

fingers. Just before he touches the rice, a woman uses her fan and the paper rice flies all around.

When all the jokes have been played at the expense of the hungry bride and the groom, they are given good things to eat. Curtain falls with the end of the midnight breakfast.

## LIFE IN A PHILIPPINE VILLAGE.

BY A. M. REESE.

THE little village or *barrio* of Mariveles is situated just inside the narrow cape that forms the northern border of the entrance to Manila Bay. The city of Manila lies out of sight, thirty miles to the southeast, but the island of Corregidor lies only seven miles to



MARIVELES VILLAGE AND MOUNTAIN, FROM MANILA BAY.

the south, and the great searchlights at night are quite dazzling when turned directly upon the village. A large amount of money has recently been spent in fortifying Corregidor until it is now considered practically impregnable.

The village extends for about half a mile close along the beach

and is flanked, on the west, by the buildings of a United States quarantine station.



OUR RESIDENCE ON "WASHINGTON STREET."

Arriving by a very dilapidated launch from Manila I waited at the government dock while the native boy I had brought with me

went to the village to find, if possible, a vacant house. He soon returned, with another boy to help carry our baggage, (there was not a cart or wagon of any sort in the place) and with the information that he had engaged a house for our use. A whole house for two people sounded rather formidable but as this house contained only two rooms its rental was not as extravagant as might have been imagined. It was located on the main thoroughfare which had the very American name of Washington Street. Like the typical native house, our Washington Street mansion was built chiefly of bamboo and *nipa* palm, with a few heavier timbers in the frame-



NATIVE GIRL CARRYING BASKET OF CLOTHES.

work. Upon the main timbers of the frame was built a sort of lattice of split bamboo, upon which in turn was sewed, shinglewise, close layers of nipa palm that are quite impervious to rain, are fairly durable, and are very inflammable. The *people's* floor was elevated four or five feet above the ground, thereby securing not only air and dryness for the people above, but also providing a very convenient chicken-coop and pig-pen beneath. The floor was made of split bamboo which made sweeping easy—merely a matter of pushing the dirt through the cracks between the strips of bamboo.

Although the smell of even a *clean* pig under the dining-room

table is rather objectionable at first, as is the crowing of two or three roosters early in the morning, it is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to these little annoyances, and it simplifies domestic science considerably to be able to throw, from one's seat at table, banana skins and other scraps through a convenient hole in the floor and have them immediately disposed of by the pig and chickens beneath.

The dining room, as in many American houses, also served as a kitchen. The stove was a large box, elevated two or three feet



THE CHIEF STORE OF MARIVELES.

from the floor, lined with baked clay upon which the fire is made. Large iron spikes, arranged in groups of three, may be imbedded in the clay to hold one or more pots of different sizes. There was no chimney, but a convenient window carried out the smoke quite effectively. The fire-wood was stored under the house in the pig-pen and consisted chiefly of short sticks of such diameter as could be easily cut with the large knife or bolo that the natives wear suspended from a belt at the waist. The sticks, when the cooking is done, are simply withdrawn from beneath the pot and lie ready to be pushed in again when the fire is lit for the next meal. A very



few sticks will thus serve for cooking a large number of the simple native meals. Opening from the kitchen was the front door, leading to the ground by a flight of stairs or a ladder. Thanks to the United States Mariveles is supplied with abundant water, piped from some miles up in the mountains, and some of the better houses of the barrio have a private faucet on the back porch, which is luxury indeed. The main room of the house was used as a living room and bedroom. In such houses there are usually large windows, without sash of course, which are shaded by day and closed by night and in severe storms by a hinged awning of nipa, seen in the

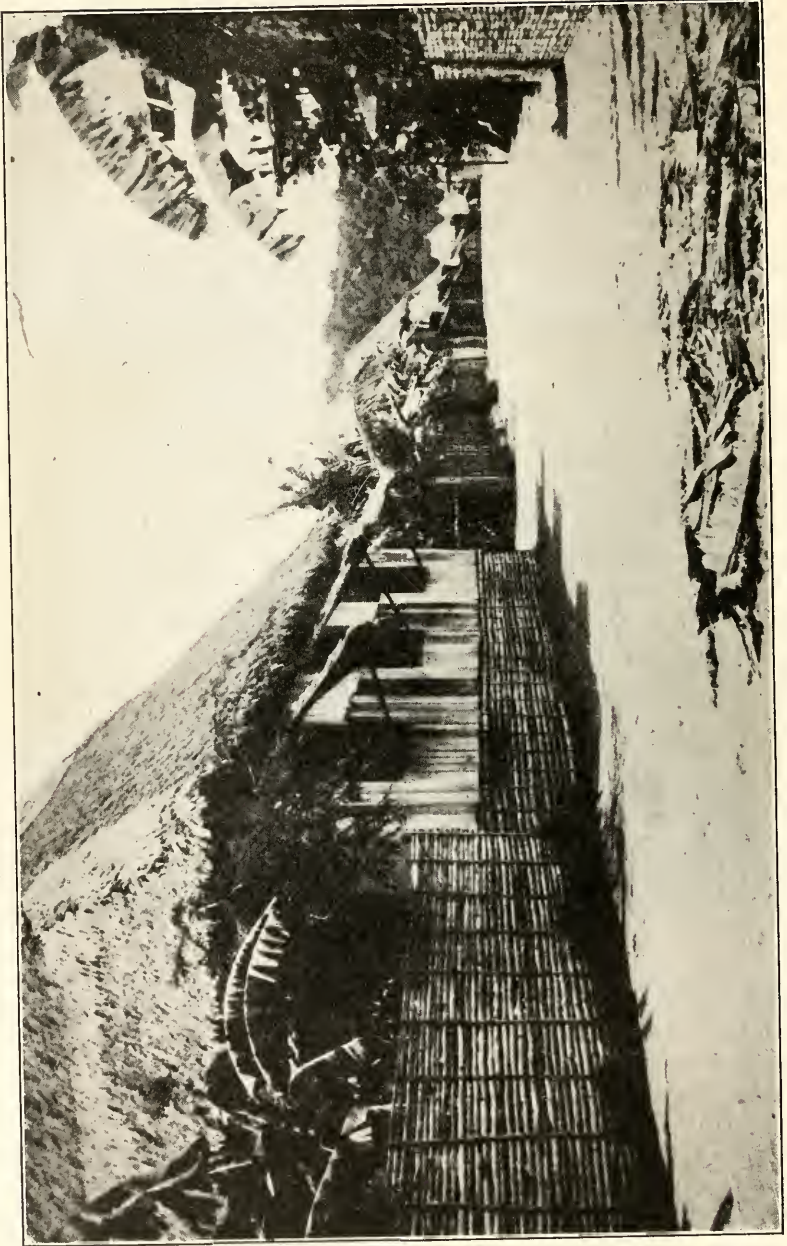


THE OLD CHURCH.

photographs. In spite of the warmth nearly all natives close the window shades tight when they sleep, so that, in spite of the numerous cracks, the ventilation must be very bad; this may partly account for the prevalence of tuberculosis on the islands.

Around the better houses in such a barrio is usually seen a high fence generally made of closely set vertical saplings, driven into the ground and bound together with rattan at the top; this fence serves to keep the chickens in, and, at night, to keep prowling animals out.

Many of the houses have a tiny store at the ground level in



THE MARIVELES PUBLIC SCHOOL.

which a small stock of canned goods, native fruits, dried fish, native shoes etc. may be seen. One of the main department stores of Mariveles is shown in the accompanying photograph, with the very American sign at the side of the entrance.

Like many native villages Mariveles has a large stone church, with red tile roof, bell tower, etc.; it is now in such bad repair as to be unsafe, so that a crude shed with thatched sides and corrugated iron roof has been built to take its place. No priest now lives in this barrio and the shed-like church did not have the appearance of being much used.



THE TELEGRAPH AND POST OFFICE.

The village school, on the other hand, gave every indication of activity. Although not housed in a very handsome building, a glance through the windows and door showed many students of various ages all apparently busy and orderly under the supervision of several neat and bright looking native women.

On the same street with the school a link with the outside world was seen in the sign "Telegraph and Post Office." This office was in charge of a native who, unlike most of the residents of the barrio, spoke English. In these villages it is usually easy to find natives



who speak Spanish, but it is frequently difficult to find one who understands English.

The men of the village were mostly engaged, though not very strenuously, in the rice paddies or in fishing. The women looked after the housekeeping, washing, tending the stores, etc., and their position of respect and authority in the homes and in society was in marked contrast to that of other oriental and even of some European women.

A tiny store across the street from where we lived was tended during most of the day and in the evenings by an attractive young native woman who seemed to be quite a belle. Every evening, at about dark, a dapper young native, in an American suit of white, always appeared and seated himself upon the bench in front of the store, where he could see and talk to his brunette lady love without interfering with her commercial duties, which were not heavy. Often several other suitors appeared and, while it was not possible to understand what was said, since the conversation was all in Tagalog, from the frequent laughter it was evident that the girl was as able to entertain several admirers at once as are some of her blond sisters across the sea. Her voice was softer and her laugh more attractive than many an American belle of high social standing. In fact the women of this island village were, as a class, of remarkable dignity and modesty, so that there was probably less to shock one's modesty here than at many a fashionable American watering place. Of course ignorance of their language made it impossible to understand all that was going on, but to judge by their actions and the tones of their voices it would seem that their family life is as peaceful and happy as that of the average American family. It is truly the "simple life" that they lead, and to us it seems a very narrow one; yet it has its advantages over the "strenuous life" that most of us are compelled to live. There was little or no drunkenness or quarreling among the men, whose chief vice seemed to be gambling.

This gambling instinct is gratified mainly by means of the cockpit. One of the most familiar sights of the islands is the native man with a game cock or just a plain rooster under his arm. They pet and fondle these birds as we do cats or lap-dogs, and on Sundays (alas!) they gather at the cockpits to match their favorites against each other. Many barrios have large covered pits seating hundreds of people. The pit of Mariveles, which happened to be in the yard next to ours, was simply a square of about twenty feet enclosed by a low bamboo fence, in the shade of a huge acacia tree.



Around this square were gathered about one hundred men (probably all of the men of the barrio) and two or three women, and we shall hope that the few women who were there to witness so unpleasant a spectacle were looking after their husbands to see that they did not bet too heavily.

Inside the square were two or three officials, and two men holding the two contesting birds. A man at a table outside held the stakes and presumably kept track of the bettors, odds, etc. Instead of the weapons provided by nature each bird had securely fastened to his left leg, in place of the spur that had been cut off, a villain-



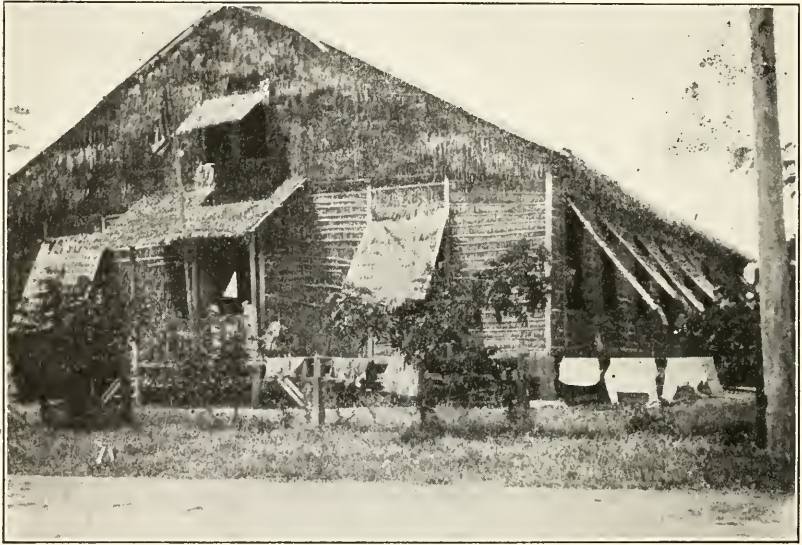
NATIVE "BANCA" NEAR MARIVELES.

ously sharp steel spur, slightly curved and about three inches long. A well directed thrust from this steel weapon may kill the victim almost instantly, and one victim was already hanging head-down to a near-by tree when I entered.

While the bets were being arranged each bird was held, in turn, to let the other peck him ferociously, probably with the idea of making them mad enough to fight. When the bets were all arranged the birds were placed on the ground facing each other, and with lowered heads and neck feathers erected they dashed together like tigers, jumping high over each other and endeavoring to stab

one another with their artificial weapons. In the one fight witnessed (and one was enough to learn the ways of the cockpit) both birds were soon bleeding profusely and had lost their desire to fight, so that the crowd called out some word and the cocks were picked up and "sicked" on each other again; this was repeated until one bird had enough and retreated ignominiously to the farthest corner of the pit, amid the shouts of the men who had bet on the other cock. In many cases, it is said, the vanquished bird is killed outright before he has time to retreat.

The sport, while rather exciting, is certainly demoralizing, especially with the betting that always accompanies it.



A SCHOOLHOUSE IN ILOILO.

Such is the life of these simple people. Of course among the less civilized and the savage tribes conditions are very different, and a white man would not dare enter so intimately into the life of a barrio; in fact in some regions it is very unsafe to go outside of the army posts without a proper guard.

As to the character of the civilized Filipinos opinion seems to differ among the Americans of the Islands. That they are not yet capable of self-government seems to be almost universally believed by Americans who have lived among them; and that they are not energetic as a class is only what might be expected in such a climate. Some Americans have a rather high opinion of the moral

character and general trustworthiness of the average native; others do not hold such a high opinion of him and consider him the inferior of the American negro, mentally, morally and physically. As students in the University of the Philippines it is said they compare favorably with students in American universities.

Doubtless there is as much variation, mental and moral, among the natives of the Philippine Islands as among the inhabitants of an Anglo-Saxon country, so that one's opinions are apt to be influenced by the class of natives with which he chiefly comes in contact.

## THE IDEA OF MORAL HERITAGE IN THE JAPANESE FAMILY.

BY M. ANESAKI.

JAPAN has now emerged from the feudal régime, but hardly enough to be completely emancipated from various ideas and practices cherished for centuries during the old régime. Grave questions in the moral life of new Japan arise out of the relation and conflicts between the inherited conception of the family tie and the new life of the individual. The change in social life wrought by the rising industrialism is disintegrating the bonds and usages of the old communal system; but, on the other hand, the moral tradition of the family system is an abiding force and is deemed by national leaders to be the essential kernel of social life in Japan. What will be the outcome of the two counteracting forces, old and new? This is a question which awaits a solution in the future. I shall try to present here the ideal of family integrity in its historical development, giving special attention to that important part of its history, in the fourteenth century, when an eager effort for national unity was combined with a zeal for the perpetuation of family tradition.

Speaking in general, the national history of Japan shows alternate ups and downs of the clan spirit and the state ideal, and in many stages an interesting combination of the two. The dawn of Japanese history is marked by the predominance of clan life. Though many clans were serving the ruling family who were believed to be the descendants of the Sun-Goddess, many of them were semi-independent tribes, united by blood or by the relation of lord and serf and having their definite territories ruled over