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journal

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MARCH 15, 1947



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VOL. XVII No. 21

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Contents

This Fortnight's Issue	3
Woman of the Month: Dr. Encarnacion Alzona ...	4
First Step to Freedom	5
Just Like That (Short Story)	6
Conrado V. Pedroche	
Living and Learning Past	8
Pedro T. Orata	
The Day Ends	10
Marcial Aguila	
Book Review	11
Pura Santillan Castrenee	
My Life with Bob Hope	13
Dolores Hope	
Southern Accent	12
Aurora Zablan	
'Seems To Me'	14
Pia Mancia	
Friends In America	15
Club Women's Bulletin Board	16
Don'ts For Presiding Officers and Members	17
Emma A. Fox	
Wedding of The Year (Society and Fashions) ..	18-19
Home Institute	20-24
Filipino Folk Tale (Story for Children)	25
Good Housing Can Be Good Business	31
War Damage Announcement	32

THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

BEST of all the shots taken of Bride Nini is the photograph that adorns our cover this fortnight. It is that of a completely happy threesome, with the life size portrait of the great leader forever bestowing its blessings on a happy brood. The portrait by Amoroso lords it over the whole living room of the Quezon residence on Gilmore Avenue. On Nini's wedding, this wall upon which reposes the portrait proved the most apt background for picture taking.

It is noteworthy that no one was excluded from witnessing the wedding of the year. The lowly rubbed elbows with the great as they stood to gaze at the wedding procession. Nini's bouquet all but perished in the riot that nearly ensued when one enthralling spectator edged to the very aisle and begged for an orchid from Nini. This was on the way out after the ceremony. Baby, sensing the disaster, offered her bouquet instead.

Our Woman of the Month may not like our delving into the quiet luxury of her home life, but it's got to be told. She grows rare plants, making the entrance to her home a bit of jungle lush greenery. She has a library that is a scholar's dream. We are told that she plans the decoration of her own house and that she cooks. The last time we were at her place she had the most delicious ripe bananas picked fresh from her gardens.

We are not always amenable to people who lecture, but Dr. Orata makes peace very attainable, reading his peace plans become enjoyable and profitable at once. (Continued on page 34)

DR. ENCARNACION ALZONA

THERE is hardly any room left for a word edge-wise about our woman of the month. Whatever phrases we have for her might fall flat in the face of whatever encomiums an appreciative public already has for her.

Dr. Encarnacion Alzona's life is so filled with facts worth recording for posterity that, even in shorthand notes, such a record would well fill volumes. This is no exaggeration. Her list alone of published books, pamphlets, articles, addresses and lectures run into more than 63 items, excluding the extemporaneous bits which a person in her position has to produce from time to time whether she likes it or not. Her series of lectures, for instance, which was solicited by the office of Foreign Affairs is not yet included in said list.

In fact, her output both oral and written after her return from the UNESCO conference have not as yet reached her library files. Her piece *Mass Media* and the UNESCO delivered over the radio at the request of the League of Women Voters, we were fortunate to get for publication in the issue preceding this. To run a gist of what she told the women's organizations at a gathering sponsored by the *Manila Woman's Club*: "It is the consensus now that literacy is not enough... but that the plans for fundamental education should go to reach the largest number of persons to spread knowledge of the world. Essential in democratic life, the project aims at influencing the natural and social environment to improve life of the nation. It is a popular and universal movement and governments as well as voluntary organizations will implement UNESCO's ambitious program."

Engendering peace in the schools through the textbooks was the theme of her talk before principals and supervisors of the *Manila public schools*. "UNESCO has a project of examining textbooks with a view of making recommendations to Member States regarding (1) suitable textbook material that will contribute to mutual understanding among nations; (2) the deletion from literary readers and history books of passages obnoxious to certain peoples, etc., etc.; (3) the purging of schoolbooks of false and misleading statements which cause ill feeling among nations, and (4) the training of teachers to give sympathetic interpretation of alien culture, etc., etc."

Her activities as delegate to the

UNESCO specifically as chairman of an important sub-committee, her trip to France, her impressions, the interesting personalities she met... all this is now

She won her Ph.D., from Columbia University.

Speaking of "Firsts," Dr. Alzona is the first Filipino woman to obtain an Ph. D. degree and the

"THE BEST MEN IN THE PHILIPPINES ARE THE WOMEN," SAID GOV. WCCD. HE MUST HAVE KNOWN THEN DR. ALZONA.

public property, what with the newspapers not willing to stifle themselves.

That she is "one of the best men of the Philippines" is a foregone conclusion, but little is known of her early years and the little interesting sidelights that, as is the way with all humans, is also the way with this great woman. Just like many another, Dr. Alzona was born in a small town. Biñan, Laguna, is history, it has nurtured Rizal. Dr. Alzona first saw the light of day in the same historical place. She was reared in Tayabas and Manila which fact is easily explained by the circumstance that her father Don Cayo, who was Provincial Fiscal and later on Judge of First Instance, had to take his family wherever his assignment took him.

Close observers say that Dr. Alzona's renowned independence of mind and strong will is a legacy from his father who rank among the country's brainy men.

Dr. Alzona has traveled widely. She saw Europe and Russia in 1927 and 1933. She saw France and the United States lately. It is an experience to visit this woman intellectual after her return from a trip abroad. She brings home the aura and the richness of her contacts with the rest of the universe, it is impossible to stay immune from the ennobling effects the recounting of her experiences brings forth.

"Achievements" is here in quotes because to Dr. Alzona's mind she is just plain Encarnacion—no prefixes, no suffixes. She knows who she is, she knows her worth. But for the benefit of files and records here is an encyclopedic tabulation: She obtained her Bachelor of Science in Education and Master of Arts in U.P. Again obtained Master of Arts from Radcliffe College, Harvard University's College for women.

tinct from the Barbour Scholarship. The fellowship carries with it a grant of \$2,000. Dr. Alzona is the only Filipino woman up to this writing who has been awarded that fellowship. (Another Barbour Fellow this side of the Orient is a woman doctor of medicine from India).

In the underground movement in which she played an integral part, Dr. Alzona was first lieutenant in the PQOG (President Quezon's Own Guerrilla).

By way of an aside, it can be told that Dr. Alzona plays the piano. In case you have not been to her home, her piano reigns over the whole living room. It occupies a raised platform in an ornate bay window. But why she must play only to herself will remain an enigma which no one seems to have any right to try to fathom.

The Barbour Fellowship is dis-



Dr. Encarnacion Alzona, a Filipina who typifies the greatness of her sex.

The first step towards the independence of the Philippine Red Cross has been taken.

In a solemn ceremony held at Malacañang, punctuated by the flashing of photobulbs and with the whirring of grinding news-reel cameras acting as a sort of incidental background music, the Republic of the Philippines became the 64th signatory to the Treaty of Geneva and the Prisoners of War Convention when President Manuel Roxas affixed his signature to the two historic covenants. Simultaneously, the first legal step towards making the Philippine Red Cross an independent national society was taken.

The Red Cross Convention or, as it is better known, the Treaty of Geneva, is concerned with the "Amelioration of the Condition of the Wounded and the Sick of Armies in the Field," while the Prisoners of War Convention relates to the treatment of prisoners of war.

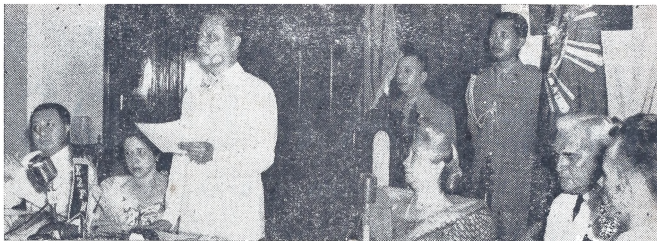
The two international treaties, combined, represent perhaps the most humane document ever conceived by man and, reversing the time-worn gripe, can speak very well of "man's humanity to man."

The crystal chandeliers were catching and reflecting the yellowing light of the declining sun when the ceremony started.

After affixing his signature to the treaties to denote the adherence of the Republic of the Philippines to the principles of humanitarianism embodied therein, President Roxas said: "The Philippine Republic thus subscribes to the international rules for the treatment in war of the sick, the wounded, the disabled and prisoners of war. In signing these agreements, we make our Philippine Red Cross Society eligible for recognition as an independent Red Cross organization. I am proud of this forthcoming status of the Philippine Red Cross whose new dignity is merited in every way."

President Roxas thanked the American Red Cross for its help in reconstituting the war-shattered Philippine Red Cross and in financing the first year of operation thus rendering the adherence of the Republic to the Swiss-conceived treaties possible at such an early date.

"The help in rebuilding the Philippine Red Cross and in getting it ready for Independence is not the least of debts we owe the



At the signing of the Treaty of Geneva and the Prisoners of War convention. Left to right: Vice-President Quirino, Mrs. Roxas, President Roxas, Mrs. Quizon and Ambassador McNutt.

FIRST STEP TO FREEDOM

The Signing Of Two Geneva Pacts Made The Philippine Red Cross Eligible For Recognition As An Independent Society

American people," President Roxas said.

On hand to give the ceremony the impressive air that it deserved were a distinguished group of consular and diplomatic representatives, United States Army and Navy officials, ranking Philippine government officials, American and Philippine Red Cross leaders, prominent business men and state guests. Also at hand was a battery of newsreel men, radio announcers, reporters and photographers to record the event in their respective media. Station KZRH took down a transcription of the entire ceremony.

President Roxas was flanked at the ceremony-table on either side by Mrs. Roxas and Mrs. Aurora Quezon, chairman of the central executive committee of the Philippine Red Cross. Next to Mrs. Quezon was Ambassador Paul V. McNutt. On the other side of Mrs. Roxas was Secretary of Foreign Affairs and Vice-President Elpidio Quirino. At either end of the table were Consul Oscar Schneider for Switzerland and Executive Secretary Emilio Abello.

The ceremony was opened with Consul Schneider, visibly much moved, giving a short address wherein he recalled the history of that great humanitarian movement

called the Red Cross which had its beginnings in his homeland. He paid homage to the Filipinos in these words: a people "which at war has fought so valiantly and which has shown so much determination of purpose as have the Filipino people, cannot but be a most valuable asset to any peace organization."

Protracting his tribute to the Philippines, Consul Schneider said further: "The Philippines will be a pillar of such peaceful aspirations in this part of the world that their ambitions to rival with friendly nations calls for a warm welcome in the name of charity and humanity."

After the tall, spare Consul for Switzerland finished his address, he sank down in his chair, obviously spent, and tall, bronzed, white-maned Ambassador Paul V. McNutt rose to deliver his address.

Ambassador McNutt recalled the history of the American Red Cross and, incidentally touched upon the history of the Philippine Red Cross, notably the eminent role that the Philippine Red Cross played during the enemy occupation.

"The Japs," Ambassador McNutt said, "seized the form of the Red Cross but was unable to capture its substance."

The U. S. Ambassador stressed the point that while the signing of the Geneva Pacts made the Philippine Red Cross eligible for recognition as an independent society on an equal footing with the national Red Cross societies of the world, the American Red Cross will always retain its affection for, and interest in, the Philippine Red Cross.

"More than ₱4,000,000 in food, clothing, medical supplies and cash grants was spent by the American Red Cross in the Philippines shortly after the liberation of Manila. On March 24, 1945, the chapter was reconstituted with the American Red Cross financing the entire first year of operation," Ambassador McNutt said.

The Philippines has taken the first step towards an independent national Red Cross society. A charter for the Philippine National Red Cross has been drawn up. After the charter is accepted by Congress and signed by the President, the central executive committee of the Philippine Red Cross will apply to the International Red Cross at Geneva for recognition. The final step shall have been taken when that recognition is granted.

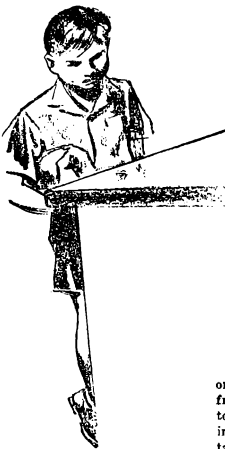
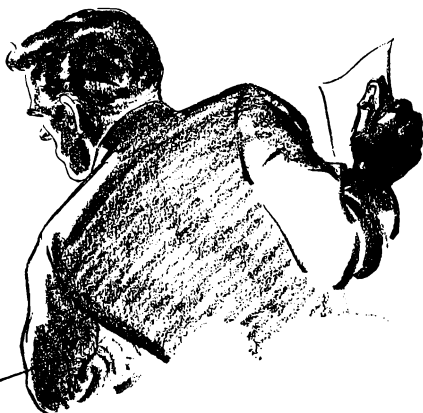
It is a beautiful stroke of poetic fate that independence should come to the Philippine Red Cross while Mrs. Aurora Quezon is chairman of its central executive committee. For it was the dream of the late Manuel Quezon to have an independent Philippine Red Cross and it was he who first initiated the movement towards such an objective.

The dream was President Quezon's; the reality, his widow's.

THE DAY ENDS

By MARCIAL I. 'GUILA

WHEN my nephew appeared before me very early that June morning many years ago, I couldn't recognize him; and he, too, looked at me quite searchingly. For he was merely a two-year old baby when I left the home town and I have been here in the city for more than ten years already. He looked amusingly provincial from heel to head and his accented speech sounded very much like his father's. His small,



THE TIES OF HOME ENSHRINED IN THE HEART OF A LITTLE BOY IS A THING OF BEAUTY

round eyes that sparkled and smiled everytime he spoke and his wiry hair bristled in confusion all over his head. His pants were soiled, patched and darned here and there with stitches which, I thought, must have been done either by himself, or his father, for they were rather inefficiently and awkwardly done. As I looked at him, I decided that what he needed most was a bath and a haircut.

He had come to the city with one of his cousins who returned from a vacation in the home town, traveling the whole night in a freight truck. He had to take Don Mariano's freight truck he said, because he did not have enough money for fare, and even if he had, he and his cousin did not wish to wait for the train the next morning. He had a note for me from his father, my brother Tom. "Dear Carlos," the note read, "I'm sending you my little boy, Mario, thinking you might take care of him and his schooling. He will tell you how things are with us now and how very eager he is to get into one of the city public schools. He has but a

few centavos with him as I have no more to spare. Your brother, Tom."

I could not help feeling sorry for Tom. He'd been such a nice big brother. But it was all his fault. He got married too early (when he was still in his teens) and now I think he was regretting having done so. That was sixteen years ago. I remembered very clearly how he even tried to commit suicide when Mother objected sternly to his early marriage.

"You are so young," Mother had pleaded with him, "and it is not yet time for you to settle down. You can't stand on your own feet yet, you must finish

your schooling first."

We were quite well-off then. Father had left us quite a considerable sum of money and tract of land before he died. Tom and my other brothers were studying in the city then and they were such a happy-go-lucky bunch of youngsters when they would come home after each school year. Tom always brought home things for me—candies, toys, rubber shoes and many other things. "Home's for you, you little rascal," he would tell me, hugging me again and again.

Tom had been used to an easy life. Even after his marriage he was so obviously irresponsible that when Mother died later on, things became difficult for Tom. He'd never been employed in his life, and even if he had a chance to, he seemed not to care. So that sometimes, I almost lost my brotherly respect for him. And when he wrote to me once in a while about his plight, I felt like telling him "good for you". You see, he had squandered all his share and sold the few hectares due him from the family property. How he managed to make both ends meet, made me wonder.

Mario was his second child. There were three others—Naning, Olivia and Erlinda. The eldest, Chayong, aged fifteen, was now in the second year of high school. "She's a bright girl," Tom said in his letter "and always wins honors in school. But this year she has to stop schooling for lack of funds."

As I held Tom's note in my hand and looked at his little boy, Mario, standing shyly before me with a bundle tugged under his arm, I thought silently, "Poor Tom." I asked Mario how his father was and what he was doing now, and the boy smiled at me forcibly, then hung his head and scratched his bristly hair quite awkwardly.

"Father's all right," he said. "Your mother and sisters, all right, too?"

"Yes, Uncle," he said. "For sometime he stood there before me, his feet playfully brushing against each other. His gaze traveled to the half-opened window at his right and then he said, 'Except Erlinda.....'"

"What about Erlinda?"

"She is sick, very sick....., I used to put her to sleep everyday." From the way he said this, I could make out that he had a great fondness for his little sister.

I changed the subject of our conversation in an effort to prevent him from worrying further. Then I called Rico, another cousin of his who was living with me, and told him to show Mario to the bathroom and help him get ready. I would show him around the city and give him a "real treat" like his father said.

It was a pleasant Sunday morning and the rain which had drenched Manila for the last few days seemed to have grown tired of its pouring. The streets were still wet, and the leaves dripped as the wind passed through them, but the day promised plenty of sunshine.

From the sala, I could hear the sound of Mario's mouth blowing water and the occasional beating of his feet against the cement floor as he jumped every now and then under the shower. He must be enjoying his bath, I said to myself, listening. Back home in the old town, they did not have shower baths.

"It's like rain," Mario said grinning when he came out of the bathroom looking very comical with my bathrobe on.

"Did you enjoy your bath?" I asked, and he said, "Yes, Uncle," still grinning.

I showed him his room, the one next to mine, saying, "Rico sleeps here, but you two will be comfortable together."

"Yes, Uncle."

"Better hurry up so we'll have plenty of time. We are going out together and I'll show around the city."

He was out of his room very soon in gray shirt and khaki pants. His hair was parted in the middle and very greasy with Rico's hair pomade. He was neater now except for his rubber shoes which were almost discolored by ugly splotches of mud. He stood eagerly by the doorway of his room, and as I watched him I could see great anticipation in his eyes.

First I took him to a barber shop which was just across the street. Next I took him to the Botanical Gardens. We took a street-car. He was thrilled by the side. The passing scenes were all strange and new to him. The Botanical Gardens and the sight of different animals in the city zoo impressed him immensely. We spent a full hour in the Botanical Gardens.

I took him later to a show after taking lunch in a Chinese restaur-



LAFCADIO HEARN
By Vera McWilliams
Published by Houghton Mifflin
Co., Boston, 1946
Distributed in the Philippines
By Philippine Education Co.

This is the biography of Patricio Lafcadio Hearn (Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos Hearn) known among the people he loved and chose for his own—namely, the Japanese, as Yakumo Koizumi. At a time like this when the world's great heart is crying out for tolerance, a book which quotes a Westerner saying good things about Japan and the Japanese might be a timely reminder that not in hatred but in forgiveness and understanding lies the salvation of mankind.

A biography is, not infrequently, heavy reading. Lafcadio Hearn is not. For it has been handled with imagination, delicate fancy, even humor. The author loves and understands Hearn, and portrays him with deep psychological insight and understanding.

rant. Once inside, Mario asked me if "those people over there" were real people and I had a good laugh. He went on asking me questions and I was so intent explaining to him this and that thing that I wasn't aware we were disturbing the others. Two men at our front looked back at us and I elbowed Mario in an effort to make him quiet. It was a nice picture and I think I enjoyed it more than Mario did.

After the show I took Mario to some more places, and I believe he had a very enjoyable day, indeed. We went home at about 8:30 in the evening.

We had supper together served by Rico, and Mario did not seem to have much appetite as I expected. There was a plate of "adobo," toasted rice, chicken

The exotic setting of Lafcadio Hearn's childhood is given in detail to explain his strange, almost weird temperament even in early babyhood. The varied and multi-colored aspects of his life, his incessant travels all over the world heightened the qualities of the temperament so that to the end of his days he remained sensitive and lonely, nostalgic of friendship and places and people, and yet never finding, it seemed what he sought. Japan and the Japanese took him to their hearts, his marriage with a Japanese woman established his place with them. The laurel wreath which was laid on his tombstone by his Japanese students bore this inscription: "In memory of Lafcadio Hearn, whose pen was mightier than the sword of the victorious nation which he loved and live among, and whose highest honour it is to have given him citizenship and, alas, a grave."

Beauty was the keynote of Lafcadio Hearn's character and he

showed it even in his superstitions and his broken friendships. He believed in ghosts and defended his belief. He would have fancied peopled by these ephemeral creatures, for without them there would be no romance, no adventure, no mystery... Machines, mathematics, the modern world with its science and its invention left for him nothing for fantasy to play with. His childhood world was crowded with ghostly denizens which frightened him to death, yet in his mature years he saw their value in making this drab old earth more interesting, more exciting.

Of Lafcadio Hearn's broken friendships it was said that they had their "roots in that very quality which made the chief charm of his works... idealism. Friends, when he first made them, were for him more than mere mortal men, they stood endored with every perfection... But he was not emotional merely; another side of his mind had

(Continued on page 21)



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It is a common observation that we—youth and adults alike—learn most of what we live, whereas we do not often live what we learn, what we say—less, and, strangely enough, what we teach—least of all. Our attitude towards peace is a case in point. From time immemorial ministers of the gospel of every denomination have preached the doctrine of brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God. Not long ago a priest of no mean reputation as a sociologist said that the way to peace is “will to peace.” Experience, however, seems to warn us that our saying “Our Father Who art in heaven...” is no guarantee that should the occasion arise, we would act as our brother's keeper. On the contrary, history tells us that the longest and bloodiest of all wars have been religious wars—wars led by and among people who willed and believed in “peace on earth and good will toward men.”

Will to peace is no doubt important, but it is not enough. The practice of peace on all occasions is equally important. Without it, peace is an empty abstraction, a



Our UNO delegates, headed by Gen. Carlos P. Romulo (center, front row), are here shown with their staff of advisers. The delegates are (seated, from left to right): Sen. Pedro C. Hernandez, Sen. Mariano J. Cuenco, Congressman Raul P. Leticia and Congressman Lorenzo Sumulong.

Living And Learning Past

By PEDRO T. ORATA

DESIRE PEACE AND LIVE IT, TOO.
THIS IS ALSO THE SUREST WAY TO
AVOID WAR, SAYS AUTHOR

good subject for debate and oratory, but not practical enough as a way of life or as a norm of conduct for us all. Devoid of meaning in peaceful behavior, peace—even will to peace—is conventional, and it often degenerates into a feeling of self-righteousness. When that point is reached, once again, everyone is for himself, and the “will to peace” is transformed into “will to war.” All it needs to start a war is an “incident,” and there has never been a time when such an incident was wanted or was not wanted. And always, the incident was provoked by the enemy, and the measure taken was one of self-defense.

The slogan, “Peace at any price,” sounds good and beautiful just after a war, but gradually it loses its appeal in the peace conference as the delegates wax eloquent and begin in earnest to give their views. They start to use fighting words which often generate more heat than light. They stick to their convictions—at any cost, including peace. Face saving often leads to abstention from voting. While apparently the side for someone's peace is won,

actually the situation may be indicative of anything but ultimate peace. The recent vote in the UN of 10 to 0 in favor of a disarmament proposal which Russia and Poland opposed from the beginning is of this kind. A few more of the same might seriously handicap the UN's “fight for peace at any price.”

One difficulty in a peace conference after a war is the tendency on the part of the delegates to use the same method that was found successful in winning the war. The result is often another war—sooner or later. World War II was, by common agreement, the result of Versailles. Will history repeat itself? It will depend upon the manner in which the UN will be conducted. If it will repeat the mistakes of the

League of Nations—which we hope it will not—World War III will be sure to come. Fortunately, as Congressman Lorenzo Sumulong said upon his return from the New York meeting of the UN, in structure and membership the UN has many advantages over the League of Nations. First, the United States is not only a member of the UN, which she refused to be of the League, but that “it is ready to back up the UN with all the power and natural resources at its command.” Second, membership in the UN is not limited, as was the case in the League, to fully sovereign states. It admits dependent and autonomous governments, irrespective of size. Third, unlike its predecessor, the UN “is provided with a system of military sanction un-

der its Charter.” On top of these, because of the horrifying destructive power of the atomic bomb, as shown in Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Bikini, people everywhere are convinced that the only adequate defense against such a weapon is peace.

In spite of these “structural” advantages, however, the UN will not have a smooth sailing toward peace. So far it has not. From all indications the “fighting instincts” of the delegates did not suffer any setback as a result of any fear of the atomic bomb. Perhaps men will always fight, and if so, what about the slogan, “peace at any price?”

Is there a way out? Is peace attainable? If so, how?

If it is true that we learn what we live, it might be suggested that a way to attain peace is to live it, both at home and in the peace conference. Let us observe a few implications of this principle.

First, to the UN should be sent as delegates, not fighters, but peaceful and peace-loving persons, men and women who are known for their traits of kindness and generosity. open-mindedness, un-

derstanding, and humanity—not those who, though imminently successful in their chosen fields, are smart and sharp, greedy and acquisitive, mean, egotistical, and self-seeking. Men and women who, by temperament and habit, are willing to compromise on details to gain harmony and understanding should be preferred to those who are known to be sticklers to their views and who tend to dominate or be domineering over others. A dignified sense of humor will help a great deal also.

Second, once in the conference, they should endeavor jointly to find elements that serve to unite divergent views and to avoid those that tend to divide them or to alienate their peoples against one another. If it is true as is generally believed, that the common people the world over want peace and do not want war, it should be possible to find the beliefs and desires that they share in common. Why not start with these anyway and thus prevent prolonged and heated debates over controversial points. Temper, not time or efficiency, is of the essence in working for peace.

Third, the conference should immediately go to work to discover the reasons why people are dissatisfied and want to fight, and proceed to provide the necessary remedies. Such problems as these, among others, may be suggested:

1. How to attain—through educational, social, political, and economic means—a stable economy and an adequate standard of living in all countries.

2. How to provide the goods and services that would meet the essential needs of all classes of people—food, clothing, housing, and medical care.

3. How to insure for each individual the freedom to choose his own occupation, and how to enable him, through education, to make proper and intelligent use of such freedom.

4. How to make it possible for each country to share in the markets of the world and to have access to the raw materials and manufactured goods in those markets.

5. How to make available to all countries the benefits of modern methods of production, distribution, and conservation.

6. How to develop a social philosophy that would be acceptable to all countries, making use of the cultural elements that these countries may have to contribute and avoiding, at least in the early stages of the peace conference, such topics or issues as would tend to cause ill feelings or irritations.

Fourth, at home we should live

in peace and deal with minority groups with the same spirit and desire for peace that we should wish our delegates in the peace conference to conduct themselves among their fellow members. Also, we should go to work to

eliminate bottlenecks of production, distribution, and conservation so as to make it possible for our people to attain as quickly as possible a decent and reasonably high standard of living.

Fifth, the schools throughout

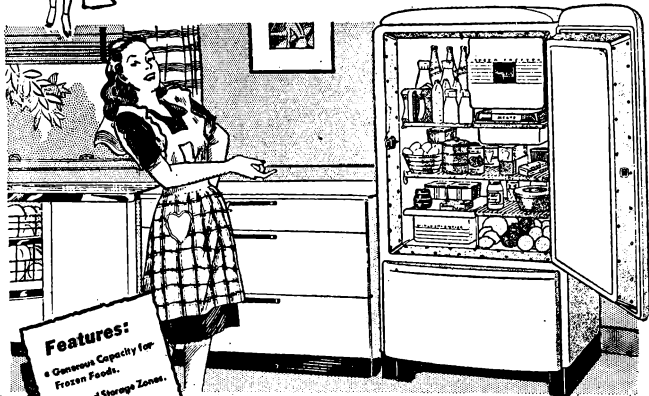
the world should embark on a system of education dedicated to giving the youth and adults numerous and varied opportunities to live peace, to feel contented and happy, and to cooperate with

(Continued on page 28)

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Just Like That...

By C. V. PEDROCHE

HE came to the office early one morning.

Good morning, he said. I could see at once that he was not feeling well. His voice was husky and it sounded as though it would suddenly break into sobbing.

Yes? I said, trying to sound efficient and very official.

I am not after a job, he said, laughing. His laughter surprised me more than his unexpected statement that he was not after a job.

The man swallowed once and licked his dry thin lips.

Can you spare five minutes of your time? he asked.

Well, I said, I am not exactly busy just yet, but in a moment...

It will not take me five minutes, he said. I heard you talking to someone downstairs when you were coming up and I knew at once that you are the man who should hear my story.

Don't be too sure about that, I said. What is it?

But I know, he insisted, I know you will understand me. I have not told any one this story. I am not even sure if I can tell it the way it should be told.

What was I saying downstairs which made you think I will understand your story?

Nothing that I really understood, he said. Only, I heard you talking, that is all. The sound of your voice, maybe. Or perhaps the way you nodded in understanding to something the other man was telling you. May I begin now?

All right, I said. Let us have it. First I don't want you to think I am crazy. I am not. I may sound crazy but I tell you I am not.

I knew then—that is, I had a sudden feeling—that he was—or at least that there was something the matter with him. But at the same time I knew that I must hear his story. Maybe he was right. Maybe I would understand.

So I said, Of course you are not crazy. What made you think

I might think you are crazy? Go ahead, tell me your story.

I am a first grade civil service eligible, he began, looking into my eyes. I hold an L. B. degree from the University of the Philippines. But I have never tried the Bar. I know I can't pass the

exams. I am positive I was not made to be a lawyer.

I looked down with effort from the strange and steady hold of his deep-set eyes and flipped an imaginary speck from my varnished table.

Look at me, he said. It sounded like a command. Almost fifty, a first grade civil service eligible, with five small children to feed.

thought you said I would understand you?

That is right, he said. I mean, I knew you will understand my story. I am not quite sure you will understand about my quitting.

Why did you quit?

Has it never happened to you—I mean, has it never come to your thought to just quit like that—just quit for the hell of it?

Well... I said.

I just thought I would quit. I was tired of the work. Not sick or tired or anything. I just did not want to work, that was all. I thought I would crack up or something if I did not quit. It was a good job as I said. It was soft. But I knew I would crack up or lose my mind if I did not quit. I did not even tell the boss I was quitting. I just ceased going to the office. I did not bother about filing my resignation. I thought what the hell.

Well... I said.

Has it never come to you to quit just like that? he asked.

I am a family man, I said. Can't afford to just quit like that, you know.

I am a family man myself, what do you think? he said. Five mouths to feed and nothing to feed them with.

Tell me your story, I said.

I don't know how I should start. My quitting was, I think, the beginning. I should regret it, really, but I don't. Strangely, I don't. Honestly, I am glad I quit. I am glad I am no longer in that stinking office because if I did not quit I am sure I would be out of my mind now.

You are out of your mind now, I said—but only to myself. Have you ever tried to find out why you quit? I asked aloud. I mean, analyze the whole matter?

I tell you I don't know why I

A STRANGE STORY OF A MAN WHO COULD DO THINGS . . .



did. I don't want to know. If I knew, it might change my life entirely. I might try to return to my work. I was not meant to work, I guess. I want to create. Create? I said astonished.

Yes, he said. I am a sculptor. Look at my hands, he said, spreading them on the table before me.

They were horrible-looking hands and dirty. Thick-boned and gnarled. A sculptor?

Yes, he said. I want to create. Out of stones and wood, you know.

What have you done so far—I mean, have you created anything yet? I felt like humoring him.

Well, he said, yes. It's a big box. Long and beautiful.

What is it for? I asked, getting genuinely interested.

It's for me when I die, he said, solemnly. It's a coffin.

I thought you said you want to create. A coffin, you know, is hardly a work for a sculptor. I mean, it's hardly a piece of creation at all.

Yes, it is, he said. It can be, that is. You should see this box. It is long and beautiful. It is made of the finest wood you ever saw. And it is not just a coffin. It is a real work of art, I tell you.

I was no longer in any doubt now as to the man's state of mind. He was not too far gone, though, and besides he did not look dangerous at all.

Go ahead, I said. What about the coffin? I wanted to find out about the coffin. I knew 'hat if I found out about the coffin, I might find a reason for the man's state of mind—that is, for his being that way.

Nothing more about the coffin, I suppose, he said. That is the end of it, I am afraid. Except that I would be glad when I die knowing that I will be sleeping in a beautiful place. More beautiful than any I have known in this ugly world of ours.

Is it soft and comfortable inside? I asked.

More than anything in the world and there is a piece of beautiful stained glass on the lid. Oh, it's beautiful, I tell you. It's my idea of heaven, if that is what you want to know.

What made you think of making the coffin?

I don't know, he said. It was like my quitting the office. I just did it for no particular reason at all. Just like that.

No, but at least you can tell me what led you to it—the making of the coffin, I mean.

Let me see, he said. I think it

EDUCATION IN AMERICA TODAY DESCRIBED

NEW YORK—Education in the United States today was described in an article in the January issue of "Think" magazine by Benjamin Fine, education editor of the New York Times.

Fine said in part:

America today is in the midst of an Amazing cultural renaissance.... Students are coming to the United States in ever-increasing numbers. In the last decade the increase has been phenomenal—from less than 1,000 or so the number has jumped to well over 12,000. If the present rate continues, within five years 50,000 foreign scholars will come here annually....

It was common during the war to predict that education in the United States would slump when peace came. The army and navy, so arguments ran, had taken over the nation's campuses and had instituted an inferior brand of training for genuine liberal arts. The tread of marching feet

was like this. I was puttering under the house one afternoon. It was dark and cobwebby under the house. Then I saw a pile of thick boards—two by eight. About ten of them—very thick and heavy. They must have been there all along. You know, my father was a carpenter and he kept a lot of odds and ends under the house. I never bothered to look under the house before. I knew there was quite a pile of logs and things under the house but I never thought of going down until that afternoon. Then I saw the boards. Very heavy boards. I knew at once that they would make a good coffin. I don't know why I thought of a coffin then. I just thought of it. Just like my quitting my job as I said. So I made the coffin. Just like that.

I see, I said, I see. Go ahead. Tell me some more.

I am afraid that is about all, he said. That about makes up the whole story. And oh, yes, of

spelled the permanent end of culture, warned cynics.

What has happened? Bouncing back after the four-year cultural backout, American education is reaching the highest levels of its checkered history. Everywhere the story is the same—American citizens in every walk of life are placing their faith in more and better education. As a result, education has become an important factor in our everyday lives....

Colleges and universities have concrete evidence that education is on the march. As the fall term opened, the demand for higher education had grown beyond all expectation. By now 800,000 veterans are estimated to be in colleges and universities. A backlog of close to one million is ready to go and may enter within another academic year. More than four million veterans will take advantage of the GI Bill of Rights within the next five years.

In 1941 colleges enrolled 1,500,

course, I must tell you another thing: I am a widower. I killed my wife, but that does not make me a murderer.

I don't quite see why it doesn't, I said, suddenly angry.

Yes it doesn't. And besides, nobody would believe me.

How did you do it? I asked. Simple, he said. I just willed it. Willed it all day long and through all the night before the day of her death. I willed it, wished for it, that is.

Willed it!

Willed it, he repeated. I see you don't believe me.

I don't know, I said. I don't quite understand. Please tell me more.

My wife was a good woman, he said. Excellent mate and all that. Faithful and everything. Has it ever happened to you? I mean, wishing that your wife were dead and all that?

No, I said, no! Of course not! Never thought of it, my dear fel-

low. Before the current year ends this figure will jump to two million.

Various methods have been evolved to meet the educational boom. School days have been lengthened. Double sessions and Sturday courses have been introduced. Colleges are dropping their traditional ivory-towered attitude and are taking readjustment in stride.

But it would be a mistake to think of this cultural renaissance as a temporary incident caused by the veterans' desire for education.

The war has shown that education is important to win battles; our educational philosophy has been too shallow. We did not educate for responsibility but rather for individual need.

Education for all has become an accepted principle in this country.... It is the most challenging development of our postwar period.

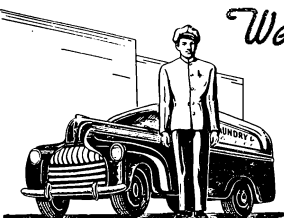
low. Listen, he said. You are a liar. It does happen to all. Or maybe I am alone in the world. I mean, maybe... oh, I don't know. But believe me. I had nothing against my wife. She was not exactly beautiful but I am not one to go after beautiful women, you know. And I loved her. She was a model wife. But one day I just thought of it. I wish, I said to myself, I had another woman for a wife. I wish my wife were dead so I can marry another. Wonder how it will feel with another woman?

I thought of it the whole day and the whole night. And then it happened. In the morning she died like that.

Just willed it, eh? Right, he said. Just willed it. Just thought of it, that is. Like when I quit my job. Just like that.

Then he stood to go. Goodbye, he said. Thanks for listening.

* * *



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Molly Heath Conn, National YWCA Girl Reserve Secretary.

AS Tomas, our driver, nosed the station wagon into the Y.W.C.A. compound in Governor Forbes, he said, "She is here."

I leaned over in eager anticipation of seeing Mollie Heath Conn for the first time. I had heard her name mentioned many times during the past months, ever since we first learned she was to come and join our staff as National Girl Reserve Secretary. She arrived when I was up in Baguio attending the 1946 National Collegiate Student Conference and so I was eager about this first meeting.

Tomas gave one smart toot of the horns to announce our arrival. The girls came running out to meet us and, pretty soon she too appeared. I fumbled at opening the station wagon door and then with an enthusiasm sharpened by the cold mountain air of Baguio from where I had just come, I boomed out a gay "Hello!"

The tiny figure of an American lady with platinum blonde hair walked over to us. She gave me a cool smile and a quiet hello.

Quiet and cool. That was my first impression of her. To one accustomed to the exuberance of Anne Guthrie, she is markedly so. Perhaps it is because of the suggestion of her blonde head and the pastel shades of the dresses she wears. Perhaps, too, it is because she moves always in an unhurried pace. I do not know. But work-

ing with her all these months have proven me right, not wrong, about that first impression.

Mollie Heath Conn hails from Hazlehurst, Mississippi and comes from one of the old southern families that achieved gracious living in the early days of southern hospitality and maintained it even in the days of struggle and final submission which came later. She taught social science and history in high schools and junior colleges before entering Y.W.C.A. work, an experience which greatly enhanced her forward thinking on social problems and on race relations.

In 1918 she joined the Y.W.C.A. as Executive Director of the Mississippi District Y.W.C.A. There she first demonstrated her skill at organizing. When she started in that association, there was work in 125 communities. When she left, more than 300 communities were active. And the work she had so started has endured to

these days as full of vitality as easy grasp of finance and budgets, ever and, as she had molded it to and her "carry-through" character, founded on democratic procedures.

The national Y.W.C.A. movement in the Philippines is new, but it was conceived some ten years back when requests to start a former Y.W.C.A. staff and Y.W.C.A.'s in various towns and board member, writes: "I know other cities of the islands first befrom first hand experience that gan to be received at the Manila much of this successful organization. They were not readying was due to Miss Conn, who then for the work that Y.W.C.A.'s works quietly with and through undertake for themselves. But others. Miss Conn is a veteran the war has "ripened" these communities, and so was born the national movement. The pressing problem of the National Y.W.C.A. Committee at present is how to work carried her to Little Rock, start these new associations. To Arkansas, to Burlington County, them, Miss Conn with her traits New Jersey, to Nebraska, to New York City, back to Mississippi, the committee plan, execute and and finally to the Philippines. accomplish an all important task.

She came on loan from the That is creation. But her creative ability does not end there. Y.W.C.A. of the United States at the request of the Manila Y.W. She is also a writer, having to C.A. She arrived on December 26, her credit a number of plays and 1946 with commitments to the National program helps that are usable tional Board of the United States day as when they were written to work for the Philippines as some years back. She has also National Y.W.C.A. Girl Reserve compiled a booklet of parties and Secretary, to train leadership games that "The Woman's Press", among advisers and girl reserves the highly respected national

magazine for Young Women's Christian Associations in the United States, has published. That is Mollie Heath Conn, what I found out about her. What I see about her are all contained in the two words I first used to describe her—quiet and cool.

I have watched her at committee meetings, sat with her at Board and staff meetings, worked with her. And always, she maintained that detached, unruffled surface. Once or twice, I have seen her move about more briskly, talk faster in her strange (to the Filipino ear) Southern accent, and with more gestures of the hands. But that was outside of work, during relaxation hours. To those who may know her only in work, she will always be characterized as one who does things quietly from behind the scene AND with rare spiritual qualities and a steady, deeply rooted strength.

She had a message for the staff at one of our meetings which I believe should be heard not only by the Y.W.C.A. staff but also by all of us who must live in this Philippine era of beginnings and rebuildings. She said first, "Work is love made visible." Then, "Let us stay in life's procession of yesterdays, today's, and tomorrows by doing, working, and living each day such that we may sooner reach the goal which all peoples of the earth dream of—a true and lasting world peace!"

To the latter, her commitment in expansion in Y.W.C.A. work in the Philippines, she brings not only her organizing ability, but also a mind that has a keen and

SOUTHERN ACCENT

By AURORA ZABLAN
YWCA Staff Member

I am sure I would never have had the nerve to marry Bob Hope if I had looked into the crystal ball and seen what was coming. No one in her right mind would believe anybody could keep his sense of balance with the whole world laughing at him. But it's true and he has.

We have a reasonably normal existence—a mixture of laughs, dogs, children, people, planning of meals, reading and, occasionally, resting.

When Bob and I first met he was playing in "Roberta" on Broadway and I was singing at the Vogue Club. We once had a late dinner engagement and he came to meet me accompanied by a beautiful blonde. Naturally I was surprised, and, I'm afraid, not very nice about it. He remembers particularly the expression that came over my face when our threesome was made a foursome by the arrival of the blonde's husband. He says that it was the same expression he saw on the face of Bing Crosby when one of his horses won in a photo finish.

There may have been a few idle moments in the years of my marriage to Bob but there have been few dull ones. When I appear to be doing nothing I am, in reality, conducting an intensive study of one of the most complicated males in matrimonial captivity. Every wife knows this is a full-time job—because what male isn't complicated?

Bob puts tremendous effort into his business of making people laugh. He makes me laugh without even trying. This doesn't mean he brings his show with him. At home he is just himself—ad lib. in words and actions.

Until recently, he has never been what might be considered a domestic person. Now that we have a permanent home with a garden, children, dogs and neighbors, Bob is gradually succumbing to the domesticating influence of the combination. And of course I admit to throwing my weight around in favor of the influence.

Bob has changed perceptibly since he came back from his tour of the overseas theaters of war. The experience has given him a new outlook.

He makes it a rule, for instance, to have dinner at home every evening that is possible. We both, in fact, prefer to have our meals at home. Bob wants his food served in the good old-fashioned family way, with the plates fixed in the kitchen. Course dinners annoy him. He could enjoy roast



MY LIFE WITH BOB HOPE

By DOLORES HOPE

lamb with mint sauce, pan-browned potatoes, pineapple and cottage cheese salad, lemon meringue pie and milk every night in the week.

Occasionally when we go to a party or have a large party, as we do a couple of times a year, we celebrate. We did, at one time, visit the Hollywood night clubs and get around to the show places often, but we seem to have outgrown them. Now and then we go on what Bob calls a gagman's holiday and make the rounds. He always gets more kick out of the other comedian's antics than he ever does from his own.

We have two adopted children—Linda, who is four and a half, and Tony, a year her junior. They obey me—but they worship Bob. It is sometimes necessary for me to leave them in his care. While I was in San Francisco recently, attending a meeting of the board of the American Women's Voluntary Services, a long-distance call came through rather late in the evening. It was Bob.

"Look, Dolores," he said pleadingly, "what do you do to make these characters go to bed?"

"Why, you put them to bed," I said, seizing upon the obvious.

"I did," he wailed, "but they get right out again and stand on the stairs and laugh at me."

His trouble was that he had completely accepted the children's own view of him—just fun and friend, the big playmate who

rough-houses with them and reads fascinating tales aloud. The man who never said no.

This reading business is a comparatively recent custom and I consider it as my own cunning contrivance. Bob has been too busy to read to them a great deal. I started by handing him *The Lonely Dog*. I knew it would attract him because he is so attached to his own dog, Red Sun, a great Dane. He was so interested and read so fast they could hardly understand him.

Long ago I learned that Bob

day—the secretary forgot to empty my wastebasket."

I never dish up the day's small affairs any more and I'm sure Bob doesn't miss it in the least. I've learned that if I keep quiet he turns on the conversation and it's always full of interesting asides and his own unthought-out comments.

Bob is not, in any sense of the word, reckless or impetuous. He has to be driven to rest.

He believes implicitly that his usual good health is the result of golf. He applies his conviction to me and to everyone else. Once I was suffering from an extremely severe cold with a high temperature. The early morning was raw and uninviting but Bob had the cure.

"Come on out and knock a ball around," he urged. "That'll fix you."

But I remained where I was—in bed, by doctor's orders.

Although he may give the impression of being a thoughtful man he calls me everyday at noon. I give him a quick report on affairs at home, if interesting, and he usually has some amusing tidbit for me. It's a little thing but I love it.

There was a time when I read Bob's scripts and criticized his gags. I don't any more. Things would fall flat on my ears that brought roar of laughter at the show and something that tickled me silly would miss with the audience. I realized that I was too close to the wit to get the point.

It wouldn't be for me to define what I have given to Bob. But he has given me tolerance and patience. I might add that he has also given me the boon of laughter.

* * *

WARNING to Mothers!

There is only one genuine Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative that is specially prepared for the tender systems of babies and children.

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'Seems to Me

By PIA MANCIA

SEEMS to me that Washington is leaving no stone unturned to improve the condition of women. Recently, a bill was introduced providing for a presidential commission of nine members to review the legal status of women. The idea is to do away with sex discriminations with corresponding corrective legislation, and to see to it that no distinctions are made "except such as are reasonably justified by physical structure, biological or social function."

It would be interesting to speculate what would happen in the Philippines if discriminatory laws against women are also removed. Believe it or not, by the way,—in the United States, at least in 16 states, property and marriage settlement laws, inheritance laws, guardianships and trusts are often prejudicial to them. Also, believe it or not, the Russian women have better breaks than women in other parts of the world.

The American women in Congress are vocal in their opinion about the matter. Representative Edith Nourse Rogers refers to the proposed bill as "a valuable contribution"; Representative Helen Gahagan says that its significance is in "implementing the United Nations declarations" on equal rights for women. And, of course, as is to be expected, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,—who, if any one woman could, should represent the rights and responsibilities of womanhood, is for it heart and soul. As a matter of fact she wishes it were possible "to remove all possible legislation which hampers women on account of their sex."

In a country of such civic-mindedness as America, such a bill can be expected to draw heavy support. As a matter of fact 40 national organizations including the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Relations and the League of Women Voters are backing it up.

Our government must also have seen the potentialities in our women when it saw fit to honor Mrs. Cecilia Muñoz-Palma by making her Assistant Fiscal of Quezon City, the first woman in the Philippines to receive such a distinction. And while we are on "firsts", what about Dr. Fe del Mundo, who is director of the North General Hospital, president of the Manila Medical Society and an important member of the Home Service Committee of the Philippine Red Cross.

A must book, 'seems to me, for all Filipinos to read, is Father Monaghan's 'Under the Red Sun in which an American who has been with Filipino youth (he has been with the Ateneo for years) so admires and loves that youth that he, pardonably enough, almost makes us wonder if, in his opinion, it was the Ateneans who won the war for us. The book is an exalted version of Filipino patriotism, yet through the exaltation one sees the sincerity, ardent enthusiasm and affection of the author, his faith in the people he has chosen to live with and guide, his trust, his admiration. The guerrilla stories are, to say the least, inspiring,—also humbling. The Filipino reader feels how little he has suffered, how little he has gone through in comparison with the sufferings of Raymunda Guidote, for example, Lulu Reyes, the leper-heroine, and the other guerrillas, and soldiers. It is a book that makes the Filipino respect himself because it respects him and makes him want to give of his best to country and people because the book expects it of him. It is also a book that courageously reminds America and the American people that whatever they do to rehabilitate the Philippines is due this country which had given so much for the mother-country and its cause.

'Seems to me that the subject of the recent Town Hall meeting was well-chosen, namely, the role of art in peace. The UNESCO conference emphasized the significance of education in effecting the ultimate peace of the world. It outlined some of the main methods by which education, science, art, and letters would be employed to carry out the aims defined in the Charter of the United Nations. The UNESCO constitution has made one great advance over the policies which governed the League of Nations—a league conceived of the highest degree of idealism, but which proved futile and impotent because not implemented by practical humanism. This advance consists in the emphasis given to the significance of peoples speaking to peoples... The importance of mass communication—the radio, the press, and the movies.

The role of art in peace is as a softening influence akin perhaps to the role of woman in the home. Science which is largely a thing of the mind was largely responsible for the last world disasters. 'Seems to me it's sound to think out some other means of running the world than merely through science and technology. An integration of these with the other aspects of knowledge, living and creating, with the arts, with human relations, may be the answer to what is needed by the world now. But we cannot just theorize. All these beautiful theories we are putting up, according to Archibald McLeish of the UNESCO, may be likened to a kite on the ground, useless unless wind is put into it. Activation of the theories is necessary.

'Seems to me that the awareness to community responsibilities among our women is not confined solely to the older group. Giving a talk recently to a student body in the YWCA I was vastly surprised to find every girl keenly alive to the problems of understanding community problems. Result: a group of these girls together with the Y staff will attend a seminar of Mr. A. Kanyanan, known city planner, to talk over ways and means of neighborhood conservation, of the possibility of plotting out lots for children's playgrounds, closing undesirable streets to prevent accidents and give children more space, etc. Miss Roberts, active Y secretary, mentioned how in San Francisco the women took active part in the city planning with the result that school lots and yards, playgrounds and recreation centers—mostly for children—became permanent fixtures for the city. Can something like that be effected here? I don't see why not, if the women show enough interest. Incidentally, just by way of a reminder, all these problems tie up together—housing, lack of playgrounds, and the like, with juvenile delinquency, vagrancy, even prostitution.

Does it seem to you, as it does to me, that while industrialization is good for the Philippines we should not industrialize to too great an extent until we can provide a protective tariff for our industries? The Made-in-the-Philippines week would set a person to thinking about these problems—if we, for instance, produce goods whose prices cannot compete with American goods, because there is no tariff barrier and no revaluation of the peso, we can never hope to discourage imports and encourage exports. In fact, we may not even be able to consume what we produce here.



Officers of the U.P. Women Lawyers' Circle recently called on President Roxas to invite him to speak on parity.

This mail failed to bring us any letters. In fact we believe the U.S.-P.I. mail as far as we in the NFWC are concerned can still stand some improvement. Mrs. Legarda writes of our failure to correspond with her often enough, but we have been answering all her letters. Miss Evangelista writes of letters she has sent some of us which we have not received either.

In this issue we reprint an article from the General Federation Clubwoman (May, 1945) by Virginia Nelson Million, which is about a very dear friend—Mrs. Pilar H. Lim.

CONSUMING FLAMES OF HATE

YOUR home—the home you have worked for so long and lived in so proudly—has been destroyed. Not by accident, but in hatred and malice, by an enemy who gloated as he wrecked, and you are bereft and heartsick.

Then there comes a friend, who puts his arm around your shoulder and says, "Now look; we are going to rebuild your house. We know how much it meant to you, and to your friends and neighbors. You can pay us back some time later on if you like."



Ambassador and Mrs. Romulo photographed upon their arrival in Cleveland, Ohio where outstanding leaders from 11 parts of the world addressed the international forum. Left to right: Joseph Ku, aide to Ambassador Ku of China; Ambassador Wellington Koo, Phil Benitez, aide to Ambassador Romulo and Pedro di Alba of Mexico acting director-general of the Pan American Union.

Friends In America

Can you imagine what warmth and comfort that would mean, how hopes that had been unbearably crushed would spring up again?

That is what Mrs. Pilar H. Lim, former president of Philippine Federation of Women's Clubs who is now in Washington as a member of the Filipino Rehabilitation Commission, hopes will happen to her clubwomen back in islands. Because their "home"—the clubhouse in Manila which they bought at the cost of much sacrifice and long struggle, was burned by the Japs in their savage destruction of that city, and it is Mrs. Lim's hope that the sister membership in this country will be that friend who comes along in the dark hours.

"If all the Federated members in this country would contribute only a few cents each, the clubhouse could be rebuilt, and we do need it so badly," said the attractive small woman with the liquid brown eyes. "The one that

we had we were very proud of, and it served a valuable part in the community for many activities besides our own. Paying for it was a long, hard job, accomplished mainly through contributions from our own members—most of whom had little to give—but it was finally all paid and we had a gala mortgage-burning ceremony a short time before I left Manila in 1941."

Mrs. Lim, who served as president of the Philippine Federation for 10 years prior to that and saw it grow to 800 clubs, speaks of the war with personal pain as well as sorrow for her clubwomen. Her husband, Brig. Gen. Vicente Lim, a leading Philippine military figure, was captured on Bataan, and she does not yet know what fate has befallen him. Gen. Lim was reported to be in Fort Santiago, in the old walled section of Manila, and during the days when the Yankees were storming the fort. Mrs. Lim lived in hourly hope and dread,

sure that some news-good or bad-would at last arrive.

But the days of victory came and went, and nothing was learned, nothing at all, of what the Japs had done with General Lim. He, together with a half-dozen other Filipino generals held captive, has disappeared without a trace. Mrs. Lim can only conjecture that her husband was taken on to some other Japanese dungeons, and she lives on in suspense still tempered with hope.

A real and living sorrow to Mrs. Lim at this time, however, is the news that Mrs. Josefa Escoda, her co-worker and successor as president of the Philippine Federation, was murdered by the Japs in the fall of Manila. Mrs. Escoda, with her husband Antonio, a prominent Manila newspaperman, also was a prisoner in Fort Santiago, and their bodies were found among the dead there.

"I wish that in your article I might pay a tribute to my great friend," said Mrs. Lim. "Her

death was a loss to our clubwomen, and to all women of good will everywhere, as well as to me personally. She worked with me as secretary of the Federation, and it was to her enthusiasm and energy and wonderful teamwork that we owed many of our accomplishments."

Newspapers here reported that Mr. and Mrs. Escoda were slain by the Japanese for their undaunted efforts to be of aid to the Americans.

"Mrs. Escoda could have saved herself by sacrificing a principle, but she was not that kind," declared Mrs. Lim. "The Americans were her friends, and I know that she would have done everything possible to help them even though it meant imprisonment and death."

Vicente Lim and his wife Pilar were long outstanding citizens in their island country, and were leaders in the splendid pre-war era which saw the Philippines begin to grow into real stature in the American family. Mrs. Lim is a graduate and former instructor of the University of the Philippines, and her husband was

(Continued on page 23)

Club Woman's Bulletin Board

A letter was received from Mrs. Araceli F. Morelos, Municipal Mayor of Sorsogon, Sorsogon, asking for a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the women's club for the purpose of reorganizing their club in Sorsogon. Knowing the interest of Mrs. Morelos in community welfare as indicated by her other activities we have every reason to hope that the club will be very successful.

Another club that has requested for guidance in their reorganization is the Numanacia Women's Club in Numanacia, Surigao.

Mrs. Fabiana B. Aquino, President of the Women's Club in San Fernando, Luz Union wrote to us that the circular of Mrs. Henares regarding Clean-Up Week was very timely. At the time it was received, the Club was discussing ways and effective means to carry out their program for cleanliness in homes and surroundings. They believe that they will have a very successful drive for cleanliness. Prizes will be awarded to the cleanest home with attractive and healthful surroundings. The Club secured a permit for a series of benefits in order to raise funds for their projects.

The list of officers of this club is as follows:

1. Mrs. Fabiana V. Aquino -- President
2. Atty. Beatriz Morales--Vice-President
3. Miss Lourdes Rilloraza--Secretary
4. Mrs. Mercedes L. Aquino -- Treasurer

Board of Directors

1. Mrs. Corazon C. Ortega
2. Mrs. Pedro Peralta
3. Mrs. Lourdes Jamilla
4. Mrs. Eusebia Aquino
5. Mrs. Victoria Ochoa
6. Mrs. Antonia Balcita
7. Mrs. Antonia O. Ancheta
8. Mrs. Rosario Dacanay
9. Mrs. Joaquin Ortega, Jr.
10. Mrs. Socorro Baltazar
11. Mrs. Maria Zarsardiaz
12. Mrs. Mercedes Balingit
13. Miss Estefania Alviar
14. Miss Rosario Casuga
15. Miss Ana Flores
16. Miss Consuelo Buceat

17. Mrs. Emilia Lim
18. Mrs. Celerino Gonzales

Dr. Adoracion Marquez, who is familiar to us way back during her student days because of her active participation in the Junior Club activities and Girl's Week activities in Manila, has just been elected President of the Women's Club in Lemery, Batangas. The other officers are:

- Dr. Adoracion A. Marquez -- President
 Atty. Zosima C. Hernandez -- Vice-President
 Miss Gualupe Bello -- Secretary
 Mrs. Maria R. Irineo--Treasurer

Members of the Board of Directors

- Miss Irene Rodriguez
 Miss Rosario Salazar
 Miss Lily Pesisan
 Mrs. Aurelia Solis
 Mrs. Efigenia Lota
 Advisor--Miss Josefa Kasilag

With the help of the local government, Bureau of Health and civic spirited members of the club, a periculture center has been organized and maintained by the club.

Through the cooperation of Dr. Mariano C. Cordova, formerly a Chapter Administrator of the Philippine Red Cross in Bohol the names of the officers of he following clubs were secured:

Valencia Woman's Club

- Mrs. Juana Salipong--President
 Mrs. Ana D. Nanioc--Vice-President
 Mrs. Dionisia P. Marante--Sec. Treasurer

Board of Directors:

- Miss Visitacion Cajillog
 Mrs. Julita C. Acero
 Mrs. Marciana T. Campomayor
 Mrs. Manerta C. Pajo
 Mrs. Consolacion A. del Bando
 Mrs. Natalia A. Ipanag

Jagna Woman's Club

- Mrs. Basilia A. Desas -- President
 Mrs. Paulina A. Acenas--Vice-President
 Mrs. Claudia A. Cero -- Sec. Treasurer

Garcia-Hernandez Woman's Club

- Mrs. Teodosia C. Saligumba -- President
 Mrs. Felicidad D. Jampero -- Vice-President
 Miss Zenaida Bahan--Secretary
 Mrs. Rita C. Salera--Treasurer
 Hon. Cruz Ranario--Advisor

Lila Women's Club

- Mrs. Genara U. Phig--President
 Miss Marcelina Nalam -- Vice-President
 Mrs. Aurelia T. Balandra--Secretary-Treasurer
 Mrs. Isidra L. Balandra--Auditor
 Board of Directors
 Mr. Hilario Gamad--Chairman

Members:--

- Mrs. Geronima P. Balandra
 Mrs. Marcosa Y. Caingod
 Miss Marcelina Nalam
 Mrs. Nicanora B. Ytem
 Mrs. Dominga O. Ocaido
 Mrs. Potenciana F. Balandra

Mabini Women's Club

- Mrs. Lucina E. Jumamoy--President
 Mrs. Isidra R. Curilan -- Vice-President
 Mrs. Irene B. Mende--Secretary
 Mrs. Nicenora B. Fostanes -- Treasurer
 Mrs. Crescencia E. Rances--Advisor

In response to public opinion the League of Women Voters of the Philippines has endorsed the name of Mrs. Nieves Baens del Rosario for the position of Director of the Bureau of Labor which is expected to be filled soon. The resolution of the League of Women Voters says:

WHEREAS, one of the purposes of the League of Women Voters of the Philippines is to endorse deserving women for high responsible positions in the government;

WHEREAS, Mrs. Nieves Baens del Rosario has dedicated thirty years of her life in efficient service in the Bureau of Labor and is at present holding the important post of Chief of the Workman's Compensation Division;

WHEREAS, labor leaders who have been in contact with her and

know her very well have endorsed Mrs. Nieves Baens del Rosario for the position of Director of the Bureau of Labor on her merits as lawyer, scholar, labor leader, social worker, and writer;

NOW, THEREFORE, be it resolved as it is hereby resolved, that the League of Women Voters of the Philippines request His Excellency, the President of the Philippines, to appoint Mrs. Nieves Baens del Rosario as Director of the Bureau of Labor.

Done in the city of Manila on February 7, 1947.

SIGNED:

- Mrs. Pura Villanueva Kalaw
 President, League of Women Voters
 Mrs. Flora A. Ylagan
 Vice-President, League of Women Voters
 Mrs. Cispina Malvar Meer
 Secretary, League of Women Voters
 Mrs. Asuncion Perez
 Treasurer, League of Women Voters

MAYOR V. FUGUSO, GUEST

Mayor Valeriano Fugoso was the guest speaker and Mrs. Mercedes R. de Joya as guest of honor of the North Quiapo Women's Club. Those who took oath of office were:

- President
 Mrs. Matilde L. Flores
 Vice-President
 Mrs. Gregorio Ileta
 Secretary
 Dra. Perfecta Gaffney
 Treasurer

Mrs. Candelaria G. Quiambao
 Assistant Treasurer
 Mrs. Sylvia Garcia
 Board of Directors:

- Mrs. Rosa Soliman Paterno
 Mrs. Flora Morau
 Mrs. Trinidad Yaptungco
 Mrs. Matilde Manayans
 Mrs. Virginia Santos
 Mrs. Matilde Macaraig
 Mrs. Anastacia Tecson
 Mrs. Felisa de Cruz
 Mrs. Flaviana Despusoy

Program:

1. Piano Selection--Mr. E. Espiritu
2. Vocal Solo--Miss Rosie Fa-

(Continued on page 28)

The Principles of Parliamentary Law

1. JUSTICE TO ALL
2. COURTESY TO ALL
3. ONE THING AT A TIME
4. THE RULE OF THE MAJORITY.
5. THE RIGHTS OF THE MAJORITY.

DON'TS FOR PRESIDING OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

By EMMA A. FOX

1. Don't fail to begin the meeting on time, a quorum being present.

2. Don't say, "You have heard the motion." State the motion.

3. Don't say, "It has been moved and seconded." Say "It is moved and seconded."

4. Don't say, "It is moved and seconded to amend by having or by making." Say, "It is moved and seconded to amend by adding," "by inserting," "by striking out" or "by substituting" as the case may be. A motion to amend presiding officer may say, "Is there a proposition to change the

phraseology of the motion to which it applies and should state by what method the change is to be made.

5. Don't say, "The question is on the amendment." Say "The question is on the motion to amend by etc."

6. Don't repeat the motion offered by a member and then ask if there is a second. Motions requiring a second should be seconded before being stated by the presiding officer.

7. Don't say, "Will some one second the motion?" If a motion out" or "by substituting" as the is not seconded promptly the case may be. A motion to amend presiding officer may say, "Is there a second to the motion?"

The chair should not imply that he wants the motion seconded.

8. Don't say, "Those in favor of the motion will indicate, manifest, signify or show it in the usual manner." Say, "Those in favor, please say 'aye,' or, 'As many as are in favor will say 'aye'."

9. Don't say, "Those in favor manifest it by the usual sign" unless a sign for voting has previously been agreed upon.

10. Don't say, "Those in favor say 'aye' those opposed the same sign." "Aye" is not a sign and should not be used as indicating opposition.

11. Don't omit to take the negative vote on every motion. Don't

ever fail to take the negative vote on a motion to adjourn.

12. Don't say, "Contrary" or "Contrary minded." One may be opposed to a motion without being contrary.

13. Don't fail to insist on order and quiet until the result of a vote on a motion to adjourn is declared and if the vote is affirmative until the statement is made that the meeting stands adjourned.

14. Don't omit to declare the result of every vote.

15. Don't say "Those opposed have it." Say, "The motion is lost."

16. Don't say, "I think," "I appoint," "It is my opinion." Say "The chair thinks," "The chair appoints," "It is the opinion of the chair."

17. Don't ask the assembly if there is any unfinished business.

18. Don't ever, under the circumstances, entertain a motion that one person cast the ballot.

19. Don't repeat the name of a person whom you have called upon to make a report or to give an address after he has addressed the chair. The officer or the per-

(Continued on page 26)

...IN THE MIDST OF DARKNESS...



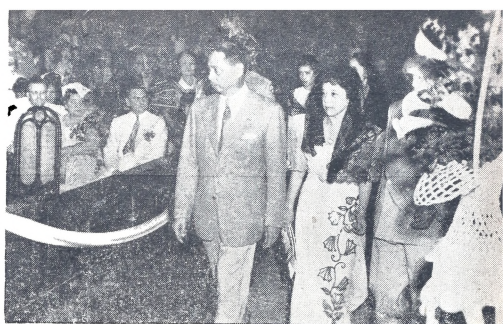
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Wedding OF THE Year





Above, left to right: The Bride Nini Quezon marching up the aisle on the arm of her brother Nonong who gave her away in marriage. The McNutts arrived on the dot, Philip I is seen talking to them. Mrs. V. McNutt and daughter Louise wore stunning veils. President Roxas, the First Lady and daughter Rubi and Mrs. Jacobo Zobel arrived to find a church overflowing to the windows, filled to the rafters. (Foto Lara).

Below, left: Archbishop Dougherty's hand is extended in blessing upon the kneeling pair as the veil and cord and candle rites completed the nuptial ceremonies held at the Sto. Tomas chapel. Nini and bridal court: Telly Albert Zulueta da Costa, Baby Quezon, Pacita La O and Nori Sison. (Photographs by Rob's).



HOW do you get the bacon out of those one-pound cans? This is our technique, and the very soft bacon comes out in whole pieces: We insert a long-handled fork into the center and push it down until the ends of the tines touch the bottom ends of the bacon, then we pull out the fork, bringing with it two or three slices. Once a few center slices are out, it is no longer difficult to remove the other slices. For as you have probably noticed, the slices of bacon are laid, overlapping each other, on paper, then rolled tightly before they are put into the can.

We find many uses for bacon drippings. The lard, which we accumulate in a covered can, is, of course, excellent for frying, especially cold rice. Sometimes we add to the rice two or three slices of bacon, fried to a crisp and then crumbled into tiny pieces. This is a good idea when you have just fish and tomatoes for supper.

After frying the bacon for breakfast, we pour off the drippings into the can but leave the sediments in the frying pan, which we set aside without washing. At noon time, we sautee such vegetables as string beans, chopped cabbage, even corn kernels, in this frying pan. With a little sliced onion, of course.

Or, if you want a hot dressing to vegetables, for a salad, add a tablespoon of vinegar, a little sugar, a little prepared mustard, a few drops of toyo (yes, a little of any condiment), mix well and bring to a boil. Pour over cooked vegetables before serving. It

would not be a bad idea to add a slice or two of bacon, fried and then crumbled into pieces, to this dressing. Try it on cooked, cubed potatoes. * * *

OUR sink used to be clogged up most of the time. Our sleuthing brought out the fact that our maid, despite instructions, scrapped off the plates, pots and pans, only the large particles of food. The tiny pieces naturally passed through the holes of the drain and accumulated in the elbow or bend of the pipe. The solution was simple: we bought a large wire strainer and hang it near the sink. All food particles are scraped into this strainer and then thrown away. Water used for washing rice and other foods is also poured out through this strainer. * * *

WHEN your house gets burned down, your rags go with it too. Hence, when we moved into our new house, we had to beg from relatives for some rags for wiping floors and other dirty surfaces. When these rags were all used up (we threw them away when they got dirty for they were so old), we found newspapers such a good substitute that now we use nothing else, especially in the kitchen. We burn them afterwards.

No household chore is more necessary, at least in our opinion, than washing greasy pots and pans and plates. One or two soaps are not enough sometimes, as when you have kari or mole or adobo. Greasy pots and pans are at their worst when they have been used over wood

fire. Try wiping off as much of the grease and soot with newspapers, then wash off the rest of the grease with lejia. * * *

THE other day we organized our sewing basket and did not know what to do with the tape measure, which was always getting tangled up with buttons (which we placed in a jar) and spool threads. While perusing a very old magazine last night, we came across this suggestion which, needless to say, we immediately put into practice: Get an empty adhesive tape spool and wind your tape measure around the spindle. Place the spool in the protective case and the tape measure will be kept clean and ready to use. * * *

TIPS for faucet care: When you shut off a faucet, do it with a firm, deliberate movement of the wrist. Avoid a sharp, abrupt turn, as too much pressure may damage the washer or the faucet seat. Repair leaking faucets, or have them repaired, promptly. * * *

THERE is a definite routine to be followed when giving liquid medicine to patients. Novices, like professionals in the nursing field, should never fail to follow it. Read the label twice; you cannot afford to run the risk of making a mistake. Hold the bottle with the label toward the palm of the left hand. Turn the back of the right hand toward the cork, then catch it between the first and the second fingers. Pull

out the cork. This places the wet end of it away from the hand. Never lay the cork on the table; it may fall to the floor. Many medicine bottles have screw caps, which should be placed upside down on the table. Always pour the medicine from the side of the bottle away from the label, using your right hand. This insures the directions against being obliterated by medicine streaking over them. Pour the medicine. Set the bottle on the table, and replace the cork or cap before giving the medicine to the patient. Prescriptions are expensive, and one little tilt is all that is necessary to empty a bottle of its precious contents. * * *

RECENTLY, while paging through a little booklet called "The Day You Buy a Diamond," we read this statement: "Like any 'personality,' a diamond responds to attention." Instantly we recalled hands on which we have seen dreary-looking rings and we wondered how a stone as brilliant as a diamond could be so lacking in sparkle. * * *

The booklet tells us that diamonds are peculiarly attractive to oils of the skin, that dust coats the oil film, and that it should be scrubbed off or dissolved. Mild-soap lather and hot water applied with an eyebrow brush will bring results. Scrub the under side of the setting thoroughly, rinse in hot water, dip in alcohol to cut any remaining soap film, and drain on absorbent paper. * * *

Diamonds may be boiled gently in a mild-soap solution to get rid



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AT THE BETTER STORES

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A BORE IS THE OTHER FELLOW OR HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?

By STANLEY WALKER

Here, I suppose, is a fair enough definition of a bore: A bore is a person who is endlessly fascinated by his own remarks and is oblivious to the fact that he is causing his, or her, listeners grave discomfort. But that by no means covers the whole ground. Bores come in motley garments, they speak a varied patter, and they are sure to turn up when you least expect them. They are always with us. The breed never dies.

In my time I have accumulated perhaps a thousand case histories; I fancy them much as the late J. P. Morgan used to fancy rare snuff-boxes. Some have made me acutely ill; others have driven me to alcohol to forget their dreariness, and there are still others, so help me, for whom I have developed a sort of perverse affection. You must have met some of them. Here are a few:

There's the Mr. Fixit type of bore. For all I know he may regard himself as the spiritual kin of Father Damien or Sister Kenny or Florence Nightingale. He wants to help you. A job, an introduction, a hotel reservation, a good doctor—he knows all the

of hand or face creams and dry soap film with good results provided they are rinsed in hot water—avoid temperature extremes.

Or, for your diamonds and other jewelry as well, you may prefer to use a liquid jewelry cleaner in to which jewelry is merely dipped and agitated slightly to make it again bright and shining. Brushing of stubborn soil and rinsing and drying are all the further attention needed.

Further care of diamonds involves keeping the stone tightly set. One should avoid jumbling several diamond settings in one jewel box because one diamond will scratch another although no other stone will scratch a diamond. Do not bang diamonds on hard surfaces.

ropes. Give him half a chance and he will run your life to the last detail. Avoid him as you would leprosy.

Scarcely less poisonous is the man whose brain is crammed with useless information. He is a perambulating quiz kid, but old enough the know better. He will ask, "Can you name all the Vice-Presidents of the United States, in order?" You say no, you can't, but he will go ahead and name them anyhow. He can name the capitals of all the states, and he knows that the M in Bernard M. Baruch's name stands for Mances.

Then there is the slightly faded lady who says she has "no regrets." A hard life, hers, but it was worth it. In the first place, she comes of a good family "way back yonder somewhere—Randolphs, or Biddles, or Plantagenets, as the case may be. The ups and downs she has had! The recital is guaranteed to curl your hair if you are clump enough to sit and listen.

An ubiquitous type is the Expert in the Delayed Point. You know very well that eventually he is going to come to the point of whatever he is bending your car with, but the time is not yet. He tries to build up suspense; he goes off into strange and nerve-racking byways. And by the time he reaches the end you are fagged out, and the point wasn't very good anyhow.

Also, there is the chap who always comes out on top in his encounters with other human beings. He never loses a fight or an argument, to hear him tell it. Why, only yesterday his boss, who was trying to horn-woggle him got told off—yes sir! Some bun tried to hold him up, and was lucky to get away with his life. Steer clear of this one; he may be telling somebody tomorrow how he outwitted you.

Those who seem to dwell forever along Memory Lane are also hard customers. Yes, they often saw Maurice Barrymore in the Hoffman House Bar; Buffalo Bill was a pal; they carried on brisk correspondence with a Mark

the keen insight of a man of science. Thus he soon came to see that his idols had clay feet, and—being so purely subjective in his judgments—he was indignant with them having, as he thought, deceived him...."

His works included a number of beautiful letters which make the reader wonder whether or not it would not be wise to take up epistolary art seriously again. Modern literature has completely, it seems, ignored it. In one of his letters he talks of the "velvet" souls: "Almost in every place where I lived long, it was given me to meet a velvet soul or two—presences (male or female mattered nothing) which with a word or two wrapped all your being round in a softness and warmth of emotional caress inexpressible... I have found such souls in Japan—but only Japanese souls. But they are melting into the night."

Twain, James J. Corbett and the beautiful Lillian Russell.

The careful historian of last night's drinking bout is always to be avoided, if possible. He may start this way: "Well, I can't take it like I used to, and I had already been by Tim's place for three or four quick ones before I got to this party. And there I found—" but why go on? You know him, or her.

There are so many others! The man who wants your opinion on a subject you care nothing about, the drawler with the low voice

The book runs like that, a fascinating biography of a man of exquisite fancies and ideas. These are sprayed delicately and artistically throughout, leaving the reader with the essence of their charming and ineffable beauty.

NEW YORK—Manhattan College recently announced that only returning veterans who were previously registered at the college will be accepted for the spring term beginning this month. With its prewar enrollment more than doubled, the college has no space for new students.

DETROIT, Michigan—Wayne University has established a new graduate curriculum to prepare professionally-trained personnel to carry out the increasing needs of vocational rehabilitation. The course will be open to teachers and others interested in handicapped children and adults.

(usually a pipe-smoker) who keeps you on the edge of your chair because you can't catch what he is saying, the oaf who may like to bandy about Big Names, the man-about-town who wonders if you've "caught the latest gag," the hot sport who wants to bet on the 1948 election, and so on and on and on.

In dealing with these people, patience and footwork are necessary. And sometimes tolerance. For it may well be that, to them, you and I are bores of the hot water. Horrible idea!

CONSTIPATION

Is an ailment that requires far more than simply taking a laxative. For real relief, you must get at the cause, restore the natural activity of the intestines. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is ideal for this purpose. A gentle, but effective laxative, it tones up the entire intestinal tract, is non-gripping, non-habit-forming.

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Formula, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia: Each Fl. Oz. represents 34 to 40 grains of Magnesium Hydroxide in the highest quality. Tablet: Magnesium Hydroxide.



Our sinigang de carne is one of the most delicious ways of preparing beef. The cocido (which we learned from the Spanish) is okay, the way we cook beef steak (swimming in lard) is even all right. But do try some American ways of cooking beef. You have perhaps tried a recipe or two which you saw in a magazine but your family didn't relish the results. Are you sure you followed the recipe to the letter? Did you use the right cut, the right temperature, the right ingredients? Try again, with the following recipes:

PAN BROILED STEAK

This is cooking by dry heat, so only very tender cuts of beef should be used. Tenderloin, or salomillo, is best for pan broiling. The next best cuts are sirloin (cadera), porterhouse or club, top round (pierna corta). The steak should be at least 1 inch thick, for if it is thin, it will dry up inside during the cooking. Your steak should be crisp on the outside but moist or juicy inside.

The meat is cooked in a heavy frying pan (an iron one, if possible) with very little lard to prevent sticking. Heat the pan until

COOKING



cook for 5 minutes, stirring until smooth and thick. Season.

To serve: Slice roast and pour gravy over slices.

If desired, such vegetables as potatoes, carrots, celery, string beans, may be added to the pot roast before it is done.

ITALIAN POT ROAST

This is a modification of the foregoing recipe.

After searing meat, transfer to a pot and add 3-1/2 cups tomatoes, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1/2 clove garlic, 1/2 bay leaf, and 1 whole clove. Cover tightly and simmer for 3 hours. Strain liquid in pot and thicken with 1 tablespoon flour, dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water.

Braising is like pot roasting in that the meat is cooked in a very little water over a low fire. Cuts which include bones are best for braising.

BRAISED BRISKET

- 1 kilo. beef brisket with bone
- 1/4 cup flour
- Salt and pepper
- 1/4 cup fat
- 1/2 cup sliced onion
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 2 cups water

Have the beef cut into 2-inch pieces. Dredge with seasoned flour and brown well in hot fat. Be sure to brown all sides of each piece. Add the vegetables and the water. Cover tightly and simmer for about 3 hours. If desired, peas may be added just before the meat is done.

Here is a dish that is not unlike the Chinese Pi-Quat.

BARBECUED SHORT RIBS

- 1 kilo short ribs
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 onion, minced
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 cup ketchup
- 1/2 cup water
- 3 tablespoons Worcestershire
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 teaspoons salt

Have the ribs cut into convenient serving pieces of 2 to 3 inches long. Brown in very hot fat; add the onion, then the vinegar, sugar, ketchup, water, mustard, celery and salt. Cover tightly and simmer until the meat is very tender.

This is also very good when short ribs of pork are used.

BEEF RECIPES

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it is sizzling, then rub a little suet (beef fat) all over its bottom, or use a little lard. Drop in the steak and sear one side quickly to prevent the juice from escaping. Turn, being careful to pierce only the side. Sear the other side, then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lower heat a little and cook for about twenty minutes (or less, if you want the steak rare) and serve at once. Reheating will make the steak tough.

To serve the steak: Place on a plate and spread butter on the top surface, then season with salt. Garnish with fried onions or mushrooms, sautéed in butter, or fried potatoes.

Nice to go with beef steak: cream of tomato soup and a salad of greens or of pepino.

SWISS STEAK

- 1 kilo beef
- 1/4 cup flour
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons fat
- Onion slices
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup tomato juice

Tender beef cuts are rather expensive. The less tender cuts can be used for steaks but they will need more cooking. For Swiss Steak use round, chuck or shoulder.

Dredge the beef with seasoned flour (flour, salt and pepper) and pound the flour into the steak with a mallet, the edge of a thick saucer or the back of a bolo. Brown the steak in a little lard, then add the onion, water and tomato juice. Cover the pan tightly and simmer for one hour or more until the steak is

very tender. Turn it occasionally.

Local version of this dish is Beef Escabeche. The beef is scored, then floured, then browned in a little lard. It is simmered till tender in a sweet-sour sauce consisting of water, vinegar, sugar, toyo, and sliced onion and garlic.

POT ROAST

- 1 kilo beef (round, rump, chuck, or shoulder)
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped suet or 3 tablespoons lard
- 1 onion, sliced
- 2 cups brown gravy

This is one of the best ways of cooking the less tender cuts of beef. Have the beef in one whole or compact piece. If it is sliced, roll and tie securely. Wipe with a clean, damp cloth and dredge with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Try out the suet until all lard comes out. Brown the beef in this fat, seeing to it that all sides are seared well. Transfer to a deep pot, add 1/2 cup hot water, cover tightly, and simmer until tender (about 2 hours), turning frequently to prevent burning and to cook uniformly. If you have a trivet, the meat may be placed on it.

For the gravy, measure the juice in the pot. For each cup of gravy desired, use 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons fat or juice from the pot, and 1 cup water. Return fat or juice into the pot and stir the flour in it. Cook over a low fire until browned. Gradually stir in the water and



Food for THOUSANDS



Above left, Nini Quezon's wedding cake, a three-tiered altar on which is laid a big heart. A corsage of candy flowers lords it over for good luck. At right, giant prawns on sky-high racks greet the eyes as thousands of platters of viands stretch into limitless view.

the first Filipino to be graduated from West Point. They have six children. One son is a graduate of Annapolis and one of West Point, both being in the U. S. armed forces, and another, a graduate of M. I. T., is an aircraft designer. The three younger ones are here with Mrs. Lim, enrolled in the Academy of the Sacred Heart.

After coming to this country in 1941—she didn't really mean to evacuate, but came here in June to attend her son's graduation from Annapolis, and stayed on of necessity—Mrs. Lim has been doing lecture work and was appointed with the FRC last October. This is the commission working with the UNRRA in making long-range plans for rehabilitation work in the islands, carrying on the long, slow process of rebuilding the Filipino to health and economic balance after their terrible ordeal.

Mrs. Lim will not return to Manila until her work as "liaison" here is accomplished, but when she does, the project nearest her heart will be the rebuilding of the Federation clubs there and the launching of the many progressive programs which the members have

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 15)

sponsored.

It is an impressive list. As the only national women's organization in the islands and one

which goes down to the "grass-roots" in the small communities, the Federation has worked with public authorities in all the major

projects that have carried the Filipinos ahead so rapidly. And as the country as a whole has been the protegee of the United States, the Philippine Federation was sponsored and fostered by the American branch.

The organization has its beginning in 1912 when Carrie Chap-

(Continued on page 30)

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

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CHILD CARE



The following article, reprinted from a 1945 issue of PARENTS' MAGAZINE, is another proof that the tendency in baby care and training in the United States today is towards commonsense and flexibility. Most pediatricians there now advise parents to let nature take her way, or to follow their own natural instincts, in

has his movement at just the same time of day. This isn't training, because the baby really doesn't know what he is doing. It's the mother who's trained. Many times the baby rebels against these efforts when he gets old enough to realize what is happening to him. Some psychologists think that early training is harmful, in certain cases, whether the baby rebels later or not. It seems sensible to give the baby the benefit of the doubt and leave him in peace until he is old enough to know a little of what it's all about.

Whether you start bowel training early or late, the most important thing is how you go about it during the second year. When a baby gets to be one to one and a half years old he begins to be interested in his own bowel function, and to get more control. He can hold back on the movement at one time and push with a will

to be saying, "This movement is mine, and I want to do it my own way." This kind of resistance is very common indeed and it occurs, for a short period, in lots of babies, even those whose mothers have been pretty polite and reasonable about training. It's natural. A mother will say, "He was very well-trained for several months but now he seems to have forgotten what it's all about." Nonsense, babies don't forget that easily; they just get wiser and more independent.

There are two other less common kinds of rebellion. One baby gets to hate the potty chair or the toilet seat and fights and cries when his mother tries to place him on it. This is most apt to happen when he has previously had painfully hard movements. You can see why, if he has been hurt on the toilet, he balks at taking another chance there. He prefers to dodge the issue and let

NURSERY RECIPES

SAGO or TAPIOCA (for babies one year old and over)

The ingredients needed for this filling dessert are 2 ounces of fine sago or tapioca, 1 or 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons of Nestlé's or Milkmaid Milk, dissolved in 3/4 pint of water.

Soak the sago or tapioca in cold water and drain before cooking. Bring diluted milk to a boil, then sprinkle the sago or tapioca into it. Stir while cooking for 10 minutes. Allow to cool, then stir in the eggs, beaten. Pour into a buttered pie-dish or custard cups and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 1/2 hours.

A little grated lemon rind or nutmeg sprinkled over the pudding before baking will give additional flavor.

EGG (Coddled)

Place a very fresh egg in boiling water, cover and let stand for about 5 minutes. Do not boil. The white should not be set, but should be like jelly.

—Courtesy, The Lactogen Mother Book.

Toilet Training

By DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK

bringing up their children. Dr. Spock is the author of "an illustrated, authoritative, commonsense guide for parents on the care of children from birth to adolescence."

SOMETIMES PARENTS make a great fuss about toilet training, work very hard at it, and end up with a balky, untrained child. Many people have the idea that the only way that a baby gets trained is by the parent's strenuous efforts. This is the wrong way to look at it. Generally speaking, babies themselves gradually get control of their own bowels and bladders as they grow. The most that parents can do is guide them a little. If a mother will realize that the baby will "train" himself, and if she will study him to see what stage he is in, and how he feels about the toilet, she is not going to have much trouble with training.

It has been the style, lately, to try to train the baby to move his bowels on the potty at a very early age. It can sometimes be done with the baby who always

at another. He's also getting more independent. He comes to realize that the movement is his own. He feels proud of it. If his mother is sympathetic, he may go into the next room to fetch her so that she can admire it too. Sometimes he wants to play with it.

If a mother is demanding in her training efforts she goes right against his grain at this age. If she insists that he move his bowels in a certain place, at a certain time, she is saying to him, in so many words, "It's not your movement. It's mine. You do it in the place that I choose, when I tell you." Instead of appreciating the thing that he is proud of, she may show him that she dislikes it. She empties the potty or flushes the toilet as fast as she can, maybe with a look of disgust. It is no wonder that the baby, who's at a balky age anyway, is apt to rebel. The revolt may take several forms.

Many a baby shows his resistance in a polite way. He sits down obediently but never has a movement as long as he stays there. But right after getting up, he moves his bowels in the corner or in his pants. Almost, he seems

his movement come out gradually when he's not thinking about it. When his mother insists, it's as if she were saying, "Come now, it's time to hurt yourself." No wonder he fights. This shows the importance of trying to overcome a tendency to hard movements promptly, especially during the second year.

The third kind of resistance is when the baby holds his movement in, not just when he's on the seat, but afterward, too. He gets to be constipated on purpose. This holding back can develop just because the mother is showing too much persistence in going at his training, but it's more apt to follow painfully hard movements. The child just doesn't dare let it come out at any time. This causes a vicious circle because the longer the movement stays in the harder it gets.

Occasionally a baby in the neighborhood of two gets frightened by the flushing of the toilet and refuses to sit down. He previously was fascinated by the flushing and wanted to turn the handle himself. Apparently he suddenly gets the idea, "Suppose I fell in and was flushed away in

that rush of water, like my movement." Never force him to sit there if he is frightened. Use a baby's toilet seat on the floor over a potty. If his seat isn't built to be used that way, it can be converted by nailing two boards upright to the underside of the seat so that it is held up off the floor, with room for the potty underneath. Let him take months if necessary to get up wisdom and courage enough to be willing to try the regular toilet again.

If a baby is refusing during his second year to move his bowels in the right place, or holding back, it may occur to his mother to give him a suppository or an enema. This is bad; for he usually fights against these measures, not just in anger, but in terror too. He acts as fearful as though his mother were trying to remove his own arm by force. And if he's afraid his movement will hurt, he will expect the enema or suppository to hurt too. It's much wiser to soften up a hard movement with medicine given by mouth.

When a baby gets into a real battle with his mother, it is not just the training which suffers. The struggle has bad effects on

(Continued on page 27)

By MAXIMO RAMOS



How Monsai Slaved His Master

(A Moro Folk Tale)

MONSAI was the good-for-nothing son of the Sultan of the Sky. One day, while he was playing in his father's yard, a strong wind blew him off and he fell down to earth.

He wandered from place to place living by the use of his wits until he met Sabandar, a man who loved nothing so much as a good time. Sabandar became fascinated with Monsai and said:

"Be my slave and I will teach you the ways of the world."

"And what," Monsai replied, "will be my duties?"

"You will carry my kris and my betel-nut bag and you will do what I do," said Sabandar.

"That suits me, Master," said Monsai.

The next day Sabandar decided to visit his sweetheart in Misir. He rode on his horse and Monsai walked behind holding his master's kris and betel-nut bag. When they

reached Misir, Sabandar went to sit beside his sweetheart; and Monsai, instead of standing off like a well-behaved slave, walked to the other side of the girl and sat down close to her.

Sabandar was greatly angered at this and said, "Monsai, you slave, get away from here!"

"Master," replied Monsai, "I am sorry but I am only following what you told me yesterday. I was to do what you do."

Sabandar saw that his slave had taken his word literally and he became embarrassed. He left the girl's house and scolded his slave. "Do not do anything of the kind again," he said.

As they went along, Sabandar's silk handkerchief happened to drop to the ground. He asked when they reached home, "Mon-

sai, did you see my handkerchief?"

"I saw it, all right," replied

Monsai.

"Well, where is it?"

"It must be on the road where you dropped it."

"You fool!" said Sabandar. "A good slave picks up what his master drops on the way."

"I shall know next time," said Monsai.

The following day they went to a wedding feast at Balantan Kairan. Here, carry my kris and my betel-nut bag and be a good slave," said Sabandar.

"Very well, said Sabandar.

On the way Sabandar's horse disposed manure. Monsai picked it up and placed it inside his master's bag. When they reached Balantan Kairan Sabandar went to sit among the wedding guests while Monsai remained at the door.

By and by Sabandar called, "Monsai, give me my betel-nut bag. I want to have a chew."

Monsai gave him the bag and great was his embarrassment when, opening it among his friends, he found what his slave had placed inside.

"You fool!" he yelled. "What

said Monsai, "but I have to hide my face and this jar is the best for the purpose."

The priests were in a hurry to start their morning prayers and were in no mood to argue with a slave. They called for his master and soon Sabandar came down with the greatly amused guests.

"You fool and rascal," Sabandar said, "so you are molesting the priests now, too! Get your dull head out of that jar."

"I am sorry, Master, but I am afraid to show my face to you," replied Monsai with his head still in the jar. "And be careful about what you are saying or you will regret it."

"Stop your silly talk," said Sabandar, "and get your foolish head out of the jar! You are holding up the prayers."

"I have to hide my face, Master," said Monsai.

"Come out of that jar," exclaimed Sabandar, "or I will stay you!"

"Just as you wish, Sabandar," replied Monsai, pulling his head out of the jar at last. "And now you have become my slave."

"Your what?" said Sabandar, his anger knowing no bounds now.

"My slave," said Monsai calmly. "Carry my kris and betel-nut bag, give me that horse, and follow me."

The people roared with laughter.

"You fool, you shall pay for these insults!" Sabandar said. "Get out of this mosque and do not dirty it with your silly talk."

"I order you to shut your mouth, Sabandar," replied Monsai. "You said yesterday that you would be my slave before you saw my face again. For your sake I came to hide my face in this jar. But since you forced me to get it out, thus showing it to you, you are from now on my slave."

Monsai pressed his point seriously and the case was taken to the old men for decision. After much argument it was declared that Monsai was in the right and that his former master become his

"I beg your pardon, Masters," slave.

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SECRETS

By MAX FACTOR, JR.
(Famous Make-up Advisor to the The Screen Stars)

"POLISH" FOR PERFECT MAKE-UP

In addition to mastering and practicing the basic rules of the make-up art, there are detailed "polishing" steps which must be also mastered if complete perfection in the made-up appearance are to be surely commanded.

Appropos of these "polishing" touches which are essential to perfection in grooming, it must be observed that a surprisingly large number of women who are otherwise completely proficient in their grooming err in their attitude toward their fingernails. Their reasoning is apparently along the line that while people will be looking at their faces, hair-dos, or costumes, these same onlookers probably won't be paying too much attention to such a minor detail as fingernails. These women completely overlook the fact that the hands are regularly in motion, and that onlooking eyes are thus inevitably drawn to them. So don't neglect the conditioning of your fingernails, for such neglect won't be overlooked.

Failing to smooth face powder applications offers another flaw in detail which often prevents make-up from being perfect. A powder brush offers the best means to attain this needed smoothness. Such a brush is not only effective in removing surplus powder. It also makes it practically impossible for an uneven, streaked powder surface to become apparent. This cannot be said of the powder puff when it alone is used for smoothing purposes.

WEARING GLASSES

Even the wearing of glasses brings about an often overlooked problem in make-up detail. If glasses have lenses which magnify to any great degree, the appearance of eye make-up should be diminished to a corresponding extent. Also, women who wear glasses should see to it that any eye make-up applications are reduced and smoothed to such a degree that no surplus remains to flake off on the glasses. Thickly applied eyelash make-up frequently does this.

An often apparent lack in make-up detail is supplied by those women who apply lipstick only to the outer, exposed surfaces of their lips.



Starring Maureen O'Hara, RKO

HOLLYWOOD—Lips are usually considered to have the greatest degree of attractive appeal when the upper and lower lips are exactly equal in width. If this quality in lip width doesn't naturally exist, it can be for all practical purposes achieved by applying lipstick so that the rouge pattern is extended to the necessary color beyond the naturally too-thin lip line. Or, the process can be reversed and a too-full lip made to seem narrower by not lipstickting quite as far as the natural lip-line. Use a brush for such illusionary lipstick tricks.

PARTED LIPS

Then, when their lips are parted, either for speaking or smiling purposes, there is immediately visible an unattractive contrast between the made-up outer lip and the unmade-up inner lip area. Lipstick definitely should be extended in beyond the natural lip border which is established when the lips are pressed together.

Failure to remove surplus lipstick is another detail in grooming which is altogether too frequently ignored.

Every woman should remember that too thick an application of lipstick is basically unattractive in itself. Also, bear in mind that such an application increase the possibility of lipstick stains becoming apparent on the teeth.

WHAT TO DO

So analyze each step of all your beautifying procedures.

See if some of them couldn't be more thoroughly and expertly done, and then conduct your future beautifications according to those findings.

DON'TS FOR PRESIDING OFFICERS & MEMBERS

(Continued from page 17)

son who is to address the assembly has not asked for the floor; it has already been given to him.

20. Don't take part in vociferous applause. All applause is disorder and if carried to an extreme must be checked by the presiding officer.

21. Don't make long pauses between your words. Put your words close together.

22. Don't say, "It is moved and seconded" after a vote has been taken and there is another motion pending. Say, "The question is now upon the motion." (repeating the motion to be considered).

23. Don't allow the meeting to drag but make every reasonable effort to expedite the transaction of business.

24. Don't talk too much.

25. Don't say anything of this character, "If no one wishes to discuss this question further, the chair will put the motion to vote."

26. Don't entertain a motion to close the nominations as long as nominations are being made in good faith.

27. Don't say "The report will be accepted." Say "The report is accepted."

28. Don't remain seated when calling a meeting to order, while stating a motion, putting a motion to vote or when declaring the result of a vote unless the assembly is over which you are presiding is very small.

29. Don't have the minutes of Board meeting read to the assembly for approval. A report from the Board should be made to the society, but the minutes are for the Board only.

30. Don't say, "We will listen to the reading of the minutes of the last meeting." Mention the date of the meeting. Don't say, "You have heard the minutes." After minutes are read, say, "Are there any corrections to these minutes?" Don't say, "Are there any corrections or additions?" An addition is a correction.

31. Don't say, "The motion is carried, Mm. Secretary." The result of a vote is announced to the assembly, not to the secretary.

32. Don't assume that it is necessary to divide the house when a two-thirds vote is required. The volume of voices may decide without a count. It may be necessary to divide the house when the vote

is somewhat evenly divided even though only a majority vote is required.

33. Don't assume that you have power to appoint a secretary pro temp, to appoint tellers or members of a committee.

34. Don't assume that you have power to adjourn a meeting unless you have given ample time for any member who so desires to address the chair for further business.

35. Don't pound with the gavel. Noise is never subdued by noise. Secure quiet by poise, dignity and personality. A noisy presiding officer never has a quiet house.

36. Don't say, "The motion is lost by a vote of 35 to 20," say "20 to 35," always giving the affirmative first.

37. Don't allow a year to elapse before approving the minutes of an annual meeting. If there is only one meeting in a year, have the minutes read and approved before adjournment; or if that is not possible, authorize a Board or a committee to approve them.

38. Don't say, "The ayes have it and the motion is carried." That is tautology.

39. Don't fail to have all records kept in books belonging to the organization.

40. Don't say, "The member is out of order" unless he is disorderly. If the motion is out of order say, "The motion is out of order."

41. Don't fail to rule according to the principles of fairness and justice if you do not know any rule applicable to the decision you make.

(The material in this pamphlet is taken from the book, "Parliamentary Usage," by Mrs. Emma A. Fox, former Vice President and until her death at the age of 98, in February, 1945, Parliamentarian of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Her book has been the parliamentary authority for the General Federation since 1902 and has long been on sale at Headquarters.

Mrs. Fox seldom missed a convention. Her familiar and stimulating presence and the classes in parliamentary procedure which she so ably conducted were sorely missed. In recognition of her 64 years of unselfish service in club work, she was awarded the Golden

TOILET TRAINING

(Continued from page 24)

his personality. First of all, he gets too obstinate, gets in a mood to say "no" to absolutely everything, whether he means it or not. (We all know grownups who are still automatically saying "no" to every request.) He gets too hostile and "fighty." Of course, every baby is angry at his mother at certain moments, and that is natural. It's bad when the antagonism gets chronic.

Then there's overguiltiness. The little child knows in his bones that he's completely dependent on his mother's love and approval. When he fights her and antagonizes her it makes him feel uneasy and guilty underneath, especially at this early and impressionable age. And if his mother is trying to make him feel naughty about soiling himself with the movement, he may get a dread about all kinds of dirtiness. Have you ever seen a child so afraid of getting dirty that he just stands around nervously watching other children play? If he gets a speck of earth on his hands he runs crying to his mother begging to be cleaned up. This kind of worrisomeness does more than interfere with a child's play. If it gets deeply implanted at an early age, it's apt to turn him into a fussy, finicky person, the kind who's afraid to enjoy himself or try anything new, the kind who is unhappy unless everything is just so.

IF YOU WANT to be completely natural, you can leave bowel training almost entirely up to your baby. Somewhere in the latter half of the second year he will be aware of when his movement is coming and be able to control it. He will probably make some sound of readiness, and you can then lead him to the proper place. If he doesn't signal he will probably take himself to the toilet before he is two, just because he's gotten the idea from watching

Jubilee Convention in 1940, the General Federation's Pioneer Medal as the woman having the longest continuous membership in a federated club.)

LUCY J. DICKINSON
President, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

NEW YORK—Waldemar Kaempfert, science editor for the *New York Times*, recently reviewed the advances made in medical science during the past year.

Kaempfert wrote:
"During the past year more than the usual number of medical discoveries were announced. Nearly all were the result of war research; they included such anti-malarials as pentaquine, or SN 13276, and aralen, or SN 761.8

"Several anti-allergy drugs made their appearance. Two of the most prominent are benadryl and pyribenzamine, complex chemicals that block the effects of histamine, which causes the typical swelling and blisters of hives and other skin rashes, inflammation of the eyes and mucous membrane in hay fever. The third, called pyribenzamine hydrochloride, was announced recently before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

others in the household.

Most mothers don't want to wait until a baby practically insists on going to the bathroom himself. There is no harm in a mother's lending a hand earlier if she does it tactfully, takes readiness into account, and doesn't make an issue of it.

I would wait to begin until a baby is able to sit up steadily by himself (around seven to nine months) and until you have some way of knowing when he's going to perform. There are two possibilities. One is when a baby is naturally regular and always has his movement, for instance, within ten minutes after breakfast. He's put on once a day and it's all done speedily before there's any chance for an issue. The other possibility is a baby who is irregular but gives some kind of sign when he is starting so that the mother can put him on in time.

If a baby is not regular and shows no sign when he moves, I think a mother should not try to catch his movement yet. She could only do it by putting him on too often, keeping him there too long, and running the risk of making him rebellious. I think it's risky to use suppositories to try to give the baby the idea. There's too little chance of establishing a habit in a few days, too much

"The discovery of two new drugs for the treatment of African sickness was reported at last September's meeting of the American Chemical Society. One drug is a compound of antimony, the other is melarsen oxide. Equally effective in African sleeping sickness is P-Arsenophenylbutyric acid.

"The United States Public Health Service came out with two vaccines which prevent bubonic plague. Clinical tests on human patients have not been completed, but work done with experimental animals gives every reason to suppose that plague outbreak can be checked.

"Credit also goes to the United States Public Health Service for the production of a vaccine against mumps which has been successfully used on monkeys but has not yet been extensively tested on man. Vaccines against parrot fever and rabbit fever were also developed.

"After working quietly during the war, cancer specialists announced some success in the treatment of cancer with mustard gas. The best results were secured in Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymph nodes. Nitrogen mustards are in no sense a cure but they do prolong life.

"Doctor A. C. Ivy of Northwestern University and his associates found that good but not always conclusive results in the cases of stomach ulcers were obtained with enterogastrone, an anti-acid which is probably a new hormone.

"Doctors Samuel Proger and A. Dekaneas reported that they had obtained promising results in cases of angina pectoris by injecting a non-poisonous chemical called cytochrome C a protein normally present in all living tissues of animals and plants. Some chair-ridden sufferers were so far improved in condition that they were put on their feet.

danger of implanting a wrong attitude by using them for more than a few days.

For several months don't expect to catch more than the first movement of the day. If there's a second, it's much less regular; you will have to wait until he's gotten the idea better.

Even if your baby's movement has been well caught from the age of eight months to fifteen months, don't be surprised if he suddenly ceases to perform in the right place. Shrug your shoulders and let him perform in his own way for weeks, or even months if necessary, until he feels more cooperative.

work with is his willingness; you can never beat him in a battle.

An attack of diarrhea or a trip may be the thing that has thrown him off his old schedule.

If he runs into a spell of hard movements, get in touch with the doctor promptly about overcoming this, before they have a chance to become painfully hard. With some children, serving prunes once or twice a day will do the trick; a few will need some medical preparation for a period of days or weeks. Try to prevent hardness in the child who has a tendency that way, rather than treat it after it happens, especially between one and two. Throughout your train-

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Don't let a nagging cold cough run you down! Mentho-Mulsion usually stops that tickle and starts soothing sore throats almost at the first dose! Do as thousands do! Buy Mentho-Mulsion from your druggist today! W. D. 716

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ing efforts be casual, friendly, never make an issue of the toilet, never get moralistic. Never shame the baby when he fails or has an accident. Don't keep him on the seat for more than ten minutes; let him off sooner if he gets restless. Don't try to give him a feeling of disgust about soiling or the movement itself. If you find him playing with the movement, just clean him up; don't act disapproving. He's being completely natural. If he always soils in bed when you aren't around and regularly plays with it, the best you can do is pin up his diapers snugly, perhaps use waterproof pants, and carefully close up the openings in these and his nightie with pins.

REMEMBER that a child will completely train himself sooner or later if no struggle has taken place. The only children who go on soiling after two are those whose mothers have made a big issue about it and so made the child balky, or those who are frightened by painful movements. A child between two and four years sometimes reverts to deliberate soiling when he feels resentful or unhappy—for instance, if he is jealous of a new baby sister. Don't make a fuss about this but figure out what makes water-proof pants, and carefully him feel that way and try to correct it.

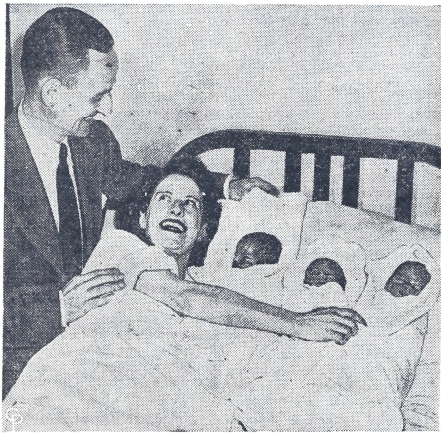
CLUB WOMAN BULLETINBOARD

(Continued from page 16)

- rol
3. Violin Solo—Robert Sia
4. Speech by Mayor V. Fugoso, introduced by Councilor Agustin
5. Piano Selection—Miss A. Reyes
6. Installation of Officers and Oath of Office administered by Mrs. Mercedes R. de Joya, Treasurer of the National Federation of Women's Clubs.

Doña Margarita Zaragosa Vda. de Preyler is the adviser. The officers and members acted as hostesses assisted by Mrs. Solita N. Bautista, field worker of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Among the members of the Board of the NFWC who attended were Mrs. Paz R. Cuerpocruz and Mrs. Concepcion C. Martelino.

GET TRIPLE GIFT FROM THE STORK



SMILING AND BEAMING WITH PRIDE, L. M. Purcell, a light company employe, visits his wife and their newly-born triplets at Columbia Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa. The Purcell triplets have been named James Raymond, Joan Dorothy and Jean Alice. (International Soundphoto)

Mrs. Mercedes R. de Joya, Treasurer of the National Federation of Women's Clubs assisted by Mrs. Solita N. Bautista, fieldworker, received the delegation of the Imus Women's Club who visited the central office. They were taken around the Puericulture Center, climax was the tree planting at the Quezon Memorial Grove.

The Chairwoman of the Inter-Asian Relations Conference, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu sent and invitation to the League of Women Voters of the Philippines to be represented in that conference. She said that "The need for closer contact between various countries and people of Asia has long been felt. With the increasing participation of Asia in international affairs this need has become the more

pressing. In response to this the Indian Council of World Affairs, which is a non-political body devoted to the promotion of international understanding and cooperation, has decided to hold the Conference sometime between February 15 and March 31, 1947, at Delhi. The main objectives of the Conference will be to review the position of Asia in the post-war world, to exchange ideas on the problems which are common to all Asian countries and to study the ways and means of promoting closer contacts between these countries."

Mrs. Pura Villanueva Kalaw, president of the League of Women Voters has extended the invitation to some prominent members of the association.

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LIVING AND LEARNING PAST

(Continued from page 9)

those around them. At the same time all situations and forces that tend to engender competition, jealousy, envy selfishness, egotism, greed, and similar traits, should be avoided or controlled.

Finally, society itself should start deliberately, perhaps through the UN, to develop criteria or standards of success other than wealth and social position, namely, social service, helpfulness, kindness, generosity, honesty, charity, and all round humaneness.

The way to peace, then, as we have tried to show is to desire peace and live it, too. This is also the surest way to avoid war.

CHINESE WOMAN VISITS AMERICAN FACTORIES

WASHINGTON — The winter issue of the Journal of the American Association of University Women carried an article on Miss Dju Yu-bao, factory inspector from Shanghai now visiting the United States. Miss Dju, with the help of a grant from AAUW reconstruction aid fund, has been observing safety and welfare practices in the United States which might be employed in the reconstruction of industry in China.

Miss Dju, who has spent a year in this country visiting factories, talking with safety engineers, and studying labor regulations, said she believed China is on the brink of a great industrial development and knowledge of the best practices for industrial safety and welfare of workers will be necessary in China. This was her reason for deciding to visit America after the war.

"I was fortunate to come at a time when America is carrying on a very active program of safety," she said. "The women's bureau arranged visits for me to learn of the administrative work of the United States Department of Labor; then I traveled under the guidance of different state departments of labor and federal regional offices. I visited 120 industrial plants in 11 states, besides social and educational agencies. I attended a month's training course in safety training given by the Greater New York Safety Council. It was a novelty in the records of the council to have an Oriental woman from China with the same interests as the supervisors and foremen of this country."

Asked to describe her impressions of American factories, Miss Dju said:

"It was so amazing to see some of the ideal factories with workers so well dressed, highly decorated with cosmetics, sitting beside beautifully guarded machines, fully at ease, watching productions coming out as commodities ready to be distributed to consumers. Some plants had perfect working conditions, good housekeeping and proper layout of the work area, with good lighting systems, ventilators and humidifiers. Everything was in its place. Cool, light green color for walls gave the workers a calm atmosphere. Everywhere cleanliness and good order, which makes employees respect the company and the factory. It assists in improving the quality of products, efficiency and safety of the workers, and uplifts their morale and pride.

"Personal protective equipment was provided in most factories. Workers had to wear protective clothing against mechanical and chemical hazards. I saw air controllers and vacuum cleaners widely used in order to keep the working place free from dust. Everywhere I saw the latest safety devices in use."

An American woman interviewing Miss Dju protested: "But all our factories are not like that. You must have seen only the best."

Miss Dju replied: "That was the purpose of my coming here, to seek the best and to take home the best—new ideas, new methods and practices that can be

put into practice in my country. It is not worth while to pay attention to what I can not learn from. There are too many good things to see."

Asked what factories particularly interested her, Miss Dju answered:

"I have been particularly interested to visit factories which have interests and branch plants in China. In the first place. I visited them for courtesy. Secondly, I visited them in order to form good relationships and good will. And thirdly, I visited them to see their standard of working conditions...so when I go back to China, if I see working conditions of the branch plants there not satisfactory as to standards, I can say, 'I have seen fine conditions in your plants in the United States.'

Miss Dju concluded the interview by saying: "I am going home to struggle with the idea of industrial safety and to participate in the program of reconstruction and rehabilitation of China. This trip has given me

new strength. I feel as if I had been reconverted. I shall go home with a new spirit, new ideas, new methods, and better suggestions for the development of my country. It is my earnest desire that I shall support my government to have better labor legislation and more efficient enforcement. I shall cooperate with public and private industrial agencies for the promotion of better industrial conditions. I shall work with labor for a better understanding and recognition of their rights and their privileges in taking part in production. I shall give suggestions to manufacturers for them to run industries on a sound basis. I shall do my very best to utilize this valuable experience and to start a movement of industrial safety in China."

CLINTON, New York—Hamilton College has what is believed to be one of the few undergraduate physical anthropology courses in the country offering laboratory dissection of primates. Students dissect monkeys under the direction of Earl W. Count, while he performs similar demonstration work on chimpanzees.

VFW Pin-Up Girl



FIVE-YEAR-OLD Betty Maloney of Dorchester, Mass., is crowned by her uncle, Cpl. Peter Caparelli of Boston, Mass., after she was selected as the official pin-up girl of the Yankee Division at the 47th encampment of Veterans of Foreign Wars in Boston. (International)



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AMERICAN WOMAN CALLED "FOSTER-MOTHER OF YOUNG CHINA"

NEW YORK—Ida Pruitt, an American woman, was called the "foster mother of all of young China" by Clip Boutell who interviewed her for the New York Post. Boutell wrote:

One of Ida Pruitt's childhood ambitions was to raise a family of 12. "My paper dolls," she says, "always had big families." Instead, Miss Pruitt has adopted all of young China.

As an interne at the Peiping Medical College once put it: "Miss Pruitt is the most prolific mother I have ever seen."

Today, Ida Pruitt is field director of INDUSCO (American Committee in Aid of China Industrial Cooperatives). She is bending every effort toward a local campaign to raise \$1,250,000 for the United Service to China, in which the INDUSCO is one of the seven participating agencies.

A slim, small, gray-haired, gray-tailored woman, wearing jade earrings and a jade ring to match her green eyes, she smoked... as she talked about her life in the Orient.

Miss Pruitt's parents were missionaries who met and married in China, where Miss Pruitt was

born. She was educated there and at the Teachers College at Columbia, from which she received a bachelor of science degree...

After taking her degree, Miss Pruitt taught for two years in China. Then followed social work in Philadelphia and finally her appointment by the Rockefeller Foundation as chief of the social service department at the Peiping Medical College. She was there from 1920 to 1938.

It was during that period that Ida Pruitt formally adopted three little girls, one Russian and two Chinese. The Russian girl is now married and is living in New York. One of the Chinese girls married a Canadian-born Chinese doctor; the other, who was a teacher, died of typhus in China.

When the Japanese occupied Peiping, Miss Pruitt had to give up her work. In Shanghai, she ran into an American Red Cross doctor who persuaded her to delay her return to the United States and travel with him into the interior of Free China. There she met Rowi Alley, a New Zealander who was one of the founders of the Chinese cooperative movement.

She went to work for him, organizing cooperatives all over China before coming here in September, 1939.

The INDUSCO is non-political and non-partisan, and Miss Pruitt herself likes to avoid any political stand in regard to China. "The political situation is for the Chinese to settle," she says.

Miss Pruitt believes cooperatives offer an ideal way for industries to develop in villages in China, which will in turn enrich the people's lives and produce a balanced economy.

During the war, cooperatives were trying to cover all consumer phases. They manufactured more than 3,000,000 blankets for the armed forces. They produced leather, paper, textiles, pottery, etc. Today...they are keeping more to purely local needs, rice polishing and weaving, for instance.

Ida Pruitt warns to her subject when she starts on the two Baile schools for training in the cooperative movement. There are 300 students and instructors at present, with a field staff of 80 operating out of the headquarters in Shanghai...

Having lived so long in China, it is not surprising that Miss Pruitt rates Chinese cooking ahead of any other type...

Miss Pruitt denies that life is held cheap in China, pointing out that it only seems so because of the social structure. She says that it is more like England in the 17th Century...The English did not hold life cheap, but the people were dying and being killed off all over the place...

She likes people and parties and even public speaking, now that she has become used to it. She once had a minor extravagance, collecting Chinese art, but since she has been working for INDUSCO her salary has not given her any margin for indulgence and her choicest things are in storage...

It is not easy to see how she gets time for all her activities. Somehow she has managed to write two books, "The Flight of an Empress" (a translation from Chinese) and "A Daughter of Han," not to mention a number of articles.

One thing Ida Pruitt wants more than anything else these days is to see the present campaign for funds a success.

"That will mean the possibility of half a dozen scientific people to help us in China," she says, "but they have got to be people who love people. People who are more interested in others than themselves."

People like Miss Ida Pruitt of INDUSCO, Boutell concluded.

A Gay 'Mer'



UNRRA Director General Fiorello LaGuardia (The "Hat") enjoyed the opera "La Boheme" so much that he went backstage in London to congratulate the principals. Here, he gallantly offers his arm to prima donna Doris Maya, who sang the role of "Mimi." LaGuardia is winding up his tour of Europe checking UNRRA activities. (International)

FRIENDS IN AMERICA

(Continued from page 23)

man Catt went to the islands to lay the groundwork for suffrage. As a result of her visit the Women's Club of Manila was founded that same year, with corresponding clubs, being formed in other centers. These were federated and became affiliated with the General Federation in 1921.

Among the things accomplished by the Philippine clubs Mrs. Lim lists the following: they were largely responsible for gaining vote for the women in the island, the first orientals of their sex to win it; they succeeded in modernizing the old Spanish-inherited law that gave a husband complete control over his wife's property; worked with public authorities in raising literacy standards and lowering infant mortality; sponsored the Girl Scout organization; established diet clinics where the women were taught nutrition

based on native foods; sponsored nurseries in factories where women workers could leave their children for day care.

"All this must be carried on, and will be," said Mrs. Lim. "Our work has been interrupted, but I know that my countrywomen will be ready with courage and faith to resume their forward march. But we need a clubhouse, as a family needs a home. Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if the clubwomen of America made this possible? We would be glad to pay it back—perhaps a little at a time and over a long time—but we are not asking for a gift, merely for help in a time when we need it so badly."

Wouldn't a clubhouse for the women of the Philippines be a fitting testimonial to the bond between the women of America and their little brown sisters?

GOOD HOUSING CAN BE GOOD BUSINESS

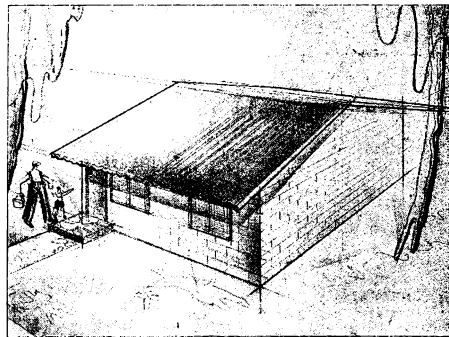
Here's A Plan, In Operation Now For
Seven Years, That Should Prove An Incentive
To Local Investors

We believe that low cost housing for the so-called small man should be one of the biggest projects in this country's post war development, to solve the acute housing shortage throughout the islands and incidentally, to eradicate slums. For bad housing and slums are dependent upon each other. Why are there slums? Because poor people live in bad, over-crowded houses or in temporary dwellings. Even before the war, all they could afford were miserable tenements which if inspected, would not have met half the physical standards set up by the National Housing Commission.

We mentioned in our article, "Housing Dream That Cannot Come True," in the last issue, that the

government, through the National Housing Commission, will embark on a large scale housing project as soon as money is available. Is government subsidy the only way to provide good housing for low-income families? The answer has to be YES if private capital is reluctant, if not unwilling, to invest on low-cost housing. For the average businessman, unless he is also a philanthropist, wants a quick turnover for his investment. The government, on the other hand, is willing to accept a small, steady return over a long period of time, even to make no profit at all on its investment.

That the business of building adequate homes for the poorest class can attract hard-headed, wide-scale capital on a sound pay-as-you-go



Four-room detached unit in a proposed housing project of the National Housing Commission. If built now, this house unit easily cost P4,000, even using the cheapest materials. 1/10 per cent of the cost would be charged for rent, this would be P400 a year or P33.33 a month, very cheap for a two-bedroom house. We know of a family paying P30 for just a room in a barong-barong in Quiapo.

basis is shown by many beautiful housing projects in the United States, many of which have been completed and going on for several years now, some incomplete when war broke out.

A new idea in financing low-cost housing which might well revolutionize low-cost housing if its principles were generally understood and adopted has demonstrated for seven years that attractive housing can be built to rent for as low as \$25 a house and still be a sound investment. To illustrate the important part proper financing can play in good low-cost housing Gerard B. Lambert, who has devoted much time to the study of housing, built in Princeton, New Jersey, a group of ten low rental homes, pleasant, skillfully planned, modernly equipped and beautifully built. There is plenty of space within and plenty without for greenery, play and privacy. Each four-room unit (two bedrooms, bathroom, living room and kitchen) in the group has its own two separate entrances, front and back. And the rent that each family pays is the average rent that ten million families in the United States pay for bad homes in the slums.

Yet this Princeton project operates at no expense to the public; the rents cover all the costs of the land, construction, maintenance and financing, and give the builder a low but secure return on the money he invested.

The Princeton financing plan

(Continued on page 33)

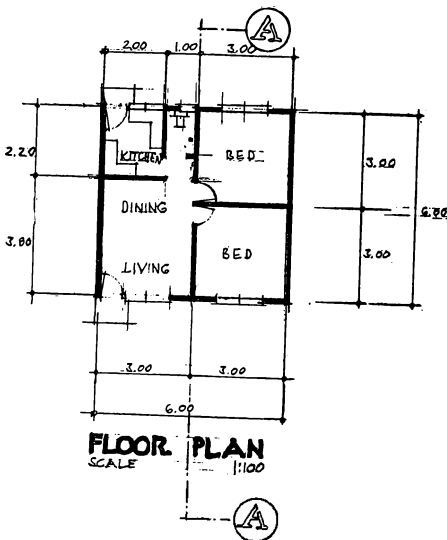
GOOD HOUSING AND SLUMS

"Bad homes, or slums, are everybody's business, for their ill effects are contagious. Whether you yourself live in one or not, they are still a menace to your welfare; for all of us are somehow for the country's poor health, its dangerous conditions and the consequences of crime and disease. Good housing, therefore, might well be as much women's concern as the control of disease. It is not a simple problem; better and cheaper building methods alone will not bring about slum elimination, though they will help; nor can city or Federal aid solve the problem without the intelligent determination of citizens that there need be no slums."

—From an editorial of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

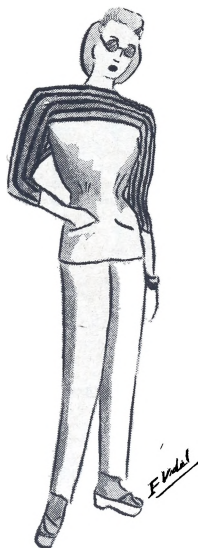
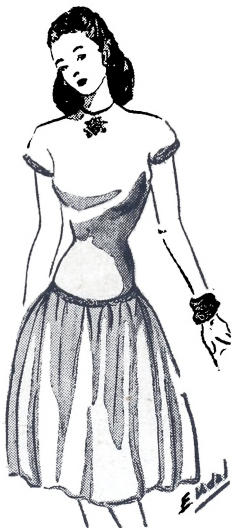
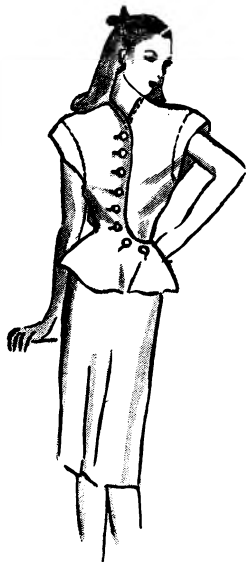
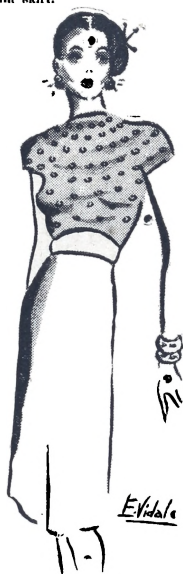
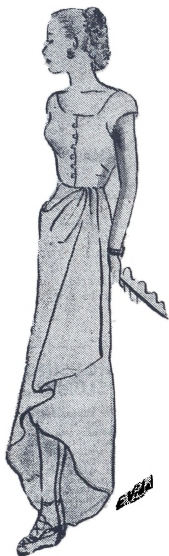
"This nation has the highest rate of juvenile crime of any great country. Very few juvenile criminals come out of the suburbs and the Park Avenues of our nation. They come, for the most part, out of slums. They come out of homes where the most intimate affairs of life are practiced under childish eyes; where the streets are the playgrounds and the school for life; where dirt, ugliness and squand are hill every aesthetic sensibility and instinct of modesty. . . Slums cost the taxpayer more than any other parts of the cities in police and fire protection—the two largest items in any municipal budget. What kind of economy is this—let alone what kind of morality. . . Slums depress all real-estate values in the community. The well-kept private home is also not 'economic.'"

"The resource of the nation is its children. The prime and essential resource. The decent home is the greatest material contribution that a civilization can make to the rearing of a decent human being. By massing the lower classes of any society are the least competent human beings, unless society is rigged against one class from the foundations, so our own is rigged against the colored person. But you can never win an endless line, make a high and competent civilization with a minimum of submerged masses, until you consciously and determinedly put all children out of the environment which exacerbates their submergence."—Dorothy Thompson.



SILHOUETTES

SUMMER WEAR will be many a girl's concern very soon, what with harbingers of the hot spell already evident. At left is the cocktail or afternoon dress so cool looking in its uneven hemline. Directly below, the favorite theme of an embellished top offers a very plain skirt.



Sketch 3 above right shows the simulated bolero embroidered and beffuffed. The skirt is slit and the whole theme is white. Sketch 4 is an individualist of a dress its buttons refusing to go the way of all buttons. Look twice at sketch 5 and you'll agree that it is a dress you'll wear and wear. Summer can't pass without the reign of slacks. Have a different one like the one on the last sketch.

GOOD HOUSING CAN BE GOOD BUSINESS

(Continued from page 31)

is this: The group consists of 10 houses, each built at a cost of \$3,000, (before the war, of course), the total cost being \$30,000. On each \$3,000 unit, then, 10% is charged in rent—\$300 a year, or \$25 a month. Of this 10%, 4% is allocated to maintenance, a sum that the years have shown is more than adequate to provide excellent maintenance. The other 6% goes over a 28 year period, to pay off the original investment (of \$3,000) and to provide the investor with a constant 4% return on the amount of money he has put in. At the end of 28 years, the original investor is

entirely out of the project. He has received back the sum of his original investment, \$3,000, and 4% interest for its use.

After building the project, Mr. Lambert turned over the property to the Princeton Housing Authority, a civic body, in exchange for \$30,000 of their bonds. In this way, the Authority runs the project, collects the rents and pays Mr. Lambert 6% each year on their bonds until they are retired.

What is done with the buildings at the end of twenty-eight years, when the bonds are retired, is an important part of the Lambert plan. It attacks the problem of

having to add local taxes to the rent. It is noted that, in the above rental of 10%, no sum is set aside for city taxes. That is because at the end of twenty-eight years, at which time the original investor's interest expires, the property under the Lambert plan, reverts to the city in payment of the taxes that it has withheld (or, if the Federal Government loaned the money to pay the taxes each year, the building would be held to repay the Federal Government). The theory is that at the end of twenty-eight years these buildings, properly maintained, will have sufficient value to pay off fully, and possibly more than pay off, the sum that their taxes would have represented during that time. The city, in either case, would certainly have the option to get them and direct them as it thought best for social purposes.

The Lambert plan, then, suggests that low-cost housing be financed by something which is, in effect, like a bond; since the investor can never get more than 4% return on his money, the speculative possibility is eliminated. In effect, with such an arrange-

ments, the investor has bought a bond on which 2.1/2% interest is guaranteed, but on which 4% interest is possible, this last 1-1/2% acting as an incentive to draw good solid capital, such as trust companies, trust funds, and so on, into this plan. Even if conditions should be so bad the Government must step in to provide its guaranty of 2-1/2% return on the original investment (a contingency unlikely unless our whole economy collapsed), the only result would be that the Federal Government in effect has subsidized low-cost housing—a form of subsidy unquestionably desirable in an emergency.

This plan may or may not work out here in the Philippines, but the recognition that adequate homes for even the poorest can attract wide-scale capital on a sound pay-as-you-go basis should mean something to local investors. One really has to be a philanthropist of some sort just to consider the needs of the poor—to build good houses for them at rents that they can afford, but one can be business-like about it too. After all, even the poorest do not want charity.

YALE DOCTOR RECALLS CHINA EXPERIENCES

DALLAS, TEXAS—The Dallas News reported that Doctor William Wesley Peter, a Yale University teacher of public health, recently recalled his experiences in China 30 years ago in promoting public health. Peter said that he used an actual medicine show and an electrical plant powered by a stationary tandem bicycle. He spoke before an audience at the Dallas Health Museum.

Peter traveled through China with 62 bores of material, an electrical plant on which two persons pedaled furiously to provide power and a kind of circus outfit to dramatize public health for the Chinese.

Peter is now associate professor of public health at Yale. He was in China from 1911 to 1926. He said that public health authorities in China began issuing visual education like those in the Dallas museum many years ago because it was a most effective way of getting their message across.

Back in 1915, when 800 foreign doctors in China decided that medical treatment was not enough, the China medical missionary society undertook to carry the idea of preventive medicine to the Chinese leaders. At the start of its use, it was necessary to coin a word for "germ" since at that time, according to Peter, there was none in the Chinese language.

To drive home the message that

one man in China was dying of tuberculosis every 37 seconds, a marionette appeared in a doorway. The soil of his garden suddenly broke open to reveal an open coffin. The doll fell in. The lid of the coffin closed and the coffin disappeared.

The man seated beneath the table powered the exhibit with a crank. Working with darkened hands, he passed small luminous coffins out to a helper who carried them out with pomp through the crowds—one every 37 seconds.

To make his point that only healthy nations are progressive ones, the doctor used persons labeled with the names of various nations. Carrying loads that represented the disease burden of each nation, they would leave the auditorium, race through the town and re-enter the hall. The man representing China never won. His disease burden was too heavy.

Peter said that at one time in Foochow, where 18,000 cases of cholera had appeared, he and his associates put on a demonstration which amounted to a city-wide carnival with huge figures representing the gods of disease and health.

They used 2,800 workers in the spectacle and more than 2,000 megaphones. Bands of men wearing sandwich-boards paraded through the streets chanting health slogans in unison.



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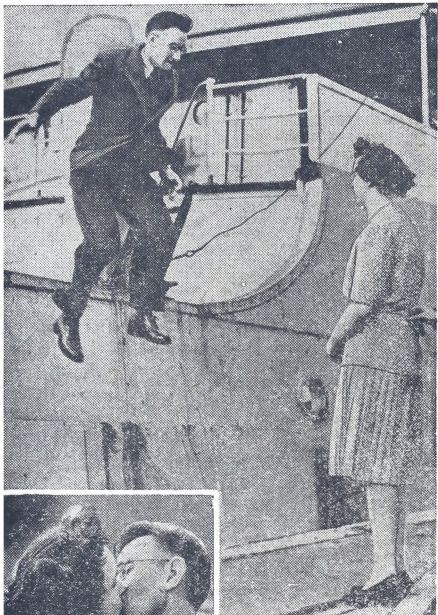
In taking TIKI-TIKI BOIE, you insure yourself a sufficient supply of Vitamin B1 plus the B complex Vitamins of the fresh rice bran.

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BLINDED in childhood, Violet Stygal, 23, wrote to Australian papers some years ago seeking a "correspondence pal." George Revell, of Petersborough, Australia, began writing her and here you see the happy ending as Revell (top) leaps from his ship to a British dock while a friend restrains his blind sweetheart. Scene at left needs no explanation. (International)

THIS FORTNIGHT'S ISSUE

(Continued from page 3)

not to say inspiring. If you adore Bon Hope, you need feel apprehensive about reading the article written by his wife (page 13) because Dolores Hope has not given him away one bit. She adores him, too, even as she realizes that he, too, is human. If a sense of humor has been found to have saved many a marriage from going on the rocks, Bob's and Dolores' life partnership is assured eternal happiness. Dolores can dish

it out, too, judging from her article. Miss Zablau writes the third of the series on YWCA personalities. She speaks of an American lady of whom you'll learn more when you read "Southern Accent" on page 12. Miss Zablau may not know it but in thus putting down in black and white her impressions of this American YWCA worker she is recording the beautiful story of American friendship.

The United States Philippine War Damage Commission today issued a warning to the general public to beware of persons who pose as war damage claims agents or investigators, emphasizing that all employees of the Commission possess official identification cards bearing their pictures, finger print marks and other relevant information.

The Commission declared that no one had been given any authority to act as its representative except its regular employees and that anyone who attempted to collect fees or other compensation from claimants on the ground that they were Commission agents is perpetrating a fraud.

The warning was issued following the apprehension by the police authorities of one such alleged "agents".

A man wearing the regulation uniform, cap and insignia of a major of the U.S. Army, who gave his name as Alfonso Pecalosa, of 276 Moriones Street, and who represented himself as chief of the claims section of the Commission, was denounced shortly before noon today to the police by a complainant, Tereso Palmaria, of 616 Colorado Street.

Palmaria is said to have been accosted by the accused at the corner of David and Escolta, according to Officer David Conwi of sub-station No. 1, who made a preliminary investigation of the case. The accused, Conwi said,

We have an announcement from the War Damage Commission warning the public to beware of impostors. We ran a series of enlightening information in the preceding issues hoping that the public would derive thereby intelligent advice that will keep them from being gullible to just anyone who claims he can help the claimant.

Our fictionists this fortnight both bring to the readers stories which can not easily be forgotten. Pedroche picks a contemporary post-war phase of life and weaves around it a story that leaves the reader thinking. Marcial Aguilu makes a country toy vehicle for home ties and finer feelings which cynics in this day and age may feel incline to call tommyrot. A world trying hard to convalesce will have time to read this story.

allegedly offered to "fix" the complainant's claim for a fee of P1,000. Both Peñalosa and Palmaria were taken by Officer Conwi to the Meisic Police Station for further investigation.

CAMBRIDGE, Massachusetts—Redcliff College has announced a management training program to give young women a basic training in institutional and commercial administration. The teaching is designed to provide an understanding of people in their working situations and in their community settings.

Each student is required to spend three months of her training as an apprentice in two or three organizations doing routine jobs. Business firms, government offices, educational establishments and social service organizations are cooperating.

Little Indian Maid



RIDING on a float depicting the history of the American Indian, Maurico Gilen, 2, Atlantic Highlands, N. J., won first prize in the 42nd annual baby parade at Asbury Park, N. J. More than 1,000 children from 20 states paraded before a huge crowd in first revival of event since it halted in 1932. (International)

Fascinating Flattery
FOR STAR-SKINS . . . AND YOURS



YVONNE DE CARLO
Universal Star

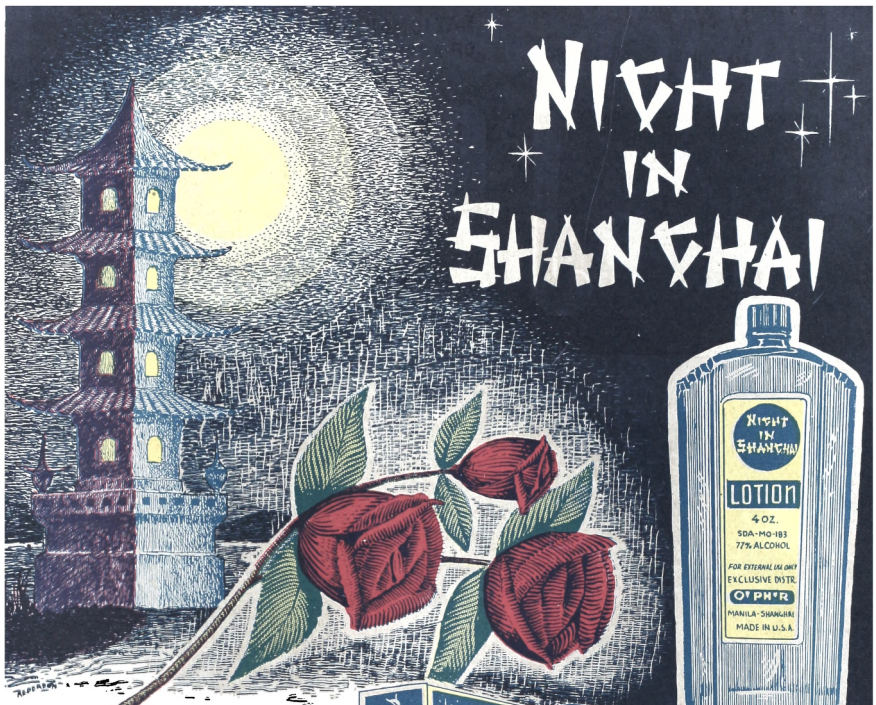
- Hollywood's loveliest screen stars say that Face Powder by Max Factor Hollywood is like a veil of fascinating flattery to the skin.
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You'll find it soft and satin-smooth in texture . . . and you'll love the way it really stays on. Try the Color Harmony shade for your type today.



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fresh flowers!*
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As pure a powder science and devoted effort can make. So fine a powder, soft as pressure blown to insure its proper weight and blend which will spread evenly on the skin, clings tenderly for hours. Exquisitely natural and young looking, naive effect gives the skin so fragile and gauzy finish that gives you the Natural Beauty.

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