

exists that if the Italian government makes an attack on Austria the Catholics at the command of the Pope himself must cooperate against the interest of the church, and even go to the war willingly since every popular league is torn asunder by national passions when once these have been inflamed. But for this there is no remedy, and therefore the more ardent is the wish of the Vatican that Italy may settle its differences with Austria.

This whole course of events shows how the interests of both Curia and kingdom have approached each other and to some extent become fused. Nevertheless the main question of the constitutional relation between the two still remains in dispute. If the papacy sees its hope for regaining its secular power dispelled, or at least indefinitely postponed, it can by no means be reconciled to the present state of things.

Italy is now avoiding the delicate point. Meanwhile between her interests and those of the Vatican a community of interest on another side comes to the fore. It would be bad for both if Russia should break through to the Adriatic with its Serbian vanguard. Blind supporters of the old Triple Alliance prefer to deny any danger from Russia, but careful Italians remember a familiar maxim coined for just such an occasion at the present: that if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented, because it is necessary for the European balance of power, and its disappearance would be a great disaster to Italy. It would at the same time be a disaster for the Catholic church as well—even much greater for her.

## TAYTAY AND THE LEPER COLONY OF CULION.

BY A. M. REESE.

THE cutter *Busuanga* of the Philippine Bureau of Navigation had been chartered to go to Tay Tay on the Island of Palawan, to bring back to Manila the party of naturalists of the Bureau of Science who had been studying the little-known fauna and flora of that far-away island, the most westerly of the Philippine group.

After leaving the dock at Manila at sundown we steamed out of the bay, past the searchlights of Corregidor and the other forts which were sweeping entirely across the entrance to the bay in a way that would immediately expose any enemy that might attempt to slip by in the dark, and by nine o'clock we were headed in a south-westerly direction across the China Sea.

The next day we passed through winding passages along the Calamaines group where every hour brought to view new islands of the greatest beauty and of every size and shape. Upon one of these islands is a leper colony which we visited and found most interesting.

Early on the second morning we entered the harbor of the small but ancient village of Tay Tay (pronounced "tie tie" and spelled in various ways) on the eastern shore of Palawan. Not a white man lives in this inaccessible hamlet and it is seldom that one visits



VILLAGE OF TAY TAY FROM THE HARBOR.

it, as there is no regular communication of any sort with the outside world.

The village consists of a dozen or two native huts along the beach in a very pretty grove of coconut trees. Back of the village is a range of low mountains covered with tropical jungle. The main point of interest is a well constructed fort of stone, built on a small promontory that projects out into the bay. The walls of the fort are very massive and are surmounted at each of the four corners by a round watch tower. On its land side the fort is entered through a narrow gate that leads by a stone stairway to

the top of the promontory. On various parts of the walls are carvings and inscriptions showing that the different bastions were built at different times.

Within the fort and overlooking the walls is an old stone church whose roof has long since fallen in. Within the fort is also a large cement-lined, stone cistern to hold water in case of siege. The Spanish inscriptions on the walls show that the fort was begun about 1720, though the mission there was established about 1620. Lying about within the fort are a few large iron cannon that were doubtless used by the Spaniards in repulsing the attacks of the



TWO PROMINENT HOUSES IN TAY TAY.

Moro pirates. It was for a refuge from these pirates that this old fort was built nearly two hundred years ago in this tiny, reef-protected harbor, on an island that even now is unknown to a large majority of American people although it is a part of our territory.

On the shore, just back of the fort, is another stone church whose roof has also fallen in; and back of this church is a small thatched bell tower with two very good bells of harmonious tones hanging in it. How long these bells have been silent it is difficult to say, but no priest now remains to carry on the work begun nearly three hundred years ago by the brave padres from Spain, and not

a Spaniard now lives in that almost forgotten village. But for the moss-covered and still massive gray walls of the fort and the crumbling ruins of the two churches one would never imagine that this tiny village of brown men had ever been inhabited by subjects of the kingdom of Spain.

In passing out of the harbor of Tay Tay we visited a small volcanic island of curiously weathered and water-worn limestone. Except for a narrow beach the sides of this island are almost perpendicular, and the cliffs are honeycombed with dozens of water-



THE SPANISH FORT AT TAY TAY.

worn caves. Many of these caves are of great beauty, resembling the interiors of stone churches; some extend far back into the dark interior of the island, others are lighted by openings at the top. Many of them are beautifully colored, and in an accessible region would doubtless be frequently visited by tourists, while in their isolated location it is possible that they had never before been visited by white men, unless in the old Spanish days. It is in these and in similar caves of this region that the natives obtain the edible birds' nests so highly prized by some, especially the Chinese. The natives are said to have claims on certain caves, and any one found stealing nests from another man's cave is supposedly dealt with as a thief.

These curious nests are built by swifts (swallows) against the walls of the dark caves much in the same way as is done by our common chimney swifts, except that instead of cementing a number of small twigs together by a kind of sticky secretion or saliva, the entire nest is made of the sticky substance which dries into a sort of gummy mass. This substance has but little taste, and why the wealthy Chinese should be willing to pay such enormous prices (\$12 to \$15 per pound) for it is hard to understand.



CHURCH WITHIN THE FORT.

It is said that the first nest the bird makes in the season brings the highest price because it is of pure material; this nest having been taken the bird builds another, but, having a diminished supply of the secretion, it introduces some foreign matter to help out, and this foreign matter, of course, makes the nest less valuable as food. A third nest may succeed the second, but it has still more foreign matter to still further diminish its value. That the collection of the

nests is attended with considerable danger is evident from the vertical, jagged walls of rock that must be scaled, either from below or above, to obtain them.

To those of us who lead busy lives in the centers of what we call twentieth-century civilization, life in a place so isolated from the rest of the world as Tay Tay seems impossible. Yet the inhabitants of this barrio are quite contented and fairly comfortable. They live "the simple life" indeed. While their resources are



BELL-TOWER OF THE CHURCH OUTSIDE OF THE FORT.

exceedingly limited their needs and desires are correspondingly few. They never suffer from cold and probably not often from heat or hunger; and they are not cursed with the ambitions that make so many of us dissatisfied with our lives.

It was early Sunday morning when the *Busuanga* dropped anchor in the harbor of Culion Island, one of the Calamaines group of the Philippines, and two or three of us were fortunate enough

to be invited to land, for an hour or so, to visit the leper colony that is said to be the largest in the world.

We were met at the tiny dock by the physician-in-charge, Dr. Clements, and by him escorted about the colony. This physician, who has spent long years in these eastern lands, gives the immediate impression of a man of quiet force, and the work he is doing in this seldom-visited island is as fine a piece of missionary work, though carried on by the government, as can probably be found anywhere.

Including the dock a few acres of the island are fenced off, and into this enclosure the lepers are forbidden to enter; otherwise they



ISLAND NEAR TAY TAY WHERE EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS ARE FOUND.

have the run of the island, but are not allowed boats for fear they would be used as a means of escape.

Within the non-leprous enclosure are located the residences for the doctors and other officials; the living quarters, kitchens etc. (all of concrete) for the non-leprous laborers; and various shops and other such buildings.

At the "dead line" fence between this and the leprous part of the island a Chinaman has a small store where the lepers can buy various articles such as may be seen in a small country store. The

articles are in plain sight, but the leper is not allowed to touch anything until he has decided to take it; he then drops his money into a sterilizing solution and gets his purchase. A more modern store is being arranged by the government that will soon displace the *Chino*.

Passing this minute store we entered the gate of the "forbidden city," and, though there is no danger from merely breathing the same air with lepers, it gave us a rather strange sensation to be surrounded by thirty-four hundred poor wretches who in Biblical times would have been compelled to cry "Unclean! unclean!" We,



DOCTORS' RESIDENCES AND OTHER BUILDINGS OUTSIDE OF THE BALCONY FENCE.

of course, did not touch anything within the colony, though the doctors do not hesitate to touch even the lepers themselves.

The colony proper is located on a small promontory looking eastward to the harbor and the Sulu Sea. At the end of this promontory is an old Spanish fort of stone with its enclosed church. Most of the Christian lepers are Roman Catholics, though there is a small Protestant church in the colony, in charge of a leprous native minister.

The lepers are brought from the various islands of the Philip-



piners to this colony so fast that it is with great difficulty that they can be accommodated; but all are made comfortable, in fact much more comfortable, in most cases, than they would ever have been at home. Except for homesickness, which cannot, of course, be avoided, they are quite happy, or as happy as any hopelessly sick people can be away from home and friends.

Fine concrete dormitories are supplied, but many prefer to build their own native houses of nipa palm and bamboo. A certain amount of help is given the lepers in building these houses on con-



CONCRETE DORMITORY AND NATIVE SHACKS.

dition that they first obtain a permit and build in the proper place in relation to the streets that have been laid out.

Besides the dormitories there are several concrete kitchen buildings where the lepers can prepare their food in comfort.

A plentiful supply of pure water is distributed by pipes to various convenient parts of the colony, and several concrete bath and wash houses are conveniently located. A concrete sewage system leads all sewage to the sea.

In this tropical climate it is, of course, unnecessary to provide any means of heating the buildings. At the time of our visit a large amusement pavilion was nearly completed where moving pic-

tures and other forms of entertainment will help pass the time for these poor wretches who have nothing to look forward to but a lingering death from a loathsome disease.

A large number of the patients who are in the incipient stages showed, to the ordinary observer, no effects of the disease. There were others who at first glance seemed perfectly normal, but on closer scrutiny revealed the absence of one or more toes or fingers. Others had horribly swollen ears; some had no nose left and were distressing objects; but it was not until we visited the various wards of the hospital that we saw leprosy in all of its horror. Here were



CONCRETE KITCHEN AND LAVATORY BUILDINGS AND NATIVE RESIDENCES.

dozens of cases so far advanced that they were no longer able to walk; they were lying on their cots waiting for death to come to their release. Some were so emaciated as to look almost like animated skeletons. Others, except for and sometimes in spite of their bandages, looked like horrid, partially decomposed cadavers. It was a sight to make one shudder and devoutly hope that a cure for this awful disease may soon be discovered. These extreme cases are cared for carefully and their last hours are made as comfortable as possible.

As we came out three Catholic sisters entered the women's ward to do what they could for the patients there.

Shortly before leaving the colony we were led to a small concrete structure (near the furnace where all combustible waste is burned), and as the door was opened we saw before us on a concrete slab four bodies so wasted and shrivelled that they seemed scarcely human. These were those who had at last been cured in the only way that this dread disease admits of cure. About forty per month are released by death, and those we saw were the last crop of the here *merciful* not "dread reaper."

At the back of the colony we met four lepers of incipient stages carrying a long box on their shoulders. Just as they came abreast of us they set it down, to rest themselves, and we saw that in the box was another "cured" leper. He was being carried to the cemetery not only "unhonored and unsung" but also "unwept": not a single friend nor relative followed his wasted body to its final resting place. After this pitiful spectacle, added to the horrors of the hospital wards, we were not sorry to turn our steps back toward the boat. As we passed through the fence at the "dead line," going *away* from the colony, we were compelled to wade through a shallow box of water containing a small percentage of carbolic acid which disinfected the soles of our shoes, the only things about us that had come in actual contact with the leper colony. In this way all visitors when they leave the colony are compelled, not to "shake its dust from their feet" but to wash its germs from their soles.

As an antidote for dissatisfaction with one's lot in life, or as an object lesson for the pessimists who claim there is no unselfishness in the world, or as an illustration of the value of the medical missionary, this little island, lying "somewhere east of Suez" between the Sulu and the China Seas, is not easily surpassed.

## THE MISSING LOG-BOOK OF ST. PETER'S MISSIONARY JOURNEYS.

BY F. W. ORDE WARD.

LONG ago it was finely and indeed plausibly suggested that the Odyssey represented the log-book of some ancient Greek merchant captain. And it is by no means improbable that Homer, with his knowledge of the sea and his passion for it, was a sailor himself or a seafaring traveler and explorer, who wove into his wonderful epic the adventures of his hero at a time when legend and history