy clouds gathering in the south and rejoice at their prophecy of rain.

Lajahali approached slowly and mingled casually with the crowd, every muscle strained and every nerve tingling as he worked his way with a mincing step into its midst. There were the heads just as in his dreams. Now they were all about him. He arose to the very tips of his toes, and, digging his tense fingers into the handle of his deadly weapon, struck down with all his power.

Shrieks and screams and streams of red warmth that spurted up into his eyes, and the heads ebbed away like a receding wave. The madman followed, striking, striking, again and again, until a thin brown line gathered far ahead of him and a shot rang out. The bullet pierced his breast like a needle, sharp and clean. He turned and rushed directly upon the line of khaki soldiers. Nothing must escape, himself least of all.

Crack! crack! crack! crack! spat the rifles, but he leaped into the air and sped on, on.

Crack! crack! Up into the air and on again, on until a roar of thunder and a volley that stopped him short and tore into his vitals like a rain of fire. He sprang high, hurling his barong at the nearest with his last ounce of strength, and fell, down, interminably, while his red visions changed to black.

* * *

PRETTY close shave, that," remarked the captain to his lieutenant as the native soldiers endeavored to keep the people back until the chieftain of the district arrived to identify the dead.

"Yes, sir, that barong slit the sergeant's coat sleeve," replied the young Filipino excitedly.

"Well, it's a fine time for such things now, with nothing for them to eat and the sun hot as hell. We'll be lucky if there's no more of them. Right at the end of Ramadan, too!"

"Yes, sir, that's the worst time of the year."

Up the road came Panglima Sankula, riding a sleek white horse, and over his countenance spread an inscrutable smile.

"Yes, I know the man," he admitted, shortly, in answer to the captain's inquiry; "tuan, I have known him many years."

"Oh, yes," after further questioning,

he continued smoothly and with a great spreading of hands; "yes, tuan, it may be because he came out of the jail so well fed by your gracious Government that he couldn't endure the starving—so suddenly—and the news that his child had died—and his wife was gone.

"I have provided for the woman out of my own pitiful store," he added, blandly, "for of the man she was much afraid."

"Another man just dead, sir," reported the sergeant, "making three men, two

women, two children, killed and six others wounded, sir."

"Even worse than I thought," muttered the captain. "Well, turn the head over to the surgeon for an autopsy, and," he added meaningly, glancing at the imam, who had now come up, out of the corners of his eyes, "I'm wondering if the blood of a pig sprinkled over that body mightn't counteract the effect of a dangerous example. It has been done before."

"Pray do not that," cried the imam,

raising his hands in pious horror, "or by that abomination in the sight of Allah you will disgrace us all."

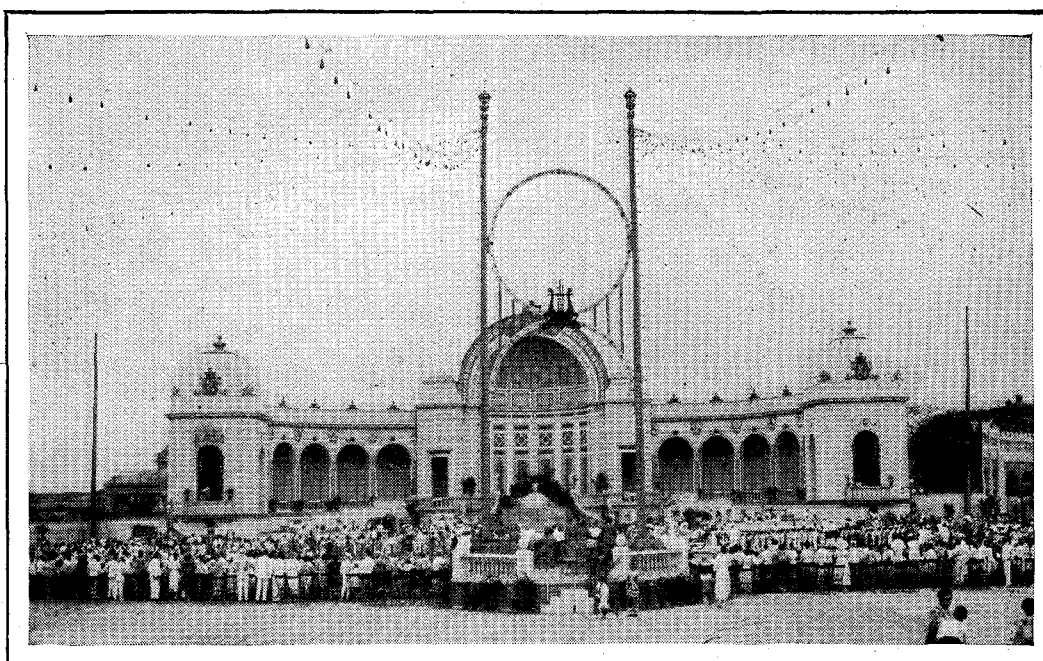
"No, do not this terrible thing," pleaded the panglima, the bland smile fading from his countenance, "else I may not be able to restrain my people from anger and wrath; but give me the body, and I will bury it far in the forest where the mound will sink under the rains and the leaves will cover it and the weeds will grow over it, and no man shall know where it lies."

ARE THE FILIPINOS PREPARED FOR INDEPENDENCE?

BY FLORENCE G. MILLER

A CARNIVAL IN HONOR OF MAGELLAN IN THE PHILIPPINES

"The picture," our informant says, "gives a faint idea of the magnificence and beauty of the Philippine Carnival. It is the auditorium in which the Queen of the Festival was crowned. It is only a small portion of the Carnival City. Perhaps most Americans know that the Philippines hold a Carnival annually. An exposition is often connected with it in which examples of Philippine industry and possibilities for commercial enterprise are exhibited. The Carnival this year, held in February, was named the Magallanes Carnival, in honor of Magellan, who four centuries ago discovered the archipelago"



From Eugenio C. Ingko, Bauan, Batangas, Philippine Islands

THE question of Philippine independence has been brought before the minds of the American people at intervals more or less frequent during the last twenty years. The American Government has a problem to solve which it seeks to do with justice for the Filipino and with honor to itself. The pivotal question is: Are the Filipinos sufficiently advanced and developed to maintain their own government? Are they able to maintain peace among the various tribes of the islands and defend their shores against foreign intrigue and attack? Are the people, the masses, sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the meaning of an independent existence? Are they interested in the question of independence which is being agitated by the various political leaders of the Philippines?

To understand the complex situation which Congress must consider relative to the question of self-government for the Filipinos one must know the geog-

raphy of the country and the characteristics of its inhabitants.

The Philippine archipelago comprises many islands scattered over a great area. Communication between them is difficult and at times well-nigh impossible.

There are various lines of steamers between the important ports, and inter-island communication is frequent. But between the smaller islands and those of less importance the sailing vessel, dependent upon wind and often delayed for a tardy cargo, proves the only means of transportation. There is great lack of good roads and highways, the towns being connected by trails. A few short lines of railways extend from the principal commercial centers.

Lack of roads, difficulty of communication, and the isolation of many of the islands have been serious barriers for the development of the country and have prevented the inhabitants becoming homogeneous, with kindred aims and ideals.

The people are of the Malay race, and are divided into various tribes, the principal of which are the Tagalog and Visayan. The Tagalog race occupies principally the island of Luzon, on which is located the capital of the Philippines, viz., Manila.

The Visayan race is found on the island of Panay, having as its chief city the commercial port Iloilo.

Due to the location of these islands, especially Luzon, the Tagalog and Visayan races have come into continual contact with other countries. They have traded with the mainland of Asia and its surrounding islands through a long interval of time. When the trade route to the Indies was opened to European sailors, Manila became known, and later belonged, successively, to Spain, Holland, England, and again Spain. The Spaniards occupied these islands four centuries and gave to the inhabitants their civilization, their language, and their religion. The sons of the better