

will give any middle-class family an assured living, a very comfortable one.

So it is that men may be just to themselves. Spending less than they earn, not always, but on the average, and, through the means of insurance, making themselves more fit as earners by obviating the anxieties that attach inevitably to a future against which insufficient provision is made.

This matter of life insurance, when it comes to be written about by the historian and the economist, will be found to be the particular bulwark of free societies. On the one hand, it makes one feel independent because he is really so; he has an estate in his insurance. On the other hand, it stimulates a rational conservatism. In a word, it protects democracy from its inherent weaknesses and prevents its falling victim to political quackery. In this respect, insurance is most valuable to the state.

Life insurance stamps a stalwart middle class; it is this class precisely upon which political stability relies.

It is to be supposed, of course, that life insurance is furthest ahead in England and Scotland; and it is something more than a coincidence, very possibly, that these are countries noted for wealth in savings and for an outspoken middle class. Possibly the United States comes next (though it may be first, the proper measure being the number of insured heads of families in relation to average earning power and cost of living, it would seem), and yet the United States themselves have far to go in insurance. It is surprising that even there the average life policy is but P5,200. How high is it in the Philippines? Is your unit above or below the average? Are you following or leading? How secure have you made your own and your family's future? How just have you been to yourself? Above all else, be just to yourself.

But Clinton had the "What good can come out of Nazareth?" idea. To him, authorship was not a simple matter of taking a pen in hand. "But, gee!" he protested. "There ain't nothing to write about here. If I was in the States I could think of something."

Miriam was a good captain. "Get Teacher to tell you about when she was in India," she counseled.

Teacher had spent some years in India, and,

(Please turn to page 25)

ESCOLTA CROSS TOWN TRAFFIC

On Wednesday, March 23, 1927, the traffic police counted the vehicles entering the Escolta and made a check of those stopping on the Escolta and those merely using it as an east-west thoroughfare. It was a midweek day, when traffic was comparatively light, or about half that the police estimate for Saturdays and the first days of the month. Yet it was found that 5653 automobiles entered the Escolta, 1386 of which stopped on that street, and that 3135 carromatas entered the Escolta, 802 of them making stops. That is, of all automobiles using the principal retail street of Manila, about one in four makes a stop there, and of all the carromatas using it, about one in four makes a stop there. Captain Piatt, commanding the traffic police, thinks the cross-town use of the Escolta might be very much reduced by placing calle Ongpin in first class condition. The same applies to calle Dasmariñas, which might be utilized to take care of all the nonmotor vehicles, both those carrying passengers to the Escolta and those moving east-west and west-east across town. If you are a merchant who may be affected by any such changes, the *Journal* would be glad to have your views.

Animated English

By ANNE MILTIMORE FENDLETON

They were normal, healthy, active American children in a foreign land, and they were three, a number scarcely large enough to be compatible with keen competition. They were Kingsley, thirteen, in the eighth grade, Miriam, eleven, and Clinton, ten, in the sixth grade.

The mothers, because of smaller children and household cares, felt unable to do justice to the work required of a daily school system, and induced a willing neighbor lady to act as teacher. Classes were held in her house with the dining-room table in service as a community desk. In order that the children might easily slip into their proper places in the grades when they should go back to the States, it was thought necessary to follow a certain set schedule, using American textbooks and graded curricula.

Now it so happened that all three children thought they just hated English. Lessons in geography, history, spelling, even arithmetic, went with a snap and perceptible enjoyment. But how the English lagged! And the English textbook, while it might be all right for American children in the States, was certainly not appropriate for American children in the Philippines. At least, that was what the children thought when they looked at the list of topics for composition.

"How can I describe a wheat field when I never saw one?" asked Miriam.

Those first English compositions were terrible. English, to the children, meant nothing but

grammar and rules, and grammar and rules they hated, especially Kingsley.

All three of the children were omnivorous readers, but not one of them connected reading with English. However, it was through their reading that they, themselves, conceived a plan for animating their English. The two sixth graders had been reading, with childish contempt, a certain little magazine of a certain big magazine. They thought they could do better than that.

"Let's make our own magazine," suggested Miriam. "Let's begin now. I'll write a poem, and you write a story."

THE MANILA HOTEL

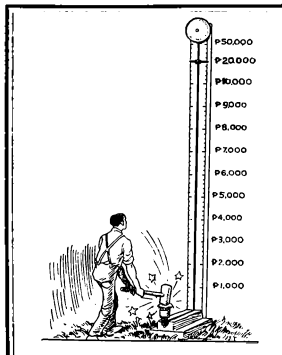
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base of a great narra tree. But the agony of his festering secret was greater even than the pain and exhaustion of his body. "I can not wait longer!" he gasped. Struggling to his feet, he faced the great tree and began shouting over and over at the top of his voice:

"The king has a horn! The king has a horn!" Only echo answered him, but the old man—temporarily insane—imagined himself pursued, imagined himself surrounded by the king's bodyguard; but he was determined to keep on shouting until death overtook him.

So great was his emotion that the very atmosphere became charged as with electricity as before a violent storm. The very forest shook, and at last the tension became too great even for inanimate things. There was a blinding flash, a deep booming explosion. The old man was thrown hurtling through the jungle, landing in a limp, exhausted heap in a tangle of high, coarse grass; while the giant narra tree shivered and burst into millions of tiny fragments, as though blasted by some mighty charge of high explosive.

Uzman lay unconscious where he fell. At last insensibility gave place to natural sleep, and when he awoke the morning sun was shining through the tree tops, and a thousand song birds rendered a pean of unearthly sweetness. A feeling of infinite relief stole over the old barber. "Now I can die in peace," he murmured, as he sank again to sleep. But his time had not yet come. A few hours later he awoke, feeling greatly refreshed. He was, he discovered, very much alive, and very, very hungry. After all, one must attend to the business of life, and after all he had told the great secret, even if no one had heard him, of which he was by no means sure. So old Uzman arose and, in the fear of death, returned to the palace.

To the old barber's great relief, apparently no one had heard his frantic shouting, and as he entered the palace gate he firmly resolved never again even to think of betraying the king's secret. He must have been insane, he thought, ever to have considered such a thing. The palace servants and his wives were somewhat curious about his absence, and the king was rather nettled that his favorite should have left the palace without permission, but contented himself with remarking that it was "unseemly for an old man with ten wives to go skylarking about like a moonstruck youth."

A few days later, the king left for a visit to a neighboring principality, and was, probably, waylaid by some hostile band, for neither he nor any of his bodyguard were ever heard from again; and a few days after his departure, old Uzman was stricken with a fatal illness. During his hours of delirium, and in his troubled sleep, according to his wives, he was continually muttering something about a great secret, and shortly before his death he uttered a phrase which has since become a proverb: *It is easier to close the mouths of rivers than the mouths of men.*

And so, according to the story, Uzman carried the king's secret with him to the grave; but the wise old men of Sulu contend that the barber must have told some one of the monarch's afflic-

tion. "Otherwise," they argue, "how should we know that the king had a horn?" And in truth their theory seems plausible. At any rate, the old men say, if you have some blemish, either physical or spiritual, that you wish to keep hidden, it is well to remember that you are the only person in all Sulu who would not enjoy telling of it.

ANIMATED ENGLISH
(Continued from page 21)

from time to time, had told the children a number of stories concerning the doings of the Little Maharajah and the Little Maharani and the Maharajah's elephants, and other tales of India and the life there.

"Yes, Teacher," commanded Clinton, "go



Kingsley and Miriam Hamilton and (insert) Clinton Johnson—the characters in Mrs. Pendleton's true story. Clinton is in grammar school in California; when he entered, he was advanced a year. Kingsley and Miriam are in Wooster (Ohio) High School, and topping their classes.

on and tell us a story about India. Tell about the Little Maharajah."

Teacher raised her eyebrows. "Please," added Clinton, who was quick on the uptake.

Teacher was a capitalist. "If I tell you a story, you must write it in your own words," she warned.

"That's what I wanted to do," affirmed Clinton. "That's why I asked you to tell us a story now."

So the story was told. And Clinton's pen then scribbled away industriously. And finally, reading over his effort with an author's pardonable pride, he exclaimed, "Gee! This is a good story, Miriam! We'll sure put it in our magazine. Teacher, please tell us some more stories. 'cause we have to have a lot for our magazine."

"Kingsley ought to write something for it, too," declared Miriam. She would have no

shirkers. Kingsley, because of a less flexible course, was unable to put in much time on original compositions. And, too, he was less imaginative than the younger children, though more logical. He was interested in, and could think of nothing but athletics. Everything he wrote was steeped in athletics. But some of his expositions on *How to Secure Teamwork*, or *How to Choose a Bat*, or *Should or Should not the Centers (basketball) be Longlegged Men?* were little gems of logic, and in them was a clarity of expression that was never apparent in any of his written work on *Marmion*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, or *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. Kingsley was unanimously elected *Editor-N-Chief*.

At that time the Manila *Bulletin* was running rather serious and lengthy editorials on what the government should or should not do, concerning which there was considerable controversy between the grownups in the homes of the children, and the latter, aping their elders, fell into serious discussion, and decreed that their school magazine must have its editorials; for, as Miriam pointed out, "The *Bulletin* Editor is always telling how things ought to be done, so King ought to put some of his how-to-do stories in our magazine." In such manner were Kingsley's expository themes incorporated in the general scheme and makeup of the school paper, or magazine, rather, for it had become quite a voluminous affair, as befits an organ that is published but once a month. The *Maquilung School Magazine* was definitely launched upon a literary sea.

But Kingsley's efforts in literature were not confined entirely to editorials. One morning Teacher read aloud a certain boys' story, of the kind Kingsley liked.

"That's a good story," commented Kingsley, "but, Teacher, why didn't Wilbur (the chief character) do this-and-so? That would have made the story more exciting and interesting." (Incidentally, it was by far the more logical course for the hero to have pursued. He was always having them.

"Say, King!" he exclaimed, as excitedly as if he were Columbus discovering a new world, "You write that story as it ought to be written! Make it a bully one like the stories in my *American Boy Magazine*. Start it out with somepin' excitin' 'n then go back and explain the excitin' part."

It will be noticed that Clinton had firmly grasped the chief principle of successful juvenile fiction.

So, besides his editorials, Kingsley wrote one story a month, always an athletics story, and the quality of these stories, from a juvenile point of view, may be determined by the comments of his coeditors, to whom he submitted his stories for approval. There was no doubt about the approval, and Kingsley never failed to parade a sheepish grin of gratification over Miriam's appreciative *Peach—ee!* or Clinton's *Gee! That's a good one! Ain't-ism't it, Teacher?*

Discussions were frequent and informal. Indeed, the children might speak whenever they

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wished, provided they did not interrupt someone else. This made for a spontaneity of discussion that was frequently disconcerting, as when Clinton, who was nothing if not outspoken, said to Miriam after she had just read aloud one of her little verses, "Your poetry sounds like the way Mr. So-and-so walks." (Mr. So-and-so had a decided limp!)

"Humph! Maybe it does," countered Miriam. "But my grammar is better than yours. I do not say *ain't* all the time, and I don't make a lot of other mistakes you do, either."

"Well, you ought to write better grammar than I do. Your father's a preacher, and mine's an engineer, but (pride and loyalty of clan creeping in) I bet my father can put an engine together quicker than you can. Anyhow (bringing himself back to the point under discussion), I can use just as good grammar as you if I want to. I'll show you!"

And he did!

Teacher thought this a good time to give a little of the concerning rhythm and feet in poetry and music, and tried to show Miriam the justification of Clinton's criticism. And if Clinton was willing to take a hint, Miriam was positively magnanimous. She was open to any and all suggestions. And Clinton was ever ready to help, and his help was real. He was a musical little boy who took violin lessons, and this musical instruction increased his natural sense of rhythm, and further trained his ear to detect inaccuracies and appreciate niceties of sound and time.

"That line's no good. It hasn't enough feet," he would contend. "Now, why don't you say very big instead of just big? That'll give you some extra feet."

Miriam soon sensed and conceded the halting fault in her little rhymes. Occasionally she herself volunteered the information that "this line isn't very good."

"Well," suggested Clinton practically, "if you'd say, and doesn't look so very nice, instead of just and doesn't look nice, why, that'd feel better, wouldn't it, Teacher?"

Clinton had the idea of feeling rhythm, rather than of sounding it.

"And then that line would have as many toes on its feet as the other lines of the verse," concluded Clinton, ponderously witty.

But now another and more serious fault crept into our little group of literateurs, one of which many more famous authors than they have been accused—the dreadful crime of plagiarism, innocent, but plagiarism none the less. It was Miriam who sinned, and it was Clinton, ever cordial and forgiving, who pointed it out. She had just read aloud an original little rhyme smacking strongly of the *Barefoot Boy*, though her effusion was addressed to *Little Maid with Hair So Neat*.

With his tousled yellow curls cocked to one side like a speculative canary eyeing a possible victim, Clinton remarked judiciously, "Hm-m, seems to me I've read that before. And that's the way with a lot of things she writes."

Miriam's feelings were hurt. This was one suggestion she could not swallow.

"Clinton just the same as said I was cheating!" she grieved.

Teacher poured oil on troubled waters by explaining that Miriam read a great deal, and perhaps unconsciously various phrases and clauses of her reading crept into her writing. But that didn't mean that Miriam was cheating. Oh, no; that meant that Miriam understood and absorbed what she read. This was proved by the very fact that Miriam could use those words and phrases correctly. It would be a good thing if all little girls, and little boys too, would read as intelligently as Miriam. When one was little, to use in one's own writings phrases and clauses that one read was a very good thing, but as one grew older, one must be very careful to say things in one's own way, and with one's own words, and not take the words of some one else, because that would be stealing—yes, stealing—only some people called it by the grownup name of plagiarism.

Again it was Clinton, ever ready with bright ideas, the reformation of others, who propounded another great literary maxim: Write

of what you know.

"Make Miriam write poems about the Philippines," he recommended. "Then she can't get other people's words mixed in with her own, at least, not so easy, because she hasn't read so much poetry and stuff about the Philippines as she has about American things."

Then another thought struck Clinton. He never liked to be outdone.

"Miriam thinks she's the only one in this gang that can write poetry," he said. "I can write poetry, too, if I want to."

He wetted his pencil, and gazed out of the window for inspiration. A family of monkeys were chattering noisily in a nearby mango tree. One big fellow, in particular, claimed Clinton's interest.

"I'm going to write about him," he announced, and bent his curly head to the task.

Very soon he presented the *Ed'tor-'N-Chief* with a truly creditable jingle about a monkey, the first of several. All of his jingles had very short lines and a pronounced rhythm. Kingsley said they were like the college band—jazzy—so that Clinton might be said to be following what some dyspeptic critics deplore as the *general trend of modern literature*.

But Miriam was never one to lag behind. If she couldn't be at the head, at least she could be alongside. Equality for women was her motto. Presently she too had turned out some Philippine jingles, and she bettered Clinton's efforts in that her rhymes, such as *The Carabao* and *The Mango Tree*, were not only good little jingles, but were, as well, splendid little pen pictures of every day life in the Philippines.

Once again Clinton brought us back to the write-of-what-you-know idea. In the light of later and broader experience, the children had been rereading and criticising an earlier issue of their magazine. In this was an essay of Clinton's on *My Trip Through New England* in which, though he showed a fairly accurate knowledge of the history and commodities of that section of the United States, he had jumped about from north to south and west to east in a most alarming, and, if not impossible at least an improbable fashion. Clinton himself saw this fault now.

"That ain't—isn't no good!" he said in disgust.

"It's no good because I don't know anything about New England 'cept what I learned out 'o my hist'ry and joggophy. I've never been there. Now, if it was the Philippines I could tell a lot of things. And I wouldn't try to tell everything at once, neither, like I did in this. One time I'd write about my trip to Pagsanjan Falls, and another time I'd tell about the wood carver in Paete, or about the snails that climb

trees, or about the way the Filipinos catch fish."

Here Clinton sighed for chances thrown away. Kingsley, on the other hand, was an opportunist.

"Well, write 'em now," he suggested.

Clinton paid no heed.

"When I go back to the States," he mourned,

"I won't have anything to write about."

"That isn't what you thought when we first started our magazine," Kingsley reminded Clinton. "You said there wasn't anything to write about here, but if you were in America you could think of something."

"I 'spect you can find something to write about wherever you are, if you're just interested enough," philosophized Miriam.

Clinton was still grieving.

"Gee!" he said reproachfully, as if he were addressing them directly, "I should think the Filipino children would be glad they live in these islands. There's so much for them to write about."

"Unhuh," put in Miriam, tenderheartedly sympathizing with Clinton, "and such lovely names."

She mouthed over some of these.

"Lucena, Juan de la Cruz, Ipalang, alibang-bang, Ilanglang, Iloilo, Pagsanjan, Sultan of Sulu, and Atimoran—that's a good one because it's by the ocean, and the ocean moans."

But Clinton refused sympathy. His mind was running on a single track and refused to be switched off to another line.

"I only know two Filipino legends," he grieved, *Why the Cat and Dog Always Fight*, and *Why the Carabao Is so Slow*. I wish I was a little Filipino boy," he yearned, "and then I'd know a lot of legends to tell."

Kingsley had lately acquired the reference book habit at the college library.

"Well," he consoled, "you can find out all about the Philippine legends in the library, or anything else you want to know about the Philippines."

And so it was Kingsley who introduced the children to another important factor in the success of writers—reference, or research. He hauled down many a dusty volume of the Philippine Journal of Science and kindred books. He brought us books from the bureau of science, and he wrote to the chamber of commerce for its pamphlets and literature on the Philippines.

The children read avidly, and throughout the year, from the facts gleaned from these sources, wrote many *editorials* describing various natural features, activities, historical facts and legends of these islands. Indeed, their interest in and knowledge of things Philippine increased astonishingly. It is safe to venture the remark that they were as well

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informed on island topics as many resident American groupings.

It was a profitable year, even financially, for Teacher, realizing that most of Kingsley's stories had the nucleus of a real plot, collaborated with him in revising the little stories, complicating the situations, and yet keeping the stories essentially his own. Some were disposed of to various boys' papers, and the returns divided between the collaborators, so that Kingsley was once constrained to remark that there was "some use studying English if people can make money writing it."

And not only the children, but the parents, also, were pleased when from time to time this or that *ed torial* was sold as an item or paragraph or filler, or the little things were accepted for publication, both in the Philippines and in the United States. Why, one day Kingsley and Teacher made ten dollars apiece—from one of their stories written in collaboration. Oh, the roundeyed surprise and the sweet delight over that huge sum! So, the financial aspect of the work, and the idea of having their names in print inspired the children to read up and search farther afield for more material.

Truly it was a happy and profitable year, and all because the children themselves had instituted the reform of animated English.

WALLS OF OLD MANILA (Concluded from September)

Too weak to stand even so modest a siege as that of the British in 1762, unless manned by superior force, these ramparts have still answered their purpose for the Spaniards.

They were undoubtedly a great safeguard against the frequent threats of the Mindanao and Sulu pirates who ventured into the bay up to within sixty years ago. Also for more than a century, the Spaniards were any day subject to hostilities from the Portuguese: whilst the aggressive foreign policy of the mother country, during the 17th century, exposed them to reprisals by the Dutch fleets, which in 1643 threatened the city of Manila. To this must be added the ever present danger of uprising by the natives themselves.

The old ramparts have afforded a point of support and secure base, but for which these islands could hardly have held so long; and in certain respects, their worth has not yet entirely disappeared; for no man is wise enough to say that they may not be needed again should foreign complications create an opportunity for revolt.

Manila, intramuros, is situated at the mouth and on the left bank of the Pasig river, Lat. north 14° 46', Long. east 120° 57'. Its encircling walls measured 2½ miles before recent demolitions destroyed their continuity. It is a dull city, with narrow streets, bearing a heavy, sombre, monastic appearance. It has six principal gates, three on the river side, named in order from the west, Almacenes, Santo Domingo and Isabel II; the other three on the land fronts, called Parian, Real and Santa Lucia. A seventh ranked as a postern in Spanish times—Postigo.

Formerly, the drawbridges were raised and the city was closed and under sentinels from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning. It continued so until 1852, when, in consequence of the earthquake of that year, it was decreed that the gates should thenceforth remain open night and day.

There exist seven bastions, Tenerias Adiaguas, San Gabriel, San Lorenzo, San Andrés, San Diego, and Plano; and five redoubts, Parian, Recoletos, Real, San Pedro, and San Francisco; besides the four small bastions mentioned.

From direct examination of the walls and of maps, it would appear that there existed on the ramparts of Manila and outworks, emplacements for 370 guns of all natures requiring a theoretical war force of from 2,600 to 5,200 artillery to fully man; depending upon the number of reliefs per gun. The corresponding garrison of infantry according to modern estimates would number about 10,000.

We need hardly add that no such numbers, either of men or guns, ever did actually constitute the defensive force of this fortress. This statement refers of course, only to the garrison intramuros, and does not include the field forces.

Appended is a table showing the numbers and natures of guns found on the walls at the date of United States occupation. This table is copied from one inscribed upon a plan of the Manila walls furnished by the United States Engineer Office:

SANTIAGO.

Legend over entrance to office of Commanding Officer, Fort Santiago:

*Respuesta en las Españas y en las Indias L.C.Y.R.M.
Del Rey N.S. que Dios gué.*

D. Felipe N.

Siendo Gobernador Capitan General y Presidente de la R.I. Audia de estas Indias Philipia el M.Y. Dto Sr. D. Fernando Valdez Tamón Brigadier de los Re. Excmos. de Ju. M. G. Cavallero del Hnato de Su Trono Sacerdotico etc. Capitulo el año de 1731. Siendo Capitan del pu. Ju. M. G. el Capitan D. Carlos de Abasco y Valdes.

FREE TRANSLATION.—The Catholic and Royal Majesty of the King, our Lord (whom God guard), Philip V, reigning in Spain and the Indies, the Very Illustrious Don Fernando Valdez Tamón, Brigadier of the Royal Armies of His Gracious Majesty, Knight of the Order of Santiago, being Governor, Captain General and President of the Royal Audiencia of these Philippine Islands, this fort was rebuilt in the year 1731. Captain Carlos de Abarca y Valdez being Commandant thereof for His Gracious Majesty.

SAN ANDRES

Legend on wooden slab over sheltered doorway to magazine of Bastion San Andrés. The recess prepared for the Escudo of Spain above this legend is vacant:

REINANDO LAS ESPAÑAS LA CATHOLICA Y R. M. G. D. INVICTISIMO MONARCA D. P. V. N. S. R. Q. D. S. G. O. Y GOVERNANDO EN SU R. N. S. ESTAS ISLAS FILIPINAS EL M. Y. H. V. S. Sr. D. FERNANDO VES. TAMON. CAVALERO DEL ORDEN SANTIAGO DEL CONGOZE. DE SU R. M. G. SU GOBERNADOR Y PRESIDENTE DE ESTAS DICHAS ISLAS Y PRESENTE DE LA AYUDA. R. CINSILLA SE FABRO. ESTE ALMAZAR. O CASAMATA PARA EL SEGURO I. CUSTODIA DI POLVORA. A DISPOSICION DEL ORDEN DE DICHO SEÑOR. AÑO DE 1733.

Legend incised in wood just under the foregoing:

REYNANDO LA SRA. DA. ISABEL 2da. Y CON MOTIVO DE HABER PASADO REVISTA DE INSPECCION AL CUERPO NACIONAL DE INGENIEROS EL EXCMO. SEOR. GUAL. 2º CABO DTE. RAMON MONTERO, SE RESTAURÓ DE ORDEN DE S. E. I. ANTERIOR ANTIGUA INSCRIPCION EN ENERO DE 1855.

TRANSLATION FIRST LEGEND.—The Catholic and Royal Gracious Majesty of the ever victorious Monarch Philip V, our Lord (whom God guard), reigning over Spain; and in his Royal name governing these Islands the Very Illustrious Don Fernando Valdez Tamón, Knight of the Order of Santiago, of the Council of His Gracious Majesty, his Governor and Captain General of these said Islands, and President of the Royal Audiencia Chancellery, this magazine or Escudo was built by direction and command of the said King in the year 1733 for the security and safeguarding of the powder.

TRANSLATION SECOND LEGEND.—Doña Isabel II reigning, and pursuant to the inspection of the National Corps of Engineers by the Most Excellent General, Second in Command, Don Ramon Montero, the preceding old inscription was restored in January, 1855.

Legend over Parian Gate.

PUERTA DEL PARIAN
AÑO 1782.

Translation.

PARIAN GATE
YEAR 1782.

NOTE.—This year José de Basco y Vargas was Captain General and Governor of the Philippine Islands and showed much activity in repairing the fortifications of Manila. The word "Parian" indicates a public market for the sale of small manufactured articles. The word might be translated as "bazaar".

Ramon Reyes Lala writes thus of the governor general at the very close of the Spanish period: "The Governor rides in a carriage drawn by four horses, with several outriders, who, by means of a shrill whistle, announce his approach. All streets are instantly cleared and all traffic suddenly ceases, every one standing still to make respectful obeisance. On, on, they come, the dashing four, with postillions in scarlet jackets. The Governor, dressed in civilian's dress, sits within—the picture of dignity. He bows right and left, in that perfunctory way characteristic of public dignitaries the world over, and the carriage passes on, while the citizens resume their wonted demeanor and avocations."

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