

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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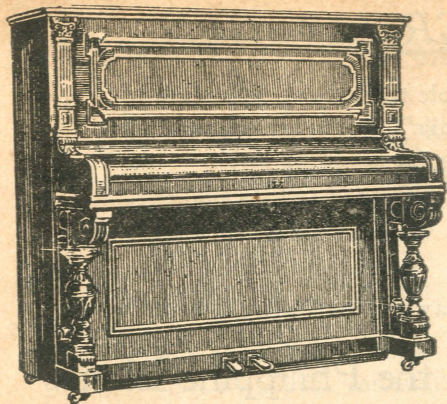
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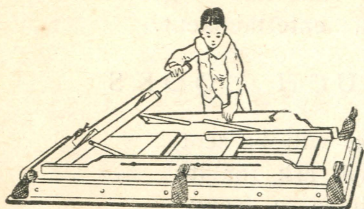
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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

Little Theresa was a Welcome Child in the Family



"IT WAS in midwinter, January 2, 1875, that the ninth child of Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin was born, at Alençon. rue St. Blaise. There was a slight disappointment that the future priest for whom the parents had prayed so much, was again denied them, but it quickly passed and the little one was regarded as a special gift from Heaven. Later on, the beloved Father delighted in calling her his "Little Queen", adding at times the high-sounding titles—"of France and Navarre". The Little Queen was indeed well received that winter's morning and in the course of the day, a poor waif rang timidly at the door of the happy home, and presented a paper bearing the following simple stanza:

• "Smile and swiftly grow;	Smile gladly at the dawn,
All beckons thee to joy,	Bud of an hour!—for thou
Sweet love and tenderest care.	Shalt be a stately rose".

It was a charming prophecy, for the bud unfolded its petals and became a rose—a rose of love—whose petals would soon adorn her soul and bring later consolation and love to many on earth, after she herself would have faded away: "I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth!"

Although the ninth child of the family, Little Theresa was as welcome as the first and the second and all the others had been, for Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin were Christians who confided in God and His Fatherly Providence. They saw in their many children as many images of God and in themselves the chosen instruments of God's Providence to bring their children to heaven: therefore it was that they rejoiced when the Little Theresa, the ninth child of the family, was born; and they were sure that the Father of Heaven who takes care of the birds of the air and of the lilies of the fields would also and with more reason and love take care of this new member of the house and of the whole big family.

Indeed, could a Heavenly Father abandon His children? Could even only a human father abandon and deny his child when it is in his power to feed and raise it? And when that Father in Heaven, the Father of the new child in the family, is omnipotent, infinitely good and all-loving, could He forsake His child for which He sent already His own divine Son on earth to suffer and die, and prepare a Heaven?

Do they deserve still the name of Christians those parents who forget their God and His Providence when they fear the new child as an intruder into the home, as an encroacher upon the family properties, as an enemy who comes to de-

prive its authors of a certain amount of earthly joy? Did Christ tell a lie when He said that His Heavenly Father would take much more care of His children than of the birds which do not sow and of the lilies which do not spin?

And yet, there are such parents. You find them rarely among pagans, but you may find them among people who style themselves civilized and Christians, Christians by name, but pagans in reality, for they do not confide in Him whose children and followers they pretend to be, but whose commands they violate greatly, when they see in children to be born of their sacramental union only intruders, encroachers, and enemies and consequently avoid them as such.

There are places in the world called of "one-child-families." But many of these "one-child-families" have shed bitter tears when there was no child at all left when time had come to close father's or mother's eyes on the deathbed. Bloody tears have been shed by the "one-child" fathers and mothers when in their old age no child was at their side to take care of their infirmities, for death does not spare a unique child. Does not life depend of God? Did not God create men to people Heaven? Let men oppose God in His designs, and often, very often, shall men be punished in what they have done counteracting their Creator.

The Philippines does not know the scourge of France and other

countries: the shame of sinful "one-child-families": nearly all families here are b'essed with many children. But unhappily here too there are already some who use their pen and speech to preach what makes France lose an army every year.

The Philippines need children, many children to people the wasteland of Cagayan and Mindanao and other provinces, many children who thru their multitude and activity shall be able to develop the unlimited resources of its beautiful shores and make it a powerful country. Do they know it, those who preach the murder of unborn

children, that they undermine the riches of a country, undertake the suicide of a race and bring that country to doom?

But the child-loving Filipinos shall lend no ears to these devilish doctrines. In their families, as in the family of Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin, every new child is a welcome treasure, a pearl upon the family crown, for which father and mother are only too glad to sacrifice themselves, in the hope that these earthly sacrifices for their children may one day be their consolation on earth and their greatest reward in Heaven.

Jan. 17th, St. Antony, Patriarch of Monks

St. Antony was born in the year 251, in upper Egypt. One day hearing at Mass the words: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor" he gave away his vast possessions. He then begged an aged hermit to teach him the spiritual life. He also visited various solitaries, copying in himself the principal virtues of each. To serve God more perfectly, Antony entered the desert and immured himself in a ruin, building up the door so that none could enter. Here the devils assaulted him most furiously, appearing as various monsters, and even wounding him severely; but his courage never failed, and he overcame them all by confidence in God and by the sign of the cross. His only food was bread and water, which he never tasted before sunset, and sometimes only once in two, three, or four days. He wore sackcloth and sheepskin, and he often knelt

in prayer from sunset to sunrise.

Many souls flocked to him for advice, and, after twenty years of solitude, he consented to guide them in holiness, thus founding the first monastery. God granted him the gift of miracles, but these attracted such multitudes that he fled again into solitude, where he lived by manual labor. He expired peacefully at a very advanced age.

St. Athanasius says that the mere knowledge of how St. Antony lived is a good guide to virtue: he imitated the good he saw in others. We see often and admire virtues of our friends: does it strike us to imitate them? St. Antony prayed and did penance: prayer accompanied by penance is almighty. Alas, many people pray much but grumble and murmur at the slightest contradiction or suffering. A little patience in such circumstances would do much to make their prayer really efficacious.

The Mighty Dollar

CHAPTER II

American Catholics

IT IS a matter of fact that to rightly understand a story we have to keep account of the circumstances of country, people and their customs where the story happened. Many historical events of the Holy Bible for instance are misunderstood and wrongly interpreted by readers who are not aware of the circumstances surrounding those events. We Catholics, we know that for that same good reason the Catholic Church allows only the reading of those Bible Editions which are provided with the right interpretation approved by her Authority which she received from Christ Himself. To do otherwise would be willingly deceiving the faithful. Now I am so wrapped up with the circumstances of country, people and customs which have to throw light upon our story that I find it impossible not to tell you first of my own experiences made up in the United States of America.

We had left Steubenville at 6 o'clock in the morning, and at 6 o'clock in the evening the train stopped at Grand Central Station of New York City. New York is a square-lined city. Parallel avenues are running from south to north, and these avenues are crossed by parallel streets from east to west. Neither avenue

nor street have names like in Manila, but are simply marked with a number and the E. (East) or W. (West) indicating the direction. The fifth avenue is the middle line of the city, and from there you take your direction to east or west counting the streets till you arrive at the numbered street of your destination. I had to go to 130th street West. Therefore backing the Grand Central Station, which is on the 42nd street crossing 5th avenue, I faced to the north, and walked in that direction, keeping an eye on the number of the streets appearing one after another on the west side till I stood before my 130th street where I walked up to the house number 2. I was home, or at least I felt like at home so hearty was the welcome I received from Father Henry, the owner of the house. Father Henry is Chaplain of the Sacred Heart Sisters who have an Academy for girls on Convent Hill. It was not properly to be chaplain that Father Henry, a Belgian Missionary like myself, had come to New York; it was rather to find in the United States badly needed means to support our too poor missions in the Philippine Islands, namely in the Mountain Province among the Igorotes. His is not an easy job, and

I know what kind of humiliations he has to undergo to procure some pecuniary help for his missionary-brethren who in the meantime are sacrificing health and even life in trying to make good Christians out of our pagan mountaineers. After supper, while we were enjoying a Filipino cigar, I touched at once a very delicate question when I said:—"How much will my trip cost, Father, from here to the Philippines?"

—"Well, I believe that you will find it hard to do it with less than five hundred dollars."

—"Is that so! Where in the world can I get so great amount of money? My friends of Weirton, all people of the working class, were very generous indeed giving me one hundred dollars. I spent twenty five of that sum to pay my train ticket.... Of course, seventy five is far from five hundred. It seems to me as far as from here to the Philippines."

—"Do not worry, Father, God will provide for it."

—"I know He will, and therefore I do not want you to pay my trip. You see, what you give me will mean so much less for our missions in the Philippines, and they are in such great need of all your help."

—"You are absolutely right; but I wonder from what corner of the world the money may arrive to pay your fare!"

—"See, here are my plans. I will pick out from my note book twenty addresses and will appeal to them for help while I start a novena to

The Little Flower of Jesus."

And so I did. And the result? you are asking. Listen. Before the novena was ended, sixteen of them had sent in their reply, and I was in possession of almost twice the needed sum to pay my fare!"

Such a result has a great meaning, indeed. It means first of all that Saint Teresa of the Child Jesus, called The Little Flower of Jesus, has much to say in heaven, and that she deserved full credit when she said: "I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth." But it means also the wonderful charity of American Catholics, and their true love towards their Filipino brethren in the Faith as well. For me it is as evident as the presence of God that the most generous and charitable Catholics of the world are found in the United States of America. The grandiose Cathedral of Saint Patrick and the hundreds of magnificent churches in New York were built exclusively with the alms of the Catholic faithful of New York; the 17,284 cathedrals and churches scattered all over the United States know only one class of benefactors: the faithful of their respective Parish; the 117 Archbishops and Bishops, the 23,697 Priests, the 120 Seminaries, the 928 Colleges and Academies, the 6,532 Parochial schools, the 430 Orphan Asylums and Homes for Aged are the result of the continual and persevering generosity and self denial of the 18 million American Catholics who, for the greatest part, belong

to the daily-laborers' class.

But the American Catholic is not only generous, he is also of an exemplary piety, without any fear of "what others will say", openly professing his Faith where circumstances may require it from him to do so.

One afternoon, Father Henry invited me to take a walk in the city. We had admired many beautiful churches when I came to the conclusion that it was sometimes really difficult to find out if a church was Catholic or Protestant, especially when the latter was an Episcopalian one.

—"Not difficult at all", said Father Henry, "just stop at this corner and watch the people in front of that church you see across the street."

I was watching them for a few moments when I began to observe gentlemen reverently taking off their hat, women making a slight bow towards the entrance of the church, and some of them entering the church and coming out after a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This was a Catholic church.

—"Now, "said Father Henry, "turn yourself to the west and observe that church over there."

So I did. I was observing for about five minutes not discovering any gentleman taking off his hat, neither a woman slightly bowing to the entrance of the church, nor anybody going into it, when Father Henry put his hand on my shoulder and said:

—"Come on, Father, I will spare

the rest of your time, because you might stay here until the end of the world before you discover any reverence made to that church. It is a Protestant one."

One Thursday morning, I was on my way back to 130th street, I met Father D—, an Army Chaplain. I knew him, having met him before. He invited me to accompany him to Peekskill where he had to hear some confessions, he said, in the military camp. So we went to the Peekskill Military Camp, each one of us entered an appointed tent and began hearing confessions at 5 p. m. When the last had come I looked at my watch, it was one o'clock of the following day. But I was still much more surprised when I found Father D— in company of two other Priests: we had been four Priests to hear confessions during all that long time! Father D— explained it very simply and said: "Well, it is the first Friday of the month, you know and my men do not want to miss receiving Our Lord on that day."

Two days later I was still under the impression of that famous soldiers' night, when leaving St. Patrick's Cathedral I met again Father D—. I could not find words enough to congratulate the holy Priest, because only Saints can obtain such wonderful results.

—"Well", he answered, "I am sure it is the same over there in your beloved Philippines."

I had not the courage to tell him the truth about our Filipino Catholics, because you know very well,

dear reader, that it is not quite the same over here. I could only utter this reflection:

—“What a pity! What a pity!, dear Father, that Catholic Filipinos do not feel the influence of Catholic Americans.”

—“Time will come”, answered Father D—. “In the meantime you have experienced how much we are needed here in the States. Pray God that He may raise up more laborers for His abandoned vineyard, the Philippines. Good bye, dear Father, I hope to meet you again.”

—“Good bye, Father D—, God bless you and your faithful soldiers!”

This brave Chaplain and holy American Priest had tried to cheer up a poor Missionary of the Philippines, and succeeded only in filling his soul with bitter sorrow of regret.

Sitting in the Elevator Train down to 130th street, I had no ears for all the noise of busy New York. A plaintive voice was ringing in my inner self, piercing painfully my heart: Time will come!... Time will come!... Alas! may they only come to the rescue in time, — before it is too late!... *Parce, Domine, populo tuo!*... O God! spare the Filipino people, Who are Thine!...

(To be continued)



The Child Jesus

*When Jesus Christ was four years old,
The Angels bought Him toys of gold,
Which no man ever had bought or sold.*

*And yet with these He would not play;
He made Him small fowl out of clay,
And blessed them till they flew away.*

Tu Creasti Domine. (Thou hast created O Lord.)

*Jesus Christ, Thou Child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.*

—HILAIRE BELLOC

Dou you wish to send a nice present to your friends in the Philippines and the United States? Send them a copy of the “Psychology of the Filipinos” by Hon. Judge Romualdez. Order your copies now from: “the Little Apostle” P.O.B. 1 Manila, for only a few copies are left. Price: One Peso.

THE MISSION

A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt, former Provincial Superior

(Continuation)

We reach the hamlet of the "Oak" Igorrotes, a tribe which lives here isolated from the other Igorrotes of the province, and has little or no communication with the other people of Benguet.

"This is the path" says the guide from Pampang showing a passable trail in front: "you can not lose your way" so he returns home. We proceed in high spirits, glad at having found a real trail. Ten minutes later: halt: a land slide, a few meters ahead of us is the way, but how to reach it is the question. This being an old land slide other people passed under or above it: at least 10 small paths show us the direction. We try one; impossible to pass with horses: so we return to try another one. We meet with the same success and reverse. To be short: we try six of the paths but in vain. What are we to do? Our first guide runs to the hamlet of the Oak people, brings one of them along, who shows us the right and easiest path to take, we pass

and again we continue our journey.

Our hunger warns us it is 12 o'clock and time for lunch. There is no water in sight. Necessity needs no laws (in our case that of drinking while eating with a burning thirst) so we dine without water: the menu is simple: rice and salmon we have, and water we shall have when we find some.

Forwards. We turn a curve of the mountain: "Halt!" A tree is lying across the path. In the twinkling of an eye I see our experiments around the tree of this morning. Chance is our lot at every turn, a few cuts here and there, a dangerous gliding down and an exhausting ascent bring us in less than half an hour on the other side of the log: we are safe and go on hopefully. But shall there be more of these obstacles? Indeed: twenty times more does a giant of the forest bar our way. But we always pass either under or over or around this embarrassing object.

Finally at 3 p. m. we reach Lu-

zot where master Samsam our friend lives, and where the limpid and cool water is one of our first attractions.

Ahead again and now downwards for one hour but on foot this time. At 4 p. m. we reach the Agno river, we are at Pitican where good Joaquin lives, who refreshes us with a few bananas and shows us the way to ford the current.

At 6 p. m. we enter, minus our guide, the village of Daluperip. Half an hour later the company is complete: the guide who had mysteriously disappeared appears again in the same mysterious way: useless to ask him where he has been or why he did not follow: what is passed is past.

Daluperip. I ought to write a long letter about this christian place: a real oasis in the desert of a pagan country. Nearly all the inhabitants are Catholics and of them Msgr. Verzosa said: "here live the best Christians of the Philippines."

Here is a school. There stands a chapel given by the pupils of St. Paul's Institution of Malate, Manila. Dear children of St. Paul, were this place not so distant and so difficult to be reached, I would tell you to come and see your work. You may be proud of it: it must bring God's blessing upon you and your relatives.

Feb. 19. We say mass at an early hour, for all the people want to attend it and they have to go early to their fields. More than fifty receive Holy Communion, glad to

carry Jesus in their heart during their heavy toil and for the rest of the day most of them will pray nearly all the time. What a fine example and a source of graces for the whole country!

At 8 a. m. we start once more: this is our last journey and an easy one, for there is only one mountain between us and Itogon. The horses smell already their stable: they fly over the trail. At 11 a. m. we reach the Itogon mission. Brother Joseph from Baguio waits on me.

What I said of the Christians of Daluperip, I ought to repeat of the inhabitants of this mission. Indeed the Fathers' work is hard here, very hard, almost supernatural, but no other mission gives the consolation that this does.

Do you remember still how a few years ago you went with Mr. Ansaldo to Itogon and passed here a Sunday morning? A few days later Mr. Ansaldo was asked by His Grace Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila for his impressions.

And do you remember what Mr. Ansaldo answered? "Monseñor, if I were not a Catholic, I would become one at once after what I have seen." He meant the poverty of the Itogon missionaries, their disinterested zeal, their extraordinary sacrifices, their hospitality, their charity etc. He meant the devotion of these simple folks who Pagans yesterday, today might serve as examples to the Christian world.

In Itogon stands a chapel, one

of the first of the Benguet province, already twice too small and twice enlarged and still too small. Next to the chapel stands a school for boys and one for girls.

Father Quintelier is the soul of the mission. He has been sacrificing himself almost 10 years for the christianization and welfare of his people.

He has now two assistants: Father Pelsers at Itogon and Father Claerhoudt at Bokod. May God continue to bless their incessant efforts.

In the afternoon we start off for home. We pass near the goldmine of Antamok which looks as a beehive. From afar we salute here our school of 150 pupils. We do not stop, for we are so anxious to reach home and hasten so well that we arrive there at 6 p. m., glad to be

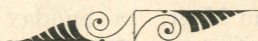
back once more with our Fathers at "Home Sweet Home."

We thank Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament not only for His protection during the long journey but also for His visible graces bestowed everywhere upon all our missions of the Mountain Province and Nueva Vizcaya.

And every time I remember all these impressions, consolations and blessings, I thank the Lord for having been chosen to become His Missionary and I understand how the Missionaries consider themselves the happiest people in the world, for it is a heavenly consolation to do good to others in this world and secure for ourselves a more blissful and brighter eternity in the next world.

Yours affectionate in X.

A. Van Zuyt.



From Darkness to Light

by Rev. Father Wins, Cervantes, Lepanto

AT THE foot of the Tila pass, of famous historic memory, lies Lugakan, a hamlet of some 30 Igorrote huts. I tell you where it lies, for you might pass a hundred times near the spot and never see a mark of human inhabitants in this wild region. Lugakan is a oasis of palm and mangotrees, hidden between mountains and canyons covered by virgin forests. It belongs to the town of Añgaki, not

far from Namitpit. In vain did I try until now to convert the Lugakan people. How I wished to win a spiritual stronghold in this earthly paradise, and now it has come, or rather: let us hope that the first baptism I conferred upon an old man of Lugakan may bring others under the banner of Christ: Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat!

One day I went to Lugakan where

I arrived late in the morning, for Lugakan is far from Cervantes and the way is difficult. In the meantime I had sent ahead my prayers and hardships of travelling. I do not pretend to be a skillful Æsculapius, but nevertheless, whenever I enter a village, one of my first questions to the people is always: "anybody sick in the town?" and I always carry some medicines along which may sometimes be of help to both visited and visitors. Today the people of Lugakan answered my usual question by the affirmative.

"Who is sick?"

"Lakay Dinaguen!"—"Old Dinaguen!"

"Where is he?"

"There under the mangotree!" near the "abon" tribunal!

The tribunal of the Igorrotes is a meeting place for old and young, in the center of the village, ordinarily under an old tree. In the district of Cervantes it is built of low stone walls and covered with cogon grass. Part of it is used as a refuge in bad weather and another part as a rest room. The middle is occupied by a fireplace, and around it are a few low stone seats.

I went to the "abon" and met Dinaguen in the most pitiful state: his old body was a living skeleton which would soon be confided to the grave. Sickness and old age had made him rather deaf. Consumption of lungs and throat made it hard for him to speak. He had never heard a word about the true God and our religion. And yet,

that dying man had a soul, created to the image of God, a soul for which Christ had died. But how to make it enter into Dinaguen's head that he had to be baptized, that there is a God, an eternal life? I thought the case hopeless without supernatural help. I prayed and little by little I began to shout my instructions. I spoke of One Who made everything, Whom we offend by disobeying and Who will punish the bad and reward all good.

"Father, give me some quinine," said Dinaguen.

I gave him all the quinine I had with me and pursued the lesson with all the strength of my lungs. I spoke of Jesus Who had died for us to save us from our sins, which may be forgiven if we only repent and receive baptism.

"Father, have you no match to light my pipe?"

I gave him a box of matches and while Dinaguen pulled heavy puffs at his copper pipe, I yelled about hell and heaven and everlasting life in one of the places.

"Father, said Dinaguen, I am very poor, I have nothing to eat and nobody cares for me in my shack yonder" and he showed me a hut on the outskirts of the hamlet. It was twelve o.c. and the heat was tremendous. Sitting on a small boulder at the side of Dinaguen I remembered the Lord at about this same hour of the day near the well of Jacob, instructing the Samaritans, and answering His Apostles who had brought Him food "that His

meat was to do the will of His Father," and I continued the instruction about baptism, God's goodness, heaven's happiness etc.

"But I am too old to be baptized," said Dinaguen. "Do you think God would accept me?"

"Of course He will"

"But I can not learn to pray"

"Do you believe what I have told you?"

"Of course," he said, "and will that good Lord love an old Igorrote like me?"

"If you only believe what I taught you and renounce your caniaws" (superstitious practices)

"I did not partake in any since more two years!"

And again I shouted the whole lesson to him, and Dinaguen understood; and when I asked if he did believe, he said he did. And when I asked if he desired to be baptized in order to go to heaven, he answered with full conviction that he desired to be baptized and go to heaven.

What could prevent me from baptizing there and then old dying Dinaguen? I found a godfather, I helped Dinaguen to make an act of contrition and there and then I made him a christian under the name of Alfonso, the name of my own father still living in Belgium.

It was 4 p.m. when I returned to Namitpit, not without a heavy shower which drenched me to the very marrow of my bones, but, I was happy, for I had washed a soul in the holy waters of baptism.

* * *

Two days later I received a message from Lugakan that Alfonso had passed into a better life. Lucky man! Lucky thief...of heaven!

Quickly I took a surplice and stole and hurried on horseback to Lugakan. Three swollen rivers, a muddy trail, slippery stones: nothing could prevent me from going to Lugakan to give Alfonso a christian burial: the first to be held in the village. I arrived just in time to give the last rites to the remains of dead Alfonso Dinaguen. I went straight to his shack. It was surrounded by his friends and relatives.

I entered. Goodness! Never in my life had I seen such a sight. There sat the dead, his legs folded, with his knees tied to his breast. The corpse was placed on a board one meter above the floor and held straight to a post of the house. There he sat on his heels, with a piece of cloth around his loins and a "camit" (a kind of large stole) over his shoulders. His head was wrapped in a kind of turban made of long and flexible bark of a tree, which had been beaten for hours with a stone to serve for this ceremony, and called here the "pa-ñgiao". Out of this turban protruded a copper pipe filled with tobacco. For the rest, Alfonso was like I had known him under the mangotree, but, what a dreadful spectacle!

Near the corpse sat a few old women. They sang in a plaintive voice of high and low tunes some invocations which invariably ended

in a chorus of: "Apo, Apo why did you leave us?"

After awhile I explained to all present the motive of my coming, the reasons of the christian burial, the happiness of Dinaguen's soul and the value of baptism and Christianity, and some said I was only too good for having come and they told me to proceed with the burial.

In the dark of the hut in front of the dreadful spectacle, I sang alone the "De Profundis" and said the other prayers for burial. How nice, how true these beautiful words the Church has for her faithful children after their eternal departure! "Saints of God, help! Come Angels of the Lord! Receive his soul..... May the Angels lead thee into Paradise. May the Martyrs receive thee at thy arrival and take thee into the holy city of Jerusalem!" Of the truth of these prayers I have no doubt for Alfonso, may they be verified some day for Lugakan and its people.

Then they wrapped the corpse in a big mat and brought it outside. Of course I had to close my eyes at the sight of some superstitious rites of the bystanders. While the corpse passed the door, a man held a hen by a string tied to one of its legs and made it flutter thrice in front of the dead. Four men took the corpse upon their shoulders and we proceeded to the cemetery. Three boys

carried some paraphernalia for further superstitious rites. One carried a jar full of tapoei (rice wine). Two others held a stick on whose top figured a piece of roasted meat and brought along two packages of cooked rice wrapped in a banana leaf. We crossed twice a river and reached the cemetery of Lugakan where a deep grave had been prepared. An old man unwrapped the corpse and this was now placed in a sitting position on the bottom of the grave. Then they placed the jar of tapoei, the packages of rice and the roasted meat at the feet of the dead, this food had to serve him during his long journey after death. The same old man, who had let the hen flutter in front of the corpse at the door of the hut, performed again this ceremony after which they filled the grave and Alfonso disappeared for ever from this earth, while his soul must be now for always with God in heaven. Lucky man! What a good deed had merited his conversion at the last hour? Was it the fact that he had permitted some of his relatives to be baptized lately at Santa Lucia? God is good and He will not abandon a soul of good faith! May the lucky Alfonso intercede in heaven for the conversion of his people of Lugakan and bring light to those who sit in the darkness of ancient superstition!



Igorrotes at their "abon"

A Christ Cross Hymn

*Christ his Cross shall be my speed
Teach me, Father John, to read
That in Church on holy-day
I may chant the psalm, and pray.*

*Let me learn; that I may know
What the shining windows show,
Where the lovely Lady stands
With that bright Child in her hands.*

*Teach me letters A B C,
Till that I shall able be
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesus' name.*

*Then, dear Master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of Saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.*

*Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and matin-lay
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross will be my speed.*

Mission News and Notes

Bokod.

Father Claerhoudt insists again and again in asking an harmonium for a place called Lutab. It costs some 150 pesos (\$75). It is much, but he pretends that, if he had an harmonium at Lutab he could easily win the whole village. He could thus attract the children who would come around the harmonium to listen and to sing. The children would attract their parents etc. etc. He promises to paint the name of the giver on the organ, so that the children of Lutab mission might know the benefactor they are praying for. Who wants that chance of being recommended to God by the little children of Lutab?

Tagudin. From Father David:

He sends the names of some Crusaders. All right! But Tagudin should have thousands of Crusaders. Thousands of children who have passed thru the Catholic schools of Tagudin, have learned of the Mission's needs. They see daily their poor Igorrote brethren pass thru the streets of their town. They know thus the miseries they can relieve and the reward they may expect from God. If there were only some active Promoters at Tagudin! Who is willing to become a Promoter?

Father David writes: The other day I went to Alilem to inaugurate the new chapel. It is at the same time a school and has a room in which the catechist lives. The chapel was too small for the crowd of Catholics and Pagans alike who had come for the ceremony. They sang ilocano songs, once taught by the valiant Father Desmedt. Twenty five people received Holy Communion. We had an intronisation of the Sacred Heart. The general feeling of Alilem has greatly changed for the better these last times. This is greatly due to the zeal of the catechist Mr. Hilario Bustamente. From Monday until Friday he visits the barrios of Alilem. On Saturdays he teaches doctrine in the chapel of the town. Nearly all the children of the school attend regularly. On Sundays the people come together to say the rosary and sing some songs. Again Hilario teaches doctrine, prepares the baptized children for their First Communion, instructs the older pagans for Baptism (he has 41 enlisted candidates). In one word, he is the right man in the right place.

It is time that we start the same work in other centers, as Ursadan, Cabugao etc. But, I already find it hard to pay regularly the catechist of Alilem. What, if I place other catechists in other places?

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

By Father Morice Vanoverbergh

Missionary in the Mountain Province. P.I.

(Continuation)

MAY 15th (Thursday): Rev. Father C. de Brouwer was well during the morning, although exceedingly weak, and I already felt confident of seeing him recover within a very short time, when, suddenly about noon, he relapsed. Dr. Querol came back to-day, and saw our patient in the afternoon: this visit and the prescribed medicines kept the fever down again.

I felt decidedly better, and thought that I should be able to go to Mawan an the next day to see the Negritos who lived there.

MAY 16th (Friday): Next morning Father C. de Brouwer was much better. There was a sickcall in the neighborhood, and, to repay my host as much as possible for his kindness, I went to answer it myself. When I came back, it was already late in the morning, and I was too tired to go to Mawan an that day.

As the heat was unbearable here at this time of the year, we should

have liked to go away next Sunday, if possible, in order to reach Lubuagan, where there was a hospital and where the climate was much milder. There was no longer any question of travelling by different roads, as we needed each other too much, and I believed that I was now really able to stand the journey over the mountain trail. So we notified Bontok, by means of a telegram sent from Tugegaraw, that the head of the mission would not be there for the feast, but that perhaps the Negrito missionary would be able to attend.

As our time here seemed limited, I decided to go to Mawan an the next day, and perhaps from there to Piat.

MAY 17th (Saturday): I started for Mawan an on horseback early in the morning; Simeon accompanied me on foot. After an uneventful trip, under a tropical sun, over a road utterly devoid of shade of any kind whatsoever, we arrived

at the house of the justice of the peace at about 11 a.m. Immediately he put a Kagayan at my disposal to see the Negritos, who were living in the neighborhood.

We crossed the river in a boat, and, after walking and climbing, came to a Negrito hut, the proud dwelling of Aratag, whose wife and children guarded the house. This place was called Dungan, and here we gathered some information and made some observations. We learned that there was another hut at a short distance from here, but that the owners were away, so we found it useless to look at it, and turned back toward the place we came from. While waiting for a man to bring us over the river, I drank the juice of a cocoanut, which did me much good and, when finally we got at the other side, we located three more Negrito huts.

These were situated at Sinaga, but only two of them were inhabited then. At one of them we found a man, Taklay, cutting up a wild boar, which he had just shot this morning. I bought the arrow that accomplished the foul deed, and, after having received some meat as a present, we went to see old Dandangan, a little farther up the hill.

The walk was far from pleasant for different reasons: first, I was still very weak, and had just made a short trip, which could not help me; then, we walked over hills and ploughed fields, through brooks and ravines, at a time when every sensible man was at home, between 11

a. m. and 1 p. m.; a third reason was that my guide knew as much Ilokano as I did Ibanag, which rendered the conversation dull. But the valuable information we got here, and the comparisons we were able to make with our Nagan Negritos, made all these hardships not only bearable, but even enjoyable.

After having seen and heard whatever we came to see and hear, we went back to the house of our host, where I was received with true Filipino hospitality. The good judge, an old timer, gave us much information about the little men, whom he had accompanied very often in their hunting expeditions. We told him that we intended to go to Malaweg, if it was worth the while, but he thought it entirely useless, as there were fewer Negritos living there than we encountered here at Mawanan.

Simeon and I then started for Piat, at about 4 p. m., and, after having wandered long and lost our way a couple of times, once in the fields and once on a kind of mesa, we arrived, at nightfall, on the banks of the Rio Chiko de Kagayan.

The judge had warned us to look for a guide somewhere near the river, but nobody was at home; and the fellows we met told us un-animously that there was only one road and that we could not go astray. Under such favorable auspices, who would even think of getting lost? We, of course, be-

lieved them, and it was only when we found out that we were on the wrong scent, that we accused our informers of imposture. Later on, however, we had to reverse our judgment, as I was firmly convinced that the poor fellows did not intend to mislead us, but that the fault was ours, for having misunderstood them. as they probably wanted to say that there was only one road, which was the right one; or, only one road, with reference to people who knew it. Let us blame no one, because we were always brought back again on the right track by the good people living in the neighborhood.

There was a pale moonlight, but not enough to enable us to see the road at the other side of the river: the Spaniards called it "chico" (small); it is certainly not narrow here. They had assured us, however, that although very wide, it was very shallow here, so I trusted myself and my horse to the guidance of Simeon, who forded the river ahead of us. After much anxiety, endured for a very long period, we crossed that enormous body of water (I mean "very long" and "enormous" for one who has to pass it on horseback, of course, at nightfall, and for the very first time). After more questioning as to the right road (the town is built very near the river), we arrived at the convent of Piat, at about 8 p. m.

Here we were able to take off shoes and stockings, in order to have them dry in the morning. We



A Negrito Woman

were most hospitably received by Rev. Catalino Bangayan, the coadjutor. We were sorry not to meet the parish priest, Rev. Paulino Angangan, who had gone to another church of his jurisdiction, farther north, to say Mass there the next morning.

MAY 18th (Sunday): I said Mass

fortable anyway. The road to Tuaw was good, and a good deal of trees and shrubs helped us to bear the heat, which was terrific.

At the convent we heard that our sick men were worse than ever, and that Gerardo had gone to Bolloan to get carriers, to hasten our departure. He came back in the afternoon, but without having found what he looked for; so, Mr. Juan Andaya and I went to the house of D. Felix Duque, to implore his help in behalf of our sick companions. D. Felix is the right man in the right place: he is all things to all men; he uses his influence for the good of everybody; he promised to procure the necessary men for the next day. When we came back, the father seemed exceedingly disappointed at the delay, as he wanted to travel by night, but, fortunately, at nightfall some of the promised men made their appearance. Then and there we made a contract with them, so that the whole caravan was able to move on its way toward Pinokpok, at about 11 p. m. I, however, remained behind, with Gerardo and the sick Pedro, as the father had promised to send men from Pinokpok to carry Pedro, and I preferred to ride by daylight.

MAY 19th (Monday; I left Tuaw very early, and the two boys intended to leave also on horseback, as there was scant hope of meeting people from Pinokpok. It was, indeed, a good idea not to stay at Tuaw, because no carriers



Same Negrito Woman (a side view)

very early, and went to pay a visit to the chapel of Our Lady of Visitation, a famous miraculous shrine, yearly visited by thousands of pilgrims from Kagayan and the neighboring provinces. Then, we passed the Rio Chiko again, but this time by boat; the horse swam behind: this proved much more com-

were available at Pinokpok.

As far as Abbut, the road was the same as everywhere in the lowlands, hot and sandy, without shade and monotonous. But from Abbut to Pinokpok, mostly following the windings of the Rio Chiko, the trail passed through a tropical forest clinging to magnificent mountains. To most picturesque scenery was added the shady comfort of the woods. I had some difficulty in finding the fording place of the Saltan river, but an obliging Kalinga woman came to the rescue, and, from the other side, indicated by shouts and gestures the road I had to follow.

At Pinokpok (13 miles from Tuaw), I took a long rest. Rev. Father de Brouwer was far from well, and the journey did not seem to help him. After a scanty meal, I went with Mr. Andaya to visit some Kalinga houses full of jars: the more jars in a house, the richer the owner. Farther on we chose a plot of ground for the location of the future church or chapel, and, after our return, I baptized two Kalinga children.

At 4 p. m., the hammock with its contents left for Taga, some 7 miles farther, and I followed at 5 p. m., approaching Taga in a thunderstorm. Darkness and a torrential rain is just what a stranger needs on these dangerous roads. Thoroughly drenched and nearly blinded, I tried to locate that famous village, but despaired of ever finding it; what was worse,

I already believed that I might have passed a possible trail connecting Taga with the main road, when there it was: the end of our journey for the day, Taga, the home of several Kalinga. It was fortunate, though, that the cluster of houses was situated on the main road, otherwise I should surely have gone astray.

I had passed the houses where the hammock halted, when a kind Kalinga brought me back on the right path. Father C. de Brouwer was resting here and was very anxious to continue the journey as soon as possible, but carriers had to be changed, and this was not an easy matter, as we experienced continually. A couple of Ilokano families, residing here, lamented pitifully the lack of both priest and chapel in this locality. This cry we heard at every step all along the road.

Later on Mr. Andaya, Francisco and Simeon arrived in no better state than my poor self; but the best surprise of all was when Gerardo and Pedro on horseback appeared at the gates of our halting place; they were only a quarter of an hour or so behind the others, but, of course, had no idea that they were at that particular spot. We were all very glad, indeed: I had not seen them since I left Tuaw, and now we were all together again, only to be very soon separated, when, without my knowledge, some of my companions took the lead in the death of night.

(To be continued)



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Belgium.

Father John Edward Lamal, or "pastoorke Lamal" as almost everyone in his diocese of Mechlin knows him, has just celebrated his hundredth birthday. At the banquet on this anniversary he told his many friends of an incident he witnessed when the first train in Belgium arrived from Brussels at Mechlin, in 1836. The train, he said, bore the king and his court and was beribboned and beflagged as for a triumph. It steamed impressively up to where the citizenry had turned out in thousands to greet it. Then the valiant populace, prepared to do it formal honor, hearkened to two of its toots, took one look at its steaming exhausts and ignominiously bolted, fleeing wildly in every direction. Father Lamal recalled also how, on its next run, the pioneer locomotive seemed to justify the fear of the people, for it got out of control, jumped of the tracks and landed in a nearby canal.

Cardinal Mercier honored "Pastoorke Lamal" by making him a Canon of the Cathedral. The centenarian still says his daily Mass,

reads the papers; receives visitors and attends to his own correspondence with a firm and steady hand.

England.

To combat the anti-Christian propaganda of the proletarian Sunday schools run by the communist party, evening classes for young men and women are being started at the church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Manchester. In other northern cities similar action has been taken by the Catholic communities. The time may come when in the Philippines the same measures shall have to be taken, for in a country where religion is not taught in the schools, bolshevism must necessarily develop.

—A striking example of the healing of war wounds through the Church was provided last October, when Cardinal Schulte of Cologne, Germany, consecrated a German Church in London at the invitation of Cardinal Bourne of England.

Ireland.

President William Cosgrave of the Irish Free State, who went to Rome at the head of a large group of

Irish pilgrims, served as an altar boy at Mass every morning during his stay in the Eternal City. This reminds us of the holy king Wenceslas who planted with his own hands the wheat and grapes he needed for flour and wine for Holy Mass which he never failed to assist at daily.

Italy.

By a recent decree of the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction under the valiant Mussolini, some Catholic superior institutes of Education have been granted the official status, i.e. their diplomas and certificates issued to their graduates will have the same value as those granted by State Institutions. Mussolini is a man who sees that religion is necessary to build up or rebuild a country and although he himself is not a Catholic, he sees that only the Catholic Religion can help him in his superhuman endeavours to make Italy Grand.

League of Nations.

A solemn ceremony has been held at Locarno (Switzerland), before the Locarno pact was discussed and agreed to. Bishop Baccianini asked the divine blessing upon the diplomatic conference between the Allies and the Germans. On an altar had been placed the relics of the holy protectors of various countries: St. Louis for France, St. Boniface for Germany, St. Edward for Eng-

land, St. Casimir for Poland, St. John Nepomucene for Bohemia, and St. Francis Assisi for Italy.

Rome.

With the exception of St. Peter Canisius, S. J. all Canonized Saints and the Beati of 1925 practically belong to the 19th century. The Little Flower passed to her reward in 1897. Bernadette Soubirous in 1878, St. Sophie Barrat in 1865, St. Mary Postel in 1846, St. Jean Vianney in 1859, Blessed Vincent Strambi in 1824, Blessed A. Gianelli in 1846, Blessed J. Cafasso in 1860. The Chinese Christians and Missionaries extended over five centuries but many of them were in our time and almost our contemporaries. Yes there are still Saints and they are many, in our modern times.

United States.

Charles Gulick, of Washington, N. J. was sentenced last October to a year in church. He had been found guilty of selling whiskey and the judge told Gulick he would be given a suspended sentence if he attended church every Sunday for a year.

50,000 children of Catholic parochial schools in Chicago, Ill., are training to sing the "Mass of the Angels" on June 21, 1926, the second day of the International Eucharistic Congress.



CURRENT EVENTS



Philippines

Politics.

The latest news from Washington has brought consternation in political circles. It is said that the Underhill bill, suppressing the right of the Senate of approving or rejecting the nominations made by Governor Wood, has great chances of passing. In view of this measure, some Filipino representatives suggested a general resignation of all Representatives and Senators. Others suggested the suppression of the Carnival of this month as a sign of mourning. Some proposed the union of the two great political parties: the Nacionalistas Consolidados and the Democratras, to present a united front against the menace of loss of rights.

On the other hand Senator King is reported having presented a bill granting immediate and complete independence to the Philippines.

The mission for Independence which had to start during the month of December did not leave the country as yet, and the advisability of sending one was discussed, some pretending that it would cost too much and that the expenses would be useless, and that it would be better to have in the U. S. a permanent commission to defend the Filipino political rights.

The plebiscite voted during the last session of the Legislature, by which the voters would have expressed their will about immediate independence was vetoed by the Governor General,

as was feared. Contrary to what was expected, the Governor did not veto the allowances voted by the Legislature for the permanent Committees, although payment of the same remains further subject to the approval of Auditor General Wright.

A manifestation of some 1200 Democratras before the Governor General's Palace was made, asking the removal of the Mayor of Manila, Mr. Romualdez, but the Governor did not accept their petition. Immediately thousands of the most influential citizens of Manila signed a request directed to the Governor asking Mr. Romualdez to continue in the office of Mayor of Manila which he has indeed well deserved.

The Governor General did well in vetoing the divorce reform bill. He gave the following reason: "I am convinced that the proposed act, facilitating as it does, the obtaining of divorce, is unwise and undesirable. Everything should be done to build up and strengthen rather than weaken the integrity of the family, on which the stability of the state depends". To teach religion in the public schools, would that not help most efficaciously to strengthen the integrity of the family?

Filipinos in Hawaii.

In the territory of Hawaii, there are 39,342 Filipinos, including women and minors. Of this number 8,700 live in

towns, 24,992 work and live on the plantations connected with the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association; and 8,700 are engaged in other work. Of the 39,342 Filipinos, about 24,992 have permanent work and earn wages, no less than \$1 per day, while the remaining receive more or less, according to the class of work they perform in the fields, factories or the offices.

The laborers who live in cities, es-

pecially Honolulu, have great difficulty in making a living and have no steady work. The plantation laborers with families, and who earn not more than \$1 a day, find it difficult to get along.

Is it not a pity that so many young strong men leave their country, always short of laborers and whose fertile fields could easily support 30,000,000 people more?

Foreign

China.

Remains as last month in a state of political chaos. Chang-tso-lin seems to lose ground. Fearing disorders in Manchuria and perhaps more, a too great influence of the Russian Soviets who support the victorious Christian general, Japan has sent more soldiers to Mukden. Of course the Soviets also take their precautions around and in Manchuria, for they have not given up the political plan of the former Czar, which is a greater Russia in the East.

France.

Financial difficulties have brought great unrest in France. She has to adjust her budgets, pay her debts, and finance two actual wars, but she has no money available. She reports some victories against the Druses in Persia, but she is far from having overcome the situation. The continual crisis of her ministry may bring some radical changes in her interior politics, for if higher contributions are to be paid by the people, France will need a strong hand to enforce the higher taxation. Watch the movement in France.

England.

Finds herself in a critical position in regard to China. Canton boycotts all English commerce. Much English merchandise in Hong-kong has been brought to Manila because it did not find its way into China. What will England do to save its honor and commerce in China? Declare war? This would extend further Chinese hatred against England. Will England follow her old politics by making other nations do for her what she can not? Some time ago she gave up her alliance with Japan. Today England under pretext that China is as much opposed to Japan as herself, is working in Tokio to form again an Anglo-Japanese alliance against China and Russia to counteract the predominant soviet influence in China and reestablish the old relations between the celestial republic and England. But today things are not like they were in 1895 after the Russian-Japanese war. In the meantime an American-English bloc has risen against Japan. The Japanese have been excluded from the United States, Australia and Canada. English and Japanese commercial rivalry on Chinese territory has increased much. Besides, one has to take into account the Japanese prudence and extreme reserve before entering into wars or alliances and

also the racial and geographical connection between Japan and China. This last, and the fact that Japan tries to dominate the Far East, make Japan look rather for friendship with China than for war. England can not win the United States on her side in her difficulties with China. The United States is in favor of Chinese nationalism and against foreign oppression of China, trying to extend her own commerce while favoring Chinese aspirations.

Hence today, England has little chance to reestablish her much needed commerce with China: failing to win Japan and the United States by her diplomacy, what will England do to save her Far Eastern influence and commerce?

Italy

has made arrangements with the United States to pay her debt after having received greater facility for the payment of her war-debt. The struggle between the Fascists headed by Premier Mussolini is hotter than ever, since the Masons received a setback from the Government. Fights occur every day between Fascists and their opponents. A plot has been discovered to murder Mussolini and the King and the guilty were arrested after a Catholic journalist revealed the black design. This will make the Fascists take more drastic measures against their enemies and probably make their hold of the country firmer than before; after all, the country has benefitted greatly by the Fascist Government: the Church has not only been respected but she has recovered several of her rights suppressed by former Governments, and that the country's material recovery is sound is proved by the fact that the lira is going up in value, and that Italy has paid already \$5,000,000 to the United States as a part of her war debt.

Japan.

A terrible crisis of unemployment reigns actually in the Nippon Islands. The causes are: the tremendous increase of Japan's population, the too great and rapid development of her industries and certain measures taken by the Government to decrease the cost of living. Actually there are about 3,300,000 people unemployed. If we take into account that about 3 persons depend on one laborer, we may say that about 10,000,000 suffer from this extraordinary situation. This is not without grave danger: since 50 years a kind of rage for instruction has invaded Japan (90% of the Japanese can read and write) and brought forth a considerable number of people with certificates but who can not find a job (about 40% of these intellectuals are jobless). In nearly all revolutions it is from among the unemployed intellectuals that agitators and partisans of communism and anarchy are recruited. One might say that England too counts some 2,000,000 unemployed, but England has an outlet in her colonies where Japan, overcrowded in her islands, has practically none. It is murmured that a war with Russia for supremacy in Manchuria must come. If Japan were better off financially, who knows what wars she might declare?

Mexico.

There being at present no more cut-throats to fight each other in civil war, the Government has found a new subject for its bloody instinct. Mexico since some time walks on the footsteps of the Soviets in Russia. Unhappily the persecuted are the majority of the country: the Catholics, and especially the Catholic priests.

Today for the Catholic priests, bishops, religious, teachers or any others who live a Catholic life, there is no such

thing as freedom. In Mexico priests cannot vote, cannot own, acquire by gift, purchase or by inheritance any real property. No man can join a religious order. All vows are forbidden. The brothers of St. John of Guadalajara were driven out of their hospital, one of the biggest in the American continent and of course their hospital with the farm which paid part of the expenses of the hospital were confiscated for the benefit of somebody. Catholic schools are continuously in danger of being raided by soldiers or police men. Most of them have been, for it is forbidden by the National Constitution to teach religion, even in primary schools.

Priests and bishops have been driven from their homes. It is illegal for a bishop to have a private chapel in his house. Those who rent houses to priests are sure to feel the evil consequences of the displeasure of officials of free Mexico. Spies of the Government to accomplish the eviction of the Archbishop of Guadalajara, exploded dynamite in his house and then cynically accused him of the crime himself. All Church property has been confiscated by the Government. No paper may criticize individual members of the Government under penalty of suppression or fine. In the free Catholic country of Mexico, the Catholics are treated as in Soviet Russia, because they have not stood united and organized themselves for showing stout resistance against their persecuting enemy, the small minority . . . a lesson for Catholics in countries where they form the majority. United we stand, divided we fall.

League of Nations.

The Locarno pact finally signed on the first of December in London adds greatly to the prestige of the League of Nations. By this treaty Germany undertakes never to trespass upon the

soil of France and Belgium. France and Belgium promise not to violate Germany's western frontier. Should either party transgress this agreement, the pact provides that Great Britain and Italy shall go to the aid of the aggrieved party.

The powers, parties to the pact, agree to submit all their future disputes to the council of the League, acting as a court.

Germany signed four more treaties one each with France, Belgium, Poland and Checo-Slovakia: she agrees with these four neighbors to arrange peacefully with them any dispute that may arise. These neighbors also agree to submit any disputes with Germany to an arbitral tribunal.

Two more treaties were signed at Locarno: France agrees with her eastern allies, Poland and Checo-Slovakia to help each other in case Germany does not keep her word. They will also help each other, no matter what country should make an unprovoked attack on one of them, which the League council failed to prevent.

If all these treaties are kept to the letter, there is little probability of future wars in western Europe. The strong point of the treaty of Locarno is this: if Germany attacks France, France is entitled to fight back and she would have the assistance of Belgium, Italy, Great Britain and her Eastern allies. In the same way, if France attacks Germany, Germany would be protected by Italy, Great Britain and Belgium.

The moment we see that Europe disarms, (unless Russia becomes a serious menace) we may believe that the powers have the right intention of keeping the pact of Locarno and will not consider it as the famous "scrap of paper". In fact a conference has already been called up by the League of Nations to discuss the general disarmament of Europe.



QUESTION BOX

Questions unsigned will not be answered. Anonymous letters must find their way into the waste paper basket. We will not publish the names of those who send questions.

Question No. 13.—Is it a mortal sin to disregard a vocation?

Ans.—A Vocation is an invitation, not compulsion or a command. Those who are called to become a priest or a nun are free to follow or not. But since vocation is one of the greatest gifts of God, those who refuse it do themselves an injury. It is much more a loss and a folly than if we had been invited to join the household of a very rich person and had refused and chosen to remain in the street. Therefore those who experience the grace of God calling them to become a priest or a nun, ought to consider what they will wish at the moment of their death when the Lord is about to ask an account of all their deeds and when eternity is about to begin during which they shall enjoy the fruits of their good deeds of their brief life upon earth. They should think what advice they would give to some one else who, with eternity in view, asks them what should be done in order to profit in heaven as much as possible of this short life. They should have pity on their future

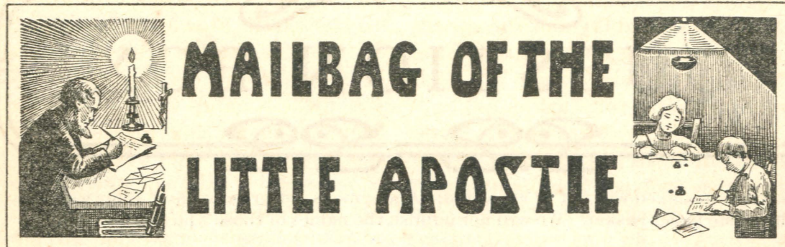
selves and not lightly miss supreme opportunity which God offers them, for life passes so quickly and eternity is so long. They are free to refuse, they are not bound under sin to hear God's invitation, but they must take the consequences of refusing such a blessing.

Do not expect a private revelation, or an inner voice telling you to be a priest or a nun, There have been, no doubt, such things, but they are not usual. A Call or Vocation more often consists in a perseverance of the desire to "leave all things of this world" and to follow Our Lord more closely and to work for the sanctification of your own soul as well as for the salvation of the souls of others. Then other things are necessary, namely: health, sufficient ability and character. Whim, fancy or devotion must not decide the matter, but your own dispositions and your confessor. The Seminary or the Novitiate will prove whether or not the Call was a real Vocation.

"Who are the three enemies of man?" asked a teacher.

And the boy proud of what he heard his father say often at home when disputing with his better half, answered: "girls, married women and widows."

Being proud of his knowledge of evolutionism, he told his father all men descend from apes. The father became furious and said: "that you descended from an ape, may be, but I at least did not!"



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Manila, Jan. 1, 1925.

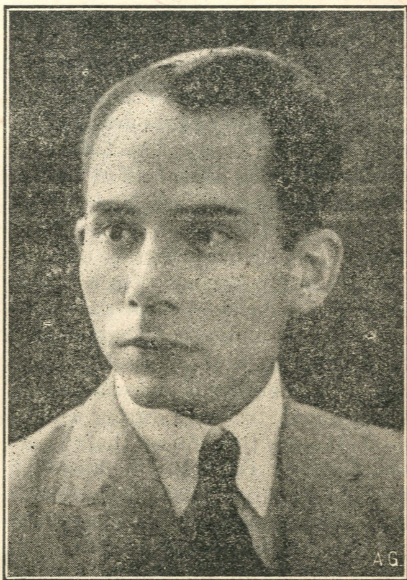
Dear Readers.

Happy New Year. In some countries the wish of today is: "blessed New Year!" This sounds better, for not all happiness is real. May this year be for all of you a year of abundant blessings of God. Such is the wish of the Missionaries in the Mountain Province and that is what they are praying for at each mass they celebrate.

May God bless also, in a special way, the Crusaders of the Little Flower. They constitute already an army of more than 3,000. Just think of the prayers now offered every day for the missions! What blessings they must bring down upon the Mountain Province.

How is it possible that our Crusaders have become so numerous in less than four months? These Crusaders understood that it was high time that something more efficacious be done for the conversion of 300,000 pagan inhabitants in a country of 10,000,000 highly civilized Catholics. And therefore they had their names enlisted and they sent their pledge to help materially and spiritually the Missionaries in God's field of the Mountain Province.

The success of the Crusaders is greatly due to some active Promoters not only in the different Colleges which take it to heart to teach charity and



Mr. Ismael Alvarez, Candolea, General Promoter for Bicolandia.

christian patriotism, but also in many towns from Aparri to Jolo. One lady in Iloilo enlisted 240 members: may God Who sees in secret, reward her in secret, for she wishes to work and remain in secret.

You remember I told you before that I was once asked by a lady if a MAN was allowed to become a Crusader. Actually, our most active Promoter is a MAN. He is not ashamed

of working for a good cause. Why should one be ashamed to work for the good of his country and the spread of the Faith among his brethren. This MAN is Mr. Ismael Alvarez Candolea, General Promoter for Bicolandia.

What is a General Promoter? One who is at the head of a certain district and has the power to appoint more promoters in his district.

As Mr. Alvarez has succeeded, so have some priests enlisted many little Crusaders.

It is as yet impossible to give the complete result of the self-denial week. I confess it was hard for some Crusaders to find means of economizing: some were at a loss to find them. But nearly all found some anyway. Of course the amount saved by most of the Crusaders was very small: it was the mite of the poor widow. But as in the U. S. the pennies of children have built a big church, so may the centavos of the Crusaders spread God's Church in the Mountain Province.

Dear Readers, I wish you all had heard the speech of our Dear Archbishop of Manila, the day the priests of his diocese gave him a welcome after his arrival from Rome, where he attended the feast of the Canonization

of our wonderful Patroness: the Little Flower. He spoke of his devotion to the Little Flower, of his confidence in her; he said he expected abundant blessings from the Little Flower for his diocese, and therefore he recommended to all his priests and consequently to all the Catholics of the diocese of Manila the devotion to the Little Flower. After the feast, one of the priests present came to me and said he would send me before long a list of Crusaders: he did indeed. Would that this example be followed by others: priests and laymen. for, who spreads the devotion to the Little Flower, is sure to receive some day from her one of the choicest roses she throws in showers all over the world where she "spends her heaven doing good."

And why, dear Crusaders, not spread the "Little Apostle" among your friends? Let the people know our Patroness thru the "Little Apostle" and you shall have won devotees to her service.

Again: a most Happy New Year from all the missionaries of the Mountain Province and especially from

Yours in C.

O. Vandewalle.



OBITUARY.

We recommend into your prayers the soul of Miss Paula Encarnacion, Crusader of the Little Flower, who died at Tagudin.

The mass which the Association offers for its dead, was celebrated at Tagudin.

R. I. P.

For the Little Tots



Pattie

Pattie at the palace of Emperor Charles

(Continuation)

ONE DAY Emperor Charles told Pattie he had studied much and knew much.

"Indeed?" shouted Pattie overglad. "Then let us guess at puzzles".

The Emperor pushed away his statebooks and ledgers, lighted his heavy flemish pipe which sputtered sparks as burning powder and Pattie took his marrotte.

"Ala, begin Pattie!"

Pattie thought awhile and gave the following puzzle he himself had heard from his dear beloved mother. —"What is the strongest on earth and breaks most easily?"

Three times did the Emperor guess an answer but in vain and finally Pattie told him: a mother's heart."

Pattie thought again for a moment and gave now a puzzle he had inherited from his defunct father: —"How can you make an old owl

laugh while he looks into a mirror?"

And the Emperor answered: "By prickling him between the toes.... put pepper in the beak....give him a fat mouse to eat...."

But the Emperor could not strike the ball—and Pattie had again to give the right answer.

"Just make the old owl in the mirror laugh!"

And a third time Pattie thoughtand now he invented a puzzle of his own make.

"And why does a hare run quicker when pursued by a white dog than by a black dog?"

First the Emperor said that all hares run even quickly before any dog, but Pattie said it was not so and that such wasn't the question. He just wanted to know why it happened so....why the hare....

The Emperor who was a good hunter could not explain the why Pattie asked for, and so Pattie a-

gain had to solve the problem.

"Because, "he said," when a white dog pursues the hare, it thinks that the dog has taken off his jacket to run faster in his shirt-sleeves".....

"Hm, hm, who knows?" said the Emperor and now he himself wanted to show his wisdom and asked :

"Pattie, what is the cheapest thing on earth?"

"Heaven, "said Pattie," for one can buy it by just willing it."

And the Emperor who thought it was "water", had to acknowledge that Pattie was right.

"And what is the dearest on earth, Pattie?"

"Heaven, "said Pattie", for a man has to sacrifice all he has to obtain it."

"And, "said the Emperor slowly and seriously", what is the greatest joy on earth?"

Pattie hesitated awhile...he was about to say: to play truant with Dorie.....but all at once he remembered his pastor's last advice and said: "To know that for your soul's salvation, all on earth is sand and water, and to live accordingly"....

And since that evening never again were puzzles brought forth, for the Emperor could not beat little Pattie.

Another day, the Emperor said he was very powerful, perhaps the mightiest ruler on earth.

"Yes?" said Pattie who did not seem to believe it.

And the Emperor began to de-

scribe his power, in a solemn voice and poetic words as if he had seen in a vision the continents he ruled over. "I was born in Ghent. The next day I received the decoration of the golden fleece and the title of count; I had a duke to take care of me when very young. I had a Cardinal as my teacher. When six years old, I became Count of Flanders; at sixteen, King of Spain: at nineteen: Emperor and I was crowned!.... I have a whole book of titles and one world.....no two worlds mine!.... With one dagger I triumphed at Pavia, Rome and Tunis. I throne here as a sun in the midst of my countries: the Netherlands with their industry, Germany with its might, Italy with its arts, Spain with its chivalry, and far away behind the endless sea, I dominate the New World with its gold.... Indeed the sun never settles in my empire and my double eagle carries in its claws my glorious escutcheon: "plus ultra" and....."

The Emperor stopped, his face contracted ridiculously in numberless lines, from his open mouth to his now closed eyes, as if his whole face had been a puckered ball of smashed paper and rubber and.... then....he sneezed.... sn.... snnn... snee.... sneezed.... again.... again... sneeeezed! "Ha!... ha!... hats!... hats!... hatsie! hatsie! hatsie! etc., etc.!

For when the Emperor described his might and saw as in a vision his immortal fame so that his eyes

were closed before nearby perceptions, Pattie had moved slowly, very slowly the long goose-feather of his marrotte and entered it slightly into the open nostrils of His imperial Majesty.

'Little Pattie!'... shouted the Emperor when he sneezed a whole litany, "Pattie that is lese-majesty."

"Well gracious goodness,"... laughed Pattie—"There you have the mightiest emperor of the world, who thrones as a sun over the world... an emperor who commands thousands of officers and soldiers and when something prickles his nose, he must sneeze!... He must sneeze or... clean his nose."

So lived Pattie, so died Pattie.

He died quite young. Clever people do not live long. They consume too quickly their brains... and perhaps their heart too.

Pattie was on his deathbed. He had confessed and received the last Sacraments. He laid there on his soft bed; he held still his marotte in his tiny hand as a soldier cleaves to his sword until the end. Near the little bed sat the Emperor with some dukes and counts, princes and the doctor.

"It is nearly finished" said the doctor, but Pattie overheard him and he whispered:

"Write my testament!... I leave.. the Netherlands with their industry to Dorie".....

He stopped a moment and breathed deeply; the doctor made a sign to those present that Pattie's agony had begun and that he did not know what he said.

"Germany with all its might, I

leave to Johnie...."

"He is delirious" murmured the Emperor.

"Not at all" answered Pattie "I know very well what I am doing and saying. I leave.... Italy with its arts to Lewis.... and.... to Pete the farmer I leave...."

Here Pattie stopped again and turning his burning head:

"Why don't you write my testament" he asked.

And now he saw that the Emperor looked sorry and that tears pearly in his eyes.

"And to you, my best father, to you, dear Emperor Charles, I leave ... (and Pattie sobbed bitterly) I leave as bequest.... a land.... six feet long.... two feet wide and so deep... deep.... deep.... farewell!"

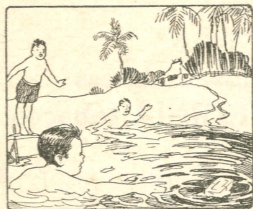
So died Pattie.

And three months later, in the year 1555 Emperor Charles abdicated and entered the monastery of Yuste in Estramaduro. The dukes said: "the man is old." The counts said: "He is sick" and the princes shrugged their shoulders murmuring "the man is crazy."

The historians may find out which one of all these was right. But all judged rashly, I think. The truth is that the Emperor began to see the truth of Pattie's words: "Might, power, riches... water and sand, and vanity; for of all these will be asked an account in the land: the grave, the common lot of all... the land of six feet long and two feet wide and.... so deep... deep.... deep..."

The Emperor was wise enough to make a logical deduction: "farewell!"

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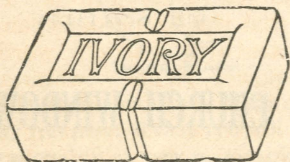


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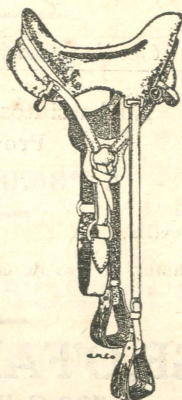
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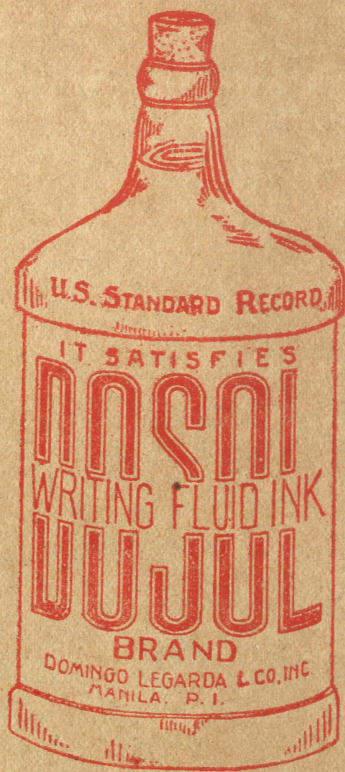
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