

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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in the Mountain Province of the Philippines.*

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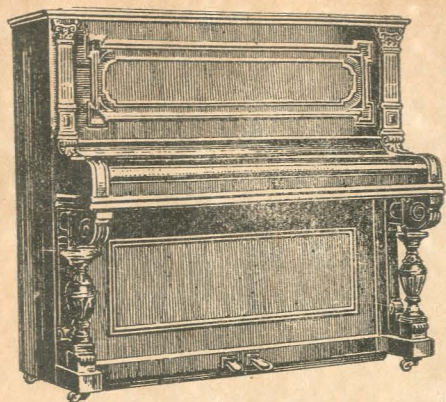
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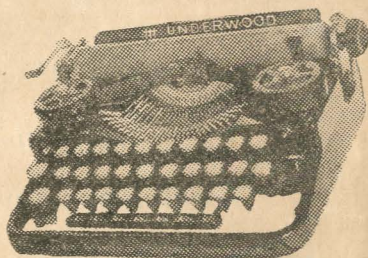
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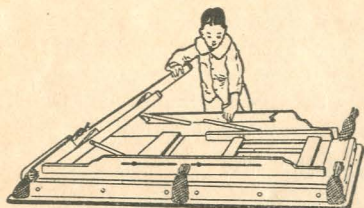
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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

The title is enclosed in a rectangular border. In the center, a cross is set against a sunburst background. To the left is a palm tree, and to the right is a banner with the text 'THE LITTLE APOSTLE'. The words 'THE LITTLE APOSTLE' are at the top, 'OF THE' is in the middle, and 'MOUNTAIN PROVINCE' is at the bottom.

A Love Affair

ARE these not the words we read every day in the papers? A love affair! And then follow the details of a young man in despair stabbing a woman object of . . . his love. Or it is a husband who in a moment of jealousy (another love affair) kills the one to whom he swore one day an eternal love.

Is that love? Did those monsters really love? They loved themselves, but loved others only as far as these creatures served their selfishness, nay perhaps only their brutal passions. Love is not selfishness, love is altruism. It is not the desire to have good be done to us, but to do good to others.

One loves truly when he tries to make the beloved happy, when, not words, but deeds show that the object of his love is his other self. Should he be treated coldly, or even abandoned by his other self, he, nevertheless, thinks lovingly of the ungrateful one, searches for new proofs of his attachment, nay, would sacrifice his belongings, his health,

even his life to win the heart which seems lost to him forever.

Was this not the love of the Sacred Heart? Or rather IS this not the Heart of Hearts? How does Jesus love men? He tries all means of winning our hearts. God steps down from His throne in heaven to become man on earth, a poor baby, born in a stable, so that nothing of His majesty or surroundings might keep us shyly away from Him. And the lovely Baby, while suffering and shivering with cold for our sake, thinks only of winning our hearts, by giving us His wholeself. We who see and know this, do we feel attracted to love this Divine Baby? Later on Jesus shows His love more: a love towards all kinds of persons, but especially towards those who are weak in body or soul. He cures the sick and heals souls, by forgiving in the kindest way what has greatly offended His infinite Majesty: He wanted to win the hearts of sinners too.

His Father's honor, insulted infinitely by sin requires either the

annihilation of the sinner of an infinite honor rendered to God. Jesus takes upon Himself our annihilation and gives back to God that supreme honor by the supreme sacrifice of Himself on the Cross. Why? Because He loves us all and to take away from us what might harm us eternally; He shed even the last drop of His Blood, when His heart was pierced on Calvary. Did He love for Himself, or to make others happy?

All that He asks in return is that we observe the Commandments of His Father, and even then He will show us His love by granting us for a few years of reasonable service an eternity of unceasing happiness.

But we of ourselves are too weak to fight the passions of our corrupted nature alone. Here I am, says Jesus, "to help you; just ask Me and I will succor you. Eat my body, drink my blood, even every day, it will divinise your strength."

Could Jesus do more? Can He love us more than by voluntarily entering thousands of prisons called tabernacles of the churches,

or hearts of human beings? He loves us in order to win our love. He loves and gives us what only a God-man can give for our temporal and eternal welfare. He loves us and sets us an example of deep unselfish altruistic love.

If He loves us, which of us could not love Him? And how? As He loved and loves: by giving to Him His Heart's desire, by keeping His commandments, by listening to His inspirations, by imitating Him, for it is only natural to imitate the one we love.

But it costs to sacrifice the desires of my heart, to be meek and charitable and generous, etc. How long? How much? Have only a longing, the longing for your eternal happiness; and the will to satisfy that Sacred Heart which loves you infinitely and sacrificed everything for you for now for ever! And do not forget that, what you shall have sacrificed for the love of Him, will be restored to you a hundredfold on earth and in heaven. Have a heart for the Sacred Heart and you will have one for yourself.

The Healing Sunshine

You are wounded? Expose the wound to the warm sunshine. Pretty soon a clear, flicky, lymphatic fluid oozes forth from the wound. It covers and shields it. Keep on this natural protective substance carefully and in a few days the wound will be healed without leaving a noticeable scar.

If you have an infection of the skin, f. i. itches, or even varicose veins, expose the suffering parts to the sun

every day. If such parts are not ordinarily exposed to the sun, at first don't give them too long a sunbath. Begin by a few minutes. If the skin is very delicate, cover it even with a thin cloth. Afterwards prolong the time of exposure take away the cover and in a few days the sun will do what doctors strive to effect by disinfectants. Just try this remedy: it does not cost a cent.

Feast of St. Anthony, June 13

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Fra Antonio, a Portuguese was an obscure Friar of the great Order of St. Francis. But under obedience he had to preach and he became the "Hammer of the Heretics" when, revealed in all his sanctity, he announced the word of God during nine years in France, Italy and Sicily. The merits of his hidden holiness and deep humility converted thousands of people and won for him from God the gift of miracles. When a man is nothing in his own eyes and looks only for God's will in all his acts, he is a saint, and God uses him as an instrument for the conversion of others.

Such was St. Anthony. One night when he was staying with a friend in the city of Padua, his host saw a brilliant light streaming from under the door of the Saint's room. He looked through the keyhole and

saw a beautiful little child, standing on a book which lay upon the table and clinging with both arms around St. Anthony's neck and caressing the Saint tenderly. At last the Child vanished and Fra Antonio, aware of the curiosity of his host, begged him for the love of Him Whom he had seen, not to reveal the vision, as long as he was alive.

St. Anthony died in 1531. A year later the church-bells of Lisbon rang without ringers, while at Rome Anthony was being inscribed among the Saints of God.

What is the use of being praised by men, provided God praises us? What everlasting rewards can men give us? Let us work only for Him who will not leave a glass of water, given in His name to the poor, without a reward.

To Saint Anthony

When you are deeply troubled, and the joy seems gone from life,
 While misfortunes and perplexities face you in daily strife,
 When this world looks dark and dreary and your hopes are well-nigh gone,
 Lift your head; relief awaits you; there's a friend to call upon,
 One true heart that never fails to grant you what is asked of him,
 One who shows the light through darkness to those eyes however dim,
 It is Saint Anthony of Padua asking meekly in prayer
 That you come to his protection with those troubles which you bear.
 Trust in him, seraph of miracles, he is anxious for to plead
 To the Donor of all blessings for the favors which you need.
 He is there with loving arms calling silently to you
 From the shrine of peaceful sanctity, blessed with power naught can subdue.
 There's a reasoning sense within you, ever potent, you will find,
 That which leads the hand of destiny, that controls your thoughts, your mind.
 Take courage, go and see him; he will be your true defense
 While revealing to your conscience our dear Lord's omnipotence.
 Divine knowledge then discloses what you were destined to be;
 Tells your duty to your Maker for that life eternally,
 Where the clouds obscured your pathway, now the sun of faith will shine,
 And the peace of heavenly happiness will evermore be thine.

(James J. Fitzgerald.)

THE MISSION

A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt Provincial Superior

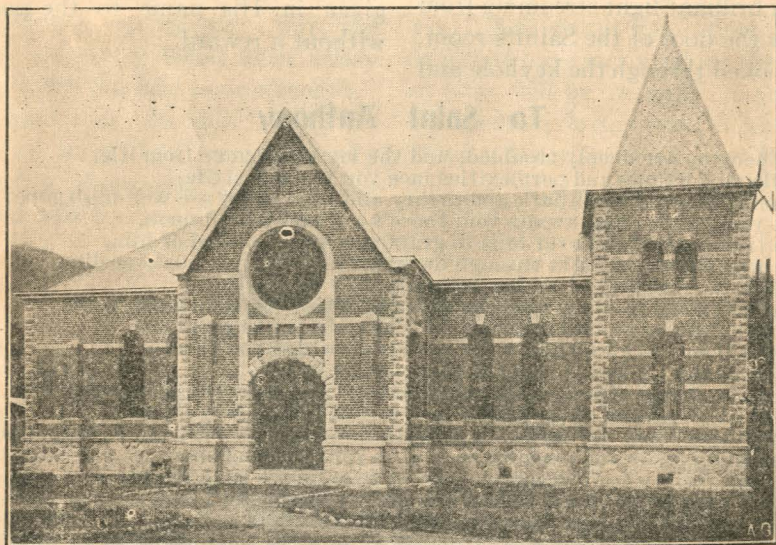
Bontoc, Feb. 1, 1925.

Dear Father Vandewalle,

I TOLD you in my last letter I would take a few day's rest at Bontoc. So I profit by this to send you a few notes about the Bontoc mission.

When our Fathers arrived here in 1907, only an old house and a few ruins of a chapel, built by the Spanish Missionaries were left. Little by little they have been replaced.

Until now the Fathers of Bontoc had under their jurisdiction no less than the three subprovinces of Bon-

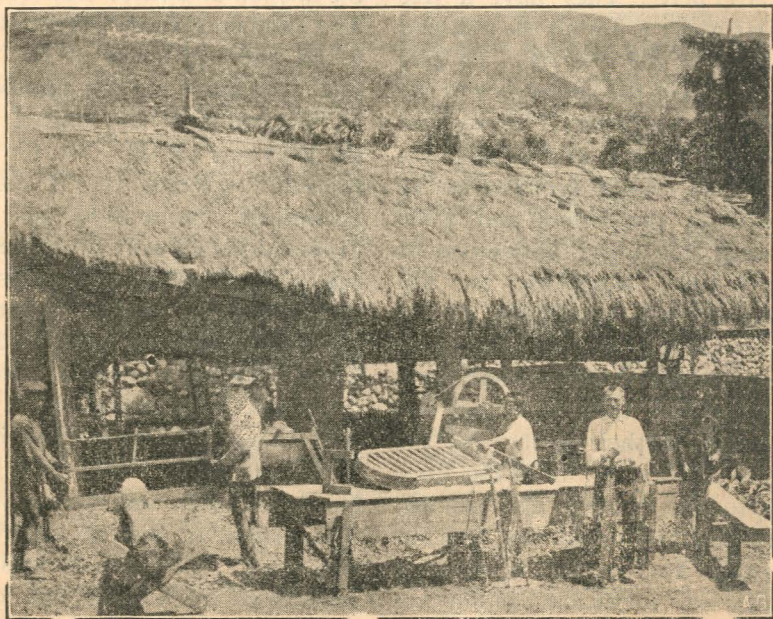


The Beautiful Church at Bontoc

toc, Kalinga and Apayao: that is the Mountain Province between its center and Aparri (Cagayan).

However, last month, a new mission was established at Lubuagan for the subprovinces of Kalinga and Apayao: thus the Fathers of Bontoc may apply all their activity to their own subprovince of Bontoc: they are Rev. Father De Brouwer, Superior, Rev. Father Anseeuw and Rev. Father Ghysebrechts. They are efficiently helped by five Sisters Canonesses of St. Augustine. What strikes first the eye of a visitor at Bontoc is the beautiful church, made of bricks, in the year 1910. It is built in

the form of a cross. Two steeples add much to its lovely aspect. Its bricks were made at Bontoc by Igorotes. These last did even more: out of the mountains they dug enormous blocks of blue rock and cut them into well-shaped stones for the corners of the walls. Those Igorotes are fine workers when they are well taught. The plan of the church was made by Father Sepulchre, little thinking that one year later he would be buried in the same church. It was executed under the supervision of our laybrother Rev. Peter Van de Coevering.



Brother Peter Van de Coevering in his carpenter shop in Bontoc, at the time of the building of the Church

Near the Church stands the convent, a school and a dormitory for boys. Half a Kilometer farther, near the native town, live the Sisters, Canonesses of St. Augustine. Their convent too is partly built of brick. They direct a complete primary school for girls. These are taught to make laces. Later on during their spare time at home, they might be able to earn some money and enjoy a more comfortable living by this kind of industrial work. There is a dormitory attached to the school for all the girls of Bontoc who prefer passing the night in that building, rather than in their small huts.

But the work of the Sisters does not stop here. They have a free dispensary for all the sick and wounded of the district. To give you an idea of the confidence of the Igorotes in the Sisters, I learned and know for certain that during the year 1923, 7,400 Igorotes were treated by the Sisters and 5,300 between July 1 and December 31 of last year. Moreover, the Sisters even visit the sick in their homes, and only God knows how many Igorotes have to thank them for the cure of their body and the salvation of their soul. All the people of Bontoc, from the little tots to the old men and women, know Mother Agnes, the Angel of Bontoc. There is not a house of Bontoc into which she has not entered to console and relieve some inmate. The first English word the little ones of Bontoc know how

to pronounce is: "morning Mother Agnes....candy". They know that the tall thin lady, dressed in pure white, wandering up-hill, down-hill, between and around the blacky shacks is an ever-running spring of sweet "Candies". Mother Agnes is the personification of kindness to the mind of Bontoc little tots.

Besides the dormitory for boys near the Fathers' convent, and that of the girls near the convent of the Sisters, there will soon appear another one in the center of the native town. The Fathers are actively pushing on the work. It must serve for boys. May it be blessed like all their other works of the mission are. Yes, God blesses the mission of Bontoc abundantly. The number of Catholics registered in the canonical books of the mission is 3,000, and the number of H. Communion distributed during 1924 was 12,925. No, the Igorotes do not forget the Blessed Sacrament. Some think that the Missionaries are only interested in the spiritual welfare of their people and absolutely neglect what regards their material and bodily needs. This is a mistake. Bontoc is witness to this statement of one who takes a keen interest in all that regards the Philippines from North to South, and East to West. The people of Bontoc are really very poor. Their conditions are miserable. Such is the opinion of all those who have dealt with the Bontoc people.

For years, means have been

thought of to better the conditions of the Bontoc people. What kind of industry could help them out of their misery? Bontoc is far away from the sea and Manila: this makes nearly all industries impossible, because the cost of transportation from Bontoc is prohibitive, and must necessarily force the laborer to work without any profit and advantage to himself. This problem was given all the attention of Rev. Father Jurgens, a missionary of Bontoc from 1907 until 1918. He thought of the silk industry. He asked for information. He studied the possibilities. Yes, it would be a success. Encouraged and helped by the Government of the Mountain Province of that time, he himself went to Japan together with four of the most clever mission boys. There and then they studied all that they needed to start the silk industry in their native town. Once well instructed they came back to Bontoc, with all the necessary paraphernalia to cultivate and treat the silkworm and to make the precious silk. Moreover, a Japanese lady accompanied them to teach them still further in their enterprise.

They planted mulberry trees, multiplied their silkworms, worked hard and met with an unexpected success. Silk was made and sold. Bontoc was full of hope and thought that the so much needed industry for the town was found. Of course other towns as Talubing began to plant mulberry trees. But.....the

Government of the Mountain Province was changed and, thanks to the "clever" opposition of some of the officials higher up that Government, the silk industry was pretty soon discarded, and abandoned even until now. As a remembrance of these hopeful days, the Fathers of Bontoc can still show a certain quantity of silk made in....better times.

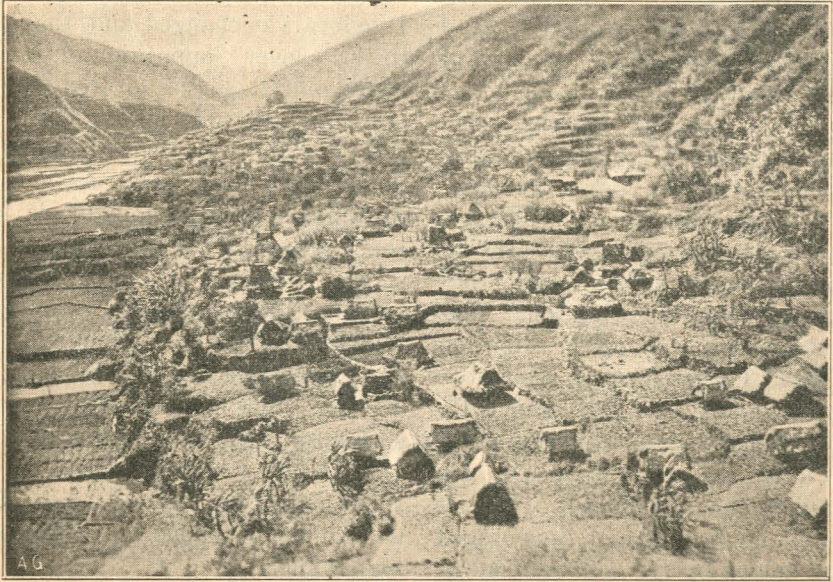
And what has been invented or done to replace the silk industry? Nothing, absolutely nothing, and so Bontoc remains as poor as ever.

Until now I have described only the center of the Bontoc town. Let us visit the dependencies of Bontoc for a while.

Last Tuesday we passed Sabañgan, on our way to Bontoc. Sabañgan is the first wayside mission one passes through while coming from the South.

After that, a few Kilometers farther, we saw the new mission of Gonogon, just begun. At Bontoc, on the other side of the river, lies a rather big village, Samoki. Here is a tradeschool and a dormitory for girls. There is no chapel, because Samoki together with Bontoc forms one town, split in two by a river.

6 Kilometers north of the town we have the mission of Tococan. Here, too, is a school and a Sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes. It is a pilgrimage were the travelers for Kalinga ask God's blessing on their long journey. (See little Apostle, August, page 35.) Near the



The Village of Gonogon, Bontoc Sub-Province

chapel, high on the mountain, in a cave, stands the big statue of our Lord's Mother, Who as a protecting Angel watches over the whole country.

Farther north is the mission of Tinglayan. It counts a few Christians but has no chapel. Behind Tinglayan lies Bangad. It possesses a chapel. This is the first mission station of Lubuagan, which is 15 Kilometers farther north. I do not speak of Lubuagan as yet, but I hope to do this later on.

South-west of Bontoc, near the trail to Sagada, is the mission of Tetepan. Here is a chapel and also a school for girls in which lace-making is taught.

13 Kilometers south of Bontoc lies Talubin, which is a source of

great consolation to the missionaries. It possesses a school and a chapel.

5 Kilometers farther south lies Bayo. (see L. A. Aug. page 36.) Here again we have a chapel and a school. The inhabitants of this village are considered by the other Igorotes themselves as lower grade. But the success of the children at school shows clearly that this contempt is wholly unjust.

Going back now to Talubin and taking a trail eastwards, we arrive after a day's travel in Barlig, where we have a provisional chapel and a house.

Half a day's journey farther, we arrive at Lias, where, let us hope, we shall have a chapel before long. Another half day's journey farther,

at Natonin, the Christians themselves built a chapel. 14 Kilometers north of Lias lies Kadaklan, where we possess a provisional chapel.

Starting again from Talubing and crossing the mountains towards Tococan, we are agreeably surprised by the sight of a splendid little mission: Canew. (See L. A. November, page 108). From a corner of a mountain rises as if by magic its nice little chapel, built, thanks to the help of the little orphans of the Tondo Orphanage.

This is a short review of the

Bontoc Mission: 1 Church, 10 chapels, and 7 schools. I do not speak of the many projects the missionaries of Bontoc have planned and are planning. If much has been done here, there remains still much more to be done. The Bontoc Fathers are just waiting for the hour God's Providence will provide them with the necessary means to proceed and progress.

Tomorrow, Monday Feb. 2, we leave for Kiangan, from where I will send you another letter.

Yours sincerely in Ct.

A. Van Zuyt.

Mission News and Notes

Rev. Father E. De Wit a missionary since 1909 at Dupax, Nueva Vizcaya left for a year's vacation for Holland, his native country.

Brother Peter Van de Coevering also went to Holland for vacation after 16 years' heavy work in the Philippines. The churches of Bontoc and Baguio are partly his work. May both return soon to resume their place in the missions.

Father Van Aspert, Tagudin, was ordered to take the place of Father Proost, who has been working for a year among the Indians of Mississippi. The latter will soon join the missionaries of the Mountain Province in the P. I.

Bokod.

Father Claerhoudt has just written

to ask for a small harmonium for his mission at Kabayan.

In Libong I could baptize some more children, and two more families are learning catechism. I will begin to teach Christian Doctrine at Kamangan after Easter. Yesterday I passed through Daklan and I was forced to remain there until this morning. I heard the confessions of 24 persons and gave them Holy Communion: the Christians of Daklan are so fervent. Before long I will send my first article on the Igorrote customs.

NOTE: Do not miss the articles on the Igorrote customs written by Father Claerhoudt. You must have noticed how well he observes things and writes about what he sees.

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Psychology of the Filipino

By *Hon. Norberto Romualdez*

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands

(Continuation)

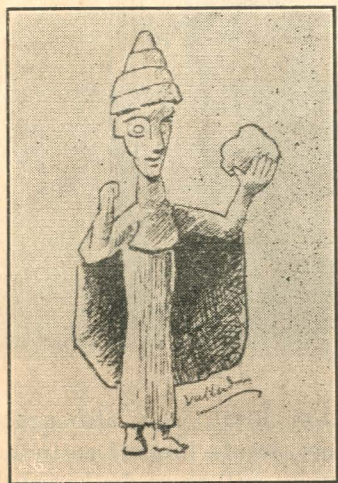
This is a golden *anito* (idol) found in the mines of *Suyok* among the Igorots. A view of this idol is presented in the book written by Hon. Isabelo de los Reyes, entitled "*La Religión Antigua de los Filipinos*" (The Old Religion of the Filipinos). Another *anito*, a picture of which is also published in said book of de los Reyes, is this one:

Some resemblance of these figures with the idols of ancient oriental countries may be detected, as in these:



These two idols are, the first from Phoenicia, and the second from Assyria.

Here is another idol from Cerdaña:



These three last figures are taken from the book already mentioned, written by Mr. Valladar, entitled "*Historia del Arte*".

With the advent of the Spanish sovereignty occidental ideas on sculpture reached the Philippines, and the natives began to adopt and assimilate them after their own way.

In some towns, in the provinces, there were, and still are, amateurs in this art, who either imitate European models, or give sculptural forms to pictures.

The town of Paete, Laguna, has been attracting attention for the ability of its people in sculpture since olden times. Such ability for

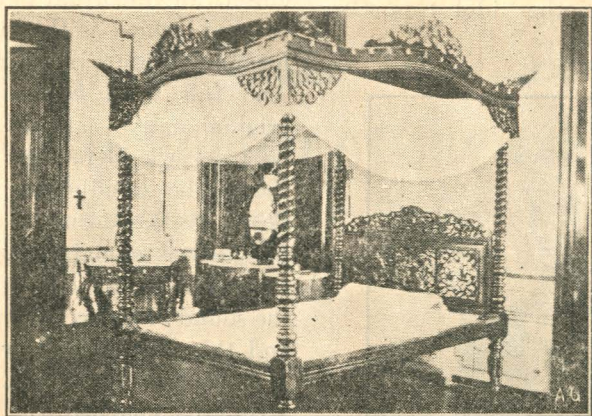
this art in that town must be traditional and, perhaps, innate, judging from the name of the town itself. *Paét* is a Tagalog word, means chisel, an important tool for wood-carving, which is the most general form of sculpture in the Philippines. And this word *paét* must be the original native name of that town, because several persons are found there who handle the chisel with skill. Its transformation from *paét* to *Paete* is explained by the fact that Spanish phonics is averse to the sound of soft-consonant-ending, and this was avoided by adding an *E* to the final consonant. Thus the Spaniards changed the names of *Palanyag* or *Palanyak* to *Parañaque*, *Kawit* to *Cavite*, *Hamtik* to *Antique*, *Dumagit* to *Damaguete*, *Masibat* to *Masbate*, *Kalawit* to *Kalabite*, etc. — Pardon me for this digression.

Coming back to the sculpture, the reminiscences in this art, which are of Indian character and which was already dying out in the Philippines, gave way to Chinese influences. Chinese sculpture, of course, like the Japanese, has the same remote origin, — the Indian sculpture.

The designs which we very often see on some objects, such as handles and scabbards of *bolos*, prows of boats, etc., are, to my judgment, originally Indian in taste.

Mention may also be made in this connection of the different designs and engravings on our antique jewelry.

The Chinese influence can also be traced in the designs of this bed :



But the Occidental influence is asserting itself, and it can be assured that the Filipino sculptors are assimilating the Western ideas very fast. Just get into the San Ignacio church which is next to this College, and there you will find the ability of the Filipino wood carver and his capacity for assimilating foreign ideas.

Among those who distinguished themselves in this art, mention must be made of Tampingco Flameño, Tolentino, Vicente and many others. As to Guillermo Tolentino, he is winning fame as sculptor, some of his masterpieces heretofore being the groups "*The Filipina*", "*The Filipinos*", "*Peace*", "*The Philip-pines*", etc.

Mention must also be made of one of the alumni of this College,

Dr. Jose Rizal, who, although he did not devote himself entirely to sculpture, still showed a knowledge of, and ability for, sculpture, having made some carvings here and abroad, in this very College, and in Dapitan, during his exile, and in Europe. The bust of Fr. Guerrico, a Jesuit, and other carvings by Rizal are well known among our people.

The small statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, carved by Rizal in this College with a pen-knife while still a youngster, is worth mentioning. This image was instrumental in enlightening his mind, for Divine Providence made use of it in bringing him back to the Catholic Faith in his last moments, thereby preparing him for a most fervent Christian death. Here is a view of

the said statue:



Numberless images, busts and figures on countless monuments in the public plazas of our towns are products of the Filipino artists.

3. Architecture.

We have in the Philippines, not only terrestrial, but also naval, architecture, for it must be remembered that these Islands form an Archipelago.

It is a general rule that the architecture of a country is primarily an outgrowth of its local needs and conditions. For this reason, even supposing that the Indonesian and Malay immigrants brought with them their native ideas on architecture,—ideas, which must have been quite advanced,—yet those ideas could not have had a thorough application in the new territory occu-

ried by them. So, it is not strange that the first settlers should have abandoned, in a certain extent, the ideas that they might have introduced here, because they had to adapt the same to the new conditions and environment, and make use of the materials they found.

Buildings of stone and concrete are not the most healthful constructions in this tropical country, where winter is not known, and where the rather sultry and dry atmosphere requires greater ventilation. Hence, the houses of the great majority of the Filipinos are of more appropriate materials, such as wood, bamboo, and *nipa*. These are just the very materials that Nature has seen fit to give us in abundance.

On account of this tropical climate, and for purposes of sanitation, the Filipinos, have from time immemorial, always chosen for their homes and towns, the shores and banks of rivers, for which reason, and because of the special tendency of the primitive inhabitants to live either on the banks of the rivers, or in rafts or water-crafts, the people of said regions were called *Tagalogs*. Several families still live permanently in such water-crafts known today as "*kaskos*" which we often see in the Pasig river. The people living in boats or near the banks of rivers were called *Tagalog*, this word being a contraction of the phrase *taga ilog*, meaning *of, resident of, native of,* and *ilog* which means *river*.

The Filipino houses, in general, have a porch open on its three sides,

the floor of which porch supports the upper end of the main staircase. The floor of the porch is usually lower than that of the principal part of the building. When it rains, the Filipino works in his porch, cleanses the rattan, weaves his nipa for roofing, or knits his fishing-nets, etc., and the children pound rice. This porch is adjacent to the drawing-room, which, generally, is contiguous to the living-rooms, and the dining-room which leads to the kitchen. The floor of these last parts of the house is also usually lower than that of the drawing-room, and the living-rooms, which constitute the main part of the building.

The house is usually built somewhat apart from the street, leaving a space for court-yard, garden, and orchard with trees and medicinal plants.

The primitive Filipino streets used to be very narrow, in conformity with the needs of the times when there was not much traffic. Even in the old parts of big European and American cities, there are narrow streets. Remember some old streets of Toledo, Spain, and even some of the old New York.

In architecture, the Spaniards imported also occidental ideas to the Philippines. Our building construction received such occidental influence and adopted its taste readily. Hence we find in Manila, and in some Filipino towns, many houses of Spanish type, with the Andalusian court yard inside. This

interior yard is as adaptable and convenient in this tropical climate as it is useful, and practical in the meridional climate of Andalusia.

As to the form of the roof of the Filipino nipa houses, it may be observed that in places where rains are usually heavy, the roofs are of an acute angle upwards, while in places where rains are not so heavy, the roofs are not made so high. This is also the case, where typhoons use to be strong, and frequent. High roofs are found in some regions of Luzon, while low roofs are ordinarily used in the Bisayan Islands.

Decidedly, occidental architecture, with all its different branches and styles, is gaining ground in the Philippines, where American architectural principles, which are more after strength and ventilation of buildings, and light and comfort in the compartments, are now being adopted, combined with the European taste of emphasizing the exterior and interior ornamentations, and of giving a pleasing aesthetic impression.

In this art, among the contemporary architects, Arellano, Arguelles, Mapua, and several others are worthy of mention.

As to naval architecture, you will readily understand that the inhabitants of the Philippines, specially those living in the maritime regions, were compelled by necessity to engage themselves in the construction of boats and water crafts for voyage and fishing purposes.

Real experts in the construction of boats, from a simple fishing boat to a *paraw*, capable of crossing inter-island seas, may be readily found in towns along the coasts. The word *paraw* is probably a corruption of *palaw*, a name given to the inhabitants of the Marianas Islands, who are used to making long trips on sea.

As to ships of greater size tonnage, Sorsogon is one of the regions which

have excelled in the construction of lorchas and galleys.

Before closing this subject, mention must be made of building construction of the old days. I only need to call your attention to edifices, public buildings and private homes that have stood the test of time and weather, in order to give an idea of their massive and solid construction.

(To be continued)



A People of Few Words

The children of ancient Sparta could not have had very merry times, as we understand the expression. They were taught to repress themselves in every way, and to be silent as much as possible; or, if they must speak, to use few words. So the boys grew up to be staid and sober men. As for the girls, they were quiet, too, and it is not likely that the Spartans ever had any reason for making silly jokes about a woman's lively tongue. But the result of all this discipline was that, although there was very little small talk and chatter, whenever a remark was made it was sensible and to the point.

An Athenian was once deriding the weapons of the Spartans. "Your swords are no longer than the knives with which we cut a pomegranate," he said. "It is no wonder that the jugglers on your stage have no difficulty in swallowing them. One might swallow a dozen of them without in-

jury." "Our swords have been found long enough, however," responded the taciturn Spartan—a king, by the way—"to reach the vitals of our enemies."

King Charilaus was a nephew of Lycurgus, the famous law-giver, and when asked why his uncle had made so few regulations, he answered: "Men of few words require few laws."

Archidamus, when approached by an impertinent man with the question: "How many Spartans are there of you, anyway?" only said, "Enough, sir, to repulse our enemies."

There are many customs and precepts handed down to us from that stern old people that it would not be well to emulate, but we have the authority of Holy Writ for endeavoring to remember that silence is golden. And does not Thomas a Kempis tell us, "Oftentimes I wish that I had held my peace instead of speaking?"—Ave Maria.



The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

By Father Morice Vanoverbergh

Missionary in the Mountain Province, P.I.

(Continuation)

APRIL 12th (Saturday): Shortly after dawn I started for Bulagaw accompanied by one of the priest's servants, who had to guide me all the way.

After having crossed a brook on the back of a native (the only adventure worth nothing), I arrived at a place where some Ilokano were erecting a new house; at first sight, everything seemed very Malayan in appearance, but, among the workman, I suddenly saw a little fellow, much smaller than the rest, and very black, Kanandagan, the first real Negrito I ever met with. At once he became the object of my numerous, heartfelt inquiries, while all the others remained in the background. I had a long talk with him in Ilokano, which he spoke rather fluently, although the others mostly addressed him in Ibanag or Itawes, which he seemed to talk even better than Ilokano.

I sent my guide to call Mr. Padua, who could be of service to me here. I then went to Kanandagan's house, where I met his wife and children, and a relative, an old widow, of whom he took care. All of them live in a little house, built

in a style closely resembling that of the Ilokano houses. but for the rest, they lead a real Negrito life, except that they have more stability.

I bought two bows and three arrows from the little fellow and went to an Ilokano house for lunch (no where in the world is hospitality practised as in the Philippine Island). I waited for the arrival of Mr. Padua; he did nothing but complain about the heat, the road, his pains, which seemed to torment him. Finally, after a great deal of exertion, we assembled the little fellows together and took some pictures. The only other Negrito family living in the immediate neighborhood, Yadan & Co, joined us in time to be photographed. We learned again that more of the little men were living at Malaweg and at Mawan, even some members of Kanandagan's family were married at these places.

As there was nothing more to be done here, for the present all of us went back to Tuaw, where we made arrangements to set out for Kabugaw the following Monday; we saw no opportunity of coming in touch with Negrito groups here, at least not with Negritos living their

own ordinary life, in the typical surroundings they regularly choose for themselves.

APRIL 13th (Sunday): After High Mass, Dr. Querol, the only physician of the place came to the convent to invite us, Father Zacarias and myself, to a meeting that would be held somewhere in or around the market, under the presidency of D. Felix Duque, for the further inlightenment of the Filipino people. We accepted the invitation with pleasure, and at the meeting we got a glimpse of the famous Negrita, Francisca, who, until now, had never given me the opportunity of admiring her features: although dressed exactly like an ordinary Christian Filipina, she was easily distinguished from all others by her low stature, the color of her skin and her undisguised curls. I had no occasion of talking to her, and made no extraordinary efforts to get one, since what she could relate would be either of very little interest or simply a repetition of what I already knew.

Nothing remarkable happened after the breaking up of the meeting, and we dreamt about starting very early in the morning, of having a nice trip on horseback and of seeing millions of Negritos at Kabugaw. But it was bad luck for us, so soon again to be bitterly disappointed.

APRIL 14th (Monday): Last evening we expected six Kalinga men from somewhere near Pinokpok to come and carry our bag-

gage, as Father Zacarias thought he had taken all necessary precautions to insure us against any undue delay on our coming journey, but none of the promised carriers ever appeared; and this morning two horses were expected, but did not arrive. Everything had been arranged by our host, but Finally, at 1 p.m. the horses arrived; we saddled them at once and started immediately for Boloan, at the best time of the day for people who want a sunbath. Mr. Padua and our guide mounted the hired horses, while I rode on a pony, kindly lent me by the parish priest. No trees, no shade, nothing but a tropical sun overhead: it was far from resembling the pleasure trip I had imagined.

At Boloan we asked for six Kalinga men to fetch our baggage left behind at Tuaw, while we intended to continue our journey as far as Ripaňg. The men did not start until the next day, as there was a kind of feast and much rejoicing, drinking and dancing, and Ripaňg did not answer our repeated telephone calls. Other men would have to bring our trunks to Ripaňg, as soon as their companions arrived from Tuaw.

Relying on the Boloan people for complying with the contract, we went on toward our destination, and, after having taken some rest on the road near a group of Kalinga houses, we arrived at about 7 p.m. at the resthouse of Ripaňg, where we were well received by the secretary

of the municipality. We renewed some old acquaintances, ate a hearty meal, had a prolonged chat, and slept soundly.

APRIL 15th (Tuesday): We learned by telephone that our people had left Boloan for Tuaw early in the morning, and, when he heard that they had come back, and that other men had left Boloan for Ripanġ with our baggage, we left in care of the secretary the men who would replace them from here to the next stop. At 10 a.m. we started for Talifugu, where we arrived at noon. This is certainly the best time of the day for travelling, if one is afraid of colds and rheumatism. The road goes through a tropical virgin forest unsurpassed in its grandeur. The trees, flowers and birds, are innumerable and of a thousand colors and shapes. The birds are ever singing an uninterrupted song of thanksgiving to their Creator.

At Talifugu we stopped at the president's house (he is an old headhunter with a splendid record in that line), and waited until our Ripanġ men arrived. There was not much to eat, but we had some provisions, and one of the teachers brought us four eggs, so that after all we had no reason for complaining. After dinner we took a walk, visited some natives and learned that there were no Negritos at Kabugaw. We ordered new carriers for the following morning, and finally met our Ripanġ men with the baggage, the precious trunks we

had not laid eyes upon since we left Tuaw.

To drown my disappointment at learning of the absence of Negritos at Kabugaw, I began to learn Isneg from a little girl; "umbéka ketdí" (come here), but just then a couple of soldiers, who happened to be here on duty, told us that the Negritos talked chiefly Ibanag, the language of the Kagayanes, and so I began the lesson all over again, but this time under the tutorship of our soldiers who spoke Ibanag fluently, although they themselves were Ilokanos: "Umayka taw" (come here), and so on.

In the evening we telephoned to the lieutenant-governor of Apayaw and asked him, if possible, to send a couple of fresh horses to-morrow to meet us half-way, at Lennenġ, about ten miles from here, and this he most graciously promised to do. Then we slept in the school house, as the house of the president is of of the Isneg kind: practically no windows and a fire burning day and night, and this in the tropics.

APRIL 16th (Wednesday): We left Talifugu shortly after breakfast, and after an uneventful trip on real mountain trail, reached Lennenġ at 10 a.m., about an hour ahead of our carriers. Here we found an uninhabited cabin, but no food. Fortunately, two splendid horses were awaiting us, one of them the favorite of Capt. Lizardo. As there was nothing to be gained by staying here any longer, our guide, who had been

our companion ever since we started from Tuaw, now let us. He returned to his native town and took back the three horses we used all along. Helped by the policeman, who brought the horses from Kabugaw, we secured some cold rice, a raw papaya and some chile pepper, and lunch was ready!

We did not want to stay here a time, as accommodations seemed rather poor, and we were anxious to reach Kabugaw before dark. Our carriers would have preferred to go home instead of continuing the journey, since there were no others to replace them, we availed ourselves of their services until we reached our final destination.

From now on we followed the policeman over a very fine trail which is nearly level all the way, and, except for a short-cut, where we have to pass the river five times, and a shower which made us soaking wet in a few seconds, our journey was as agreeable as could be. Everything in nature seemed to inspire us with renewed courage to continue the expedition which we had undertaken.

At about 5 p.m., we arrived at the lieutenant-governor's house, where we first met our hosts, Capt. and Mrs. Lizardo, two Filipinos of the real type, an honor to their race, also the lieutenant Galinato, of no less courtesy and good breeding, and finally some soldiers, of the Kabugaw station, all of whom were making extensive preparations for the celebration of Holy

Week, for the next day was Holy Thursday. We dismissed our carriers and helped our kind hosts to prepare for the morning, a day dear to every Catholic and perhaps more especially so if he is or ever was a subject of His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. We were really at home here and able to rest, something we were badly in need of.

APRIL 17th (Thursday): In the morning I heard some confessions, and, after Mass, met Mr. Crisologo, the resident physician, from whom we learned that there were many Negritos living at Tawit and at Nagan, somewhere down the Abulug river. I passed the day meditating on the memorable events that happened about two thousand years ago, when the great Model of missionaries gave his Divine Testament to His beloved Apostles. Few people know Him in these regions, but perhaps after a short lapse of time a fervent Christian community might take the place of these scattered hamlets of poor ignorant Pagans: may this dream soon be realized!

In the afternoon we took some photographs and about nightfall the lieutenant-governor received a message from Colonel Nathorst calling him to Aparri to meet the Governor General. The Christians of the settlement came very soon to our temporary chapel to sing Our Lord's Passion, and this devotion was prolonged until very late at night.

(To be Continued)

Bontoc Legends

The Lightning

One day, a long time ago, there was a violent thunderstorm at Malikhong (a village of the Bontok subprovince). A woman was struck by lightning. Unfortunately her two sons saw the lightning strike their mother, therefore they could not do anything to save her. She died. Had they not seen the flash of lightning, but only heard the thunderclap and then found their mother struck down, they at once would have built a big fire around her, and she would have come back to life.

The two brothers were very angry with the lightning. They were brave fellows.

"Let us avenge our mother," they said.

They grasped their spears and battleaxes and ran to a deep cave. At the mouth of the cave they built a big fire. Then they brandished their axes and spears as if in defiance, shouting to the lightning to come down to fight. Rattakatat! Crack! A dazzling zigzag light came down. But quicker than the lightning the two warriors had jumped for safety in the deep cave. The lightning struck the rock in the midst of the fire.

Scarcely had the flash disappeared when out of the cave jumped the two brothers, brandishing their axes and spears again and calling the

lightning a coward. Bang! This was the reply. A fraction of a second but too late however. Again the brothers had rushed into the cave behind the big fire.

They kept this up for a while, swiftly jumping in and out of the cave, defying the lightning.

Mad with anger the lightning sent its flashes down and down again and again in quick succession. The intrepid brothers had many narrow escapes. It was a terrible battle. The sky was all ablaze. The continuous earsplitting roar of the thunder rolling and echoing through the valleys and mountains made the rocks shake on their foundations. Scared to death the inhabitants of Malikhong were cowered down in their huts.

At last the lightning became tired. Slower and slower it climbed back to the clouds after each flash.

Then the two brothers' all of a sudden threw themselves on it. They had grasped a giant wild boar. Foaming and roaring and with his terrible tusks glittering as battleaxes, thrust out at them, he struggled to get loose. But the brave fellows kept him down on the rack, until he was exhausted. Then they tied him firmly with their brass-chain belts. They slung him on a pole on their shoulders and carried him home. There they kept

him chained up for a long time.

Thereupon a long drought set in. The ricepaddies on the slopes of the mountains lay all dry. The earth cracked and the plants shriveled away with the terrible heat.

Then all the people of Malikhong went to the house of the two brothers.

"No rice can grow for lack of water" they said. "If you keep the lightning chained up here, we

will all die."

Then the two brothers unchained the wild boar. Up to the sky it went a once. The clouds gathered and a thunderstorm came on. Plenty of water fell on the ricepaddies and the rice grew again.

Since then, when a tree is struck by lightning, some people say, that the wild boar with his tusks, sharp and glittering as battleaxes, has ripped open the tree.

The Bontoc Legend of the Salt

Lumawig made the salt come out of the earth at Lakhangew. He said to the people there: "Boil down the salt." They did so. Then Lumawig said: "Go and sell the salt". But the people of Lakhangew were bad venders. Their speech was too straightforward.

Then Lumawig removed the salt to another place, called Minid. He told the Minid people to sell the salt to the people of other towns.

He observed them. "Oh my!" he said, "you are good talkers. You will be the owners of the salt. Those Bontoc people with their harsh speech will have to buy their salt from you".

Thus the only place where salt is produced is at the Minid hot springs.

NOTE 1— Lakhangew is a small brook near Bontoc town.

2— Minid is a town not very far from Bontoc.

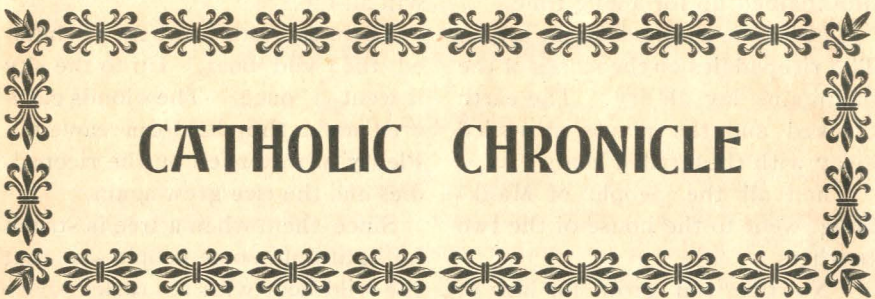
Rev. C. De Brouwer.



Through Mary

How much there is which we might do for the Sacred Heart were we only worthy to be its instruments, but the memory of our sins and of the little sorrow we have ever had for them weighs us down. And this is the greatest pain of those who truly love

Jesus Christ. It is then that we understand all that our sweet Mother is to us. Through Mary even I can do Him service, and my work will be according to my sure belief in Her love for me and my trust in the greatness of Her power.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

China.

Reports state that bandits attacked the village of Youcheng-Yu, Mongolia, on March 13, burned the premises of the Belgian mission, set fire to many houses belonging to the Christians, and shot the priest in charge of the mission.

Egypt.

The first Catholic Congress ever held in Egypt opened on the 4th of May, attended by more than 12,000.

England.

Father Mahony received the largest total of votes in the recent elections for the London County Council. He was elected to office on a popular vote of 12,222. No other candidate in the whole polling area received such a high total. He was the local candidate of the Labor Party.

Jerusalem.

It is reported that the Greek schismatic Patriarchs of Alexandria, Jerusalem and Antioch are consid-

ering the transfer of the See of the supreme authority of the Greek Orthodox Church to Jerusalem, after considering the impossible situation created by the Turks, when the new Ecumenic Chief Constantin was expelled from Constantinople. It is said that Anglicans are supporting actively this step. This would have great religious and political consequences.

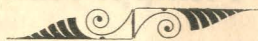
Mexico.

The Mexican religious troubles continue. The Catholic Ladies Union has sent a protest against the seizure of the Church of our Lady of Soledad by the schismatics, who are attempting to establish a so-called Mexican Catholic Church.

Switzerland.

Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament continues without cessation in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Geneva. The Church opens on one of the most crowded streets of the Swiss capital, the one-time great home of Protestantism. Here, going to-work or returning, clerks, workingmen and others invariably

stop for a little visit to Our Lord, and at no hour of the day is the church empty. There are people at all hours, and not merely old men, but young men, engaged in earnest prayer. Not far distant stands the cathedral, once Catholic but now no longer the home of Our Lord—cold, forsaken with locked door. What a comparison is to be made between its former lively faith and its presented cold apostasy.



DO YOU WISH TO BE HAPPY ?

Avoid disputes, and any vain success they bring:
 Too quick and ready words oft leave behind a sting.
 Do not excuse yourself, even when not to blame.
 Add nothing to the truth; be simple in your aim.
 An independent spirit shun as a dangerous snare.
 Let every regulation be kept with zealous care.
 Be glad to find a critic both truthful and severe;
 Far from the eyes of all, act always quite the same.
 Speak little of yourself, either in praise or blame.
 Successful in your labors, to God the glory give.
 Never distrust the Master for whom alone you live.
 Always regard yourself as least and last of all.
 Think little of your talents; your misdeeds oft recall.
 For those who contradict you, have feelings ever kind.
 Never allow suspicion to rest within your mind.
 For other's faults and feelings find always an excuse.
 Ne'er speak of them in public, unless it be of use.
 Believe yourself unworthy to bear the light of day.
 If all loo down upon you, a "Deo Gratias" say.
 If words of praise should reach you, smile at the strange mistake.
 "I'm prouder than a peacock" — this for your motto take.





CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

45% of the Filipino soil is cultivable. Of this only 15% is cultivated. These last two months the bureau of lands has received almost twice as many applications for homesteads, free patents etc. as in any previous two months since the bureau's existence. Director Jose Vargas hopes for even more applications in the coming months. This is a good sign for the Philippines. After all the country must look for its riches in its fertile soil. Students, remember that.

The P.I. rank third among the coconut producing countries of the world with 1,515, 353,000 nuts last year. India is second with 1,600,000,000 and Ceylon is the first with 2,200,000,000. During 1924 the Philippines shipped to the United States copra valued at \$10,507, 362. The Philippines could easily take the first place, and the reason for taking that place is that the P. I. may import their copra free of duty into the United States.

Both islands of Negros suffered from severe earthquakes at the beginning of May. The church of Panjay was thrown down, and that of Bacong sustained heavy damage. The center of the quakes was located in the sea south of the island.

If Mussolini took drastic measures against the free masons in Italy for the

good of the country, the convention of the district auditors at Baguio agreed to refuse membership to the secret societies as the best insurance for the independence of the Islands' auditing service.

Rubber found growing wild over large areas in Luzon, was analyzed at San Francisco (Cal.) and classed as a good second grade product. The P.I. is a country of many great possibilities.

Governor J. Luna of the Mountain Province was succeeded by Mr. Early, superintendent of schools, this nomination is to be approved by the Senate at the next session of the legislature. It is said that the nomination of an American governor of the Mountain Province will meet with great opposition at the Senate.

The coming elections of June are most actively prepared. Charges and counter charges are made by the candidates of both parties and their leaders. Here and there blows are dealt. All candidates proclaim to be sure of their victory. But most probably there will be little or no change in the coming legislature. If all the elected candidates keep only half of their promises made to the electors, the country will prosper greatly, under all points of view, except in religion, which is an untouched point in politics, although

the greatest factor for peace and God's blessing, upon a country. Everybody admits that the religion of the Philippines, the Catholic religion has lost considerably these last 25 years. Open the papers and you will see how the number of crimes is yearly on the increase.



Operations of the Postal savings bank during the first quarter of the year show an increase of P981,126 in the total deposits received as compared with the same period of last year.



It was claimed that some Japanese

had lately invaded the Batanes islands to rob lumber. After serious investigation it was learned that indeed Japanese boats now and then drop in on said islands, but that is rather accidental, and not as formerly was done to cut timber from the Batanes' forests.



The very Reverend Father Tamayo, provincial of the Holy Rosary Province of the Dominican order (which includes the Philippines) has been named acting master general of the Dominican order. He left Manila for Rome to take up his new duties.

Foreign

Belgium.

At the recent elections the Catholics obtained 78 seats in the Chamber of representatives, the Socialists 79, the Liberals 22, the Frontmen 6 and the Communists 2. A Catholic, Mr. Vandevyvere was called by the King to form the new Government to succeed that of Mr. Theunis.



4,500 volumes were received at Louvain for the library of the Catholic University, burned during the war by the German soldiers. They were the gift of the Rylands Library, Manchester, England. Rylands took up the task some years ago of gathering together from all over the world a collection of books which would help to make good the destruction of the Louvain Library. Including the new contribution it has now sent 49,000 books.

Bulgaria.

Where people are empoverished, they are ready for any excess. Lately the Bolchevics of Bulgaria, supported by their Russian correligionaries, revolted against the Government. They begun with throwing a bomb into the

cathedral of Sofia. 160 innocent people were killed. Martial law was proclaimed. 3,000 dangerous persons were arrested. At the sight of this revolutionary movement and to prevent bolchevic Bulgarians from entering their countries, the Greek and Rumanians mobilized part of their armies. A plot on King Boris' life was foiled. Several Bolchevic leaders were beheaded and peace seems to be reestablished.

China.

While Yunan troops are trying to bring the Canton Republic into the Chinese union, Chang-tso-lin, called the war lord, governor of Manchuria, who, six months ago helped the christian general to drive Wu-pei-fu from Peking, seems to be preparing for another war against his former colleague, the Christian general. It is the old story of ambition and . . . of making money at the cost of the poor people's lives.



The living Budha of Thibet paid Shang-hai a visit, and to honor this dignitary, all the inhabitants were forbidden to eat meat.

In the meantime the Russian Soviets are again stirring up Mongolian troops against the Chinese Government. When shall the end of the Chinese troubles come?

France.

After Spain, France has her troubles with the Morocco Berbers. Now French Morocco is bordered on the north by mountains, in which the Riffenians live. This tribe has started a revolution against General Leauty's forces. The Riffenians having forced the Spanish armies to retreat from the territory near their mountains towards the Mediterranean Sea, will for some time invade French Morocco, trying to capture the railway which runs between the Atlas Mountains and their hills. They may prolong their struggle by a murderous guerilla warfare, but France will not give up. Indeed, in an effort to attack the Riffenians, France has already asked Spain permission to send additional forces thru Spanish Morocco, and in the meantime she is concentrating 100,000 men to beat the enemy.

While at war with the Riffenians, France is not without her interior struggles. The Catholics, in an effort to defend their rights as Catholics, continue actively their manifestations against the encroachments of the Government. Herriot's government was replaced by that of Painlevé. This new Premier has already revoked the decision of Herriot to suppress the embassy of France at Rome. On the feast of St. Joan of Arc great manifestations were held all over France. General Castelnau, leader of the French Catholics, and once a most famous general during the world war, was imprisoned at Paris during one of these manifestations. This will add only to the popularity of the general and open the eyes of the slumbering French Catholics.

Into the soothing solemnity of Notre Dame has come that ultra-modern contrivance of the loud speaker. The Dominican Father Sanson boldly set a precedent in the ecclesiastical history of France when he adopted the loud speaker for his Lenten sermons. The innovation has been pronounced a great success and thousands, otherwise unable to attend the services did now hear everything.

Germany.

General Hindenburg, famous during the world war for his defeat of the Russian armies, was elected President of the German republic. He was installed at Berlin on the 11th of May. He swore to do his duty as a good German. Nevertheless, as he is still on the list of war criminals, England, France, Italy and Belgium refused to send him their official congratulations.

Pressed by the urgent needs of the lower classes in Germany, the Christian Working men's Union and the Socialist Unions have arrived at a basis of mutual action on some points. Their cooperation will be similar to that of the Center party and the Socialists in the days after the Revolution. Today in Germany one is struck by the unusual wealth of the few, and the unusual poverty of the masses.

Ireland.

Northern Catholics have decided not to boycott the elections in the North-east of Ireland. Conferences are now taking place with the purpose of arranging matters so that the two elements in the Catholic population will enter the field with a joint slate against the Orange ascendancy.

The Irish Parliament, have unanimously denounced, and rejected divorce, as the ruin of every country and family, and look on matrimony as a Sacrament instituted by Jesus Christ,

and a solemn contract, which no human law can dissolve.

Ireland's adherence to the Catholic faith is due to the constant reception of the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist by her people.

As St. Malachy was pouring forth his soul in prayer, at Clairvaux, where he was dying, near to the great friend he loved — St. Bernard, the monks who were deputed to wait on him heard two voices, one the Saint's, and the other of some one who was speaking to him. "Be of good cheer my son" said the voice. "The Church of God in Ireland shall never fail. Long shall she be purified with terrific discipline, but afterwards far and wide shall her magnificence shine forth in cloudless glory."

Italy.

The unified Socialists of Italy have lost 31,000 members of their organization. They retain but 24 seats in parliament, compared with 100 before the last election.

Portugal.

A revolution broke out in Portugal on the 17th of April. Some of the troops revolted against the Government. But the soldiers, who remained loyal, had them under control after two days, but not without many casualties. The cost of living in Portugal is higher

than in nearly all the other countries of Europe. Hence arises discontent among the people, on account of their miseries, and where there is hunger, people are ready to commit any excess, even that of a bloody uprising.

The world over

The cost of living is still on the increase. As compared with the cost before the war, the present increase in the following countries is:

Switzerland: 172%, as against 149 in 1923.

England: 171%, as against 149 in 1923.

Sweden: 167%, as against 152 in 1923.

Holland: 161%, as against 145 in 1923.

United States: 159%, as against 154 in 1923.

Norway: 156%, as against 135 in 1923.

Denmark: 154%, as against 140 in 1923.

Czecho-Slovakia: 153%, as against 140 in 1923.

Canada: 151%, as against 123 in 1923.

France: 145%, as against 123 in 1923.

Belgium: 145%, as against 127 in 1923.

Germany: 145%, as against 127 in 1923.

Austria: 145%, as against 127 in 1923.

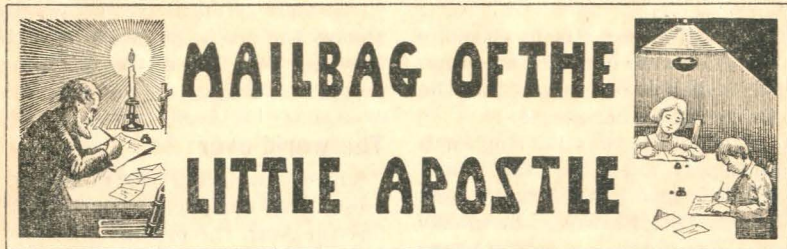
Italy: 145%, as against 130 in 1923.

These figures show that without exception the cost of living is still on the increase and this explains the unrest among the laborers in nearly all the countries of the world.

Extending Life's Span

The London county council's report on public health for 1923 states that in the course of 80 years the Londoner's lifetime has been extended by more than 20 years. The average expectation of life is now 54 years for a man and 59 for a woman. London certainly has been made a very healthy city, but the span of life throughout Europe has been growing during the past century. Statistics compiled in Paris show that the average length of life in Rome under the Caesars was only

18 years. In France the average age before the Revolution was 28 years, in 1800 it was 32, in 1850 37, in 1880, 40; and before the Great war it had reached 46. That terrible conflict upset all calculations, but already the figure is rising again. Improved conditions of living and better medical knowledge, by reducing infant mortality and enabling the people to combat disease more successfully, greatly helped in extending life's span. — Irish Weekly Independent.



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letters to *The Little Apostle, Box 1393, Manila*

Dear Readers:

Coming home after an absence of about three weeks, I found heaps of letters for the "Little Apostle," but if I wondered at the quantity, I was still more surprised by their quality.

Of course there were lots of letters asking for the renewal of subscriptions taken when the "Little Apostle" appeared, just a year ago, the smallest of English reviews in the Philippines, but pretty soon growing and after a few months surpassing all other monthlies in the number of subscribers. Seeing how many whose subscription had expired renewed it at once, I am convinced that the "Little Apostle" must have pleased the great majority of its readers. With the renewals even new subscriptions come in. Father Gram of Olongapo asks for 100 copies a month instead of 25. One might think that this represents a great amount of money leaving the parish, which might be collected for this Father's own works, and consequently that it may cause harm to the spiritual progress of the town. This is a mistake, for the money given for such a good purpose comes back to us a hundred fold, and draws down on ourselves manifold blessings from God. The charity of a priest doubles that of his parishioners, and attracts heavenly blessings without which no

parish organization can prosper. Oh! if we had only faith and confidence! Thirty six or rather all the members of the musical club of St. Scolastica College sent in their subscriptions already a month ago.

Mr. Rice writes that he does not read very much, only some of the newspapers, but that he never fails to read the "Little Apostle", and, closing his letter, he slips in a generous gift for the missions, although he does not belong to the Catholic Church. May God bless him!

If you wish to know where the following letter came from, open your Geography of the P. I., look for Surigao province in Mindanao and find the town of Gigaquit. In that town is a barrio called Claver. From Claver came the following message.

Dear Rev. Father.

May be you will be surprised to see this letter with the enclosure of P10.00. This little sum was collected from St. Peter's Parochial school in Claver. Since we read the "Little Apostle", I, with my co-teacher, tried to induce the children to spare a few centavos for their brethren in the Mountain Province. They did it gladly, and thanks to the generosity of these poor children, I am able to send you P10.00.

As it is vacation, the children are already scattered in their plantations,

but I am sure each one of them carried along a sweet memory of the "Little Apostle" and a firm decision of helping the Igorrotes again when the school-days of the coming year begin.

Father, I hope that this little work so well begun will continue.

Yours respectfully,
(Miss) Josefa Elimangco
Teacher, Claver.

Dear readers, don't think long to find out how Miss Elimangco and her pupils started that generous movement: here is the key to the puzzle. But let Father Intven, the parish priest of Gigaquit, speak himself. Of course I have copied only part of his letter.

Gigaquit, May 4th, 1925.

Dear Father Vandewalle.

My most sincere congratulations for the success of your "Little Apostle". Truly for the primary grades the little magazine is perhaps still too learned, but for the teachers of the first grades the "Little Apostle" is a precious help for storytelling. For the higher grades the "Little Apostle" is just what is needed, especially the Current Events are very important and useful. Lately, for the end-examinations, my pupils answered perfectly 10 questions on current events. More than half of the same questions were given in the public school, but remained mostly unanswered. If they had read the "Little Apostle".....

My pupils (about 600) and my teachers pray every day for the conversion of the Igorrotes, and they contribute towards the same. Each afternoon they all visit the Blessed Sacrament and say one OUR FATHER and one HAIL MARY, invoking St. Francis Xavier, and each month they receive Holy Communion for the said purpose. Every week the children, beginning from the second grade, offer each one

centavo. Every fortnight the children of the lower grades offer the same amount.

Tuesday is the day appointed for the contribution. On Tuesday afternoon the children are reminded of it. They are told to make a sacrifice of a few candies or other delicacies: this strengthens their will and self-control and is part of real sound education, while it develops their charity and generosity, or the real Christianspirit, for the sacred and patriotic work of the civilization of the Igorrotes. This work ought to be established in all schools as a spiritual and educative factor.

José Intven

And finally here follows a letter that speaks for itself. It comes from no less a person than from a Captain of the American army....but better read it.

Reverend and dear Father Editor.

Herewith is a check for ₱5.00 to cover my renewal to the "Little Apostle". While stationed at Camp John Hay (Baguio) in 1918 and again in 1923 I had Igorrote Scout soldiers under my command.

I had many opportunities of seeing the wonderful work your missionaries are doing in the Mountain Province of Northern Luzon and I, together with the other officers at Camp John Hay, have been amazed at the things you have accomplished with the very limited means at your disposal.

I have seen your Padres on the trail, mile after mile, in the hot sun, on some errand of mercy. I have had meals at your mission houses: the "chow" is always the same: some rice, a few camotes and perhaps a small piece of meat. So I cannot but feel that you, Belgian Padres, are supermen when it comes to putting up with hardships.

I hope the "Little Apostle" will soon grow to be the "Big Apostle" of 100,000 circulation. Count on me for a little help from time to time to reach the goal.

Sincerely,
T. McGovern. (Captain).

If I myself had said this, one might think the Father defends his own

cause. But.....many a time..... examples from laymen are often the best sermons. With this I thank all the subscribers and readers in the name of all the Missionaries of the Mountain Province.

Respectfully,
Rev. O. Vandewalle.



A Jester's Rebuke

A nobleman in England had, at about the time jesters began to go out of fashion, a bright fellow attached to his suite in that capacity. To him his master gave a staff, or wand of office. "Keep it," he told him, "until you shall find a greater fool than yourself."

The jester accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was given, and used to flourish the wand on festive occasions of state.

But even the laughter and jollity with which the nobleman took such care to be surrounded could not prevent a visit from the master Death, to whom we must all, sooner or later, submit; and he lay on the couch from which he was soon to be carried to the tomb of his fathers. All the well-meant consolations of his servants and friends were of no avail; he wished only to see the poor fool who had done his best to make a troubled life more happy. The jester was summoned to his presence.

"I have sent for you," said the nobleman, in a weak voice, "to tell you that I am going on a long journey."

"Whither?" asked the jester.

"To a far country—in truth, to another world," answered the dying man.

"How long will you be gone—a month, perhaps?"

"Longer than that."

"A year—you will not be gone a whole year?"

"I shall be gone forever."

"Oh, my dear lord!" said the poor fellow, "have you made provisions for the journey, and have you arranged for your entertainment in that other world where you are to stay so long?"

The nobleman shook his head.

"But you have made arrangements for your reception? They know you are coming, and will be glad?"

"They, whoever they may be, have no announcement of my coming that I know of. For neither my journey to nor sojourn in that far country have I made preparation."

For the last time the jester availed himself of a jester's privileged speech. Putting his wand of office into the hand of his master he said, solemnly:

"Here, take this. You bade me give it to one who was a greater fool than I. You are going to another world, to be gone forever, and you start without provision for the journey or certainty of finding friends there. Surely the wand belongs to you."

So the little story ends; but, no doubt, the dying man profited by the jester's well-meant words.—The Ave Maria.

For the Little Tots



Learn of me....

THE mistress of the house had bought a nice big statue of the Sacred Heart, a statue richly painted, with lovely eyes, with true cilia on the half closed eyelids and a burning wounded heart on the satinclotted breast. Under the pierced feet were written a few words. A priest had come to bless it, many people attended the solemn intronization and, after the sermon, all partook of a hearty banquet: thus the whole wealthy family was consecrated to the Sacred Heart. And now, the statue stood in a room, where all who entered or left the house could see it, although it was covered with a glass case against the dust and spiders of which Manila is full.

Each evening the family knelt down in front of the Sacred Heart to say their evening prayers and every Friday night a red little lamp flickered spokishly between the flowers that adorned the statue, while one of the daughters recited

the Act of Consecration to the Heart of Hearts.

One day a Father had come to admire the marvelous statue its front had rimped a bit: "No, Señora, he said, you should not have done that... to lay those paper flowers at its feet. They cover the inscription... better take them away" And the Señora, a little against her will, took them away.

The Father called the youngest girl of the family and pointing to the golden words on the pedestal said: "Little tot, read what is written there". Slowly but clearly the little girl read; "Learn of Me that I am meek and humble of heart!"

"Señora, let those words be visible to all... they may more than once help you". The Señora had understood.

The daughter Magdalen came back from school. She was virtuous, pious,... a good daughter but... touchy. As a queen she

wanted her own will. This granted, she was the loveliest of the family, but if refused, she moped, and nay, sometimes cried even with rage. Of course the mother did not give in but, instead of smoothing the rough path of her daughter by reasoning reproach, she rather scolded and punished her, thus adding fuel to the fire.

On one particular day, Magdalen had arrived late from school. Mother gave her a well-deserved rebuke. Magdalen's little face contracted and she got more and more disheartened. Dinner was ready. Nobody spoke at table. When mother looked cross, all felt uneasy at home, and she was cross.... very cross now....

Magdalen refused to partake of the first dish. Mother's angry eyes were fixed from a corner upon her daughter. Magdalen's eyes became tearful. But she would not give in. "Why did Mama always scold her and not the others?" she thought.

The second dish arrived. Again Magdalen refused its contents. This proved too much for the mother. She rose and took her daughter into the next room, the room of the Sacred Heart. Two chairs were moved with noise. Magdalen

sobbing went her way stamping her little feet. Mother followed, her eyes glaring like fiery coals. And, like little tots who are curious to know everything, the youngest girl slipped noiselessly behind them both to see the end....

"You always want to be the queen of the house. you...."

"Mama"; risked the little tots.

"You here! Away from here, you!"

"Mama, read this once" said the innocent little girl pointing to the big golden letters on the throne of the Sacred Heart....

Mother looked... quieted down... glimpsed at her elder daughter, who, in turn lifted up her eyes from the golden lesson... the eyes of both met...both smiled... they had understood... they returned to the table...all at home had a hearty and pleasant meal... Both daughter and mother and all the members of the house who had been happy witnesses of the last incident remembered that the Sacred Heart had been chosen "King of the house" on the day of the intronization... a king of meekness He was.... in a kingdom where meekness had to reign, for His motto was and is: "Learn of Me that I am meek and humble of heart".

A Different One

One day a man was brought into court for the unlawful distilling of whiskey. "What is your name?" asked the judge. "Joshua," replied the prisoner. "Joshua?" repeated the judge. "Ah! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?" "No, sir, judge," was the answer. "I'm the Joshua who made the moon shine."

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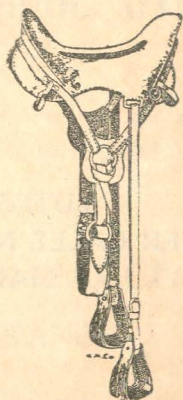
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