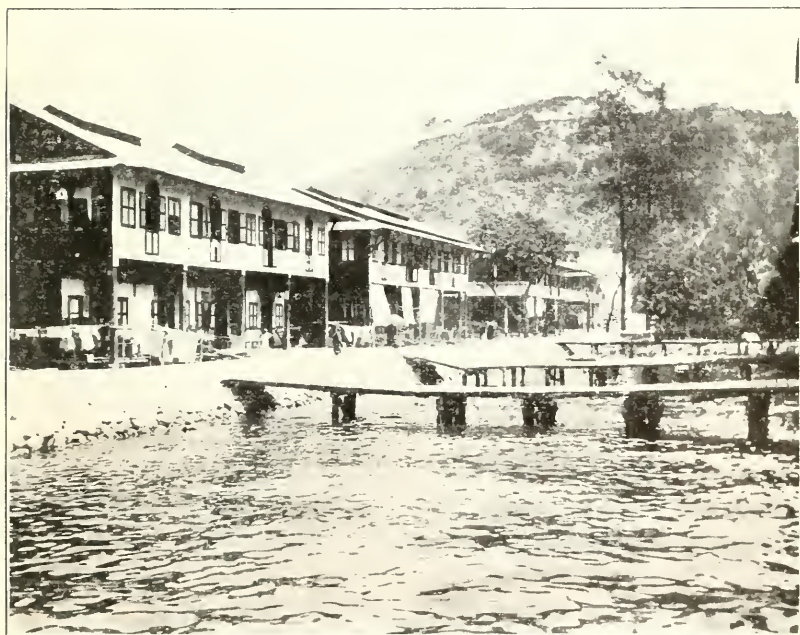


crises? Looking upon our present unfair and short-sighted national folly, one can only hope that we have not lost a good friend among the nations in exchange for a selfish, Japan-affiliated foe. When the choice is between money on the one side, and justice and truth on the other, I still choose justice and truth. To-day they are with Germany.

FROM ZAMBOANGA TO SINGAPORE.

BY A. M. REESE.

WHEN the Norddeutscher Lloyd steamer "Sandakan" left the dock at Zamboanga she had in the first cabin only three passengers, a Russian of uncertain occupation, a young lieutenant of the Philippine constabulary, and myself. We had, therefore, the



THE WATER FRONT AT SANDAKAN.

pick of the deck staterooms, which is worth while when traveling within ten degrees of the equator in mid-summer.

Zamboanga is the chief city of the island of Mindanao and is

the capital of the turbulent Moro province, which includes the well-known island of Sulu with its once-famous sultan.

After a night's run we tied up at the dock of Jolo, the chief town of the island of Sulu. Here my two companions left the ship, so that until we reached the next port, Sandakan, I was the only cabin passenger, and when the ship's officers were prevented by their duties from appearing at the table I had the undivided attention of the chief steward, two cooks, and three waiters. This line of vessels being primarily for freight the "Sandakan" has accommo-



SANDAKAN FROM THE HILL.

The "Sandakan" at the Dock.

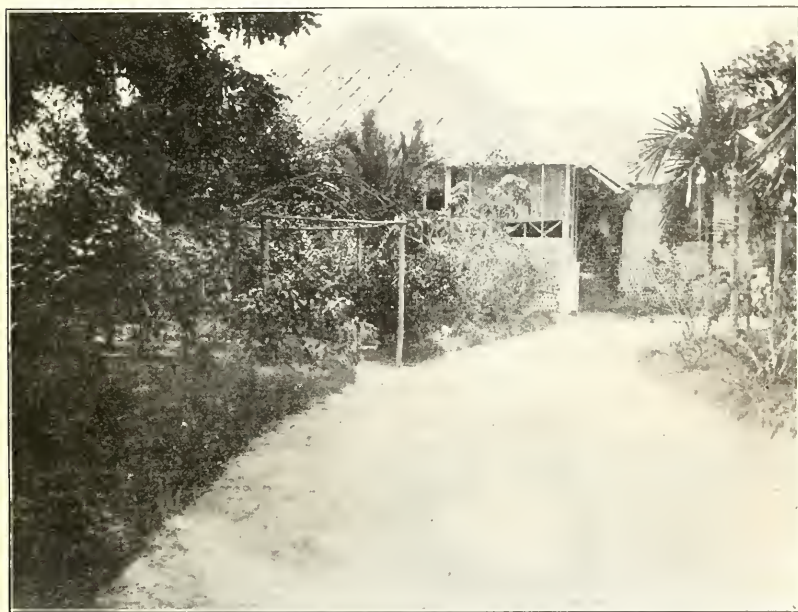
dations for less than twenty first-cabin passengers, and it probably seldom has anything like a full list on this out-of-the-way run from "Zambo" to Singapore. So far as its accommodations go, however, they are excellent, and a pleasanter trip of a week or ten days would be hard to find, in spite of the tropical heat.

While the first cabin list was so small, the third class accommodations seemed taxed to their utmost, and the conglomeration of orientals was an unending source of amusement. They slept all over their deck and appeared happy and comfortable in spite of the fact that they seemed never to remove their clothes nor to bathe; it is

probable that to most of them ten days without such luxuries was not a noticeable deprivation.

Leaving Jolo, a picturesque walled city with a reputation for dangerous Moros (one is not supposed to go outside the walls without an armed guard, and many men carry a "45" at their hip at all times), we sailed southwest through the countless islands of the Sulu Archipelago, and after a run of about twenty hours passed the high red cliff at the entrance to the harbor of Sandakan, the capital of British North Borneo, and were soon alongside the dock.

Sandakan is a rather pretty little town of two or three thousand



BUNGALOW ON THE HILL, SANDAKAN.

inhabitants, including about fifty white people. It extends along the shore for about a mile and in the center has the athletic or recreation field, that is found in all these little towns, as well as the post office and other government buildings. In this central part of the town are also the Chinese stores, usually dirty, ill-smelling and unattractive; but there are no others. In all this region the Chinese seem to have a complete monopoly of the commercial business.

A hundred yards or more from the shore the hills rise steeply from sea-level to a few hundred feet, and over these hills are scat-

tered the attractive bungalows of the white residents. There is also here a handsome stone church, overlooking the bay, with a school for native boys in connection with it. The hills farther from the town are heavily wooded, and the timber is being sawed at mills along the shore road. On the streets are seen men of several nationalities, Chinese, Malays, Moros, East Indians, and occasionally a Caucasian in his customary white suit and pith helmet; but of all these the most dignified and stately is the Indian policeman. He is tall and slender, with frequently a fine black beard; his head is covered with the usual white turban, set off with a touch of red.

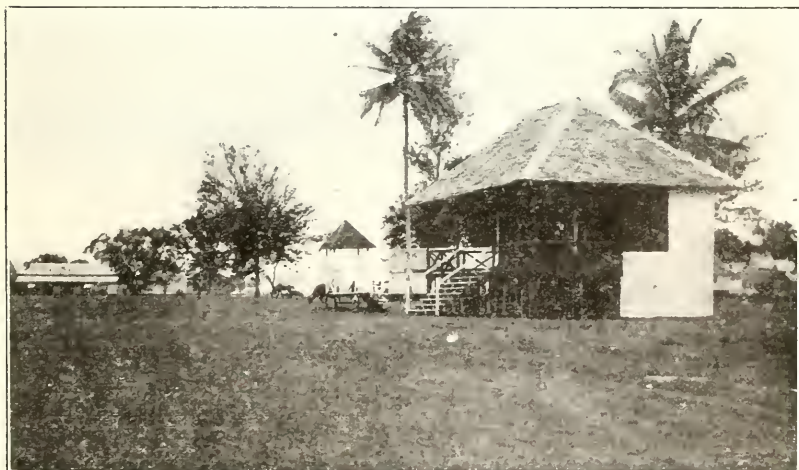


CHINESE WOMEN CARRYING LOG, SANDAKAN.

His gray spiral puttees generally do not quite reach the bottom of his khaki trousers, thus leaving his knees bare. Hanging from his belt is his club, similar to those carried by American policemen, and jangling in one hand is usually a pair of steel handcuffs. In passing white men he often raises his hand in a formal military salute that would be worthy of a major general. Altogether he is a most impressive personage and, with such examples constantly before them, it would seem incredible that the citizens should ever cause a disturbance. An interesting contrast was seen in a group of men, sitting idly in the shade and watching eight little Chinese women



CHINO CARRIER, SANDAKAN.

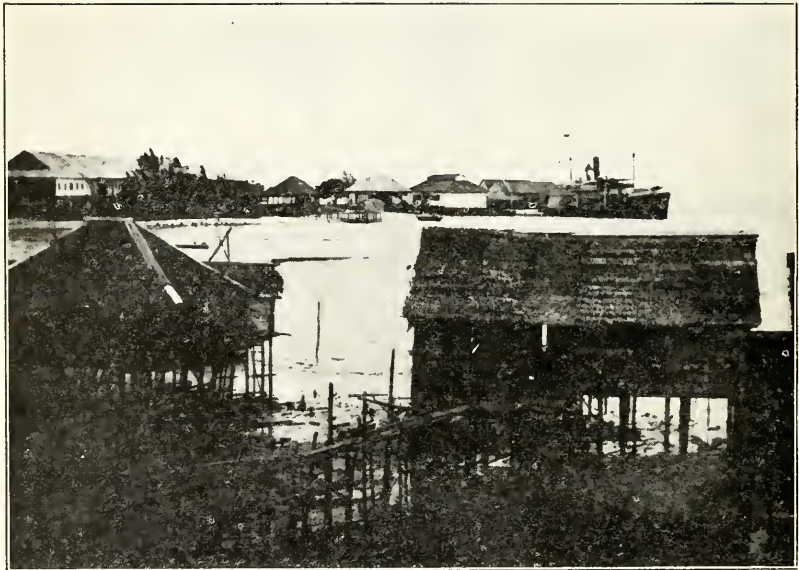


RACE-COURSE AT KUDAT.
Movie tent in the left background.

stagger by with a huge tree trunk that would seem too heavy for an equal number of strong men to carry: but this is "East of Suez, where the best is like the worst," whatever Kipling meant by that.

At Sandakan the first cabin passenger list was increased 100 per cent by the advent of a young Danish rubber man—not a man made of young Danish rubber, but a young Dane from Singapore who had been inspecting rubber plantations, of which there are many on Borneo.

Leaving the capital city at sunset we arrived at Kudat, our next stopping place, early the next morning. With a very similar loca-



MORO SHACKS AT KUDAT.

In one of these a phonograph was heard.

tion this is a much smaller town than the preceding, consisting of four or five hundred people including half a dozen Caucasians. In spite of its small size it has a small garrison of native soldiers and the inevitable recreation ground. Besides this there is here a race track at which a meet was about to be held. Attracted probably by the races was the ubiquitous moving picture show, set up in a tent near the race track. It is impossible to escape the "movies." I attended a moving picture exhibition given in the cock-pit of a small Philippine village about fifty miles out from Manila, and here was another in a still smaller village on the Island of Borneo, hun-

dreds of miles from *anywhere*. In the same way it is impossible to escape the voice of the phonograph. On several occasions I have heard them in tiny nipa shacks in small Philippine villages, and in a Moro shack in Kudat, built on poles above the water, I heard the sound of what seemed a very good phonograph of some sort.

In the northeast corner of Borneo is its highest mountain, Kini or Kina Balu, the Chinese Widow, supposedly so named because of the fancied resemblance of its jagged top to the upturned face of a woman. It is really a very impressive peak and, being seen from the sea, it looks its full height of nearly fourteen thousand

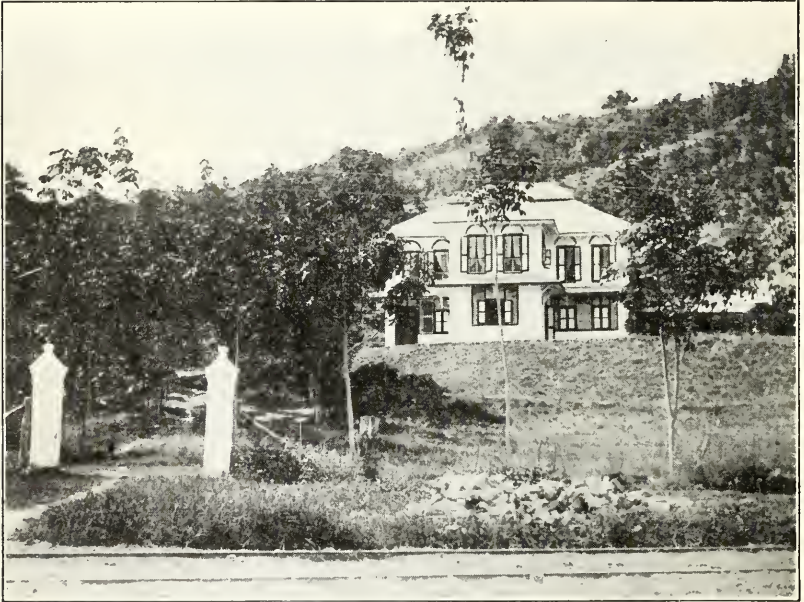


HOSPITAL ON THE HILL, KUDAT.

feet; being exactly under the sixth parallel it is, of course, too close to the equator to be snow-capped. Its position near the coast enabled us to enjoy it as we approached the island from the northeast and as we passed around and down the west coast, so that it was visible for nearly three days. Other mountain peaks of five or six thousand feet are visible along the west coast but they appear insignificant in comparison with old Kini Balu.

Leaving Kudat in the evening we arrived at Jesselton the following morning. This is a town of about the same size and character of location as Kudat, but as the northern terminus of the only

railroad on the island it seems much more of a metropolis. It has a clock-tower, too, the pride of every Jesseltonian heart, located in plain view of the railroad station so that there is no excuse for the trains leaving Jesselton more than two or three hours late. There is here again the recreation field and market house, and, of course, the usual Chinese stores and Indian policemen; besides this it is the home town of the Governor (an Englishman, of course) of British North Borneo. But the railroad is the chief feature of Jesselton. To be sure it is only a narrow gauge, but it carries people, if they



CLUB HOUSE AT JESSELTON.

are not in too big a hurry, and freight. The engines are of English type but the cars are—original, surely. There are first and third class passenger coaches, no second class, to say nothing of a baggage "van." The third class cars have simply a rough wooden bench along each side and seat about twenty people. The first class cars are of two types: the first is like the third class with the addition of cushions to the seats and curtains to the windows; the second kind is a sort of Pullman car; it is of the same size, but instead of the benches it has about half a dozen wicker chairs that may be moved about at will.

Having a few hours to spare I decided to take a ride into the

country. I had already climbed one of the hills where I could get a view inland to Kini Balu, over miles of jungle where no white man has ever been. But I wanted to see a little of this country, from the car-window at least. So I entered the station and interviewed the station master, a portly official of great dignity. He told me, in fair English, that the train on the "main line" had left for that day but that I could take a "local" out into the country for about three miles. This was better than nothing, so I climbed (and climb is the proper word) aboard the first class car of the local that was soon to start. I was the only first-class passenger and I felt



PASSENGER TRAIN ON THE B. N. B. S. R. R. AT JESSELTON.

like a railroad president in his private car. Soon after starting the conductor entered. He was a tall and, of course, dignified East Indian in turban and khaki uniform. He had the punch without which no conductor would be complete, and, suspended from a strap over his shoulder, was a huge canvas bag, like a mail bag, the purpose of which puzzled me. The fare, he told me, was fifteen cents to the end of the line; on giving him a twenty-cent piece I found the purpose of the canvas bag; it was his money bag, and he carefully fished from its depths my five cents change. The Borneo pennies are about as big as cart wheels so this bag was not

so out of proportion as it might seem. In exchange for my fare he gave me a ticket marked "fifteen cents," which he gravely punched. I did not know what the ticket was for as I thought there would hardly be a change of conductors in a run of three miles, but I kept it and in about five minutes the dignified conductor returned and gravely took up the ticket again; this impressive performance was repeated on the return trip.

After leaving the crowded(?) streets of the city our speed rapidly increased until we were traveling at a rate of not less than ten miles an hour, which was fast enough considering there were



BORNEAN BOAT AT JESSELTON.

no airbrakes on the train of three cars, and we had to be ready to stop at any moment when somebody might want to get on or off. Doubtless the "flyers" on the main line of the British North Borneo State Railroad run at even greater speeds than this. The dignity of the officials of this miniature railroad was most interesting, and was almost equal to that of a negro porter on the Empire State Express.

Leaving this railroad center early the next morning we arrived, before dark, at our last stop in Borneo, Labuan. We had added 50 per cent to our cabin passenger list at Jesselton by taking aboard a young English engineer from South Africa.



MAIN STREET AT LABUAN.



POST OFFICE AND RECREATION GROUND AT LABUAN.

The Island of Labuan upon which the town of the same name is situated lies just off the northwest coast of Borneo. It came under the protectorate of Great Britain in 1846 and, though small, has a more up-to-date appearance than any of the other towns visited. The stores are mainly of concrete with red tile or red-painted corrugated iron roofs, which, among the tall coconut palms, are very attractive in appearance. There is one main street, parallel to the beach line, that is extended as a modern, oiled road for some miles into the country. Along this road are the very attractive



CHINESE TEMPLE AT LABUAN.

official buildings, each with its sign in front; also the recreation field and the residences of the few white inhabitants. All of the streets are clean and have deep cement gutters on the sides that lead to the sea or to the various lagoons that extend through the town. Water pipes also extend along the streets with openings at convenient intervals. Extensive coal mines are located near the town, but for some reason they were not profitable and the cars and docks for handling coal are now nearly all idle. On one of the lagoons is a rather artistic Chinese temple of concrete, well built and in good repair.

On the main street is a school, and, seeing a crowd of natives

at the door, I joined the throng to see what was going on inside. It proved to be the singing hour, and about fifty little Chinese boys, from six to ten years of age, all in neat khaki uniforms, were singing at the tops of their voices, led by a very active Chinese man. The little fellows seemed to enjoy the singing thoroughly, and, after hearing several songs, all in Chinese, of course, to strange and unusual tunes, I was surprised to recognize one of the tunes—it was "John Brown's body lies amoulding in the grave"—though what the words were I was unable to tell since, like the other songs, they were in Chinese.

At Labuan the last of our cabin passengers came aboard, two Englishmen, one a mining engineer, the other a government man. Since no more stops were to be made in Borneo, the Sandakan headed in a southwest direction straight for Singapore, and in exactly three days we entered that busy harbor and dropped anchor among the more than two dozen other ocean liners from all parts of the world.

Singapore is one of the busiest seaports in the world and the hundreds of vessels of all sizes and types against the background of handsome white and cream-colored buildings make a very interesting and impressive sight.

Thus ended a most interesting voyage of nine days, through a region seldom visited by any but a few Englishmen who are interested in some way in the development of that, as yet, little developed part of the world. Although it is a trip that is easily arranged by visitors to the Philippines it is one that is seldom taken by the tourist.

GERMAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENT.

BY ALBERT GEHRING.

THE United States is often spoken of as an Anglo-Saxon country. Nothing could be further from the truth. According to the last census, there are thirty-two million people of foreign birth or parentage living in the country. Of these only ten million come from Great Britain, leaving twenty-two million from non-English countries. Now twenty-two million represent 24 per cent of the total population, and 27 per cent of the total white population.