

drama unfold that tells a good story well. The new *dramatis personae* seen/heard in the talkies are quite as able to run the gamut of emotions as the imbeciles of oldtime moviedom were, and they throw no cannipion fits in doing it. They show anger without glowering like gorillas, pleasure without thwacking their heels together, even passion without pruriency. In short, they behave like human beings.

Better one talkie than a dozen movies. Perhaps the challenge would hold even with the veteran movie-goer, that he can not remember having seen a dozen pictures which were even passable. There surely are not twelve first rate movie actors living, men and women together. Truly good ones, such as Chaplin is, need not go into talkies and need not fear the talkies; the talkies will do them good by forcing imbecility and mediocrity out of the movie field and leaving it to them alone. As the talkies must show only good plays or go boom, so the movies, now that the talkies are here, must show much better pieces or yield the field. The process will only be retarded by the monopoly of theaters the movie corporations have on circuits in America, but even this will count but little: the talkie will elevate the whole tone of the movie or elevate it off the lot—where censors have but pricked it on to ruder audacities and debaucheries.

But the talkies will help the movies in another way. Movies will be principally made for exportation, and will therefore cater more to what is really wanted abroad. Those movies which continue to be made principally for America will be good enough to please the world at large. All this is easy to foretell, and Americans living abroad will be grateful that foreigners who only see America through the movies are to have more

exact views of her.

Another thing noticed about a talkie program is the *comedy*. Here again is the speaking stage, not the movie lot. One or two comedians are always enough for a stage skit, and so it is with talkies' *comedies*. The talkies will soon bring us Will Rogers's merry shade, Al Jolson's and the rest. But not Hollywood celebrities.

What about the talkies with Filipino audiences? It is Filipinos who have crowded into Harry Everett's theater. The talkies have a field here because of the instruction in English in the schools, and Filipinos who acquire the knack of hearing the talkies will soon derive material advantage from hearing the English language spoken by those whose profession it is to speak it well. Filipinos will patronize the talkies, too, because they are better shows than the plain movies, and because of the music. Their appreciation of music and of good dramatization will make the talkies popular with them; because all talkies will be tolerable. No quantity of advertising could possibly put over a talkie flop; these will be dead loss—hence very scarce.

It is Broadway the talkies have brought to Manila. Thank goodness for that.

The new *Lyric* theater, where we hear the talkies are soon to be introduced, ought to do well with them; and good luck is wished for the *Rialto* and all other pioneering talkie enterprises. A benefit to the public and to the small theater will be, we think, the patronage that will be distributed to talkies wherever they appear. Patrons will choose talkies carefully, not with respect to the place where they are shown but with respect to their intrinsic merits as good shows.

native; he is faithful so long as he is ruled by force. When the rein is lightened he abuses this weakness and commits crimes. Treason is inherent in them as chivalry is in the Spaniard. Instead of being grateful and honoring the hand which feeds him, he will bite it. Unfortunate is the man who interferes with the designs of Providence."

Why this outburst against the native? What connection had his words concerning Providence with his charges against me? I could not for the moment make out. But evidently the Commissary was under the impression that I was won over by this harangue. His small eyes glittered under their deep lids.

"Come with me, my son. Come. I have something to show you." Without further words he passed through an antechamber and led me to a room with double walls, in a part of the buildings behind the Episcopal Palace. Double doors opened to the Grand Inquisitor's peculiar knock. Within I saw a large chamber lighted by oil lamps. Three black-robed figures were seated at a table in the center of the room; on the great table before them lay an immense crucifix of gold and enamel set with brilliants. At both ends of the table sat two friars whom I knew, Fray Juan and Fray Mateo. The three seated at the table wore high black cowls with openings only for their eyes. Flanking the crucifix were two tall candles whose flickering yellow light gave a sad and gloomy aspect to the chamber. At one side, on a bench without back or sides were seated various individuals, among whom I recognized the Chinese Christian, Santiago Ong-Kiam, and various natives. Through a door opening off the grand sala I could plainly see in an adjoining room stocks for both hands and feet, chains, other manacles, and a long hardwood bed piled with halberds, swords, ropes and daggers. The scene, the air, and my predicament,—for I knew not what Fray Jose might suggest—made me dizzy; I felt a little weak and began to perspire copiously.

"Do you see the yellow book in which they are writing?" asked the Commissary. I nodded my head affirmatively. "That is," went on

A Triumph of the Cross Over Majesty

By FRANCISCO DE AGUAREÑA

Sometime Private Secretary to His Excellency Don Diego de Salcedo, Governor and Captain-General for His Majesty King Philip IV, in the Philippine Islands.
1663-1668

(As Translated and Arranged by Percy A. Hill)

SYNOPSIS.—A typical prolonged dispute is developing between the royal governor of the Philippines, D. Diego de Salcedo, and the friars.

V

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED MY CONVERSATION AND EXPERIENCES WITH PADRE JOSE PATERNINA, COMMISSARY OF THE INQUISITION IN THE PHILIPPINES

Faithful to the orders I had received from His Excellency to get in touch with the news of the city, the day after the wordy encounter between the high personages representing the Church and the State I made my way to the Episcopal Palace, a short distance from that of the captain general. I noticed a great number of people engaged in animated discussion, the most of whom were of the regular clergy. I also noted that two churches were celebrating funeral honors for the rest of some soul, the name of whom was withheld. Inside the Episcopal Palace were, besides the friars, officials, swashbucklers, soldiers, *alcaldes*, merchants and individuals of a dozen other trades; and loud discussions were taking place in both Spanish and Latin.

Making my way among the crowd I suddenly came face to face with Fray José Paternina, the Commissary of the Inquisition, who peremptorily demanded the reason for my visit. I replied that there was no particular reason except to visit my friends, as was my usual custom after mass. The conversation gradually led up to occurrences well-known in the city, resulting from certain differences of the heads of the Church and State. Addressing me directly, he spoke in the following insolent manner:

"You are a Spaniard of pure race,"—as distinguished from the new Christians, converts from Islam to Christianity when the Moors were expelled from Spain and to whom stigma attached—"But, more shame to you, the blood that runs in your veins is not so pure. We know you give little attention to the state of your immortal soul and that heresy is undermining your body.

You, as a good Christian should be arrayed under the banner of Christ to help extirpate heretics from the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, denouncing such as come to your notice, and seeing that they do not abuse society here in Manila. We know of your sinful relations with the woman Lutgarda and we know that this illegal union is contrary to Holy Church canons. She is not sanctified and you are now dwelling in mortal sin. Prepare yourself to repent, or the Holy Inquisition will take means to see that you do, and you will suffer in consequence."

"But, Padre," I protested to Fray Jose, "I cannot tolerate this public affront, this accumulation of insults."

"Wait a moment," he said sardonically, "I have not finished. I will tell you some other truths. You as one of His Excellency's confidantes should inform him of the sinful union of his chamber-woman and his cook. This native has always been a bad subject. The case is not only immoral, but all those who have knowledge of it are equally guilty if they do not expose the sin. We have not yet informed the King of conditions here which are countenanced by his governor, but I advise you as his friend to see that such conduct is immediately rectified or," here he pursed his thin lips, "suffer the consequences." I could see that he thought he already had me in his web—a human spider intent upon his prey.

"But, Padre," I was nettled, yet a little fearful. "His Excellency commands here. Who am I to advise or warn? Besides. . ."

He did not allow me to go on, but continued his tirade. "Yes. When it refuses to suffer more, the Catholic world will rise in revolt against heresy, and tyrants will fall into the hands of God's faithful ones. You know the *indio*, the

The advertisement for TANSAN features a central illustration of a bottle of TANSAN on the left. To the right, a circular inset shows a man in a suit standing at a table in a club, with a sign that says "CLUB" above him. The text "Yes, Sir!" is written in a large, stylized font next to the bottle. Below this, the text reads: "There are many table waters, but only one TANSAN!" and "At all the best clubs and bars!".

Fray Jose, "the process against His Excellency for heresy." As he spoke a chill came over me; I became depressed. Don Diego was as good a Christian and as good a Spaniard as any within the city walls. Saying I desired a breath of fresh air and that I had seen enough, I walked over to a small grated window close to the Postigo, where fresh breezes from the Bay helped me to regain composure.

Turning to me at last Fray Jose said, "You may go, but I advise you to bear in mind the things you have seen. Beware lest a similar process obtain against you. As a good Christian comply with the laws of the Church and you need not fear."

I felt that this latter harangue was in the nature of an intimidating lecture to me, private secretary to His Excellency. By this time we were back again in the principal reception room of the Episcopal Palace. So much noise and confusion filled the room that conversation was difficult.

Just then six soldiers of the guards, under the command of an adjutant of the Governor's palace, entered; and the adjutant presented to His Grace, the Archbishop, an order from His Excellency. The paper was read and there followed a hot discussion between the officer of the guards and His Grace.

"You may return to the Captain-General and tell him I cannot comply with these Royal Provisions because they are contrary to the rules of our Holy Church," said the archbishop.

"Illustrious," replied the adjutant, Don Fermin Altayde, "we have strict orders that His Excellency's decree must be complied with or we are commanded to use force."

"Return to His Excellency and inform him that if he persists in acting contrary to all pontifical privileges he will be faced with excommunication." His Grace was stern.

"Your Grace," said Don Fermin, "you understand that we are mere emissaries,—simply soldiers obeying our Governor's order, and that if you do not comply we are here to seize your person and to convey you to Mariveles under a decree of banishment for the good of the republic." (The Philippines were often so named in early documents) "and because you refuse to submit to His Majesty, the King. We, therefore, prostrate ourselves before Your Grace and pray you will not compel us to use force."

"I cannot and dare not comply," replied the Archbishop. I could not but admire the bearing and composure of the officer of the guards in his difficult position, surrounded as he was by potential enemies, wielding the subtle power of the Church.

"May God pardon me and my men" he cried as he commanded the soldiers who began to file into the chamber, shields on their arms and pikes at rest. Fifty guards were outside under the command of the Master of Camp, Don Augustin de Cepeda, and behind them were a multitude of curious citizens eager for excitement. Above the tumult we heard cries of *Viva el Rey*.

His Grace seated himself in his episcopal chair; he was shaking and beads of perspiration covered his bald head. With the following words he surrendered: "*Bien*, I will comply with the order," and making a sign to young Padre Pedro, Curator of San Francisco, who brought him a crucifix, he continued in a trembling voice: "I protest before the Almighty and Merciful God against this attempt by force to impose upon the Divine precepts of Holy Church, and to His holy disposition I commend my spirit and soul." He made the sign of the cross with his right hand, saying, "Go and tell His Excellency that by force I obey, but God pardon me, as the rules of the Church prohibit me wholly from complying with these royal provisions."

Directing himself to the hierarchy and assembled friars, he said, "Brothers, say to His Excellency that I obey the order he has sent me only under duress, and give the rank of Prebendary to Don Diego de Cartagena, at the same time protesting to God at this imposition."

At this point the prelate fainted in his chair and was borne reverently to a chamber and placed on a bed. I took advantage of the excitement to leave the Palace hurriedly. At last I breathed the free air of the narrow streets, and

later passed more tranquilly through calle San José where groups of friars stood conversing with the natives, explaining to them the differences that distracted the city.

I directed my steps to the Royal Palace and found His Excellency in conference with a group of Spaniards discussing maritime business. As they took their leave a little later I recognized among them Don M. Acha, L. Perez, and J. de Zapater. (One of the chief reasons for the animosity of the clergy was the fact that upon his arrival in Manila, Diego de Salcedo had taken steps to re-allocate more equitably the number of boletas absorbed by the clergy and to allow merchants to engage regularly in the trade of the one galleon allowed by the Spanish government each year. This redistribution brought down upon his innocent head the charge that he was a heretic for interfering with the perquisites of the Church. The merchants themselves as well as general trade benefitted greatly by this re-allocation.)

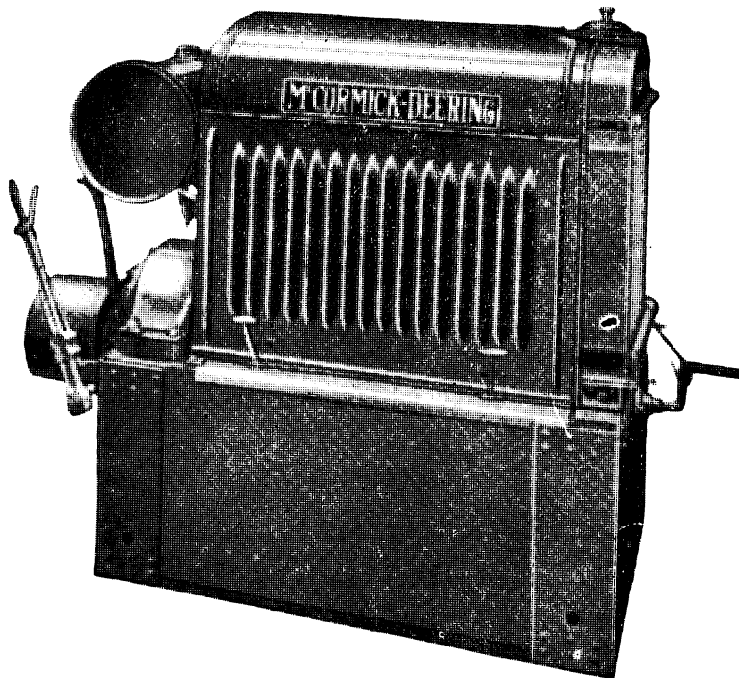
I did not at once tell His Excellency what had happened to me in the Episcopal Palace. A few

moments later the adjutant Don Fermin Altayde entered and in a few words said His Grace had complied with the Royal Order under protest and acquainted the governor with the details. His Excellency pounded the desk with his closed fist. "They want trouble and dissension, eh? Well, they shall have it, and before long, too. How many insults must a servant of His Majesty endure in these Islands torn with petty intrigue, merely to have a simple order enforced? If God is as good as they say, He knows how to judge good and evil." Turning to the adjutant he dismissed him. "Don Fermin, you may go, but give orders that today I am not receiving visits from anyone".

I also took up my hat and prepared to depart, but, at a sign from His Excellency, I laid it down again. Apparently he wished me to remain. He closed the door after the adjutant, and told the guard to stand some paces off.

"Sit down, Aguarafia," he said, "I should like to hear your account of the events that have just transpired."

(Continued in October)



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