

is *Pedro 3° de Aragon*, No. 8791, Seville, 1857, and next *Alfonso el Católico*. Then *San Aquino*, March 8, 1793, Seville; *San Anacleto*, April 6, 1793, Seville; *Asteropeo*, *Almirante Lezo*, *El Miserable* and *San Boromeo*. The *El Miserable* was cast in Manila, at the *fundición* from which calle *Fundición* takes name, October 4, 1803. Search did not discover *El Horroroso*, which Captain Heath recalled as being somewhere on the walls of the fort when the Americans occupied the place. Maybe it is among the historical relics the Spaniards had sent back to Spain. Its proportions were gigantic.

Regularity in numbering the pieces cast at Manila does not seem to have been followed, but perhaps they were quite numerous.

On the outer bastion, the first gun is *El Miserable*, duplicating the name of one on the redoubt; it too is a Manila product, dating October 12, 1803, two days prior to its fellow of the inner defenses. The next is the *Carlos Boromeo*, *Fundición de Manila*, 21 de Dic., 1788, No. 1; so here, perhaps, is something dating the Manila foundry. The next is the *San Catalino de Zena*, Manila, April 30, 1796, No. 100. Then come, right to left as we make the round, *El Acogido*, Seville, September 5, 1783; *San Lazaro*, Manila, December 16, 1803; *Agrabiado*, Seville, December 5, 1783, No. 1274; *Alexandro*, Seville, December 19, 1783, No. 2163 (disclosing how busy the Seville foundry then was); *Agraciado*, Seville, October 3, 1783, No. 1254; and finally the *Natividad de N. S.*, or Birth of Our Lady, Manila, September 8, 1798.

It is raining, preparing to deluge the city as it did thirty-one years ago while Dewey's fleet covered the American advance up the beach. Well, enough data for an article. Let's go!

Philippine Raw Products For America's Factories

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If the raw material users of the United States were to meet in convention to outline specifications for an ideal source of present and future imported supplies of tropical raw materials, the result of their most optimistic imaginings would probably read about as follows:

(1) A place from which there would be no import duty.

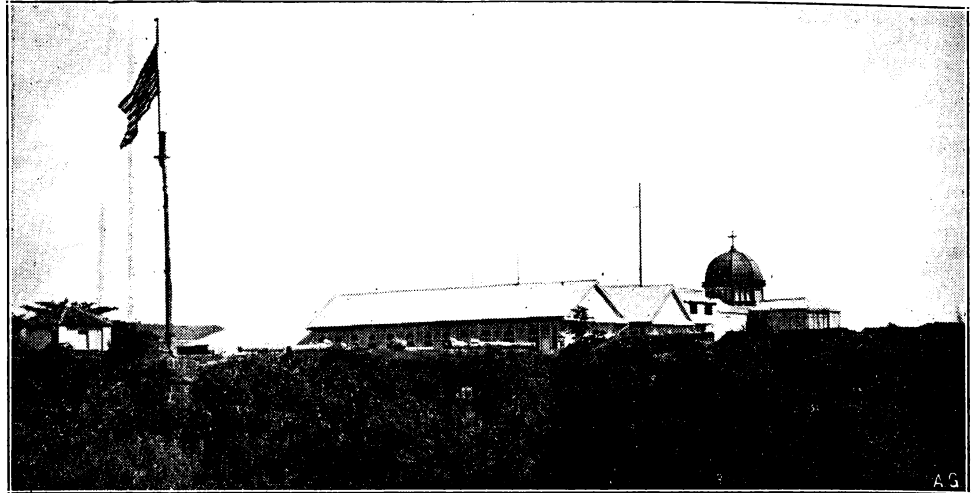
(2) A place whose productiveness is unquestionably proven.

(3) A place where the possibilities for future expansion are many times greater than present production.

Here their ideas might diverge according to the business requirements of the individual. The tire manufacturer would want a land where rubber would thrive. The perfume manufacturer would require a source for the supply of essentials oils. The confectioners and foodstuffs people would want sugar, tinned fruits, vegetable oils, shredded coconut, coffee, cacao; the rope makers, hemp; cigar makers, tobacco and wrapper leaf. The manufacturing chemists would require a variety of crude drugs such as camphor, quinine, dozens of other products of tropical forestry. Cabinet makers would want hardwoods, tanneries would require tanning extracts, hat makers their fibre, the paint maker, lumbang oil. The oil mills would require copra and peanuts.

It is probable that there would be considerable astonishment expressed if one of the delegates to this imaginary convention made the statement that a source exists which answers all of these specifications, and still adds to the list. They would possibly be still more astonished were they to learn that they need not leave American territory to fulfill all their requirements for this ideal source of supply for tropical products, only having to turn to the Philippine Islands for a part of their present requirements in these items and for a far greater part of these requirements in the future.

A glance at what the Philippines has supplied to the United States in the past, what she is supplying at present, and at the future possibilities of these fertile and productive Islands should be a great interest to American industrialists who



Colors on the Wall opposite Cuartel de España, Walled City, Manila, in the early years of the American period, before the walls were cleaned and the moat parked. The site is not the identical one, but is similar to the one where the Flag was officially raised. Captain Heath formerly had a picture of the raising of the colors over Fort Santiago, but has lost it. Others should be extant, but none was procurable for this article.

Scurrying through the passage under the wall, we leave the guns to the weather. They are bronze, pure stuff that was the pride of Seville's best craftsmen; and they will be as they are today, as new as when they were shipped from Cadiz round Good Hope, when many more centuries shall have passed. Where they stand changeless, there was the American flag raised up.

In spite of this remarkable growth of demand for the products of the Islands which has occurred in the United States, the ability of the Philippine Islands to supply America's requirements is still awaiting a test. Only 20 per cent of the available agricultural land of the Philippines is under cultivation, and only 41 per cent of her available labor is thus engaged. Much of her land which now lies idle during eight months of the year could be utilized between eight and twelve months. Her available water power is unharnessed. Her mineral deposits are practically untouched. Much of her territory is as yet unexplored. Great areas of her timberlands are virgin, and even the development of her agriculture is as yet mainly on a basis of 2½ acre farms employing, with few exceptions, only hand labor.

The Philippine Islands are, however, gradually feeling their way toward modern economic development. Recent indications show that the realization is coming that large, well-organized and efficiently operated business, agricultural and manufacturing entities are far more productive, and far more remunerative to all concerned that the individual acre, the small home industry and the wayside "tienda." With this realization are coming the beginnings of adjustment of the commercial outlook, and the transition from a mediaeval to a modern economic and industrial society.

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One of the vitally essential matters now receiving increasing and intelligent attention from producers of Philippine products is that of standardization of grades, lack of which has in the past had an unfortunate effect on the reputation of certain Philippine products in export markets.

Several of the more important of the products of the Islands such as coconuts, abaca and tobacco, which have in the past been produced by innumerable small growers and passed through several hands before reaching the exporter, are now receiving the intelligent attention of large growers and large-scale producers who are improving, standardizing and eliminating waste in both production and handling.

What the Philippines produces today is but a fraction of what can be produced in her territory and her \$156,000,000 of annual exports to all countries today is but a fraction of her possibilities as a supplier of products which the United States needs, and for some of which the United States is now dependent on foreign countries.

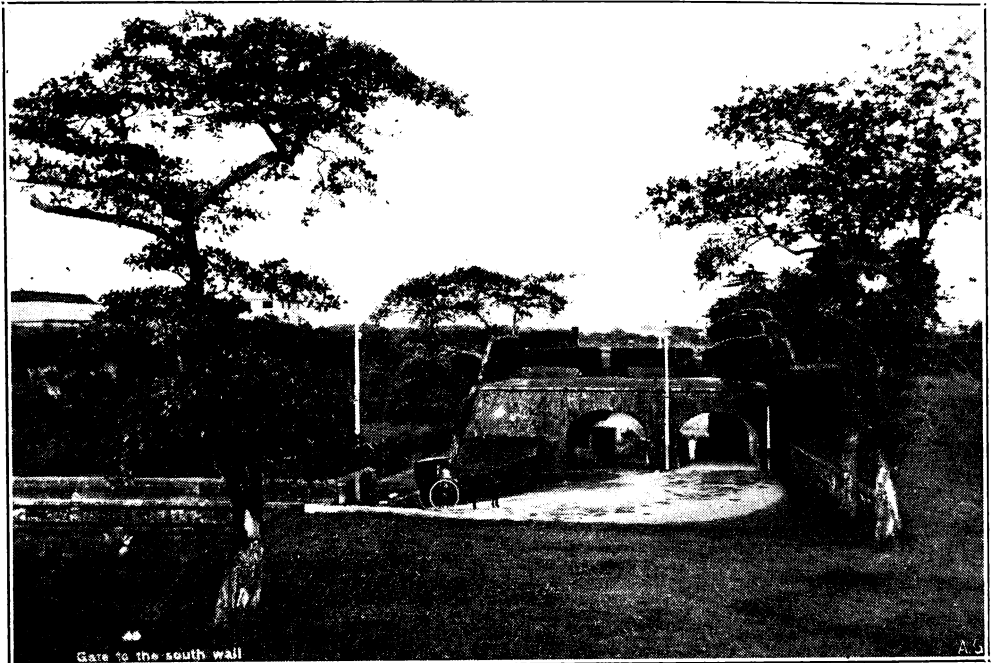
At present there are combinations controlled abroad in nine raw materials needed and imported by American industries, and other virtual monopolies influenced through benevolent policies of interested governments. There are also some thirty additional commodities imported by the United States which are susceptible to such foreign control.

The more important, complete and partial controls include rubber, quinine, camphor, and coffee. All of these can be produced in the Philippine Islands, and, when they are produced, there is a ready market waiting, for the United States can consume all the Islands can produce for many decades.

Weather You Like It or Not!

You swelter, perspire and shiver with heat,
 You're weary and bleary and feeling dead beat;
 You've got not the tiniest bit of ambition,
 You say, "My, this heat puts one in condition!"
 You snivel and sneeze and cough into your hanky,
 Your nose is the proof that you're not Vilma Banky;
 You dodge the typhoons and you wear an umbrella,
 You say, "Gosh, this weather ain't hard on a fella!"
 You start in the morning dolled up in a sweater,
 You find out by noon a chemise would feel better;
 You get all steamed up, then go out in a breeze,
 And first thing you know you have started to sneeze.
 You see the thermometer says ninety-nine,
 Yet you write to the folks that the climate is fine;
 And so you are fated to steam and perspire
 In brimstone forever—because you're a liar.

—A. R. E.



South Gate to Manila, through which American troops entered the city August 13, 1898. This gate was rebuilt too low and narrow for state uses after the British siege guns destroyed the original one in 1762. The street lost its name of calle Real, therefore, which went to the one still bearing it, down which the progress of many a royal governor and archbishop has moved in solemn pomp. Early in the American period, this gate was removed in order to widen what then was calle Nozaleda and is now calle General Luna; for mercy's sake not *Gral* Luna, for *Gral*. is the abbreviation of the Spanish word *General*, their *G* having the sound of our *H*, their vowels being broad, *e* as in whey, *a* as in ah, and the accent on the third syllable.


The Prodigal

So they sent him back
 On a freighter
 To the old New England
 Town.
 Where years before
 He had heard the
 Heathen's call;
 Where twenty years
 Before,
 The First Church
 Congregation
 Had listened to a
 Farewell sermon
 On "Sacrifice".
 He saw
 The scarlet sunset
 Of the southern seas
 And again
 He heard the call.

Of the Heathen
 And the langorous
 Song of the East.
 But the Orient call
 Was the loudest
 And it stilled
 The heathen's cry;
 So he lingered
 Under the palm trees
 As he sipped the lotus
 Brew,
 While the Book
 In the chest of
 Camphor wood
 Was covered with mold
 And dust.

Back to the cold
 New England
 Hills,
 To geranium fringed
 Windows and to shelves
 And shelves
 Of faded green
 Books of Cotton Mather
 And Fox's *Book of
 Martyrs*.
 'Tis harder to die
 In an alcoved bed
 Than under sunlit
 Skies.
 "Speak, Brother,
 Before you join
 The Master's throng—
 Speak, Brother!
 We want to hear
 Of thy *years*
 Of holy *sacrifice*."
 The silent journeymen
 Waited
 And the black-froked
 Elder prayed
 While two eyes
 That were sightless
 But seeing
 Beckoned a
 Fond "Maria!"
 And lips that
 Were parched
 With fever
 Shouted a farewell
 "Damn!"

—GILBERT S. PEREZ.



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