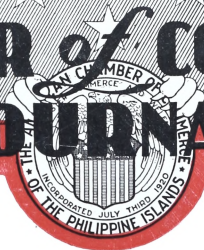
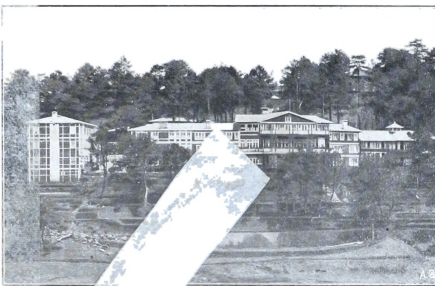


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Vol. 8, No. 4

April, 1928



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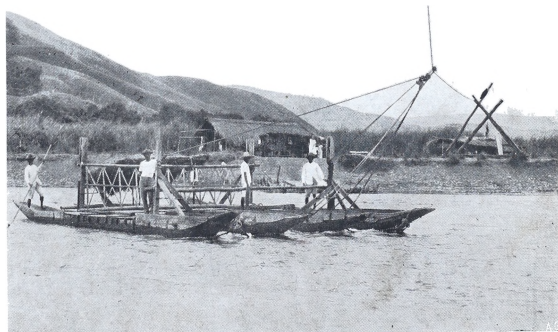
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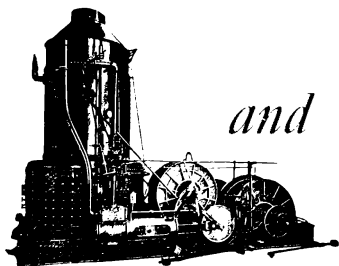
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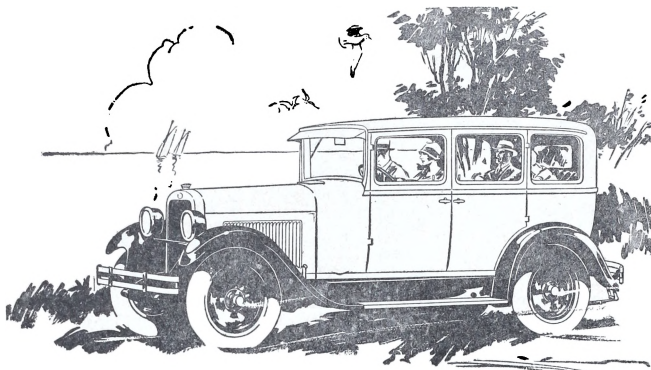
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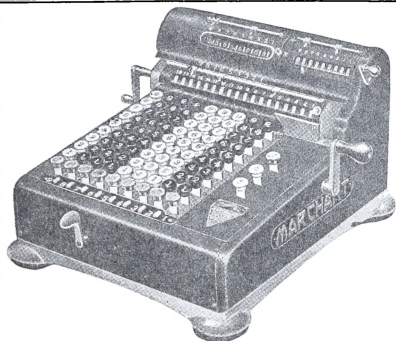
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THE AMERICAN CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS should not be confused with other organizations bearing similar names such as the Chamber of Commerce of the Philippines, the Philippine Chamber of Commerce, the Philippine-American Chamber of Commerce and the Manila Chamber of Commerce.



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Mayor Rolph's Way of Investing in the Islands

600 San Franciscans Are Stockholders in Panabutan Company

The *Journal* is about to set down some facts which it hopes its readers will assist in giving as wide publicity as possible among the alumni of their colleges and universities. The facts are to be taken in connection with the month's editorial. If any reader doesn't care to send a whole *Journal* back to his college, clippings of this article and the editorial ought to be enough in themselves to get intelligent America to looking at the Philippines from a new viewpoint. One can never tell in advance how the events of history will be recorded. Maybe in the case of James Rolph, Jr., mayor of San Francisco, what he does in San Francisco will prove to have been of the least importance in the sum of his career, and what he is doing in the Philippines will prove to be of the greatest importance.

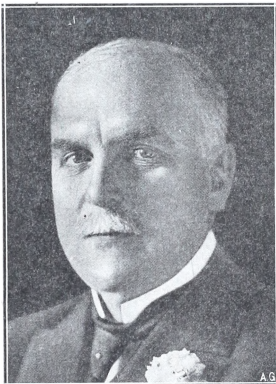
Without visiting the Philippines, he has pioneered here in the most effective way. It was, incidentally, years ago that the *Journal* first ventured to say that assurance of competent management is the prime requisite for getting capital into the islands, and that in every case in which this kind of management can be assured, capital becomes available. Capital is always on the lookout for youth with sense enough to guide the wheel as well as put its shoulder to it. When capital finds youth of this calibre, it quickly says, "Here's a wheel, go to it."

Four years ago, two college-bred young men of San Francisco, friends of Mayor Rolph, came to the conclusion that industrial opportunities were to be had in the Philippines. They believed that one of them could come out here and buy commodities for sale in America, that the other could dispose of these commodities in San Francisco, and that business could be profitably carried on while the man in the Philippines was looking about for better chances. In college they had educated themselves for business. They carried out their plans, as planned. One is A. H. Muzzall, California graduate with an M. F. (Master of Forestry) from Michigan; the other is Leo W. Meyer, California graduate with an M. F. from Yale.

Mayor Rolph went in with them, the Meyer-Muzzall Company was formed and the business started. Muzzall came to Manila, Meyer took care of sales in San Francisco. Turnovers were rapid. Machinery was sold into this market, and lumber bought and shipped to the United

States and other points where demands for Philippine hardwoods exist.

This business, of course, still goes on; the company's Manila offices are in the Pacific building. As the business increased, more college men became associated with it. There are now seven of these specially qualified young men in the company, one of them James Rolph III, Mayor



Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco

Rolph's son, a bachelor in science from California. Then there is W. R. Baird, manager of the Manila office; he is a bachelor in commerce from California. C. Parsons holds a like degree from Tennessee. Boyd Sells a like one from California, while Jack Freeman has his degree from California's forestry course.

In going about the islands to buy lumber,

Muzzall ran across the old Bryan project at Panabutan, Mindanao, a concession of coastal timber with an inadequate plant on an excellent natural harbor with water deep enough for ocean steamers. Bryan, a gallant oldtimer here, had died in the process of getting his mill started; the property was to be had from his estate.

Just what Muzzall was looking for, the property was bought. The Panabutan Lumber and Plantation Company was organized, with Mayor Rolph as its president, and stock covering the needed capital sold to 600 San Francisco Bay folk, most of them small investors. Some of these stockholders have less than \$100 in the business, but they are just as anxious for the annual dividend as if they had a great amount at stake. As they are already getting dividends, they comprise a solid block of 600 heads of families with a personal interest in the Philippines. They want to see the islands prosper.

Meyer-Muzzall are the managing agents for the Panabutan Lumber and Plantation Company. Thus the whole enterprise is organized in the most modern way: wide distribution of stock, associated with a management corporation.

Operations began at Panabutan in November, 1926. The plant has been rebuilt and enlarged; necessary equipment, including logging equipment, etc., has been obtained; a wharf has been constructed at which ocean steamers are loaded with an economy of labor and time, and two interislanders may be loaded simultaneously, one on either side of the pier. Panabutan cove is protected from storms. The monthly capacity of the mill is now 400,000 board feet; equipment is on the ground and being installed to bring this up to 700,000; there is timber in sight for 100 years or more of steady operations.

Aside from handling this lumber, Meyer-Muzzall continue buying other lumber. They sell in the Philippines, in the United States, and wherever there is a demand. (The free advertising in connection with this article will be pardoned when the reader learns that the *Journal* can get no lumber-mill advertising: the demand is such that advertising becomes a nuisance, mills being heckled with orders they cannot fill).

Another opportunity has been found at Panabutan, an opportunity to produce rubber. As the virgin timber is taken from the hills, para rubber is planted; one of the first things done was the installing of para nursery beds for the culture of seedlings. Two thousand para trees are now growing, 7,000 about 6 to 7 feet tall are ready for transplanting, while 30,000 younger saplings are in reserve. Before the enterprise is ten years old, the yield of rubber should be a con-

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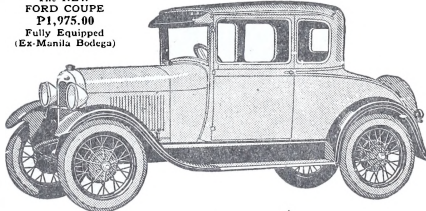
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sideable factor in the annual returns. Within 20 years Panabutan rubber ought at least to be as advanced as the older rubber plantations of the Philippines now are; and if it is, it alone will be yielding high dividends. But before rubber figures much, before the close of a decade of operations, most if not all of the original capital subscribed and paid to get the project going will surely have gone back to the stockholders in dividends. As has been said, the project is already in the dividend-paying footing.

Remarkable as the record is, how much actual

capital, hard cold cash, did it take to put it across? The *Journal* doesn't know, of course, but it suspects the casual reader would guess much too high. All the capital needed was forthcoming, but the real force which brought success and started the early dividends was the technical and executive skill of that group of trained young San Francisco men Mayor Rolph placed his confidence in, thus setting the example to his friends. It is the attention of such men that the Philippines would attract. There are scores of Panabutans in the islands.

Not owning outright, nor even, with one exception, a majority of the stock, the company owns a minority interest in all of the corporations with which it is officially associated in a supervisory capacity: street railway, light-power, ice corporations, etc. In this manner the company is interested in the United States very heavily; also in South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America and Europe. The gross revenue of the corporations supervised is \$200,000,000. Out of this gross revenue the company gets its dividends on stock, like other stockholders; and besides that, it finds about \$200,000,000 annually for additional investment in this worldwide business of providing electric power.

It doesn't manage the corporations in which it holds stock, which it renders a supervisory service; but it does have a big staff of technical and financial men, pursuing new ideas and keeping up with the times, whose counsel is advantageous to the corporations—all served on equal terms. Seven hundred engineers are employed; the whole personnel numbers 1100.

It works out this way. There are fuel engineers, for example, and a corporation may have a high-cost fuel problem to deal with. The fuel experts get on the job and work this problem out, and the actual cost is charged to the corporation, which could not afford to retain highly skilled men by the year for such occasional services.

This seems to be a very fair way in which to be using a large block of capital and a competent stock of efficiency.

III

Now to return to the Philippines. First of all, the big power-using industries don't exist. They must be established.

Governor Stinson has said he can do nothing about the status question, one for Congress. But maybe he will tackle some other things; his inaugural address suggests as much. Then money is likely to take a hand in the game, and the Agos river, falling 2,300 feet in 23 miles, from Lake Lanao to the sea, may then furnish power to Mindanao and Visayan industries.

"What this country needs is a payroll," says Hammond. "You can't have prosperity on an average wage of 41 cents a day, the labor bureau's report of wages here."

Penetrate Lanao to the Maria Cristina falls. Enscense yourself in the wild domain of the chattering simians in the interlaced treetops, harken to the barefoot pad-pad of *horna sapiens* on the jungle path, and learn to concur in the verdict that "What this country needs is a payroll."

CIRCULATION OF MONEY

Money in circulation in the Philippines March 24 was P141,344,691, compared to P141,484,267 on March 17; Philippine coins, P21,371,403; treasury certificates, P93,516,388; banknotes, P26,456,900. The data are from the auditor's report. The same source gave P139,212,042 for February 4.

"What These Islands Need Is a Payroll"—Hammond

The *Journal* is properly humble. It has talked with \$300,000,000; and not only talked, but talked back—talked intimately and had a good time at it. Why, it is just as easy to talk to \$300,000,000, at least when the 300 million is Mr. Lyman Hammond, as it is to talk to three dollars, or even six pesos. One just calls up and says, "Mr. Hammond, I'd like to talk with you when it may be convenient for you to see me"; and he just replies, "It will be convenient at 8:30 Monday morning." All that remains to do is to be at his hotel at the time specified, and begin talking.

"You have been down to Mindanao, looking up power projects?"

"We have been to Lanao, looking into the hydro-electric project on the Agos river below the Maria Cristina falls."

"Power may be developed there?"

"Oh, yes; lots of power, quite enough for the whole Philippines, at present. The smallest unit which ought to be installed would be one of 25,000-kilowatt capacity. If I am not mistaken, that is greater than the Meralco unit."

"Your company is in the power business?"

"Yes, that is our business."

"Then, as it is a business with you, you would develop power only where it could be sold, where there existed a demand?"

"Yes, there must be a demand. You can't put in a plant on speculation which, if no demand developed, would not liquidate 10 cents on the dollar."

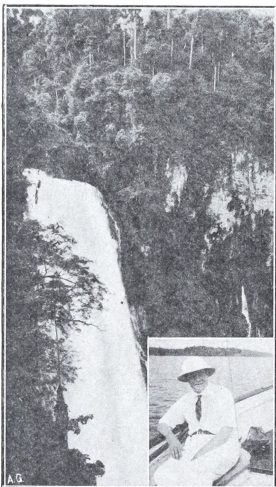
"You found no demand in Mindanao?"

"No, there's none there. Mindanao is potentially rich, but undeveloped."

II

This may be the end of the quoted conversation, it is enough to give the reader more light than he has gleaned from the newspapers about the Hammond excursion to Lanao. There will not be an Agos-river power plant for some time to come, and there has been no reason to expect one. If and when industries utilizing big power develop in Mindanao, some power company, very probably Hammond's company, would be interested in furnishing the power. It is their business, and they do it all over the world. Hammond's company—the one he is associated with and represents on his Philippine visit, that is to say—is the Electric Bond and

Share Company, 2 Rector street, New York City. On March 5, just a few days ago, its capital was increased to \$300,000,000; it had been



Lyman Hammond at the Maria Cristina falls, Agos river, Lanao. The photos are by G. C. Howard, trade commissioner, who accompanied Mr. Hammond on his power-site expedition.

\$100,000,000, but it now wishes to use "its technical and financial staffs in a more diversified territory" for the advantage of its stockholders.

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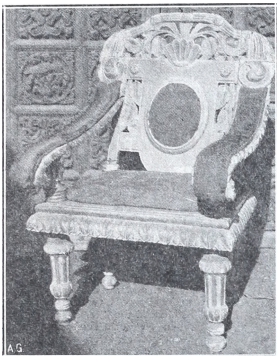
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Things Rare and Beautiful in Manila: The Heirloom

By MRS. GEORGE READ

To the acquisitive connoisseur, amateur as well as professional, Spanish antiques in the Philippines have an augmented value. Following the Versailles conference of June 1919, when every unfettered individual in the United States rushed off to Europe to view the battlefields



Antique Chair at *The Heirloom*. See text

and to check off everything from Montmartre to Verdun, collectors became the opportunists of the general confusion. The inroads they made upon the cherished treasures of museums, churches, precious collections public and private, brought down upon the cosmic American head the ingenuous epithet, *Spoiliators*.

Though Il Duce is understood to have levied a similar restriction in Italy, it was in Spain that the first steps were taken to prevent the exportation of objects of art without the permission of the Committee of the Bureau of Fine Arts.

While there are audacious desperadoes in the game of diplomatically wresting beautiful objects from their possessors and bestowing them whither they will, it takes more than a bit of doing today in the land of Primo de Rivera. More power to the timely sojourner in the Philippines where the highways and byways shelter works of art, of greater and lesser degree, either brought originally from Spain or inspired by artists and artist-craftsmen of the mother country.

One of the most felicitous displays of Spanish objects d'art in Manila is the Welch-Haughwout collection at *The Heirloom*, calle Mabini. A great many of the objects are for sale. Some

are there purely to be looked at and enjoyed and not for any consideration to be wrested from the owners. Some few things are temporarily loaned.

One day I was looking rather sketchily at a book by George F. Kunz on *The Curious Lore of Precious Stones*, dedicated to J. Pierpont Mcrgan. The cover design was of a pair of turquoise earrings. The clasps were a sort of generic fleur-de-lis, and the pendants followed a similar design although somewhat elongated. Where had they come from? Russia? Egypt? They were the type of jewels one might associate with the adventures of a Marco Polo. If I had had time, I should have searched the book for a description of them. However, the jewels themselves were not far to seek.

That same afternoon, for the first time I walked into *The Heirloom*, and there lay the earrings, supreme and sole upon a chest of antique tindalo. Against the flat black surface of the wood the pure, cool, proud color of the matrix was unforgettable.

"Yes," said Mrs. Haughwout, "they are the ones displayed on the cover of the George Kunz's book. From Tibet."

From the viewpoint of the antiquarian, perhaps the two doors of carved molave, shown in the background of accompanying illustrations, are the rarest objects in the collection. They were found in the first church and monastery built in Manila, the Augustinian, completed in 1619 under the celebrated Fray Antonio Herrera, son of the architect of the Escorial, who followed a design furnished by his celebrated father.



An Heirloom Jar. See text

The doors, each a solid piece, are in excellent condition; the elaborate carvings of tropical birds, fruits and conventional foliations which adorn the 28 squares hardly bear a nick or blemish. The escutcheon of the Augustinians adorns two of the top squares: the shielded heart, the shovel hat, the mitre, crozier and Bible. No trace of wicked varnish has ever marred the surface of the seasoned and beautifully resistant wood. It retains its original soft

light-brown color, embracing the light yet not refracting too much of it. A rich yet unobtrusive decoration, beautiful enough to have a museum built around it.

The superb ecclesiastic chair of gilded narra is 300 years old and might well have come from the same cathedral that housed the doors. Its companion chair, in duplicate, is also here. Their once cardinal-red upholstery has naturally deferred to time but it would be criminal not to accept them as they stand. These chairs are museum pieces, too eloquent for any ordinary



Antique Pedestals at *The Heirloom*. See text

usage. They are treasures which bear witness to a royal milieu as effectively as if they could speak. Ornate? Undeniably, but too nobly graceful and suave to be oppressive. Considered historically one must respect their right to lean toward the florid.

They are of the period when Renaissance Italy, toward its decline, had come definitely to Seville, at that time the art center of Spain. El Greco, who died in 1614, was one of the channels through which the influence of Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples—brought above all Venice—had poured. He had gone to Venice to paint under Titian, which meant, vicariously, Tintoretto. It was the florescent in painting, the rococo in architectural decor which had been transplanted to Spanish building-stone, wood-work, walls and canvases. But it was a decadence that fell into the hands of masters; a decadence that was to become infused with new vigor springing from the physical health and zest for life of the Spanish people. Velasquez brings this period to its grand climacteric. Velasquez, not content simply to represent an anemic court,

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must with dramatic insight and matchless skill portray the whole epoch.

Certainly priceless tradition attaches itself to these old pieces at *The Heirloom*.

The handsome escort lamps shown in one of the illustrations were, according to creditable tradition, carried in the inaugural procession of Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, Philip II's adelantado to the Philippines, perhaps on May 19, 1571, the day of the formal founding of Manila. It is amazing that these lamps never got into the hands of any of the castellans of the royal governor's palace or of Malacañang, and especially amazing that they escaped the tyrant Venegas; but their long history is unknown, after all, and on the night Venegas fell the guard may have snatched these lamps from the new posts of the palace to light his way to prison in Fort Santiago. Some lingering spark of decency in him might have led him to say, "Dogs! Preserve the lamps!"

Of the two charming figures in polychrome wood only one remains. If not the more graceful and light, perhaps a more significant interest compensates for the lack of delicate wings, so energized they seem to be upon the point of flight. This quieter figure is the blind Santa Lucia, in the characteristic act of bearing her eyes, the price of her martyrdom, upon a little platter. There are legends without number woven around this heroic saint, originating in Italy perhaps and thence sifting into Spanish annals. The saint once inspired a desperate but successful defense of Manila, legend says; and so there is a city gate, the east one, named for her, and a street and military barracks besides. She is one of the patronesses of "the very noble and ever loyal city of Manila."

There is a rectangular mural of polychrome molave with the virgin and child and two cherubs in high-relief; enfantin certainly, yet one is curious about it and fond of it for its very simplicity. It is known as Our Lady of Solitude, and there is history behind it.

Las Obras Pias organized by Don Luis Dasmariñas in 1594, established Santa Isabel College in 1634 in honor of Isabel II, the purpose being to educate Spanish girls and give them a dot upon marriage. A charge was made upon those who could afford to pay, but orphans were cared for free. The school persists today, much as in the beginning, save that the racial restriction was removed long ago. The carving now at *The Heirloom* was placed in the chapel at the inauguration of the school and was revered as the Guardian Mother for 230 years. The chapel was badly damaged in the earthquake of 1864. When a new one was constructed it was dedicated to the Señor del Tesoro and the panel of Our Lady was removed to the entrance hall, where it remained until last year.

The dignified jar of reddish brown stoneware among the illustrations suggests the sort of hiding place a geni of really excellent taste would select. According to Japanese authority, jars of this type belong to the time of Cheng Te, 1506-1521, and were made in the province of Kiangsu, at Yi-hsing.* They are little known in China today and would be unrecognized in the West as well, according to Hannover, were it not for the collection in the Field Museum at Chicago. The paste of which these jars were made was apparently very plastic and gave itself easily to the uses of modeling, molding, engraving, piercing or the application of relief ornament; and for a long time it was preferred in China to porcelain. At the close of the Ming period, this ware was highly prized; according to Hsing's Album a single small teapot brought as much as 250 taels, roughly 350 silver dollars.



Lamps That Lighted Legaspi Into Manila. See text

*See *Porcelains & Pottery, A Handbook for Collectors*, Vol. II; *The Far East*. Translated from the Danish by Emil Hannover, late director of the Museum of Industrial Art at Copenhagen.

The large jars, often of colossal size, solid, durable and refined in execution, were made largely for export. They have been discovered in considerable numbers in the southern Philippines, on Borneo, and on Luzon. The oldest of them are believed to date from the 13th to the 15th centuries.

"They are often," says Hannover "decorated with one, two or three large dragons coiled round the jar, showing up either in relief or incised in the stoneware, under a glaze which may be black, reddish brown, brownish yellow or dark green. Handed down from ancient times, invested with all kinds of supernatural powers (including that of speech), they are regarded by the savage natives as of such enormous value that they are even used as payment for a bride."

At *The Heirloom* there are many varieties of curious and beautiful pottery, from China, the Philippines, Java and Japan. There is very little porcelain. But two jars about twelve inches in height, of biscuit, are not without interest to the connoisseur of antique porcelains. They were made toward the close of the 18th century in the Philippines by craftsmen who had brought over the recipe from the Spanish Factory of Buen Retiro, built in 1760 under Charles III. Originally the factory was restricted to making articles solely for the uses of the royal household or for gifts to be presented by members of the king's family. Most of the craftsmen were either Neapolitans from Capo di Monte who brought with them many of the molds in use there, or were native workmen who had carefully studied the Italian methods. Later, when the factory became commercialized, the number of Neapolitan workmen dwindled.

In design, the jars at *The Heirloom* bear a vague relationship to Sevres, and an unmistakable one to Wedgwood, two factories that influenced the later artisans of the Buen Retiro. The paste is obviously of an inferior quality, due to some important difference in the composition of materials to be found in the Philippines. This disappointment may at least partially explain why the art of making fine porcelains was not developed here. Considering the rarity of such objects, a value otherwise undeserved attaches to this pair of jars of the biscuit décoré.

The delightful pastime of describing beautiful objects tempts one to go on, when perhaps at the first mention of their whereabouts you drop the magazine and go to see them for yourself. Both Mrs. Haugliwout and Mrs. Welch have been residents of Manila for many years, but it was only a year or so ago that they began to form their collection. What magic tempted them? Perhaps the geni of the dragon jar.

at play—

That was on the "Bolivar," south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell

Mind with work and weariness, wishin' they was we—

Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;

Cheered her from the "Bolivar" swampin' in the sea.

Then a greyback cleared us out, then the skipper laughed;

"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—ring the winches aft;

Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her under way!"

So we steered her, pully-haul, out across the Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten platts putted up with tar, In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilboa Bar.

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we Eueched God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!

Seven men from all the world, back to town again,

Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raisin' Cain;

Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,

'Cause we took the "Bolivar" safe across the Bay?

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails;

We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo shifted;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter gales;

Seven days and seven nights to the Start we drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as snow,

All the coals adrift adeck, half the rails below,

Leakin' like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray—

Out we took the "Bolivar," out across the Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd break;

Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the shock;

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her stroke;

Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plumber-block;

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;

Heard the rotten rivets drag when she took it green;

Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat

Haphazard Studies in the English Language

The grammatical forms of a language may be acquired by the diligent student without their giving him true facility in the use of the language, which can only come from putting into his memory, ready for instant use, many thousands of its words together with their precise meanings. Anything that will do this is a proper study of the language. One may readily make one's self a critic of one's own diction. One means to this desirable end is to examine one's own compositions for loose and cumbersome expressions, and to refine them until all these expressions are eliminated. Another means is to make every new word or old word in a new sense, encountered in one's reading, a familiar acquaintance to be called upon in time of need.

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Seven men from all the world back to Docks again;

Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raisin' Cain;

Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—

We that took the "Bolivar" out across the Bay!

As I read the ballad Kipling has given us of the *Bolivar*, I find I am not as familiar as I should be with the locale. I must turn to the encyclopedia and look up (1) Sunderland and (2) the Start. Lo, as I leaf through the volume *Sub to Tom*, I find two excellent essays on the tariff and taxation. As I am just rummaging—one must be at ease in the study of language, I pause to read them. One goes quite properly, the way his mind leads him; he does not foolishly attempt to spur his memory. What a wonderful work of man is an encyclopedia! But at last we are at Sunderland, 261 miles northwest of London, at the mouth of the Wear river; a community of 142,000 inhabitants, fishing, marketing, wrestling a living from the sea and exporting Sunderland coals since the reign of Henry VII. Sunderland docks cover 200 acres; they include graving docks up to a length of 441 feet. There are shipbuilders aplenty in Sunderland, ship-owners too; and life is sometimes hard, and business dull enough, so that a group of hardboiled owners might order the *Bolivar* off to Bilbao overloaded with steel rails and coal and covered with putty and insurance—not caring they a single red herring if she should founder.

The encyclopedia is not equal to "the Start," but it will be beyond the bay, where the *Bolivar* reached comparative safety on the high seas.

It is colloquial, I conclude.

"Felt her hog." *Hog*, v. i. (Naut.) To become bent upward in the middle, like a hog's back;—said of a ship broken or strained so as to have this form. *Hog*, v. t. (Naut.) To scrub with a hog, or scrubbing broom.

We have now three hogs in our pen, and might add more.

It is important to realize that Kipling had them all in his pen too; his power of graphic description and terse, eloquent phraseology comes of his specific use of words. He could never have used them with such assurance had they not been his own. This is the explanation of his vivid style.

"Hear'd the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake." *Strake*, n. (Shipbuilding) One breadth of planks or plates forming a continuous range on the bottom or sides of a vessel, reaching from the stem to the stern; a streak. Let us not lightly pass the simile by, " * * * like drunken men pounding * * * " Pounding! Pounding home arguments, pounding out jigs and tunes, and demands for more liquor. Thus it is that without deliberate description Kipling pictures the sea's incessant buffeting of the reeling ship.

—W. R.

The figures are from the bureau of agriculture, they are furnished from the statistical department, presided over by Mr. Peña, at the request of Dr. Youngberg, the director.

D. H. Hahn, inspector at the *matadero*, reports that the native cattle now reaching the Manila market average around 120 kilos dressed weight; that it requires from 70 to 80 animals a day to supply the Manila market, and that the industry can easily supply this number. It means 29,200 head per year, on the basis of 365 days and 80 head per day. As the yearly figures indicate, the increase in native cattle last year was 114,480 head, or four times the requirements of the Manila market. The *Journal* believes that Manilans are generally unaware of the improvement of native cattle in recent years by the introduction of foreign strains, particularly the introduction of rinderpest-resistant Indian stock. For this reason a typical herd is shown in one of the illustrations, that of S. D. Winship, in Bukidnon.

Beef from such animals is as good as can be desired. But there are of course larger and better herds, that of the Agusan company being the largest in the islands. This herd too is grazed principally in Bukidnon, a fact that suggests the long distance from Manila of much of the local cattle supply. The men in the industry realize they have problems to solve, an acute one being the shipping problem; from long distances the cattle lose weight rapidly, coming, as they do, directly from the pastures to the loading stations. Director Youngberg advocates grazing beef cattle for a month or six weeks prior to shipping, to harden the fat, gentle the animals and reduce losses from shrinkage on the long voyages to Manila. Here is a problem. To breed up all the herds is another, for there are too many undersized cattle still in the islands.

Stock shows such as that held in connection with the Philippine carnival help the industry a great deal, but what would undoubtedly help more, and return in taxes far more than it would cost, would be a series of substantial cash prizes—a resort to the method proved successful time and time again by the *Amigos del Pais* in Spanish times. The prizes were worth the winning, and the honors conferred worth striving for. Sincerity in behalf of agriculture dictates a careful study of the successful projects of the *Amigos del Pais*, to whom the debt the country owes can never be repaid. Echoes of their work are heard today, not only in the cattle industry, but in, for instance, the recent reestablishment of a coffee growers' association in Batangas with headquarters in Lipa. Millions of pesos will grow out of this within a few years.

Organizing to Supply Manila All Her Fresh Beef



ORGANIZING THE LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION

Left to Right: Ramón J. Fernandez, Ben J. Ohnick, attorney, Richard Paradis, Amado Velilla, attorney, S. D. Winship, F. C. Gearhart, Pio V. Corpus, Guy Stratton, F. W. Maass, F. G. K. Sander, Tomás del Rio, H. P. Strickler, N. S. Saleeby, F. W. Prining, and Joseph Wernick. Ohnick and McPle are attorneys for the association. Officers chosen are: H. L. Heath, president; Pio V. Corpus, vice president; Tomás del Rio, second vice president; F. G. K. Sander, secretary-treasurer. Directors: Health, Corpus, Sander, del Rio, Stratton, Saleeby.

The men who have organized the Philippine Livestock Association represent an important growing Philippine industry producing taxable wealth in the form of livestock on the otherwise nonproductive pasture lands of the islands. They believe they can keep Manila supplied with fresh beef if the law is enforced which prohibits the importation of beef cattle. Manila consumes 3 to 3-1/2 million kilos of fresh beef yearly. During the decade ending with 1924 the average yearly consumption was 3,310,337 kilos. Consumption is increasing somewhat, but so are the herds, while a higher type of beef critter is being bred on many ranches.

The Manila market required about 9,000 kilos of fresh beef daily. A contract given a temporary extension of three months by Governor Gilmore, and therefore expiring at the end of July, permits one importer to supply 40% of the market with live cattle from Australia, some 3,700 to 4,000 kilos daily. The association asks for the definite abrogation of this contract, and adherence to the law. Governor Stimson is to act upon this question, on which he has a report from his staff and G. C. Howard, trade commissioner, based upon data from the bureau of agriculture.

Here is how cattle have been increasing in the islands:

Year	No. of Cattle
1918.....	600,173
1919.....	678,525
1920.....	758,551
1921.....	806,186
1922.....	808,237
1923.....	873,995
1924.....	887,841

1925.....	916,795
1926.....	1,021,169
1927.....	1,136,640



Indian Grade Cattle: S. D. Winship's Herd, Bukidnon, Mindanao



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EDITORIAL OFFICES

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CAPITAL vs. MANAGEMENT

We wish to say a few things. The question is up about capital in these islands. It is the paramount question of the day, but in our judgment a great deal that is being said about it misses the mark.

Governor General Stimson is desirous of more capital entering the manufacturing field here. Excellent, we are with him; more capital from the United States, more local capital too. It is going to call down upon all our heads the anathemas of other American manufacturing interests, but we say let this conflict come, it is inevitable. It is neither advantageous nor entirely honest to wish to keep these islands merely as a source of raw materials. If the United States will finally turn us loose because of our manufactures, when will she do it? Not in ten years, not in twenty years. She will not do it at all, because of our manufactures, or for any reason existing or potential within the islands, for the Philippines are a factor in her China problem and to this end she will keep them indefinitely. She will keep them more than thirty years, then; in less time than thirty years great masses of capital may be developed from successful manufactures. The first Ford was made when? And when was General Motors organized?

Manufacturing, unlike farming, accumulates capital rapidly; and so does merchandising, handmaiden of both industries. We need not forget banking, either.

But Governor Stimson wishes also to stimulate Philippine farming, he hopes to get capital interested in this too; he has had his friend, Mr. Lyman Hammond of New York, go into Mindanao and inspect certain hydroelectric sites which may in time be useful in furnishing industrial power and irrigation water. But though franchises may be granted, capital will not really be put into projects of this kind until a market for the products exists. Muscle Shoals came after southern cotton lands had lost their virgin fertility, and after the South needed power. It is still coming.

Let us not fail of thinking about these facts. We are all in earnest about wanting more capital here, perhaps even Osmeña himself is in earnest about it, and before these lines appear in print one Wm. T. Nolting will have landed in Manila as the representative and capable forerunner of big money. But his coming will not bring big money, only as he has his projects already spotted and simply takes up and carries on what others have been doing. Nor will Governor Stimson's inaugural address bring big money to the islands. Big money implies big projects, and where, in the Philippines, are these to be had?

What will bring capital to these islands, in smaller units the aggregate of which would be large, is trained management; and if it might be experienced management, then all the better. Capital may be ever so willing, even anxious, to invest here, but it will not invest here until it finds management in which it will place absolute confidence: management perhaps that can furnish an ample bond to back its judgment and integrity.

In our humble opinion, therefore, we are barking up the wrong tree when we talk to capital. Instead of this, we ought to talk to the executive class in America, the technicians of modern industry and agriculture, who are, when they are reliable men, always able to get capital very easily for every promising enterprise. Nolting is such a man, and he comes, as we say, with plenty of capital at his command. He may not invest very much of it, but those who trust him feel confident that so much as he may decide to invest will be placed in a way to bring them returns; and they

also feel that he will stay on the job and see that the returns are forthcoming. We wager that he will not consider the political factor; he will weigh only economic factors; and if he takes up sugar, no Timberlake from Colorado can scare him off.

It is management that we want, we repeat.

There should be in the United States, men skilled in growing coffee. If any one of them will come to the islands, and convince himself that he can make a coffee plantation thrive here, if he is known as a man of conservative judgment he shall soon have all the capital he needs—indeed, it would be so little, not *big* in any sense of the word—from the topnotchers in the coffee commerce of America. But if the topnotchers come here only gaining some general information to make them temporarily mad, when they go away they will soon cool off and nothing will be done about coffee. Have we not all seen things like this happen times enough?

Now we have lots of lumber in our forests, and thousands of acres from which the forests may be logged off under the vigilant rules of the forestry bureau, and other trees like rubber or guttapercha planted where the virgin forests stood. It doesn't take rubber long to grow, and even at 26 cents gold per pound the product nets 100% if not more. What could be sweeter, says Broadway; and truly we can send to that bright thoroughfare butter-and-egg men as generous as Kansas and Texas oil kings, but not by talking to capital about it. We must address ourselves to management, the managing class, the technical, executive class—the men who *know*—and they, convinced, will find the capital. After all, it is not essentially different from sending a plowboy to the field. You are confident he can plow the field, which needs plowing, and you pay him 20 dollars and *found* for plowing it. It is bigger than the plowboy's job, but it isn't different.

No use reviewing other industries, it is the same with all; the same with hemp, tobacco, coconuts, sugar, cordage. Millions upon millions more than are now made in all of these industries may be made out of all of them—for capital but not by capital. To make these added millions takes the attention of the managing class, whom capital trusts. If therefore capital wishes to invest here, let it send us technical men to spy out the field for it and decide upon projects. When it itself merely floats through here and talks, and returns to its pleasant metropolitan clubs and talks some more, it does us no good whatever beyond the scope of its hotel bills.

Then the kind of capital we can get in any case is speculative capital, the part of men's wealth which they are individually willing to risk. The sure-thing capital, the capital of banks, isn't the kind we shall get for factories, mills and plantations. Nor shall we get even the speculative capital without technical men, without known and trusted management. Capital of America, long-shot men hoping for a few more kicks out of life, be so good as to send us a few of this kind of men—this year. They are the only kind who can clasp our hands and yours in profitable concord across the Pacific. Not one in ten of them, in our opinion, would fail. There are little groups of wealthy men in a thousand cities of the United States who could send us one each—one each of these trusted technical men, some to look up lumber, some rubber, some coconuts and cattle, and some something else—all according to what their principles wish to stake a little joint-stock on. The reason we say they wouldn't fail is because this kind of man does not fail in this field. Failure of sobriety and sense is next to impossible.

MEAT ON THE HOOF

Forty per cent of Manila's meat on the hoof now comes from Australia, paying no duty, the contract being held from year to year by the same group. The law, indeed, forbids importations of cattle for slaughter, but a convenient proviso leaves the application of the law to the discretion of the executive. The executive would no doubt like to be assured that if he enforced the law the supply of beef from Philippine pastures would be steady, and enough to prevent any higher level of prices to consumers. The industry does assure him of this, but it isn't organized well enough to make its guaranty reliable; at least we should say so. But it is so confident that, since we have the law, which ought not to be a nullity forever, the plan is worth trying: the executive would be justified in refusing to extend the privilege of importing beef on the hoof, since the prosperity of a great local industry is at stake. And now, prior to the meeting of the legislature, is the time to make the decision. Nothing but experience will resolve the issue, and upon this experience additional legislation may be based if any is proved necessary: such, for example, as the repeal of the ban and the substitution of a tariff in its place.

If what has been done isn't what should have been done to promote the cattle industry, what should have been done should be done now.

Four Best Manila Newspaper March Editorials

University Selection: Also the Best Among the Four

CAREFUL

(Times, March 4)

The full import of Governor General Stimson's inaugural speech is causing considerable discussion among Americans, other nationals, and Filipinos. His remarks on the need for new capital in the Philippines, on his earnest hope for cooperation, his desire for industrial development and his statement that the independence issue will not be settled here but in Washington, were the highlights of the governor general's address, it seems to us.

On this matter of new capital for the Philippines a word of warning might be sounded. We don't wish to pose as Sir Oracle but it must be admitted that leading business men here are wary of seeing capital forced into the Islands without the consent of the Filipinos. That would be disastrous and would force business, now healthy, into stagnation. Unless the Filipinos consent to the introduction of new capital here, attempts to ram it down their throats will cause only retching and regurgitation. Of course, there is no question that the Filipinos want new capital but in all fairness to them they want something to say about the terms of its entry. Unwelcome capital will hamstring capital that is already here.

If the Filipinos have something to say about the terms of the entry of new capital here there would be a fine exemplification of the spirit of cooperation which as Webster's Dictionary points out is "to concur in action, effort or effect." In bringing new capital into the Philippines and the Lord knows the country needs it, the investors and the Filipinos must "concur in action, effort or effect." Absolutely essential. The Filipinos and other nationals who bring in foreign capital must act as a partnership and in harmony. The cards must be on the table. When either party starts to deal from a "cold deck" or off the bottom all the attempts to introduce new capital and proceed to the development of one of the richest sections of the globe will be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

The introduction of new capital must be attended by mutual consent for it is only in that way that the cooperation policy so ably pleaded for by Governor General Stimson will reach its highest fruition.

Strong arm methods should be shunned.

—Best of the Month.

WHAT PRICE HOSPITALITY?

(Bulletin, March 28)

Teodoro R. Yungco, who has given large sums of money for philanthropic purposes, is outspoken against encouraging indolence through charity. The things he has to say about this apply to any place in the world to some degree. Where the idea of thrift is not well developed they apply to an extra degree. Therefore they apply in the Philippines to an extra degree.

Much which ordinarily is not thought of here as charity is just that nevertheless. Hospitality is a much overworked expression. The "patient" custom in these Islands is an enemy of thrift. Extending hospitality to relatives, in fact, frequently becomes charity and nothing more. Then it becomes an evil. It results in harm just as any misdirected charity becomes harmful.

Because it is custom, individuals who are too lazy to work, who think themselves too good to accept anything below a position of dignity, can sponge on their relatives, near or distant, indefinitely. That applies to about all classes from the "tao" to the college student. Pride which expresses itself on many occasions seems to be unexpressive in regard to the state of dependency because custom has placed a stamp of approval upon it. There is nothing which will put an end to it until thrift is more fully developed, until the spirit of saving is a more general trait, until the significance of the ac-

1. Careful. (Times, March 4)—Selected by Professor Hilario.
2. What Price Hospitality? (Bulletin, March 28)—Selected by Professor Hilario.
3. A Premier Example. (Tribune, March 5)—Selected by Shannon.
4. The Financial Basis of Local Autonomy. (Herald, March 7)—Selected by Shannon.

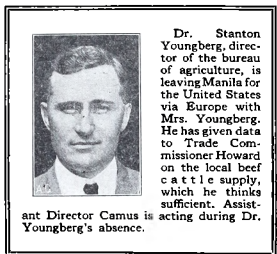
Best of the Month: Careful.—(Times, March 4)—Selected by Hilario and Shannon.

Certified.

—G. P. Shannon.

cumulation of property is more thoroughly understood and appreciated.

The plan which Mr. Yungco has for establishing an institution through which blind people may be taught trades by which they can earn their own livings is excellent. Such an insti-



Dr. Stanton Yungberg, director of the bureau of agriculture, is leaving Manila for the United States via Europe with Mrs. Yungberg. He has given data to Trade Commissioner Howard on the local beef cattle supply, which he thinks sufficient. Assistant Director Camus is acting during Dr. Yungberg's absence.

tution should not only help those disabled individuals who come under its instruction but it should serve as a school to teach the general lesson of self-reliance. He who teaches a blind beggar to support himself renders a far greater service than he who dispenses the charity which supports the blind beggar. He who moves a college student to the effect to dig for himself that he may be self-supporting renders a greater service than he who coddles a relative through college.

A PREMIER EXAMPLE

(Tribune, March 6)

Despite the dramatic manner in which at times the United States is denounced as the arch-imperialist that would dominate all the Latin and South American peoples between Rio Grande and Cape Horn, virtually one-fifth of America's exports are bought by these nations. Their spokesmen, when attending councils or congresses or conferences, pillory the United States for supposed conspiracy to limit the sovereignty of small, helpless nationalities, but patriotic prerogations seem, when viewed against a relentless economic penetration, helpless to contain the progress of business invasion. The fervor of oratory has not impaired a confidence in American goods representing a line of commodities which, politics or no politics, are profitable to the Latin American dealers as well as to the Latin American consumer.

Of course, in this successful entry of American exports in the foreign market heretofore under the control of British, German, and French interests, an immense power resides, to the advantage of America and her nationals, in an American investment of \$5,000,000,000, in the existence of improved steamship and cable communications, in effective trade promotion campaigns,

and in the economic asset of the Panama Canal. All these factors placed American sales to the Latin countries toward the end of last year \$100,000,000 ahead of the combined exports to them of England, Germany, and France.

It seems that it is becoming a commonplace in the commercial relations between countries that political issues sometimes yield to the impositions of trade, that the normal attitude of buyers everywhere is not that of their loyalty to political principles but merely the leaning of their wants for goods that strike their fancy at prices that they can pay, regardless of the origin of the commodities. And the premier example, to our mind, is America's position in the Latin American market, where the United States is politically unpopular, but where American exports have increased gradually since the war.

THE FINANCIAL BASIS OF LOCAL AUTONOMY

(Herald, March 7)

It is a generally admitted fact that the main drawback of our municipalities is their impotency, whether they are naturally poor or potentially wealthy. The cause of such a state of affairs is the present centralized system of government, the very spirit of paternalism by which the insular government collects and appropriates the greatest portion of public revenues leaving only the crumbs to the municipalities. Even this arrangement, whether or not a town has all the economic resources to be financially independent of the central government, it becomes still dependent to a large extent on the insular treasury, in a pecuniary way. Thus, town improvements are scarce, and social progress slow.

By the new piece of legislative act, recently passed by the Philippine Legislature, granting the municipalities greater degree of autonomy, especially in the creation of sources of municipal revenues, vast opportunities for self-improvement are now open to municipalities. While seemingly innocent or limited in scope this municipal autonomy act portends covering of obscure towns and cities but makes use of this chance to open new sources of municipal revenues, and confine their acts within sane limitations.

The new instrumentality for public service being untried and the municipalities still inexperienced in the difficult task of taxation, it would be only wise for the higher governmental authorities to extend their help, by way of suggestions to municipalities, in making the new act operative. And it is most encouraging, indeed, for the provincial treasurers to take the first step towards this direction in recommending to all municipal councils the levying of special taxes on properties which are benefited by newly constructed barrio roads. Such properties, through a public improvement, gain in value, and it is only logical that the municipality should get its share of the unearned increment of the properties thus benefited.

It is quite natural to expect that property owners would balk against the special tax, but the townspeople must be educated to the fact, through actual lessons of government that town progress, with all its connotations, requires their support. And there are perhaps no better lessons of good government that can be imparted to the citizens than the levying of just revenue and the expenditure of public money on town improvements, from which the people can derive direct benefits, such as roads, schools, markets, water systems, and sanitary works.

The provincial treasurers also have struck a felicitous idea when they recommended the levying of a tax on each person entering the cockpit. The cockpit is a form of legalized vice. And when a person willingly pays the price of luxury, plus the tax which the dealer must pay to the government, it does not seem unjust for municipalities to exact a head tax on cockpit addicts who indulge in a legalized vice that brings no benefit to society.

It is the application of the municipal autonomy act, to our mind, is to get the people acquainted with its true spirit and have them educated to the benefits that would accrue to the townspeople with the wise enforcement of such a law.

Why Let Malaria Put You "In the Red"?—Kill It Out!

*Tropics' Salvation Found: Anopheles Minimus Tracked and Killed
Like Forest Game*

I

Much as we ordinarily disesteem the style of Arthur Brisbane, the Hearst editorial leader writes for this particular article the *Journal* will adopt it because of its usefulness in driving home obvious facts with a peculiar force. Thus taking our position on the housetops, let us shout to the Philippine universe: Don't tolerate malaria. Wipe it out. Sweep your engineering or your plantation project clear of it. For this is what you can do, thanks to six years of probing and demonstration by experts of the Rockefeller Foundation in cooperation with the Philippine health service and a limited group of industrial managers in the provinces.

This ought to be front-page telegraph news. The reason it is not is because this particular victory of science is not spectacular. But its portent is arresting—the premature emancipation of the tropics.

From immemorial times malaria has been the scourge of tropical and near tropical and semitemperate climes. We may suppose that malaria, rather than cholera or any other plague, was the malady that attacked the Khmers and gave their kingdom in upper Cambodia the *coup de grâce*. The most glorious efforts of man have, in short, been repeatedly vanquished by malaria: whole nations, whole peoples, mayhap, have been easily subjugated by foreign arms, after long periods of constant enervation by malaria. The sinister poison has turned, before our very eyes, in history, the triumphal banquet of the Portuguese in Goa into the lentils and soup of degenerate modern Macao. If—

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,
And Bahram, that great hunter, the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep—

—it is perhaps for no other reason than that of pernicious malaria; as to the same source, no doubt, may be traced the psychological morbidity and restless mysticism of the East generally.

Behold the fecundity of the tropics! Useful plant species without number, a dead or dormant season unknown in the calendar year. And then behold their comparative unimportance, their helpless clinging to the lowest rungs of human advancement. Then delve in the lore of science for explanations of this phenomenon. It is not the climate, in itself not enervating; cooler hours of the day may be chosen for quite as much work as men do elsewhere; and in the midst of abundant natural materials, the choicest the world knows, dwell half-awake populations whose dexterity in the crafts is nothing less than astounding. One thing alone explains the cloying lassitude—malaria.

Vanquish malaria, and recreate the world.

Annually during the past five years, and the record is actually better than that of previous years, malaria has caused 25,000 deaths in the Philippines, deaths which were the direct result of the disease. The incidence of death to that of infection is not even as 1 to 100. Think of the hours and days of work lost by those who did not actually die, only being profoundly incapacitated; and think of the thousands who, thoroughly debilitated by malaria, succumbed to other diseases to which malaria made them easy vic-

II
Malaria can be conquered, we know that now. It can be given the gate and the gate can be effectively locked against its return.

For a long time malaria was preventing the building of the new water-supply system for Manila. Competent engineers were on the job, with machinery and work gangs. The plans were all right. Money was ample. But the gangs couldn't be kept on the job. Malaria made men sick, laid them off and killed them by scores. J. B. "Jack" Finley, with a contract of six kilometers of tunnel and ditch, lost 105 men whom he sent off the job to San Lazaro hospital. They were attacked by malaria and they died of the disease, in spite of quinine and hospital care. He heard of others who quit the job and started for home, dying on the way. Others reached home and died; and others, many others, fatally contracted other diseases.

Finley didn't give up. He sought control of

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times. The economic cost is incalculable. The cost in depleted energy, psychic and physical. We are all convulsed by the humor in the Southern negro dialogues, *Two Old Crows*; their muddled, languid faculties are highly amusing. But humor changes to tragedy when we contemplate whole countries, the richest in the world, inhabited by peoples whom, for the most part, malaria has turned into old crows.

That is what malaria does, that is what it has done in the Philippines, what it is doing now. That is why one speaks truth when he says, get rid of malaria and recreate the world.

the malady, got it under control at last and came out with flying colors.

Gordon and Haley, building the Novaliches dam for the great new impounding reservoir, had similar experience; and the government, understanding, extended their contract. That all-important dam, assuring the future growth of Manila, could not be put in until malaria had been put under effective control. No engineering problem stood in the way, only a health problem, a sanitation problem which proved well nigh insurmountable.

That problem, like the malarial problem at Panama, was not on the blue prints!

Now let's turn to an agricultural industry, sugar. The prevailing problem in sugar production is the reduction of costs per picul. The incidence of malaria rises surprisingly in many sugar localities with the advent of the cutting season, with an inevitable addition to production costs per picul. The hospitals fill, labor turnover becomes excessive, efficiency drops. The unseen enemy plays havoc with the ledger. Nothing is wrong with the mill, with transport, or with the crop; energies flag and costs go up merely because of malaria. Even well known quit when the epidemics spread.

It is sheer economic waste.

In connection with a sugar central, Del Carmen, the first effective regional or local control of a malarial condition in the Philippines was brought about by the Rockefeller Foundation men in 1925 and has been continued ever since. Prior to that time, on the Smith-Bell plantation,

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milling at Del Carmen, 30 and 40 and 50 malarial cases were continually in the hospital during the cutting season. Now there is practically no hospitalization, and the incidence of malaria is unimportant. From Carmencita, another Del Carmen plantation, equally favorable reports come; reduction of labor turnover makes an annual saving of about P25,000.


At San Jose, Mindoro, where the first of the modern sugar centrals was established in the Philippines, Manager Sinclair, working with the health service and the Rockefeller Foundation, has got malaria under control at last. He can get labor, and hold labor, because labor can stay well and keep on the job. The time seems to be approaching when quinization may be dispensed with at San Jose, and prevention may be depended upon alone.

Think of what this means in Mindoro, Manila's nextdoor wilderness. Anciently Mindoro was prosperously populated, the earliest written records of the Philippines, those of the Chinese, show that the Chinese junk fleets then went to Mindoro as their principal Philippine trading point. Why did the jungle conquer this thriving civilization and convert Mindoro into a wilderness again? Malaria is the only explanation. And for all the recent effort that has been made, with the best of engineers and plenty of capital and machinery, Mindoro, until the malaria was put under control, remained all but a forbidden land. Here is one of the archipelago's largest and richest islands, most favorably situated for industry and commerce. When malaria can be quashed in Mindoro, there is hope for all. More than hope, there is actual assurance.

III

The isolated examples cited of the successful conquest of malaria serve to illustrate the new science of the disease which the health service and the Rockefeller Foundation have been perfecting in the Philippines. This is the third, the most important point to be made.

Put the question popularly, where does man get malaria, and every layman will answer knowingly that he gets it from the bite of the



Rodman Wannamaker's Practical View of Big Figure Life Insurance

In November, 1924, *Current Opinion* was able to say of Rodman Wannamaker, New York merchant who died last month, that he was the most insured man in the world. Wannamaker, who then 61 years old, his life was insured for \$6,000,000; but he died at 65 insured for \$7,500,000. In 1924, Wannamaker, still considered a sound insurance risk, had scouts out over the world trying to get new policies for him; he wished to reach the theoretical maximum on one man's life, \$7,200,000, and he was finally able to surpass this by \$300,000.


Life insurance was no mania with him; he said it was the only means by which he could assure his estate liquid cash when needed, in sufficient amounts for taxes and other expenses, without the sacrifice of other invested assets. It was a very logical and prudent viewpoint, protective of the Wannamaker estate. He paid the premiums out of his personal funds. Life insurance to the amount of millions has sold itself to the American big business man. When Wannamaker had six millions, Pierre S. Dupont had \$4,000,000; Adolph Zukor, \$3,715,000; James C. Penney and Percy A. Rockefeller, \$3,000,000 each; J. P. Morgan, \$2,750,000; Williams Fox, \$2,850,000; B. E. Bessinger, P2,500,000; and Will Hays, \$2,000,000. Marcus Loew, who died not long ago, carried \$5,000,000.

anopheles mosquito, of course. That is common knowledge to every school child. It isn't, however, very satisfactory. Among all the anopheles, some 15 species or more in the Philippines, one only is the criminal—transcending in destructiveness Atilla, Genghis Khan, Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal and Napoleon rolled into one. That arch fiend is the anopheles minimus, a little feller! None of the others count, so far as malaria is concerned. This is the first of a sequence of decisive facts.

The second in the sequence is, the little feller can't fly very far, not much more than a mile. Keep a settlement clear of the little feller for a radius of 1-1/2 kilometers, and keep your people to themselves, and it matters not how much malaria may be raging in and devastating the

land beyond; your particular settlement is safe. The third fact in the vital sequence is, anopheles minimus, the deadly little feller, spawns its larvae only in clear running streams and preferably in the swirls and eddies where the current has cut into the bank or under overhanging foliage and created a benign shade and quietude. These are the lairs of the anopheles minimus. Therefore he may be tracked down and destroyed like ordinary forest game, and it doesn't take a scientist to do it; ordinary workmen may be taught to do it, they become very skillful at it. Just as fields may be fenced to keep out roving animals, so even whole plantations—and fortunately even single plantations—be rid of anopheles minimus.

The fourth fact of the sequence relates to the



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weapon which kills anopheles minimus. It is Paris green, prepared by formula, in a mixture of 1 to 100 with ordinary road dust. How to prepare it and how to apply it can be learned in ten minutes by any alert individual. Nor does it require a lot of the mixture, which is quite inexpensive. A surprisingly small lot is lethal to the enemy. Over in a laboratory room of the Bureau of Science the Rockefeller Foundation men were cultivating the larvae of anopheles minimus. In a corner of the room, cut off by high partitions so that no hint of the powder got into the air, Paris green was prepared. Though it was the corner farthest away from the larvae, the larvae consistently died, deadly to the anopheles minimus, the atmosphere of the room was otherwise entirely innocuous. In practical work no mechanism is required to apply the mixture. Men don rubber boots, take the trail upstream, and dust the mixture lightly about where a little experience teaches them the enemy is sure to be lurking.

IV

That is about all there is to the story of prevention, which signifies malarial control without necessarily quinzimization. Quinine is palliative.

not preventive.

There is probably not a single industrial or agricultural project in the Philippines which cannot take effective advantage of this seemingly simple knowledge, the quinzimization of prolonged and costly research in the islands and throughout the whole world for generations. No one now, facing a malarial problem, need wait upon either the government or his neighbors, unless the latter closely hem him in. Novaliches has been made a training station for personnel; in all there are five control stations in the islands, the work developing to greater effectiveness all the time. Any plantation manager, any project engineer, can acquire the essential technique of malarial control by making a few visits to the Novaliches training station, first making arrangements at health-service headquarters. More, the health service and the Rockefeller Foundation experts will respond to requests for assistance. They will survey your malarial problem, map out a program, aid in putting it into effect, and provide continuous supervision.

The day has dawned in these islands when the devastating, often disastrous, human and material losses from malaria can be eliminated.

single year Justice Johnson has written more than 200 decisions, more than the whole number of decisions written in a year by the entire bench of many state supreme courts.

Naturally, many of Justice Johnson's decisions are leading cases in the jurisprudence of the islands. He has also penned dissents which have afforded him as much satisfaction in the final denouement as the better known and more vital majority decisions he has written. During the first year he was on the court, the court was reversed 11 times by the Supreme Court of the United States, and from seven of those 11 decisions Justice Johnson had dissented. Latterly the court has seldom been reversed; appeals are only by writ of certiorari; the power of the court is great, its independence surpassing that of intermediate courts in the United States.

But though there be honor enough, little of the fame of it travels across the Pacific and it is, for the American members of the court, peculiarly restricted honor. In the beginning the rule was established that the chief justice of the court should be a Filipino; this rule has long operated, since Justice Johnson became the senior member of the court in point of service, to prevent his appointment to the chief justiceship in which he had his hope of retiring. The appointment was widely recommended when the latest vacancy occurred, but President Coolidge chose to adhere to the rule. (It should be added, on the other side, that the court comprises four Filipinos and five Americans; the rule dates with the time when Filipino lawyers were little acquainted with American procedure and jurisprudence.) Justice Johnson has served with 33 associates on the court; they have come and gone, and few are left of the original bench of nine.

Who will deny that great personal sacrifices were involved, in all probability, in Justice Johnson's resolve to throw his lot definitely in with the Philippines? It can hardly be doubted that he would have gone to the bench in the United States, or that politics would have claimed him for special honors; he was well known in Michigan, influentially connected in Ohio. His mother, Margaret Gillespie, was a relative of James G. Blaine. An uncle, who had been a judge, who was blind and had acquired the popular sobriquet of "the blind orator of Ohio," had been governor of the state. His father was Judge Abel Johnson. He himself was equipped with an excellent education and long experience in the law, and he had the physical vigor and taste for active politics. Surely Ohio would long ago have singled him out for high reward.

An inadequate sketch of our neighbor, Justice Johnson, folks, of him whose memorial addresses alone have exalted the annals of Manila; selection may be made of those on McKinley, Roosevelt, Arellano, Mapa, Torres (these three all members of the court, and the first two chief justices), Harding, Wood, Crossfield.

Something About Our Neighbor: Justice Johnson

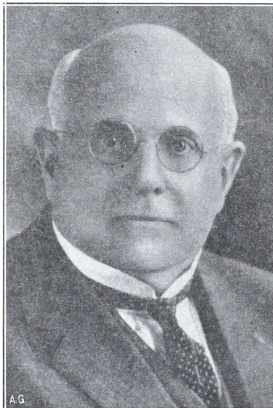
This paper is designed to speed Justice and Mrs. Johnson on a pleasant voyage and visit to the United States and a safe and early return to the Philippines. They left Manila late in March for the homeland, to spend the summer there and to return to the islands as early as possible after the court vacation. They frequently make such trips, in fact they make them almost every year, saving when Justice Johnson happens to be the vacation-duty justice; and certainly they have probably never forgotten them on election years, since Republicanism is deep in the Johnsonian blood and a look-in on the national convention has held peculiar pleasures for Justice Johnson from the days of his early boyhood.

He was bred and born in the presidential state, you see, Ohio; he remembers the opening remark of his uncle, Judge West—it is a family of judges, indeed, on both sides—placing in nomination for the presidency James G. Blaine in 1864:

"I was bred and born a Republican. Had I not been, I should seek the earliest opportunity to be born again!" Ingersoll followed, with his famous *Plumed Knight* address. It can't be denied, politics is a serious factor in life in Ohio. Then, of course, Justice Johnson has known many of the presidents personally, and most of them intimately, from Garfield and Hayes down to Harding and Coolidge. It is one errand of his, when in the United States, to confer with the president. His opinions on the Philippines are naturally valuable to the White House.

Elias Finley Johnson was a professor of law in the University of Michigan when President McKinley faced the problem of establishing courts in the Philippines, and McKinley gave the first appointment to a Philippine judgeship to Johnson. The appointment was dated October 7, 1900, "to the judiciary of the Philippine Islands." The courts were not yet organized, this did not occur until July 1901; but Johnson had been in Manila since March of that year, and when the judiciary was into effect he went into the provinces to organize courts of first instance. He organized these courts in Zambales, La Union, Pangasinan, Benguet, and Ilocos Sur. Insurrection still disturbed the peace of the provinces. Johnson was often accompanied by a military escort.

He found buildings for the courts, bought tools and lumber and made with his own hands some of the necessary furniture. On July 14, 1903, he was appointed judge of the court of first instance. His plans at that time, with two years of pioneer judicial work here, were to go home; he and Mrs. Johnson, with their children, were on their way home when the news reached them that President Roosevelt had appointed Justice Johnson as chief justice of the Philippine supreme court. Continuing the voyage, they visited only briefly in



Hon. E. Finley Johnson

America and then returned to the new duties in Manila. These have been Justice Johnson's duties ever since; often they have made him the acting chief justice of the court, when the post was vacant or when the incumbent was ill, as during the greater part of the years 1924 and 1925.

His membership in the court covers a period of 25 years, the heyday of a vigorous life. Born at Van Wert, Ohio, June 24, 1861, he was not quite 40 years old when he came to Manila in 1901, but he is now nearing his 67th birthday. His ripened and most productive years have been given to the islands. And never stintedly given, either. For many years the Johnsons have resided in their bayshore house in Passay, where the dawn of every new morning finds the justice, who weighs 285 pounds, taking his constitutional in the surf. He swims expertly, with the zest of a boy, and only the most threatening typhoons keep him out of the water. But at 7 o'clock he is in his office, where his day, begun at that hour, may be prolonged until sundown. There are but nine justices, including the chief justice; there is no intermediate court of appeals, so that the work thrown on the court is prodigious in volume and incessant in its demands. In a

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Let's Go to The Movies!

Being a Critique of Leading Current Screen Offerings

By Mrs. GEORGE READ

THE BIG PARADE. One cannot casually say of Laurence Stallings's scenario, *The Big Parade*, shown this month at the Ideal, simply that here is another good war picture. It is a convincing account, in the main, of human beings in war. It is a snapshot of the man who thinks and the man who does not think. Both of them feel. It is an admirable attempt to portray by means of the physical world the idea of war. And Laurence Stallings's idea is not a glorious but an unhappy one. The young writer must be weary by now of having everyone call attention to the fact that he was a serious *blessé de la guerre*. The fact has been exploited in advertising everything he has yet offered the public. He has been dragged before the curtain in the New York playhouse where his and Anderson's—we believe it was Maxwell Anderson who was co-author—*What Price Glory?* offended the universal optimists and militarists so profoundly, and had his missing leg all but pointed at. In fact many people took the stand that was the reason he let himself be coerced into the glare of the footlights and, perhaps, feeling that way about it, hardened their hearts against the living document he himself is of the cruel destruction of War.

Almost the first subtitle of the picture reads: "What a thing is patriotism. We go for years not knowing we have it, when suddenly—martial music flags waving! friends cheering! And the first thing we know it becomes life's greatest emotion!"

John Gilbert in the leading rôle makes live the young man of perception, the young man who is careerist, who is thoughtful without being too introspective, gay without being reckless, who finds himself caught up in the all-too-sudden mobilization maelstrom, and before he knows it is marching along the road to Champillon. We say all-too-sudden mobilization advisedly, for although the United States was remaining cosmically untouched by what was going on in Europe for over two whole years, surely in 1917 she put out a campaign of sled-hammer propaganda which brought the country nearer to arms almost overnight. That it was a war to end war was the greatest morsel of bunk the propagandists fed the multitude; a poisonous manna which the youth of many countries swallowed whole, and marched out together

To a quiet grave in a foreign land,
And our heart's desire.

The Big Parade evidences neither the disgruntled spirit of John Dos Passos nor the bitterness of Henri Barbusse. However, it bears actual witness to the causes of Barbusse's bitterness.

"National aspirations," says Barbusse in *Light*, "confessed or unconfessed, are contradictory among themselves. All populations which are narrowly confined and elbow each other in the world are full of dreams vaster than each of them. The nations' territorial ambitions overlap each other on the map of the universe, economic and financial ambitions cancel each other mathematically. Then in the mass they are unrealizable."

"And since there is no sort of higher control over this scuffle of truths which are not admissible, each nation realizes its own by all possible means, by all the fidelity and anger and brute force she can get out of herself. By the help of this state of world-wide anarchy, the lazy and slight distinction between patriotism, imperialism and militarism is violated, trampled, and broken through all along the line, and it cannot be otherwise."

There have been excellent war pictures released which have only sought to play on one string, that of the humorous side of the situation. In a way, they have been of a high order and indicate a fine attitude, from the individualistic point of view.



Renée Adoree, beautiful and competent star in *The Big Parade*. See text

In *The Big Parade* we are conscious that the author is well aware of this humorous side, but that he seeks to go farther, and to portray the feeling of lyric sacrifice that agitates the breast of the true soldier.

Frances Ledwidge in Ireland, Rupert Brooke in England, Alan Seeger in America, all spoke the same language; and it was the single voice of the thousand thousand who did drink the sacrificial cup to the dregs. Far finer than the commonly quoted *Rendezvous With Death* of Alan Seeger, are his *Liebstod* and *The Hosts*.

From the latter we read—
There was a stately drama writ
By the hand that peopled the earth and air
And set the stars in the infinite
And made night gorgeous and morning fair,
And all that had sense to reason knew
That bloody drama must be gone through.

And from the *Liebstod*—

Truth or delusion, be it as may,
Yet think it true, dear friends, for, thinking so,
That thought shall nerve our sinews on the day
When to the last assault our bugles blow:
Heads high and hearts aflame and bayonets bare,
And we shall brave eternity as though
Eyes looked on us in which we would seem fair—
One waited in whose presence we would wear,
Even as a lover who would be well seen
Our manhood faultless and our honor clean.

It will be remembered that he was a member of the Foreign Legion, and fell at the battle of Belleau-en-Santerre in July, 1916.

The scenes in *No Man's Land* in *The Big Parade* are indeed set like a stately epic drama. Why raise the technical objection that the advances were not made according to the actual manner of attack among the allies; that the men were too massed in their lines and so forth and so on? These scenes did not purport to be out and out realism. Instead, they were staged to convey the impression of millions of individuals going together to what? To annihilation or to resurrection? The artillery barrage, suns and moons bursting in space, comets of momentary duration flaming across the void, earth sending up its boulders and herbage, its granite foundations and vestiges of devastated pastoral beauty under the indifferent heavens. And in the midst of it all, wave on wave of human beings being vastly destroyed, the while they destroyed one another.

Jimmie's goodbye to his mother on the eve of his departure for France is one of the best scenes in the picture, filled with excellent ones. Here is no Spartan mother who bids her son come home with his shield or upon it. Here is human intelligence and perception and devotion; the recollection of the young child alive to the ecstasy of living and at the same time the full appreciation of the man-child still in love with living, going prematurely to his death. Not only the conception of the rôle, but Claire MacDowell's acting conveyed most movingly the idea of responsibility engendered by parenthood and the deeply rooted instinct to protect the offspring from danger, with the last drop of energy. There were no theatrics on the part of either Miss MacDowell or of John Gilbert at any moment in the picture, with the exception of the scene in *No Man's Land* when good taste was strained to the breaking point.

Jimmie goes out over the barbed-wire entanglements to look for his friend "Slim" calling him at the top of his lungs. All is quiet except the occasional fire of a machine gun. Probably, his commanding officer would have shot him for the insane disclosure of the whereabouts of

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his troops when every pore of the earth was apt to have an enemy ear.

Renée Adorée was charming as Jimmie's sweetheart. She was alluring without being openly sex-conscious—a distinct relief to an over-exception. She overdid nothing, with one exception, and she cannot be held responsible for that. She hangs onto Jimmie's leg as he climbs into the truck that is to take him to the front, and when his leg does not obediently dismember itself and stay behind, Melisande (Miss Adorée) then swings onto the back of the truck and appears to think that she has to do to keep it from getting away from her is to hang on tenaciously. She is dragged in the mud for yards and yards, yet when she finally lets go and rises to her feet, she looks more lovely than she has looked in the entire drama—in spite of mud and tears. So that we are ready to overlook that absurdity. But what Melisande fails to do, a German machine gun very effectively does, that is to say, it removes the leg.

It is with pleasure that we find Jimmie's fiancée on the verge of marrying Jimmie's brother when the war is over and he returns home. We doubted her, along with Jimmie, from the first, for having a brass-button complex, and saying "You'll look gorgeous in a uniform. I'll love you more than ever. When are you going overseas?" And we felt even more elated when Jimmie announced to his mother, his relieved mother who had suffered a disillusion in advance for her son, that there was a girl in France, and his mother says, "Then there is nothing else that matters". Romance if you like, but who does not like it? And when we see Melisande and her mother reworking the ruined fields, preparing the land with plow and oxen, as the women did, and the long classic line of sparring, fluttering poplars against the subdued French sky, we wonder if it was not France that Jimmie ached to return to, as well as Melisande.

Don Juan. "If the movies have ever produced a picture that justifies the most extravagant superlatives, *Don Juan* is that picture."—the Manila Times of March 25. "Nothing about it, from the star to the last details of the authentic setting, but can be said to be the greatest and finest ever."

Of course we realize the *Times* isn't being serious, but if one goes on speaking in superlatives indefinitely one will in time reduce one's vocabulary to a row of exclamation points, about as intelligible as the Eskimo parlance of the comic strip. Truly the movie *Benny*, of whatever it is called, in most daily papers, tells absolutely nothing about a picture. Is one reading a critique of *Monte Cristo*? Or is it *Monte Carlo* this week? The flimsy tells one and the same thing. It is the most marvelous picture yet shown on the screen and the parts are more gorgeously, humorously, beautifully taken than any parts ever assumed by any actors and actresses since the world began.

But speaking of *Don Juan*, why all this blurbal mazzetta with the usual Fairbanks was his own tail? *Don Juan* can't be so good that even if John Barrymore had never before been heard of—perhaps there is due significance in this, for who under the sun could associate him, for example, with the young poet of *The Jest*—his work in *Don Juan* would be sufficient to establish him as an equal—one of the many equals—of Fairbanks and Valentino in the minds of countless trillions of screen devotees." Another daily places him on the same high level of acting with Estelle-Jack-Dempsey-Taylor, whose imagination might be stretched to encompass what went on *Up in Mable's Room*, but hardly more than that. In other words, she is a retailer of the common or garden variety of E. A., with which the movie market is vulgarly flooded. As Lucretia Borgia she is convincing enough, if that is your conception of Lucretia Borgia. However, as in the case of the purple cow, it's easier to see a Borgia than to be one. If we were called upon to better the things we so ardently cry down, most of us

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would be in a sorry plight. Yet everyone has the privilege of stating preferences, with whys and wherefores.

As to our preference for acting in *Don Juan*, it went in bulk to Mr. Montagu Love as the swashbuckling, licentious, domineering Donati. Every man is self-conscious in his own right. Mr. Love as Donati was unobjectionably so, and at the same time undemandingly charming and witty. But Mr. Barrymore was so exquisitely pleased with every one of his own changes of facial expression that he must have the camera focus upon each with a time exposure. We would enjoy seeing him play the *Pied Piper of Hamelin* in the same costume he wore when he did his dipping swallow coup at Donati's neck in the typical movie final fight. So far as the Fairbanks clichés were concerned, the stage business would have been convincing enough in films like *The Gaucho* and *The Mark of Zorro*, but for fastidious noblemen of the Cinquecento, fisticuffs seem inappropriate compared to

stiletos and rapiers. We regretted that *Don Juan* did not neatly run Donati through, as we believe was the socially accepted thing to do in the days when the more famous Borgias emigrated from Spain. Donati was his man. If he chose to let him go, well and good. If he did not so choose, and this *Don Juan* did not, the final thrust would have been brief, elegant, much to the point. But Hollywood would not get out of its time-honored groove. The stiletto must be placed on the floor within struggling distance of the villain. The villain must possess himself of it. The hero, now justified in no longer considering his adversary's life, takes the stiletto away from him and stabs him effectively to death. Mr. Barrymore registered much the same expression of sensuous satiety as he washed his hands of Donati as he did when he was gesturing graceful get-thee-gones to the innumerable beauties who surrounded him. There was much atmosphere of mardelhall sets, and little or nothing of Renaissance Italy.

Dear Bill: I Take My Pen in Hand To Say . . .

Life would be fine and comfortable in a nipa-hatch house in the Philippines, were it not for the inmates: the scorpions, spiders, centipedes and millipedes, cockroaches, termites (white ants), flies, ant lions, book lice, doing havoc to one's library, butterflies, shedding noisome pollen into the butter-tin, moths, supplementing the not altogether puerile efforts of the butterfly, to make the evening meal uncomfortable, fleas, bees, wasps, ants (true ants of a dozen species and countless varieties—all with the typical antish proclivities), beetles, frogs, lizards (including the vulgar and notorious talking lizard), and bats, carnivorous and vegetarian, only to be told apart by an examination of their teeth.

You catch a bat, when you have acquired the necessary technique, of course, hold him down in such a manner as will prevent his thumbnails from slitting the arteries in your wrists, and, prying open his jaws with a convenient pair of pincers, examine his mouth under the light of an oil lamp burning fitfully between times when flying ants, moths and butterflies are using it for a cremation plant. If the grooves in your fellow-householder's teeth run cross-wise, put a steel-mesh glove on your hand and wring his neck—whereupon the ants will take care of him. If, however, the grooves run lengthwise in his teeth, turn him loose with due apologies, since the worst he will do is to devour your garden. And in the tropics one may always make a new garden. The only drawback is, the ravenous hordes of bats and their aids and accomplices

among the insects are well aware of this, and, when your repeated efforts have borne fruit, return to devour the fruit.

Francis X. Williams, an entomologist in the employ of the Hawaiian Sugar Association, spent two years at research in the Philippines, lived in nipa houses, and found his companions in these huts that house the Filipino millions so diverting that he produced a paper about them which appears in the current issue of *The Philippine Journal of Science*. He found a good name for the paper too: *The Natural History of a Philippine Nipa House*.

What could be more apropos than that? The materials of such a house are rattan thongs in lieu of nails, bamboo in lieu of posts, beams, rafters, sheeting and siding, and the fronds of nipa palms made into a huge but light and feathery type of shingle. These shingles are fastened to bamboo strips laid over the rafters, with thin rattan thongs, and stouter thongs hold the strips fast to the rafters. Still stouter thongs lash the rafters together in pairs and as the framework of an entire roof. So you go on, with bigger and stronger rattans, tying the house together and lacing the floor, of bamboo strips, down to the joists of round bamboo beneath it.

In pastoral countries God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, until the lamb is fat enough to go to the butcher's. In the Philippines, He doesn't need to mind about the wind. There

(Concluded on page 34)

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Live Steam
By H. F. WILKINS

The *Monoga* was a vessel likely as any on the Pacific run to pick up a queer crew. She was known as a jinx ship, and old Cap McGill had a hard time getting enough men aboard to run her. There was nothing the matter with her to look at. She was bigger than the average, and could tear off her twelve knots an hour, usually without breaking anything. But once a ship comes to be known as a jinx ship, that reputation is a hard one to lose, just about as hard as a previous conviction and a fingerprint record.

The *Monoga* had killed half a dozen men in her day. Her booms were fractious and her hatches yawned like mantraps. Her superstructure was charmed with special ability to trip a man up, or to cause his foot to slip at the worst possible moment. Yet she never seemed to do herself much damage. She came back home each trip with a glistening coat of fresh paint and an innocent look about her that fooled some of those who didn't know. But she had a bad name.

Goofy was a prime example of the known inability of the *Monoga* to get a crew any member of which could possibly get a job anywhere else. Goofy was an unknown quantity. If his sensibilities were more penetrable, his existence would have been less bearable. It must have been bad enough for him as it was. He was the object of everybody's attempts at humor. Chips would growl and roar at him and chase him around the deck, pretending the lad had stolen his hammer. Chips was always losing his hammer, and Goofy somehow was always responsible for the loss.

One of the able seamen named Slim used to take particular delight in tormenting Goofy. His tortures were largely vocal and his emphasis was always on Goofy's alleged lack of brains. Slim could hold forth an hour at a time on Goofy's faults and never mention the same one twice. He was at his best when he had been privately hitting up the cocaine. Then his abuse became a veritable tirade.

Goofy could fool and dream over sweeping up a bit of dirty deck until he drove the bo'n's into fits. The bo'n's was a big Welchman with a voice like a pipe organ and a fist like a steam hammer. He scorned confining his abuses to mere vocal exercise. He wasn't built that way. When the bo'n's was exasperated he had to strike out at something. More than once had he slapped Goofy into a whimpering heap in a dark corner and gone off grumbling because Goofy wasn't big enough and bold enough to come back at him.

There was some excuse for all this persecution. Goofy really was almost hopeless. He never did anything right, no matter how often it was kindly explained to him, or perhaps bent into him. He could polish for an hour and a half on a dank piece of brass and then find out to his sorrow that he had been working on the wrong thing. Told to fetch anything, invariably he brought back something else. If his work required manuevering a bucket of water, invariably he set it where somebody in a hurry would upset it.

Goofy's personal appearance was against him, too. He was sallow of complexion with a concave face and hair like a porcupine's. He walked with a stoop and scuffed his heels. Always when he walked his head was bent down so that his gaze rested on a spot about two feet in front of him. Frequently he bumped into things.

"What for do you walk that way, sapeahd?" Slim asked him one day. "What are you doin', lookin' for nickers?"

"No I ain't," said Goofy. "You cut it out now."

He was exceedingly careless about his dress, even for a cabin boy. Always he was borrowing a needle and thread to mend something, or a pair of scissors to cut rag tags off his garments.

He mended only when he had to, and the chances were, even then, that the marks of mending resulted in the opposite of improvement.

But somehow there was a spark about Goofy that excited compassion. Slim had been known to take the boy under his wing after one of his worst tirades and present him with a new shirt out of the slop chest. Chips, after finding his hammer, had more than once motioned Goofy down below to share with him a surreptitious shot of whiskey, even though it made Goofy more foolish than usual and probably led finally to another two-man parade around the deck in search of a lost hammer. Goofy needed a mother, a sister and two or three good friends to put him to rights. He seemed to be quite alone in the world.

To the crew, the funniest thing about the whole business was the Old Man's attitude toward Goofy. That was a puzzle that nobody could solve. Why Goofy remained a member of the *Monoga's* crew in spite of all that happened that should have led to immediate and personal dismissal at the hands of Cap McGill was to Goofy's shipmates a deep and dark mystery. Why wasn't he fired with maledictions proper and deserved when he finished his first trip on the *Monoga* as a wiper in the engine room? And why did Cap McGill stand and watch the lad when he found him at his work, watch him with a deep scowl on his face? Sometimes he had been known to come down to the crew's quarters all alone to watch Goofy, watch the crew tease him, watch Goofy's clumsy attempts at retaliation. On these occasions he left without saying anything. It was truly a mystery, and subject for speculation.

Cap McGill was something of a character himself. That was really his shore name. On board it was just the Old Man. Ashore, they say, he was one of the best of good fellows. He could drink with any man alive and hold up his end of the conversation. But let him once take command and order up the mud hooks, and he became sour and dour the rest of the trip. He rarely opened his mouth except to give orders or to curse at members of the crew and officers as well. With the possible exception of the chief engineer, it was believed that he had no friend on board, and these two were usually on the outs about something.

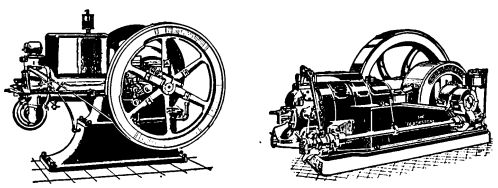
The Old Man was built close to the deck, broad in the beam though not by any means fat, and he had a face as forbidding as the Rock of Gibraltar. It is doubtful if any member of the crew was not afraid of him, though of course none of them would admit it. It was the stated wish of everybody from the cook to the first mate to "take a crack at the Old Man," though nobody had ever done it, to anybody's knowledge.

Goofy was one, however, who had never stated such a wish. His fear of the Old Man was something he couldn't help but admit. His actions admitted it for him. Whenever the Old Man hove in sight Goofy would sink off, his tail between his legs. If there was no place to sink to, he cringed and whimpered. It was a shameful thing to watch. When the Old Man turned his back, Goofy's eyes followed him with a wistful, still frightened look. Nobody had ever seen the Old Man lay a hand to Goofy. He never whipped him, or treated him as the bo'n's did. Nor did he interfere if he happened to see the bo'n's whack Goofy into a heap. Yet Goofy's fear of the Old Man was far more intense than any he had for the bo'n's, for all his blows.

That first trip Goofy made on the *Monoga* was no exception to the ship's predilection for minor disaster, and Goofy had his share in keeping up her reputation. He was supposed to be a general utility man around the engine room, but his utility was more doubtful than general. The first thing that happened was hardly Goofy's fault. In fact he had nothing to do with it.

They were taking on a load of coal oil at Richmond, across the bay from San Francisco. For two or three days they had been held up by rain. The kerosene was stowed in shiny tins, bound for China. The company that owned them refused to let the tins collect a coat of rust by exposing them to a leaky sky. So everybody was chafing under the delay in getting off, especially the Old Man. For once he discarded his shoreside conviviality before leaving port, and stormed up and down the deck.

About eight o'clock in the evening of the third day the rain let up and they commenced working cargo. The thing happened at hatch number four, where they were raising over a sling full of oil tins. A cable guide broke on one of the booms and let the sling down in a wide arc. One of the stevedores was caught in the middle of the back. He pitched headlong into the open hatch and fell three decks, striking on the back of his neck, which gave way under the strain. There was really no sense in taking him to the hospital. He died before they got him there.



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The newspapers made the most of the story and the *Monoga* got another death to her discredit.

The next day, Goofy got in his first piece of dirty work. It led to a run-in with the Old Man which, if it could have been heard by the crew, would have solved the mystery of Goofy and Cap McGill for them.

They had gone back to the San Francisco side to take on a load of deck logs and were just about to cast off for the Orient. Goofy was busy in the machine shop, tending to some minor wiper's duties. He had instructions to get rid of a can of trash, most of it rags covered with sloppy oil and red lead. He let the whole business fly out of the nearest port hole without a thought to the consequences.

It so happened that the Old Man was standing on the gangplank just under that port. He had somewhat recovered from the previous day's testiness. But when he accumulated the lion's share of Goofy's trash can on the outside of his person, he assumed his seagoing disposition with a vengeance. He let out a bellow of rage and stalked up the gangplank with as much dignity

as his appearance would permit. He called for the first assistant engineer and the first mate and demanded in bluish terms to know immediately who was responsible for the humiliating blunder. The culprit was to be sent to the captain's room with all possible dispatch.

They found Goofy puttering around in the machine shop, blissfully ignorant of the crime he had committed.

"Did you throw them rags out that port?" demanded the first assistant in a terrible voice. Goofy turned white and backed off.

"You said I was to it—"

"Did I say you was to throw them rags on the Old Man? Did I? Didn't I tell you never to throw anything out of them port holes? Didn't I?"

The First was trying to clear himself of any possible blame. Goofy was bewildered. He didn't know yet what he had done. They sent him to the captain's room in a state bordering on collapse.

Cap McGill was pacing up and down the cabin, muttering to himself. Goofy knocked with a trembling hand.

"Come in!" thundered Cap McGill.

Grease-smearred and yellow-white in the face, Goofy went in. Cap McGill checked an outburst of profanity and stared.

"You little fool!" said Cap finally. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I don't know," said Goofy truthfully and miserably.

But by this time the Old Man had a firm grip on himself again, and listeners outside heard no more. They could only marvel at the Old Man's unwonted self-control; they only heard some muffled interchange, and presently Goofy emerged from the conference, none the wiser for it.

Goofy spent a truly awful week, that first one out of port. They were making the best of a heavy sea. Six days out of the Golden Gate, Goofy was busy in the early morning polishing brass and glossing steel around the engine. The throttle got in his way, so he grasped it and shoved it down, shutting off all the steam. The sudden cut-off nearly burst the boilers. The ship lost steering way before three

engineers could get things straightened out, and Goofy went on polishing as if nothing had happened.

"Why didn't you tell me that thing was the throttle?" Goofy asked when they got around to him. "How should I know?"

Such things are exasperating.

The next mishap was more in line with the *Monoga's* usual tricks. They were having fire drill up on the boat deck one sunny day at noontime. Goofy's station was next to one of the ordinary seamen at the last boat aft, on the starboard side. Goofy was laboring with as much apparent work and as little actual effort as possible to get the boat down into position for lowering off the davits. The seaman next to him sought a new grip on the crank. His foot slipped over the edge of the boat deck and he went all the way down with nothing to stop him until he landed on a capstan two decks below. His jaw was fractured, two or three ribs broken and a leg and arm banged up badly. It laid him up for the rest of the trip, but he recovered.

II

It seemed as if the *Monoga* was mad at losing an intended victim. She made bad weather worse by refusing to answer the wheel, and they finally found something wrong with the steering engine that they never could seem to fix properly. In the Inland Sea of Japan she ran herself aground in a heavy fog one night and tore a gaping hole in her plates on a rock ledge. That was the first time she had really damaged herself. It took two months to fix her up. Cap McGill became a raving maniac.

They made Manila and completed the trip without further mishap, but Goofy remained incorrigible. The crew marveled at his ability to act without thinking. He made boner after boner, took more than the full measure of punishment for them, and lived to repeat his offenses. Those who remained with the *Monoga* when they lost most of the crew at San Pedro marveled most at the fact that Goofy was still with them. They had marked Cap McGill's apparent disgust and disapproval. They had seen him watch the lad with a frown on his face and silence on

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his lips. They knew not what to make of it when the chief engineer fired Goofy as a wiper and the Old Man promptly signed him on again as cabin boy. Chips and Slim remained with the ship, and by virtue of previous experience with Goofy's foibles they led the persecution. Chips had him trotting day and night after the lost hammer, much to the amusement of the new crew. Most of them took up the sport with delight.

Cap McGill, his old congenial shoreside self, was sitting one afternoon in a San Francisco speakeasy with the chief engineer, the first mate, and two officials of the shipping company that owned the *Monoga*. Talk had drifted around to the *Monoga's* reputation.

"I've got my own suspicions about that ship of mine," said Cap McGill. "You men who stay ashore can afford to laugh at this jinx business, but how much talk there is. It's harder every time I come in to get a crew to fill her up."

"I tell you, Cap," said one of the officials, a kindly faced gray-haired man. "I admit I'm not superstitious. Or rather I claim it. Also I'll admit that the thing does look funny. We know she's in perfect shape every time she comes in, and these men find out and yet she does more than her share of accidents. But I hardly think you can hold that against the ship. After all, she's nothing more than a big pile of steel and machinery."

Cap McGill was in a rather precarious position when he came home after that accident in the Inland Sea. A captain is solely responsible to his company. It was only his long term of service and his unimpeachable record that kept him from losing his master's ticket. And the two company officials who were with him now, shoreside friends of long standing, were in large measure responsible for his retention.

Cap had taken a little too much liquor for complete discretion in speech, and he spoke out his mind.

"Nothing more hell!" he exploded. "Nothing more than a piece of machinery? Listen to me. That ship of mine has got a soul to her. She's got the meanest soul that sails the green seas. Don't you tell me she's nothing more than a piece of machinery. You haven't lived with her like I have."

"I tell you men, and maybe I shouldn't be saying it, but if you'd lived with her and fought with her as long as I have, if you'd seen her do her deliberate little tricks, if you'd listened to the noises she makes with the mean grunts of her when she's laying in port plotting to kill somebody—then you'd know what I know about her."

"She hates me, that's who she hates. She wants to get me. She's been trying for six years to do it, an' by God, the only reason she hasn't done it is because I'm too smart for her. When she can't get me she takes the next guy that comes along."

Cap called for another drink. He had spoken with energy and vehemence.

It occurred again, as it had occurred before to the two company officials, that perhaps Cap McGill had been living too long with the *Monoga*. Perhaps they had made a mistake in influencing the captain to favor the ship.

Cap, being by no means a man without brains, sensed the recurrence of that very idea. Ideas can flow and take hold regardless of the words that pass around the drinking table.

"It isn't just because I'm Cap McGill," he said. "She'd be the same with any man who was her master. Listen, I'll tell you something. You know how gratings are fixed over the cylinder heads? It's the funniest arrangement I ever saw on a ship, anyway. Well, twice this has happened to me. I've been walking across those gratings an' have a bar come loose and stick up to trip me. The first time I hardly noticed it. It was in the bay out here about a year ago. The thing happened to snap up an' hit me in the left knee after I stepped on it with my right foot. I told you to fix it, remember, Chief?"

"It was fixed," said the chief engineer.

"Well, the second time was when we were laid up there in Japan, it happened about the same way. I swear I couldn't find a bar loose in that grating. I looked for ten minutes, an' tested

every one of 'em. They were all tight."

"Maybe there was a stick lying there," suggested the first mate. "I'll check it out." "There wasn't any stick. I'd have heard it fall if it knocked it off. No, I tell you that ship is layin' for me, an' it would be the same with anybody else who was her master."

"She sure does make some funny noises with her gruts, as you say, when she's tied up in port," remarked the chief engineer. "Don't know as I ever heard a ship like her. About four o'clock in the morning the main feed pump takes on a howl that drives a man crazy. Any ship makes phony noises when she's tied up. The auxiliaries are all clanking in a different key, an' the pumps going, and the fans breezing. Anybody that's not used to it is liable to turn green the first couple of nights down there. The *Monoga* sure has got a funny howl to her. Sounds like she's got heart trouble, a bad case of T.B."

"Heart trouble, huh," said Cap McGill.

"It's soul trouble she's got."

"Do you agree with the Cap, Chief? Do you think she's jinxed?" asked one of the officials.

"Well, I don't know. She sure does make some funny tricks."

The official turned to the mate. "What do you think?"

"I've hesitated for a minute, played with my empty glass."

"Well, I don't know either. I don't think anybody can afford to take risks with her after what's happened."

The mate had something to get off his chest.

"Can't take any risks, an' you got to hire men that know how to be careful. I think most of what happened last trip—oh I don't know about that, but a good deal of it anyway—was the fault of that wiper you had. Of all the—"

The mate wandered off into a mild imitation of one of Slim's tirades.

"I don't see why the hell you put him up on deck," he said, looking directly at Cap McGill. "He's useless. He's goofy in the head. That's how he got the name they call him. Far as I'm concerned, I think he'd make a good mark boy."

The reaction on Cap McGill was a curious thing to watch. His face flushed slowly and he kept looking at the table top. He stuck a dead cigar in his mouth and chewed the end. He called for another drink. Just as the chief and the two officials were casting about for something appropriate to say to relieve an embarrassing silence, Cap McGill spoke.

"That would be a good thing for you to remember," he said to the mate, speaking slowly, "that I'm hiring the men I choose to hire, and taking the risks myself. You know how hard it is to get a crew."

Nothing more was said about it. A significant look passed between the chief and the mate. The two officials knew nothing of the mystery "Chief" and Cap McGill, but they knew something must be wrong. The gathering broke up shortly afterward.

On the day before the departure of the *Monoga* again for the Orient, one of the company officials was talking to Cap McGill. It was the one with the gray hair and the kindly face. He had strong influence in high circles, and was perhaps the best friend Cap McGill had, ashore or afloat. Their conversation had taken on a pertinent tone.

"Cap," said the gray-haired man, "I like you, as you well know. This thing you were talking about the other day, about the *Monoga* being a jinx ship and out to get you—I admit you had me going. I'm puzzled about it. Well now, you know the problem I'm up against. There's a man here who thinks you ought to have been taken out of command after what happened in Japan. And to tell you the truth, Cap, they have something on their side."

"I know it," said Cap. "And I've got a nasty hunch that something else is going to happen this trip."

"That's one trouble with you, Cap. I'm not superstitious myself, as I tried to make plain the other day. On I've got my little pet aversions just like anybody else. But there are two kinds of hunches. One of them is born of intuition, and if you know how to train and develop that kind of hunch, it is one of the greatest business assets any man can have. It is a guide to action.

The other kind of hunch is just what you have now. You think something bad is going to happen. That kind is born of apprehension, not intuition. Just because you think it will happen, it is the more likely to happen. I've watched men with hunches, and I know. Your actions are sometimes guided by your apprehensions, whether you realize it or not, straight into the situation you fear."

"There's something in that all right," said Cap McGill. "But I don't know as I fear anything. I'm master of the *Monoga*, an' I can do what I want with her."

"Yes, I know. That attitude is far more valuable to you and to the company than the hunch you just mentioned. Remember that. At the same time— Tell you what I'll do, Cap. As I said, this jinx business interests me. It is a tangible thing, no question about that. You've got to get good men, or even enough men to ship with you because of the *Monoga's* reputation as a man killer. The rest of the gang in the office—you know how they stack up. If anything more happens they will be damn hard to handle. Tell you what I'll do. If anything does happen, and if you can convince me in my own mind that the *Monoga* is a jinx, that she has a mean soul, and that she's out to get you, as you say, then I'll give you the money to swing the gang your way. You know I'll be fair about it, Cap. If you can convince me, you have nothing to worry about."

"Fair enough," nodded Cap McGill. "That leaves it up to me and the ship. Sink her soul! I'll get the goods on her for you, because if I don't need it this trip I may need it later on."

"Is anything else bothering you, Cap, besides the hunch you mentioned? I thought the other day—"

"No," said Cap slowly. "Nothing else I guess. At least nothing to do with the company."

The gray-haired official was a shrewder man than most. He put two and two together and guessed the situation close to accurately. He said nothing more about it. They shook hands and parted in complete understanding.

III

For once in her life, the *Monoga* cleared port without an accident. Her gear ran sweetly, cargo was stored in record time and she steamed out of San Francisco Bay without additional stain on her black record. The Old Man mistrusted her docility however, and refused to let the apparent change of spirit alter his customary hard boiled dourness.

"I've got my doubts about the old lady," he told the chief engineer. "Keep your eyes open. I think she's laying low for a real bust."

Even Goofy's boners were comparatively mild. He wasted an hour or so of day hunting up a line of stinking sea snakes, then he succeeded in could dip it in the ocean instead of filling it at the top below decks. Of course when the lip of the bucket caught the sea the rope sizzled out of Goofy's hands and all but took him with it. The bucket was lost forever, and Goofy had to patronize the steward for balm to ease the pain in his palms.

Another time he was polishing a copper and brass fire extinguisher. He turned it upside down without noticing directions and the contents drenched the bo's'n's bunk. But he caused no lasting damage. The crew rode him as hard as ever for his faults. Goofy learned to laugh with the rest of the ship at jokes on himself, and thereby added another objectionable feature to his list against him, for the quality of his laugh was extremely nerve-jangling. It was high and strident, and grew to be incessant.

When he wasn't laughing, he was whistling. Goofy had the most exasperating whistle on the seven seas. He constantly repeated a single theme consisting of about half a dozen notes. Always it was in a different key and never twice did the notes come out quite the same. It belonged to no known song or tune. He made it up himself, Goofy smoothly admitted.

Good weather and smooth sailing lasted until they got about six hundred miles off the coast of Japan. There they hit a storm that probably was the tail end of a typhoon. The annual storm season off the Japan coast boils up some

unbelievable seas, and the *Monoga* took some of the worst that trip, though it was really a little early for the storm season to begin. The *Monoga* arrived in Yokohama with everything on her decks either washed overboard or smashed to pieces. The gale raged for twelve hours. Wireless antennae went overboard almost at the first gust. Soon afterwards, mountainous seas began to dash over the ship, clear over her, washing away two lifeboats and crushing two others.

Each hatch was bolted down and ironbound worked loose in the fury of the storm and were swept away. Seven hundred pigeons were stored on the decks in fifty-nine cages. They should have been born ducks, for the sea took them to her bosom at the first onslaught. So high were the waves that they carried away one of the fire room ventilators, high up by the funnel, with a great rending of steel and popping of cables.

The Old Man was frankly apprehensive at times, but secretly he rejoiced to "see the old girl get the pounding she deserves". He had all hands fighting the storm. Every man was on watch during the worst of it. The entire hull was so frequently under water that it seemed sometimes that she never could shake herself free. But they made port with the cargo virtually undamaged.

The Old Man had to admit she handled herself pretty well.

Goofy passed out from fright at the height of the storm and was useless for days afterward. "Got an attack of nerves I guess, something like shell shock," he admitted one day to Slim. "Nerves hell," said Slim. "They dropped you on your head when you was a baby, that's what's the matter."

Goofy laughed and walked off whistling, seeking to borrow needle and thread. He didn't know; mistreated or well treated, cudgeled or praised, he had but half wit for it all. He knew he was dreamy and irresponsible, but why he could not say. Fierce reprimands for one dismal blunder never prevented his making another. He didn't know. All his blurred memory held was a dim picture, like a charcoal grotesque, of a patoisym in the trenches that day, sudden, deadly as a slaughter pen, and the gas, just before all became blank, rolling toward him over the debris and the remnants of his comrades. Him they had taken out alive, to him fate had been the unkindest of all.

The *Monoga* continued on her best behavior. She steamed down the Inland Sea and passed without faltering the spot where some months before she had run aground. She turned out nine or ten or twelve knots and rolled up the mileage totals in a gratifying manner. She picked up a good load of cargo at Shanghai, some more at Hongkong, and headed into the China coast for Manila with nary a mishap. It was too good to last.

Shipping men in Manila remember what the *Monoga* did that day, only a hundred miles off the Luzon coast. Never has the trick been duplicated in its diabolical details as it happened on the *Monoga*. Some laid it to the fact that she had strained her engines in the storm. Others said it was a bolt worked loose at the piston head in the H.P. cylinder. As a matter of fact no one knows just what did cause the cylinder to blow its head off.

Now just the mere fact of blowing a cylinder head is not unprecedented. That has happened more than once. The uncanny part of it was the precise moment at which the *Monoga* chose to go to sea.

The Old Man was standing alone on one of the grating decks over the engine room, not ten feet above the cylinder heads.

Exactly what happened could only be constructed from guesswork afterwards, but the engineers finally figured it out to their satisfaction.

The thing came off with a terrific roar and shot skyward through the fiddley like a vicious projectile. In going it struck a heavy beam overhead to carry a small crane for lifting off the cylinder heads. It went through steel like soft cheese, lifting that beam out and dropping one end of it so that it struck the grating deck about twelve feet from Cap McGill.

There was a heavy fire pump close to where he was standing. This was supported by steel brackets riveted to the bulkhead. These brackets were extra strong and were extended as a support for the grating on which stood Cap McGill. Acting as a fulcrum when the beam struck and tore the grating loose, one of the brackets balanced a section of it so that it turned completely over and crashed down onto the grating below. There it rested, a twisted mass of metal with Cap McGill caught inside of it, jammed against the bulkhead like an animal caught in the meshes of a steel cage.

He was horribly injured of course. No ordinary spectator would have wagered a counterfeited nickel that anyone caught in that mess of steel could come out alive.

The steel pan that was underneath the fire pump had jammed itself in a vertical position so that it protected the victim against flying bits of metal, bolts, nuts, pieces of corrugated plate from the cylinder head, pieces of grating—devil's artillery that rained for some time afterward, down through the lower gratings, bulkheads, pumps, condensers, to the engine room floor plates.

One other was killed outright when the fire pump dropped on him, and the engineer on watch was seriously injured by falling metal.

But the *Monoga* had deliberately abandoned in her wicked soul the worst torture to which she could subject the Old Man. For the worst of it was steam. Before they could shut off, the place was filled with it. Falling metal had jammed the throttle, and a fireman fought with it helplessly while the engineer on duty lay unconscious. Live steam is a horrible instrument of torture. Its searing caress is one of the most agonizing of pains.

And here was Cap McGill, caught in a twisted steel cage close to the belching, headless cylinder, denied the mercy of death by the diabolical contortions of the steel beast that trapped him.

Goofy was the only one besides the Old Man who happened to be close to the scene of disaster. Slim just passed the engine room and stopped to peep across one of the gratings. He had seen his father standing there, apparently wrapped in meditation, and had hurried through to avoid meeting his eye. He had just turned into the passage and was fortunately protected by a barrier of quarter-inch steel.

The explosion threw him down in a heap. Half stunned, he crawled to the doorway and looked into the room. It was a sight to sicken better men than Goofy. The shock did something to his brain. For once in his life he had a flash of clear mental vision. He crawled out across a hanging grating until he could see his father caught there. He saw a movement and heard a groan.

Goofy's tortured flesh drove him back to fresh air to get help. Officers and men scurrying about distractedly, paid no attention to him. One of them kicked Goofy aside as he rushed by to make his way to the engine room through the alley along the keel. Goofy could make nobody understand.

Then in his desperation occurred to him probably the only bright idea of his unfortuné seaman—the saw. He saw his knife and nozzle laid out for flushing the deck. One end of it was screwed to the pipe and the valve handle had been left there.

Goofy pulled that hose through the passage and got it to the engine room door at the level of the second deck, opposite the Old Man's torture chamber. Then he went back and turned on the steam. He saw the light and he knew so it struck the bulkhead just above sending a merciful shower of cool water over the victim in the steel cage. They found him there, holding faithfully to his post despite the steam that enveloped him, when finally they got the boilers cut out.

They had to saw through that mesh of steel to get Cap McGill free.

A passing ship took victims of the *Monoga*'s accident to the hospital in Manila, St. Paul's. Goofy was among those who needed hospital attention. He was badly scalded, although not parboiled in a grill the way Cap McGill had been. Nor did he have his hip broken, his arm fractured in two places, ribs crushed in and a kneecap

ruined, as did the Old Man.

Cap McGill lay at the door of death for a week or more. It was doubtful for a matter of days whether medical science could save him from the effects of the *Monoga*'s steel clutches and her searing breath. But slowly he gained strength. Consciousness returned and his mangled body began to mend. He was talking to the physician in charge of him one day when he learned something that speeded his recovery.

"Yes, sir," the physician was saying, "a few more weeks in the worst of the steel and we'd have had to dig a hole in the ground for you. The shower bath was all that saved you."

"What's that?" said Cap. "What shower bath?"

"Didn't they tell you about that? Somebody turned the hose on you while you were caught there."

"I didn't hear anything about it. Tell me."

The physician detailed as much as he knew of the occurrence.

"Who was it?" asked Cap McGill. "Who did it?"

"Just a youngster. Little fellow with bushy hair. He's in the next ward over here. Been asking about you every half hour. McGill is the name of your father, same as yours. Isn't a relative of yours?"

"My God!" said Cap. "Yes, I guess he is. Bring him in here, can't you?"

They wheeled Goofy in a little later, swathed in bandages, and placed him alongside Cap McGill. He was embarrassed and frightened. For a full minute neither of them spoke. The physician motioned the two nurses out of the room; he too started to leave, but Cap McGill motioned him back.

"What's this they've been telling me?" he said, turning to Goofy. "What the hell are you doing in here?"

"I don't know," said Goofy, "just trying to get well."

"This," said Cap McGill, turning to the surgeon, "is my son. Is he the one you say turned the hose on me, saved my life?"

"He's the one, all right! Everybody in Manila knows what he did. The papers have shouted it, the cables carried the heroism of it. A fine brave act it was, son or no son!"

"Hm," thought Cap McGill aloud. "Everybody doesn't know Ned's my son, though. Well, it might be enough to tell 'em that later." "Did you had them wheel Goofy close to his bedside, and Goofy bent his head down over the bed, and Cap McGill put out his unbound hand and ran his fingers through Goofy's tousled hair. Over the boy's bent figure Cap McGill told the surgeon:

"You see, when the boy's mother died, I told her I'd take care of him, make a man of him and let him be straight. He was in school, doing fine, getting ready for college. Then . . . the war . . . the war interrupted things. He came back . . . changed! I had to take him to sea with me. I had to . . . Yes, what is it, Ned?"

Goofy had settled back in his invalid's chair, anxious to speak visible in his face. Now he leaned forward again.

"Father," he said, using the word diffidently. "Father, can you get well?"

The old bluster came back. It was a challenge, so the Old Man chose to pretend.

"You bet I can! You just bet I can!"

He gazed on the boy with the old-time tenderness. And the boy scrooched his chair closer still. "Did you Father?" he asked again. "Do you know, I'm real glad it all happened, if you are going to be all right—if you are going to get well. Do you understand, Father? Do you realize?"

The Old Man looked at him anew, and saw gleaming out of the mask of bandages the steady, fearless beacons of the soul of his boy of old, the soul the war had decimated. God! the mark had lifted at last! Oh, it was worth the scalding, the weeping, the lingering pain, to know this! His boy! his boy restored! Yet he could do nothing, only lie very quietly and be very glad in his pounding old heart. And he suddenly realized that he mustn't overtax the boy; there were two of them to get well, well as quick as possible, well for a life worthwhile.

The Month in Sports: The Third Man in the Ring

By CARROLL D. ALCOTT

Three weeks ago, Saturday evening, March 24, three referees of boxing bouts required police protection to save themselves from the crowds who attended as many cards staged in and near Manila. Rafael Ortega, one of the third men who finds employment at the Olympic Stadium, was stoned after he had rendered a verdict that failed to please. I think it was a bad decision. Rush Terry was given the nod over Blatting Guillermo, when he did not deserve as much as a draw. The men are a pair of gym horses in the preliminary class.

A shower of rocks, preceded by hooting, and Ortega was escorted from the building by the police.

The other two cases of the same sort occurring that night affected Kid Nanoy, former bantam-weight champion of the Orient, and the veteran Manila fighter Elino Flores. Nanoy was mobbed at Pasig after he had rendered what many stated was a fair verdict. At Orani, Elino Flores, who had been designated to decide a bout, gave an honest opinion and then had to fight his way out of the stadium. Elino has had but sworn off refereeing. It was certainly a bad night for the third man.

The decision handed down by Ortega at the local stadium was deserving of criticism, as are at least fifty per cent of his verdicts. He is not a referee in the strictest sense and would probably do much better at plumbing or shoemaking. But as referees in the Philippines go he does well enough, it would be unkind to emphasize his faults when there are so many more of his profession quite as bad.

Saturday night, March 31, Mike Toomey, Manila's most popular judge of professional fistic encounters, rendered a decision in the case of Irineo Flores and Kid Johnson that was disagreed with by the minority. Mike gave the verdict to Johnson after Flores had made the Filipino miss many of his punches—enough to lose the bout. But there was little razzing of Mike.

Toomey no doubt based his opinion on the fact that Johnson was the aggressor. He had no other basis, the exchange of solid punches

was in favor of Flores. This prompts the thought, what does it profit a fighter, even though he do the forcing, who fails to hit his opponent? Assuredly he appears silly in the eyes of the average fan and even witless. He might as well save his efforts. Missing punches has lost more fights than any one other failure I know of, and it should have lost for Johnson when he fought Flores. Happily, Toomey did not receive a great deal of hissing. Had he given the fight to Flores, he probably would listen to criticism for many days.

The Flores-Johnson incident proves that the crowd is not always a good judge; but the referee's decision was the popular one. Those that disagreed with the verdict were principally ringsters and their opinion was probably the most correct. Their boos were in the minority and made little impression. But Ortega's unpopular decision was productive of stonings. The crowd was right, but there are many times when it isn't. The antagonism of Manila sport fans toward umpires and referees is working to the detriment of baseball and boxing. Men who are capable of developing, refuse to stand behind the catcher or go into the ring, for the simple reason that it isn't worth the effort, considering the abuse taken. And grandstand umpires are seldom right. If Manila is to have more and better referees, more sportsmanship must be shown by the fans.

Baseball. Outstanding sport developments in Manila during the month of March were few in contrast with previous months of the present athletic season. Baseball as played by the Philippine Baseball League was the most important and several new angles were thrown on the present scene of hostilities.

The Eagles, tailenders when the league completed its first half of the season schedule, have evolved into one of the strongest nine Manilans have witnessed in action for many years. At this writing, they are tied with Meraleo for the league leadership and there is little prospect of them dropping the tie. Apparently nothing

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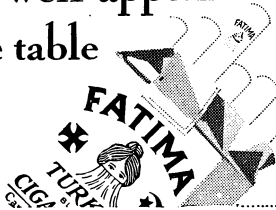
"You must go back now, Ned," he said huskily, pushing at the chair. "I'll be all right. And you take care of yourself too. Go back to your room now, Ned, and . . . and pray!"

They wheeled Goofy away, but he hummed as he went, the rollicking verses of *Parley Wood!* He holds his engineer's ticket now—as good a man as there is on the Pacific. And he isn't Goofy any more. Let any man dare call him that! He's Ned McGill, with a record as clean as a slate. About the *Monooga* and her devilish capers. Cap McGill thinks now that God merely moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Maybe He does, maybe He does.

PERSONNEL PROGRESSING

The Wood-Forbes report found the Philippine civil service crowded with 582 Americans and 12,561 Filipinos drawing from the treasury a total of P16,669,318. The next year's bill was P18,295,497 for 614 Americans and 13,143 Filipinos; the next year's P18,943,283 for 604 Americans and 13,726 Filipinos; the next year's P19,654,205 for 562 Americans and 14,167 Filipinos; the next year's P21,209,239 for 526 Americans and 15,212 Filipinos; the next year's P22,620,910 for 506 Americans and 16,339 Filipinos; the next year's P24,562,532 for 462 Americans and P17,756 Filipinos; and the next year's bill, that of 1927, was P26,491,026 for 484 Americans and 19,165 Filipinos. All the figures pertain to regularly and permanently appointed persons alone. The increase in personnel between 1920, furnishing the latest data for the Wood-Forbes report, and 1927 was 6,506, almost exactly 50%; and the increase in total remuneration during the same period was P9,831,708, or approximately 65%. In 1920, American salaries averaged P4,076.48 and Filipino salaries P1,138.20, the average of all being P1,268.30. In 1927, American salaries averaged P4,225.96 and Filipino salaries P1,275.54, the average of all being then P1,348.22, which was the basis upon which 1928 operations began.

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short of plague will cause them to break.

In spite of their strength, the Eagles lack the ability to play consistent baseball. They have the Indian sign on the Conductors, but Cavite and the Scouts, the two weakest teams in the loop, can trounce the All-American selection with too constant regularity. They should be at least four games in the lead of the Carmen, judging from the brand of baseball they are capable of playing.

Errors are still largely responsible for the losses that are being chalked against the Eagles. They have succeeded in ploughing a minimum figure in the making of bingles, but even so the chances they do miff are costly. One wild throw will send a game already won into the loss column and such throws are too frequently made by members of the Eagles roster.

Nig Mayhall, Eagle moundsman, is the outstanding pitching sensation in the league at present. Mayhall had eight victories and two losses to his credit on April 1, in addition to a pair of Frank Merriwell that saved as many games for hurling teammates.

Mayhall possesses an outstanding faculty for pulling games out of the fire. The 31st Infantry sergeant staged his first piece of sensational pitching on Sunday afternoon, March 11.

With the bases choked by a trio of Meralco runners, in the last inning, Nig took the mound, relieving Scott, who had been rapped heavily in the latter cantos. He retired the side and saved the game. A double would have meant a tie score and it was a bad hole in which to send a cold pitcher. But the Bruin lived up to all that was expected of him and more too, by fanning Regis, one of Meralco's heavy artillerymen, and ending the game.

Mayhall repeated his performance under almost exactly the same circumstances Sunday afternoon, March 25. He relieved Scott in the last frame, and retired the side to give Scott a victory over the Scouts. The final score was 4 to 3 and when Nig took the mound the count stood in serious danger of being knotted, there being no outs. When he retired the side there was a runner on second and third. A double would have won the game for the Scouts while a single would have tied it.

The performances that Mayhall has turned in during recent games deserve a great deal of credit. He has earned the right to be called the outstanding hurler in the league and the possibilities of his going far in baseball, if he decides to return to the United States in the near future, are many. He possesses pitching brains, good control and an assortment of balls that combine to give him the change of pace necessary to win games.

In spite of the possession of Mayhall, the success of the Eagles in the present race for the pennant depends largely on Bobby Robinson's ability to hold his present team together. The Harkins brothers, Louis and Joe, are scheduled to return to the United States on the next transport, but, I understand, have arranged to go on the July boat, thus eliminating one problem. Frazer is likewise slated to leave this month, as is also Agrusa. Both can be spared, but not handily.

It is hardly necessary to review in detail the performances of the league teams during the past month. April 1 saw the Eagles and Meralco tied for first position with ten victories and six losses. Cavite has apparently recovered from its hitting slump and won its games on March 31

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and April 1, indicating that the navy men are still to be considered in the light of contenders. They are in third place with eight wins and eight losses while the Scouts, presumably out of the race, are holding the cellar position with four wins and an even dozen losses.

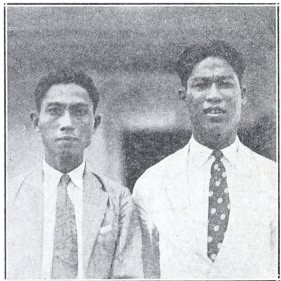
In spite of their lowly position the Scouts are playing an average brand of baseball featured by occasional spurts of brilliance. They have

maintained a fighting spirit throughout the schedule and are to be commended for their gameness.

Hitting and field averages have varied but little since the middle of February. The Eagles and Meralco are clouting the horsehide with sufficient regularity to keep them at the top of the remainder of the season. Cavite has a decided edge on the Scouts. The same is true of fielding.

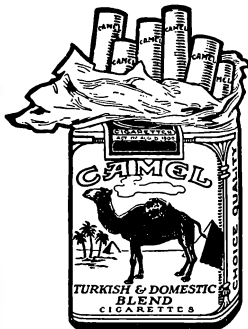
In the wake of the high class of baseball being played at Nozalea park, a keen interest has followed on the part of the fans. It is safe to say that baseball is gaining its oldtime popularity in the Philippines and another season of the sort we are now experiencing will mean a great deal to the future of America's national sport in this country. The game should be improved, as it is rapidly becoming the foremost line of athletic endeavor in the Orient. Now the leading competition in Japan, it is gaining a strong place in China. Certainly a country flying the American flag has no right to let the game slip.

This month, Manilans will be furnished with an opportunity of seeing how the local sons of swat stack up against the best that Japan has produced. The Daimai, famous professional



THE 1928 PHILIPPINES DAVIS CUP TEAM
Left: Guillermo Aragon, captain, and brother of Francisco Aragon, ranking P. I. player, who was unable to make the trip. Right: Lope Yagayo, student sensation who defeated his present teammate in the Davis Cup eliminations held here.

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club of Osaka, is scheduled to reach the city on April 27, and the first game will be played on April 28. Three teams will be selected from the ranks of Philippine league players to accommodate the visitors, and it is not necessary to say that the selections are good ones. One All-star Filipino, one all-star American, and an all-star team of both Americans and Filipinos will comprise the homeland defense.

The local players will have the edge on the Japanese in hitting power. The Daimai possess only one .300 hitter, while the rest range from .195 to .295. But their team average for the season of 1927 was comparatively high, .254 being the figure. If local stars can succeed in hitting Daimai hurlers as hard as they do their own, then interesting developments can be expected.

Boxing. It appears that Stewart Tait, one of the fathers of the boxing industry in the Philippines, will still remain in his chosen profession despite his selling the Stadium, at least the majority of stock thereof. Tait has retained a block of stock while his right hand bower, Bernabe Gutierrez, still remains as matchmaker and one of the incorporators of the new organization.

As a further indication of Eddie's inability to leave the glamor of the arena, he has announced his intention of leaving for New York on or about April 15 for the purpose of securing a team of boxers for performance here. He will be gone about four months, according to his present plans, and he hopes to bring back a group of men who have sufficiently attractive records to induce Manila fans to part with lucre enough to make the jaunt profitable.

On the surface, it appears that the old régime is still to be very much in evidence, for a time at least. It is a good thing Tait has given Manilans a place to spend an enjoyable Saturday evening and he knows the game. His influence should be a decided help in starting the new corporation off on the right foot, and the fact that he wishes to bring new blood into the islands is a move in the right direction. Now, if the new organization would only open a school for referees.

The first fights under the new management are on this month's schedule. And several good ones have been lined up. Kid Moro is to fight Garcia. Montañez appeared against Sarmiento on the evening of April 7. Kid Johnson and Joe Hall, the colored invader, will probably be among the main event attractions within a few weeks although it is hardly probable that they will be matched against each other. Garcia will likely be one of the first opponents for Hall. If not Garcia, then Kid Moro. Certainly, Hall has plenty of men waiting to walk into the ring with him.

Last month was productive of two outstanding fights, the first being between Kid Moro and Kid Johnson on March 8. Johnson lost the scrap simply because of his lack of boxing wits. Nevertheless, the fight was close and there were many who believed that Johnson should have been given a draw. It was one of the best battles I have witnessed at the Stadium this year, and more of the same sort would be welcome.

On the evening of March 31, Johnson fought Irineo Flores and actually lost although the decision was given to him. It was a fair fight and produced some fair slugging. I have already explained my views on this battle elsewhere in this article. Repetition would prove monotonous.

Manila will lose one of its best box office attractions in things fistic when Pete Sarmiento packs up his gloves and leaves for Australia. The nucleus of the Sarmiento family is booked for the last of this month and three bouts await the head of the house when he arrives in Sydney. He has been guaranteed 25 per cent of the gate receipts which means that Pete will soon be able to pay off the mortgage. It is a safe venture that Don Pedro will make money on his trip for he still has enough of his oldtime form and spirit left to make a good fight. One thing he will profit by keeping his blows up, leaving no room for doubt in the minds of the Aussies.

Yachting. I have been waiting patiently for some one to build a yacht or buy a pair of sails capable of beating the Limbas, J. C. Rockwell's Star boat. I hold nothing against the Limbas or Commodore Rockwell. I think the Limbas is a fine boat and that the commodore is an excellent yachtsman, but matters have reached such a stage that I can write Monday morning's headline on the report of the Sunday yacht races with my eyes closed and an Ostermoo thrown over the typewriter keyboard. It is merely a matter of saying *Limbas Wins Another Race*.

A little competition now and then is a good thing for any sport. A few more boats would be welcome, given matters, make the races better and insure greater success of the yacht club. However, the races that have been sailed during the past month have been close and hotly contested. The sport is gaining a strong foothold in spite of a slow start, which is indicative of what perseverance will do. It should continue to develop.

Other sports common in Manila provided nothing sensational during March with the possible exception of Lope Yngayo's victory in the Davis Cup elimination matches and Francisco Aragon's refusal to make the trip to Europe. Guillermo Aragon was substituted, a fact that has weakened the chances of the Philippines to make a good showing. Francisco announced that his sporting goods business was responsible for keeping him home, but as a matter of fact, a clash with the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation officials was the real reason. Aragon wanted more expense money than the federation was willing to pay. He withdrew until almost sailing time, when he announced his unwillingness to go. But it was a bit too late; and, besides, Francisco's attitude on the matter hadn't taken any too well.

Golf. The big events in golf are over for the time being, although the amateur championship tournament is in the wanes. Last month was taken up with club tournaments.



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Introducing the Original Settlers of Pagsanjan

Franciscans Push Onward Around Lake Laguna Into Tayabas

Commencing this ninth excursion along the great mission trail in the Philippines, we give somewhat extended space to Pagsanjan because it is always been unique among provincial towns. This latter-day period, it is true, seems to be taking away the best talent and causing it to reside in Manila; so that only a few years ago it was reported that Pagsanjan had no candidates for the town mayorship. Nevertheless, Pagsanjan remains distinguished. Deans Conrado and Francisco Benitez hail from Pagsanjan, and Mrs. Benitez, head of the Philippine Women's College. Pagsanjan has always gone in for higher education; towns in the islands twice and thrice her size have sent fewer students to the University and to universities in the United States.

Scrutiny of the civil service records would also reveal that Pagsanjan folk know how to live off the government; seemingly they pass the examinations with high marks, and when once employed they are able to stick to the job and earn promotions. A son of Pagsanjan, ex-Representative Benitez, was the first legislator in the Philippines to make a speech in English on the floor of the house during a regular session of that body. It was a staged performance; Benitez got little attention, but many members who laughed at him then are no longer lending their levity to our public affairs; speeches in English have also become quite the regular thing in the house.

Pagsanjan has many claims to leadership; she is a fountain, though by no means the only one in the islands, of native enterprise. We smile, of course, when we see a good deal of this enterprise exerted only to the end of annexing government jobs; but that is not altogether Pagsanjan's fault, and such as it is it is something out of the ordinary.

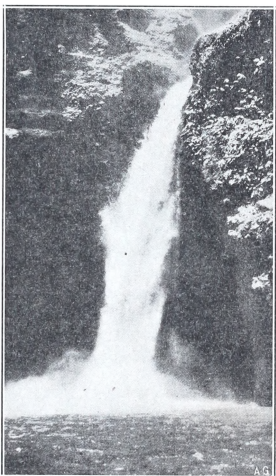
"Of a barrio of the town of Lumbang," writes Father Huerta, "composed of various Chinese and Japanese occupied in the *bouga* industry, this town was formed, being separated from the mother town in civil affairs in 1668 and in spiritual affairs in 1687, the first minister being Fr. Agustin de la Magdalena. In 1688, upon the recommendation of Sergeant Major D. Mateo Lopez Perea, *alcalde mayor* of the province, the superior government decided to remove the seat of justice of the province from Bay to this town, establishing in it the capital. In 1697 some 200 native taxpayers were added to the pueblo, who were conceded the right of naming their own *gobernadorcillo*, which office fell to D. Francisco Umale; and from then on this town had two captains (meaning local 'chieftains'), one for the mestizos and the other for the natives."

Huerta wrote in 1865, when this type of government for Pagsanjan seemed still to be in its infancy. Two centuries later, connected with the church, one made up of the members of the mestizo grange (*gremio de mistizos*) and the other of natives. Huerta remarks the prosperity of the first of these confraternities; its common fund of P9000 in 1847 had increased to P16,000 in 1852. It was the Archconfraternity of the Holy Sacrament and dated from 1807; its crown was received the royal sanction July 23, 1819, and bulls of the Pope in 1820 and 1826 confirmed its rights and granted indulgence to its members.

The original church was of course of nipa and bamboo, 1688. The present one, of brick, dates from 1690 and was "built under the direction of a Christian Chinese called Miguel Guanaco." It is curious that this crown the royal sanction saved the silver with which Sr. D. Simon de Anda y Salazar could begin the defense of these islands against the British invasion in the year 1762, which action afterward cost this province of San Gregorio so much unpleasantness."

The tribute collected and held at that time in Pagsanjan as for the provincial capital was P111,000 a year. In Manila the authorities were collecting the ransom, and they had sent to the provincial treasurer, D. Nicolas Echa-

Beaumont, for all this silver to be delivered to Manila and put with the growing heap making up the ransom. But Anda had already escaped to the provinces and begun his resistance. The Franciscans knew he was in dire need of funds, and the friars of their order stationed at Pagsanjan were determined that he, and not the British, should have this P111,000. They enlisted the aid of D. Francisco de San Juan, who had held high military command in the Spanish insular forces and was then the leading figure in Tayabas. He came down to Pagsanjan with 500 horsemen, who stationed themselves around the provincial building while the two friars went in to parley with the agents from Manila. However, these men were so stubborn that one of the friars had to cover them with a blunder-



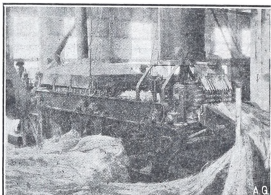
Pagsanjan Falls. "The canoe journey up the gorge to these beautiful falls is a never-forgotten experience, and the return trip, shooting the rapids"

buss while he impressed on them the fact that not one peso of that silver was going back with them to Manila.

Things were at this impasse when agents howe into town from Anda, saying to send the silver to him; and so Beaumont did so "with much lamenting on his part and much rejoicing by the religious."

Besides its wonderful falls, Pagsanjan has medicinal springs once widely renowned for cures effected in diseases of the alimentary system. Why it is that the many curative springs existing in the Philippines are not more recommended by physicians nowadays is past finding out. The Jesuits especially have some records and analyses of their waters which would be sufficient to base further scientific investigation on. The springs exist in every part of the islands and there is no question but that their more adequate exploitation would have a salubrious effect. The Franciscans discovered many of these springs, or first observed their use by the native inhabitants; and so it was at Pagsanjan, where they long maintained an infirmary.

San Antonio. Established in 1736 out of two villages theretofore attached to Longos



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and Paete. "The first church, dedicated to San Antonio de Padua, was burned by the Moros of Mindanao in 1760, the Moros also capturing more than 100 prisoners. The second church, of boards and bamboo, endured until 1814, when the one now existing was commenced by Fr. José Garcia, Fr. Agapito de Aranjuez completing it in 1845. It is of ordinary architecture, with a wooden tower, and the cost was defrayed by the friars, certain charitable contributions, and the aid of the townspeople."


Bay. Founded by the Augustinians, but ceded to the Franciscans in 1737. Capital of Laguna until 1688, when the capital was removed to Pagsanjan; the reign of Santa Cruz as the provincial capital is recent and postdates 1865, the year in which Huerta wrote, when Pagsanjan was still the capital. Only a bamboo and nipa church existed in Bay when the Franciscans took over the town, but the church of stone, now standing, was begun in 1804 by the Franciscan parish priest, Fr. Gerónimo Herbas. Patron saint, San Augustin. Bay has extensive irrigated lands.

Magdalena. "Four barrios pertaining to the town of Mahayhay formed a *visita* called Ambling, and this, being separated from the mother town in 1821, was erected in turn into a town bearing its present name. Fr. Antonio Moreno being the first parish priest. The church, dedicated to the heroine of love, Santa Maria Magdalena, is of solid construction situated on a small hill of slate stone, extremely durable. This church was built by Friars Máximo Rico, José Cuesta, Joaquin de Corta and Francisco de Paula Gonzalez, the zealous curate, Fr. José Urbina de Esparragos, completing and adorning it in 1854."

Luisiana. Separated from Mahayhay in 1848 politically, and spiritually in 1854, "by decree," of course, "of the superior government." When Huerta wrote in 1865, there was only a small temporary church dedicated to the Holy Virgin. The traveler of today, may observe how well the zeal of the people have carried them on, and whether they have thought fit to build in the substantial manner of their forbears

in the older towns. As a matter of fact, the progress of time brought a change of predominant notions; in this day men and women are observed, for instance in a conquest of the air, who, at the time the older churches were built which are not standing in the Philippines, would have been making knights of the Cross, friars and nuns of themselves; for such were the envied activities of that ancient age. While human nature changes but little if at all, the human viewpoint certainly changes a great deal.

Next month we journey on with the doughy Franciscans into the Bicol region, the bishopric of Nueva Caceres. They had indeed one more town which is now an important one in Laguna, San Pablo, the province's main commercial center, where half the desiccated coconut to supply the American market is manufactured—where, therefore, coconut cakes and fudge begin—but when Huerta wrote in 1865 this town was still embraced in the neighboring



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REAL ESTATE

By P. D. CARMAN

San Juan Heights Addition



The following are the totals for the first quarter of each year from 1919 to 1928 inclusive, showing a decided improvement: 1919, 5,721,562; 1920, 4,577,250; 1921, 2,979,880; 1922, 2,621,551; 1923, 2,499,948; 1924, 3,856,879; 1925, 3,539,851; 1926, 3,421,002; 1927, 3,543,539; 1928, 4,485,875.

	February 1928	March 1928
Binondo.....	P 57,475	P 1,955
San Nicolas.....	64,450	226,805
Tondo.....	173,450	78,457
Sta. Cruz.....	138,913	189,806
Sampaloc.....	145,011	73,302
San Miguel.....	1,200	
Quiapo.....	30,500	19,806
Sta. Mesa.....	28,900	19,806
Sta. Ana.....	47,616	60,954
Pandacan.....	2,017	
Paco.....	10,403	34,424
Malate.....	136,286	203,024
Ermita.....	276,624	288,781
Intramuros.....	26,500	
Totals.....	P1,138,445	P1,216,515

	1920	1921	1922	1923
January.....	P 1,796,773	P 1,631,492	P 1,273,713	P 570,486
February.....	1,637,883	492,768	657,012	1,151,309
March.....	1,142,594	855,620	690,826	778,153
April.....	1,535,135	401,997	704,789	729,829
May.....	1,089,946	1,199,531	1,465,538	694,211
June.....	1,609,212	499,569	667,869	1,027,668
July.....	882,695	480,105	1,029,019	717,859
August.....	1,886,047	558,491	692,891	504,123
September.....	1,321,489	1,022,093	1,040,814	1,153,444
October.....	1,186,673	857,446	812,464	550,507
November.....	803,865	457,699	746,545	863,772
December.....	2,870,499	486,321	1,071,936	848,833
Totals.....	P17,677,811	P 8,227,859	P10,082,089	P10,277,448

	1924	1925	1926	1927
January.....	P 1,879,030	P 883,818	P 1,128,773	P 1,215,531
February.....	840,673	972,578	919,150	594,903
March.....	1,137,176	1,673,455	1,373,079	1,733,195
April.....	689,218	1,199,531	1,298,722	673,760
May.....	791,276	1,284,940	749,975	600,547
June.....	868,874	749,122	738,503	1,045,121
July.....	975,450	1,635,527	1,843,930	894,398
August.....	795,260	1,295,260	585,519	649,662
September.....	1,652,377	1,164,819	1,167,921	722,047
October.....	1,543,486	2,358,825	752,130	1,311,380
November.....	1,092,858	1,292,416	1,480,859	1,154,245
December.....	773,183	867,231	672,075	1,400,504
Totals.....	P13,038,861	P15,404,742	P12,710,666	P11,995,124

province on the south, Batangas. The original name of San Pablo, founded by the Augustinians, was Sampaloc; in 1794 the founders ceded the town to the Franciscans. "The church, under the advocacy of San Pablo, is of brick, quite strong and spacious." The Augustinians built this church, but a Franciscan, Fr. Pelegrin Pospes, renovated and repaired it in 1840, making it so fine that "it had nothing to envy in the better temple of the islands." Old bridges in the vicinity are all the work of different friars stationed at one time or another in San Pablo.

Here is another first rate outing place little patronized. Up a side street only a little distance from the main highway, a crater lake is encountered—cool placid waters resting amid the hills. Wide green sward borders this lake, and trees are large and frequent enough to afford shade for picnic parties. Swimming is ideal. A day may be most profitably and delightfully spent in San Pablo, visiting the two busy coconut factories, the market and the church, and this remarkable lake. Then there's another smaller lake, the work of a miracle. A handsome house and grounds were once there, the property of a rich but selfish woman who would not let the poor of the town come into the grounds to gather tamarind beans from her burdened trees. The result of one of her tirades was that Heaven shook the earth, caused the total ruin of the property and the death, by drowning, of the mean widow, and put the lake there so that the destruction could never be repaired.

No doubt a dozen legends of the picnic lake exist too.

RAIL COMMODITY MOVEMENTS
 By M. D. ROYER
 Traffic Manager, Manila Railroad Company



The following commodities were received in Manila February 26, 1928, to March 25, 1928, both inclusive, via Manila Railroad:

	1928 March	February
Rice, cavans.....	252,500	332,854
Sugar, piculs.....	382,590	399,370
Tobacco, bales.....	3,480	3,880
Copra, piculs.....	60,100	49,144
Coconuts.....	2,240,900	2,048,200
Lumber, B.F.....	297,000	118,800
Desiccated coconuts, cases	12,382	11,800

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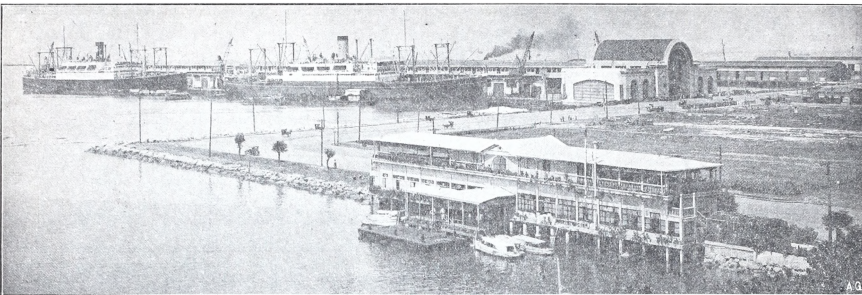
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SHIPPING REVIEW

By H. M. CAVENDER
General Agent.

THE ROBERT DOLLAR COMPANY



Cargo moved from the Philippine Islands during the month of February was practically the same as for January, there being about 4000 tons less cargo with one less sailing. Tonnage for the Atlantic coast was still scarce but for forward bookings is becoming plentiful. Owing to unfavorable rains in parts of Negros many of the Centrals are falling behind their original estimates.

The copra situation is improving, especially in the district around Cebu, where copra is now moving in considerable quantities. In Manila, however, the situation is not satisfactory and supply is far below present demands. Some of the refineries are now working, but several are still unable to secure sufficient copra, even at advanced prices, to warrant starting. This shortage is also adversely affecting the production of desiccated coconut, which is approximately

50% of normal.

The contract rate system as applied to cargo moving to Japan and the Pacific coast, has been so satisfactory both to shippers and steamship companies that the Associated Steamship Lines are now considering extending the system to the Atlantic coast.

Freight rates are firm and there have been no changes of immediate consequence. Leaf tobacco has been changed from measurement to weight, the rates having been adjusted to equalize this change. This alteration was made as it was felt to be a fairer basis to shippers as all sales and internal revenue collections are made on the basis of weight.

Passenger traffic as a whole has shown a considerable gain over last month, especially to China and Japan. Traffic to the United States and Honolulu showed a slight increase and with the close of schools steerage traffic is expected to increase materially.

During the month of March a total of 2589 passengers, all classes, are reported to have departed from the Philippines. (First figure represents cabin passengers; second figure steerage) To China and Japan 502-565, to Pacific coast 152-421, to Honolulu 0-841, to Straits Settlement 37-7, to Mediterranean ports 164-0.

From statistics compiled by the Associated Steamship Lines there were exported from the Philippines during the month of February 1928: To China and Japan ports 9366 tons with a total of 39 sailings, of which 4395 tons were carried in American bottoms with 14 sailings;

to Pacific coast for local delivery 24,427 tons with 11 sailings, of which American bottoms carried 15,285 tons with 9 sailings; to Pacific coast for transshipment 1133 tons with 8 sailings, of which American bottoms carried 1127 tons with 7 sailings; to Atlantic coast ports direct 81,138 tons with 19 sailings, of which American bottoms carried 41,894 tons with 8 sailings; to European ports 14,074 tons with 18 sailings, of which American bottoms carried 195 tons with 3 sailings; to Australian ports 694 tons with 5 sailings, of which American bottoms carried none; or a grand total of 130,832 tons with 64 sailings, of which American bottoms carried 62,896 tons with 19 sailings.

SHIPPING PERSONALS

Geo. J. McCarthy, assistant general Passenger agent of The Robert Dollar Co., with headquarters in Shanghai, arrived in Manila March 21 aboard the ss *President Lincoln*,

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and in company with G. A. Harrell, passenger agent, Manila branch of The Robert Dollar Co., made an inspection trip through the Ilocos provinces in the interests of passenger traffic for the Dollar Steamship line and American Mail line. Mr. McCarty returned to Shanghai March 31 aboard the *ss President Cleveland*.

F. H. Kirchhoff, oriental manager of the Columbia Pacific Shipping Co., with headquarters in Portland, Oregon, was a Manila visitor during March. Mr. Kirchhoff left Manila March 31 aboard the *ss President Cleveland* for Hongkong and expects to reach Portland in June, after spending a few weeks along the China coast and in Japan.

On March 8, H. M. Cavender, general agent for The Robert Dollar Co. at Manila, proceeded to Vigan, Ilocos Sur, and assisted in establishing a passenger office in that city. J. F. Linehan, newly appointed passenger agent at Vigan, accompanied Mr. Cavender and on March 12 an office was officially opened. Mr. Cavender returned to Manila March 18.

W. G. P. Gibbs, formerly connected with the Radio Corporation of the Philippines, was employed by The Robert Dollar Co. April 1, succeeding J. F. Linehan transferred to Vigan as passenger agent.

John D. Carriere, agent for the Java-China-Japan line at Batavia, has been in Manila since January 24 making arrangements for the opening of an office in Manila, which it has been announced will take place on or about May 1, with H. L. A. Van Kretschmar in charge. Mr. K. V. D. Boogaard, formerly manager of shipping department, Meerkamp & Co., will be Mr. Van Kretschmar's assistant.

SEND FOUR PESOS

To the *Journal* with the name of your home-town editor and thus help keep him posted.

Philippine Public Schools is a new publication, now in its third issue, put out by the education bureau. To date it takes the form of a manual for teachers, which is perhaps its legitimate field; and it is not very colorful, since its material is all passed upon by a board and the putting of any individuality into it is hence out of the question. For the teachers, however, it contains much valuable and some indispensable information. Seventeen language faults of one sort and another were detected in leaping through about half the pages of the first number, but the subsequent numbers seem much freer from this defect. This quotation from Director Bewley is a simple truth: "It takes a great deal more than educational leadership to get the graduates of our public schools to engage in farming, or in other vocations. The economic conditions of the country must be such as to demand the services of these graduates. Why do so many of our high-school graduates * * * work in the fruit fields of the Pacific states? * * * For the simple reason that they receive there seven,

eight, and nine times as much as they would receive here for their services." The bureau is right when it says there is a demand for higher education in the islands; it is also right when it says there is a want of demand, at proper wages, for the services of high-school graduates. Two questions remain: Are the schools already ahead of the demand for the services of their graduates? Does high-school education enhance youth's opportunities enough to warrant the expense? The research field would seem to be an important one for the new publication. In the end it may be found desirable, if not necessary, to shift more of the high-school burden from the insular to the town treasuries. Towns, when they care to, may be justified in satisfying a demand for education merely because it exists, where a general government may not be so justified unless a general and fundamental public end is served, like wider and steadier employment at wealth-yielding tasks, or an assured enhancement of wages.

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1. Bulletin - - -	14,912
2. 2nd paper - - -	8,237
3. 3rd paper - - -	3,408
4. 4th paper - - -	3,141
5. 5th paper - - -	2,898

The Bulletin Carried:

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- 337% more than the 3rd paper
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REVIEW OF THE HEMP MARKET

By T. H. SMITH

*Vice-President and General Manager,
Macleod & Company*



This report covers the markets for Manila hemp for the month of March, 1928, with statistics up to and including April 2nd, 1928.

U. S. Grades: At the opening New York showed an easier tone with shipping houses offering at a shade off the closing prices of February. Sellers soon appeared basis:

D, 15-1/8 cents; F, 11-1/2 cents; G, 8-3/8 cents; I, 10-3/8 cents; J1, 9-3/4 cents; S1, 11-1/2 cents; S2, 10-3/8 cents with rather an inclination shown to shade these prices if actual business was likely to result. Demand was practically non-existent and by the middle of the month there were sellers basis: E, 15 cents; F, 11 cents; I, 10 cents; J1, 9-3/4 cents; S1, 11 cents; S2, 9-7/8 cents. Buyers continued very cautious at this lower level, very little business having been done on the decline. Market ruled quiet for a while, turning steadier toward the end of the month with shipping houses firm at a slight increase on last rates asked, prices appreciating to a basis of D, 16-1/4 cents; E, 15 cents; F, 11-1/2 cents; I, 10-3/8 cents; J1, 9-1/2 cents; S1, 11-1/4 cents; S2, 10-1/4 cents. A lack of demand at the increased asking prices of sellers soon turned the market to the dull side, market closing with a declining tendency basis: F, 11-1/8 cents; I, 10 cents; J1, 9-1/2 cents.

High-grade hemp not required for and nominally down in price in sympathy with other grades.

The Manila market for U. S. grades opened quiet but steady basis: E, P22; F, P27; G, P18.6; H, P17.6; I, P23.4; J1, P21.6; S1, P25.4; S2, P22.6; S3, P22, with rather buyers at quotation and dealers asking slightly higher prices. A dull tone was soon apparent in sympathy with the lower range of prices cable from New York and by mid March buying values dropped to a basis: D, P34; E, P32; F, P25.4; G, P18; H, P17; I, P22.4; J1, P21; S1, P25; S2, P22; S3, P21. At this lower range a fair business was transacted, but again values slumped in sympathy with the U. S. market to D, P34; E, P31; F, P25; G, P17.6; H, P16.6; I, P22; J1, P20.4; S1, P24; S2, P21; S3, P20.4, the tone being quiet but steady. Toward the latter days of March the market improved on reserve of sellers to D, P34; E, P32; F, P25; G, P18; H, P16.4; I, P22; J1, P20.4; S1, P24; S2, P21.4; S3, P21, dealers contracting for only moderate quantities at this higher level with here and there export houses offering 4 rates higher for immediate supplies. Market closed around these prices and tone fully steady.

U. K. Grades: London opened quiet but steady at the closing prices of February, tone however turning dull with sellers J, £39; K, £34; L1, £32.10; L2, £31.5; M1, £31.10; M2, £30. Tone continued quiet and by the middle of March there were sellers J, £38.10; K, £33.10; L1, £31.10; L2, £30.5; M1, £30.10; M2, £29.10 with a possibility of these prices being shaded 5/- per ton to get business. Market registered a further decline of from 5/- to 10/- per ton according to grade. The end of the third week of March, however, showed a firmer tone which developed into a strong market for distant positions, prices touching J2, £39.10; K, £34; L1, £32; L2, £30.5; M1, £30.10; M2, £29.10. News of heavy receipts and estimates, added to full shipments, during last week of March caused the U.K. market to collapse to sellers in nearer positions J2, £38.10; K, £33; L1, £31.10; L2, £30.5; M1, £30.10 with little business doing at this smart reduction in prices. Market closed on the easy side with sellers at last prices to

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perhaps 5/- less per ton. All prices c.i.f. per ton U.K.

The Manila market for U.K. grades ruled quiet but steady at the opening of the month: J2, P18.4; K, P16.2; L1, P15.2; L2, P14.4; M1, P14.4; M2, P13.4; DL, P13.2. At these prices the few free parcels coming into Manila changed hands. By mid March prices were down to J2, P18; K, P15.4; L1, P14.4; L2, P13.4; M1, P13.4; M2, P12.6; DL, P12.4 with a small business doing thereat. Prices then declined to nominal basis of J2, P17.4; K, P15; L1, P14; L2, P13; M1, P13; M2, P12, but practically no business passed at this level, prices quickly firming up again toward the end of the month to J2, P18; K, P15; L1, P14; L2, P13.4; M1, P13.4; M2, P12.6, to perhaps 4 reales more on some grades, at which values there, however, were sellers at the close.

Japanese market has been a little more productive of remunerative prices on the lowest basis of quotations ruling in Manila.

Freight Rates remain unchanged.

Statistics: We give below figures for the period extending from February 28th to April 2nd, 1928:

	1928	1927
Stocks on January 1st....	139,632	112,382
Receipts to April 2nd.....	348,334	323,741
Stocks on April 2nd.....	147,781	109,325

Shipments

To the—	To Apr. 2, 1928	To Apr. 2, 1927
	Bales	Bales
United Kingdom.....	99,631	91,937
Continent of Europe.....	50,898	36,627
Atlantic U. S.....	66,046	84,060
U. S. via Pacific.....	23,641	30,048
Japan.....	70,650	57,451
Elsewhere and Local.....	29,319	26,675
	340,185	326,798



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COPRA AND ITS PRODUCTS

By E. A. SEIDENSPINNER
Vice-President and Manager, Copra Milling Corporation



With continued light arrivals of copra, the local market maintained its independent strength throughout the month of March. Prices at Cebu and Manila as a result are much over consuming market parities. With the Easter Holidays during early April, there is little hope for improved production during that month and it will probably be well into May before the local shortage is relieved. Stocks at Manila are very light, but the majority of local crushers have suspended operations, thus relieving buying pressure for the time being. Total receipts at Manila for the month of March were 157,409 sacks which is 70,000 sacks less than for March, 1927. We do not anticipate higher prices for copra during April for they are now in excess of the oil value, but it is probable that any decline will be slight. Latest quotations follow:

San Francisco \$0.5-3/16 nominal; London-Cebu, £27/6 0; F. M. M., £27 0 0; Manila, resacada, P13.25 to P13.50.

COCONUT OIL

With almost all of the local mills on part time operations during the month of March, there has been little selling pressure from the Philippines to depress the already weak U. S. market. With the U. S. crushers temporarily relieved on nearby positions, they advanced their ideas of price for May-June deliveries. Large consumers appear to be in a comfortable position and will not entertain bids at better than 8-1.8 cents f.o.b. Coast, at the same time demonstrating a complete lack of interest for any shipment beyond June. Scattered tank car trading passed at 8-1.8 to 8-1/4 cents f.o.b. West Coast and smaller buyers are content to purchase from hand to mouth pending lower prices which are predicted for the summer months. With ample stocks of competing fats and oils, an upward trend for large volume trading does not seem possible. Latest cables follow:

San Francisco, \$0.8-1/8 f.o.b. tank cars; New York, \$0.8-3/8 c.i.f. nominal; London, £39/10 0 nominal; Manila, P.36-1/2 to P.37 per kilo.

Philippine stocks of this item continued low due to suspended operations on the part of the mills. London and Hamburg quotations advanced during March and at one time it was reported that £9/10 0 c.i.f. Hamburg for the May-June position was possible. Later during the month the market eased away with pressure from restellers and is now advised at £9/5 0 c.i.f. London or Hamburg. Latest cables follow:

San Francisco, \$38.50; Hamburg-London, £9/5 0; Manila, buyers, P64.00 to P66.00; Sellers, P68.00 to P72.00.
Manila, April 4, 1928.

General Leonard Wood

A scholar, a soldier, a statesman,
A ruler without the rod;
A man whose life meant service
To country, to flag and God.
Beloved by all for his kindness,
Their gentle warrior bold;
This leader of men and of nations,
This hero with heart of gold.
He lives in the heart of his countrymen,
For patriots like him are too few;
His work will live on forever,
Because it was strong and true.

—Agness Greene Foster.

TOBACCO REVIEW

By P. A. MEYER
Alhambra Cigar and Cigarette Manufacturing Co.



Raw Leaf: Export shipments have in March maintained a satisfactory volume. Reports about the new Cagayan and Ysabela crops in the field indicate that the late and heavy rains caused some damage in certain districts. The local market in leaf tobacco is quiet.

March exports were as follows:

Leaf Tobacco and Scraps Kilos	13,988
China	63,112
Hongkong	63,112

Japan	20,701
Java	1,245
Korea	63,784
North Africa	12,090
North Atlantic (Europe)	157,582
Spain	1,269,628
Strait Settlements	2,471
United States	175,094
	1,779,695

Cigars: The United States have during March taken about the same number of cigars as in February. Pending orders on hand in Manila factories do not warrant any expectations for a substantial improvement in the near future.

Comparative figures for cigar shipments in numbers of cigars to the United States are as follows: March 1928, 15,821,696; February 1928, 15,310,447; March 1927, 14,151,294.

BAGUIO NIGHT TRAINS

BI-WEEKLY NIGHT TRAIN SERVICE

Commencing March 5, two NIGHT SPECIALS will be run every week until further notice.

One night special will leave Manila every Monday night to return from Bauang Sur and Damortis the following Wednesday.

Another night special will leave Manila every Friday night to return from Bauang Sur and Damortis the following Sunday at usual scheduled hours.

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Baggage, Express Parcels and C.O.D. shipments will be handled to or from Baguio and Stations shown on schedule.

Bookings in Manila for sleeper berths at Tutuban Station or at Downtown Office, 519 Dasmariñas, and in Baguio at Benguet Auto Line Office.

RATES

	1st class	3rd class
Manila Baguio, one way	P17.10	P8.55
20 days, Manila-Baguio, round trip	—	11.84
90 days, Manila-Baguio, round trip	26.00	12.94
Manila-Damortis, one way	11.10	5.55
20 days, Manila-Damortis, round trip	15.54	8.88
90 days, Manila-Damortis, round trip	16.04	9.13
90 days, Manila-Bauang Sur, round trip	18.21	10.37
Private berth, each way	5.00	

Private passenger cars can be obtained from the Benguet Auto Line at following rates:

Between Baguio and Damortis, per trip	
5-passenger car	P25.00
Between Baguio and Damortis, per trip	
7-passenger car	P37.50

For further particulars inquire from the office of the Traffic Manager, or call up INFORMATION, Telephone No. 4-98-61, or Downtown Office, Telephone No. 2-31-83.

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Mrs. Agness Greene Foster is a Chicago reader of the Journal. She writes and lectures.—ED.

THE RICE INDUSTRY
By **PERCY A. HILL**

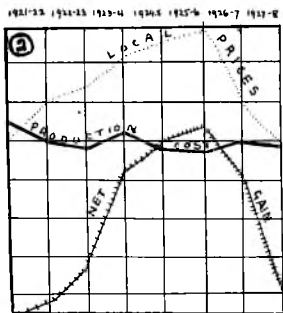
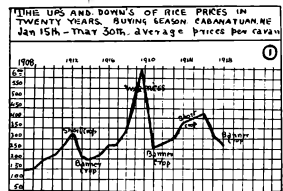
of Nueva Ecija,
Director, Rice Producers' Association.



Prices for both palay and rice took a decided slump during March and the offerings were the lowest since the year of deflation. The reasons for this slump were purely local, in spite of the fact that there is a good deal less palay than at this time last year. The slump was due to the following domestic factors.

The carry-over and deposits, as well as the unseen stocks held by the producers of last year's crop, 1926-1927, were, as predicted, thrown upon the market at peak supply, causing a glut; the abnormal shipments of over a half million sacks of rice during the first sixty days of the year caused congestion in the Manila bodegas and buyers practically got their own price; the lack of circulating medium called for by local buyers and sellers was restricted by sheer inability to mobilize the ready cash; and the crop was placed upon the market some weeks earlier this year, due to the universal use of the motorized separator, producers shipping their palay at once instead of holding it as they did last year. While terminal offerings in Cabanatuan were P2.80, and in Tarlac P2.70, local offerings were not above P2.50 per cavan—spelling a loss to the industry this year of many millions.

Below are two charts, No. 1 showing the fluctuation of the price of palay for the last twenty years, or the period 1909-1928. Banner crops have a tendency to reduce price irrespective of what the production cost may have been and the chart shows we are little removed from the



prices offered two decades ago. There is perhaps no industry which shows such violent fluctuation. In chart No. 2 is shown production costs and annual prices and gains, over a seven year period, 1921-1928. This data accurately tabulated was taken under the best conditions and shows the high average yield for the entire period of 53.5 cavans per hectare, considering that the average Philippine yields for the period 1920-1925 were only 24.51 per hectare. It is also seen that production costs are fairly constant over this period while the net gain follows prices offered very closely.

To show this year's production cost over a larger area and volume the data from 6 rice producing units are hereby attached. These show a cross-section of the industry producing nearly 200,000 cavans, and using the usual equal share system under which the cereal is grown.

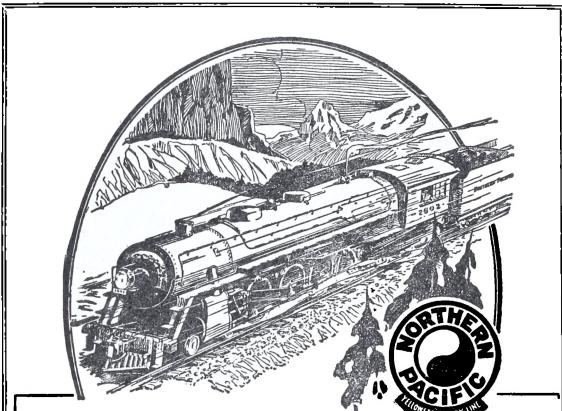
Unit	Crop	Hectare	Cost	Net	Loss
		Cavans	Cavans	Gain	
1	4980	52.6	1.94	P0.55	9
2	848	53.0	2.06	1.43	9
3	135200	50.4	2.22	0.28	

4	2019	54.0	1.70	0.80	
5	28026	42.9	3.04	8	P0.54
6	7030	28.8	3.97		1.47

This cross section of the industry shows the profits and losses of a total of 178,123 cavans produced under the most favorable circumstances, the lands being all irrigated, and unit 6 used some P4,500 of mineral fertilizer in addition. The high yields of the others speak for themselves over such a large area, some of the units being in Nueva Ecija and some in Tarlac.

Only in a few cases were profits equal to the normal rate of legal interest on capital investment. This loss to the industry at present prices is not less than P70,000,000 below that of the crops of 1925 and 1926.

This amount approximates ten per cent of national earnings and is about equal to the total revenues. As a consequence the effect of this restriction of spending power to the producer will have some effect on business.



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(138)

MARCH SUGAR REVIEW

By GEORGE H. FAIRCHILD



New York Market:

Throughout the month under review, the American sugar market was steady and firm. Prices gradually advanced from 2-5/8 cents c. and f. (4.40 cents l. t.) to 2-7/8 cents c. and f. (4.65 cents l. t.). During the first week little activity was shown in the sugar market with insignificant sales of Cubas effected at 2-5/8 cents

c. and f. (4.40 cents l. t.). At the close, however, the market became firmer with buyers offering at prices ranging from 4.43 cents to 4.48 cents l. t. The improvement in the market continued in the last three weeks and prices steadily advanced to 2-7/8 cents c. and f. or 4.65 cents l. t. at the close of the month.

The better demand for refined was undoubtedly responsible for the improved tone of the market, nevertheless, refiners were in general cautious and reserved in their purchases, and buying during the month was chiefly done by the operators and speculators. The report to the effect that the Cuban Export Corporation had sold all of the 600,000 tons allotted to foreign export, apart from the sugar destined to the United States, and that part of the 200,000 tons held in reserve was already disposed of to the U. K., had a steadying effect upon the market. On the other hand, the announcement on the 29th of Licht's estimate of the European beet sowings showing an increase of 2% over those of last year caused disappointment with the result that the market became easier.

Stocks in the U. K., U. S., Cuba and European

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statistical countries at the end of the month were 4,570,000 tons, as compared with 4,308,000 tons at the same time in 1927 and 4,553,000 tons in 1926, from which it will be noted that present visible stocks are higher than those of the corresponding period in the previous years, and if these were the only guides for the future course of sugar prices, a pessimistic view would be justified, but it is generally believed that the invisible stocks are very low.

Philippine Sales: During the month under review, sales of Philippine centrifugals in the

Atlantic Coast, afloats, near arrivals and for future deliveries, aggregated 85,090 tons, being the record sale of the 1927-28 crop. The total Philippine sales in the Atlantic Coast to date amount to 303,090 tons, and with about 50,000 tons sold in the Pacific Coast, make a total sales to date in the United States of 353,090 tons, leaving 200,000 tons still unsold of the 1927-28 crop. The following is the record of monthly sales on the Atlantic Coast in long tons:

Sept., 7,250; Oct., 7,500; Nov., 53,500; Dec., 36,500; Jan., 38,250; Feb., 75,000; Mar., 85,090; total, 303,090 long tons. Estimated sales in the Pacific Coast, 50,000; and total Philippine Sales in the United States to date, 353,090 long tons.

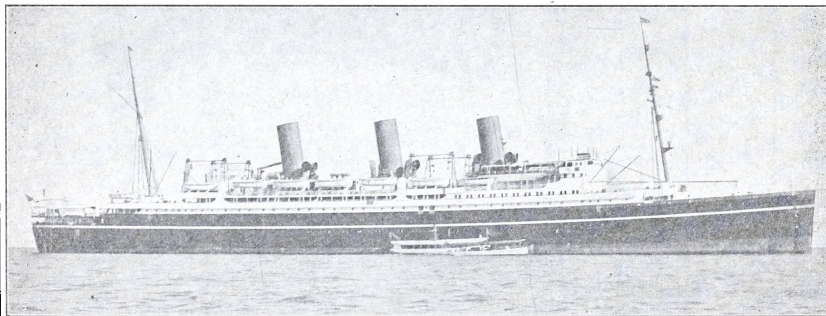
Local Market: There was considerable trading in the local market for centrifugals during the first three weeks of the month, when over 500,000 piculs exchanged hands at prices ranging from P10.25 to P11.25 per picul. On account of the small quantity available for trading, the market was quiet during the last week with very insignificant parcels sold to exporters on the basis of P11.00 per picul.

The muscovado market at Iloilo was steady with buying done chiefly by the Chinese dealers at prices ranging from P6.90 to P7.50 per picul. In Manila, some parcels of "surtidos" exchanged hands at prices from P6.45 to P6.60 per picul.

Philippine Prospects: The milling season for the 1927-28 crop is approaching its end. Mindoro Sugar Co. was first to finish milling on February 10, with a total production of 95,390 piculs or 6,033 tons of sugar. La Carlota Sugar Central finished grinding on March 22 with a total production of 884,609 piculs of sugar from 443,070 tons of cane within a period of 116 milling days, or an average of 3,819 tons of cane a day, which is in excess of the rated daily capacity of its 3000-ton Central. Production of the Centrals up to the middle of March amounted to 464,043 tons, details of which follow:

Asturias, 10,183 metric tons; Bacolod, 32,046; Bais,

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"Emp. Canada"	Apr. 14	Apr. 18	Apr. 21	Apr. 24	Apr. 27	May 6
"Emp. Russia"	May 3	May 9	May 12	May 15	May 18	May 27
"Emp. Asia"	May 26	May 30	June 2	June 5	June 7	June 16
"Emp. Canada"	June 8	June 13	June 16	June 19	June 21	June 30
"Emp. Russia"	June 29	July 4	July 7	July 10	July 12	July 21
"Emp. Asia"	July 13	July 18	July 21	July 24	July 26	Aug. 4

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14,699; Baman, 10,130; Bearin, 10,030 (final); Binalabang, 24,561; Calamba, 24,095; Del Carmen, 49,001; Hawaiian-Philippine, 32,190; Isabela, 22,167; La Carlota, 55,952 (final); Ma-a-o, 30,466; Manapa, 8,864; Mindoro, 6,033 (final); San Carlos, 17,865; San Fernando, 33,132; Talisay-Silay, 27,951; Victorias, 13,729; others, 45,000; total, 464,043 metric tons.

Weather conditions continued favorable throughout the sugar districts of the Islands and the young cane appears more advanced in growth than it was at this time last year.

Philippine Exports: Exports of Philippine sugar since January 1, 1928, to March 24, 1928, are as follows:

	U. S. Atlantic	P. S. Pacific	China & Japan	Total
Centrifugals	140,314	35,800		176,114
Muscovados	-----	-----	14,137	14,137
Refined	-----	972	-----	972
Total	140,314	36,772	14,137	191,233

Philippine sugar exports for the calendar year of 1927 aggregated 555,322 metric tons, being the record sugar exports of the Islands, segregated as follows: 506,484 metric tons centrifugals, 45,002 tons muscovados and 1,836 tons refined. Practically all of the exports of centrifugals and refined were destined to the United States, while the exports of muscovados found their way into the Chinese and Japanese ports. The annual sugar exports of the Philippines for the past 10 years are given below:

Year	Centrifugals	Muscovado	Refined	Total
1918	64,018	209,240	27	273,258
1919	29,860	106,173	3	136,060
1920	53,196	127,141	3	180,340
1921	162,427	127,433	17	289,877
1922	237,829	119,368	4,875	362,072
1923	226,170	44,969	853	271,983
1924	296,742	57,057	4,531	357,830
1925	459,273	83,334	4,225	546,832
1926	339,500	69,923	1,808	411,231
1927	506,484	45,002	1,836	553,322
Average	237,499	98,963	1,817	338,281

Restriction of Philippine Exports to U. S.: There was considerable anxiety in local sugar circles over the presentation in Congress of the Timberlake resolution seeking to limit the free entry of Philippine sugar into the United States to 500,000 tons a year. Fearing that this measure would pass Congress at this session, the Philippine Sugar Association had decided to send a representative to Washington to oppose the passage in Congress, when advices received from the New York representative of the Association, and from the Secretary of War, assured the Philippine Sugar Association that the Timberlake resolution would not have a chance of passage at this session of Congress. Thereupon the Association cancelled the trip of its emissary to Washington. In the meantime, the Association is endeavoring to obtain a concerted effort among all labor, governmental, commercial, agricultural and industrial entities to combat the menace to the economic interests of these Islands, fearing that the Timberlake resolution may be the forerunner of similar attempts to relegate the Philippines to a status inferior to that of the other territories of the United States. The proposal of the Association is embodied in the following resolution adopted by the Trustees at a recent meeting:

WHEREAS, there has been introduced in the Congress of the United States a joint resolution seeking to limit the free importation of sugar from the Philippines to 500,000 tons annually;

WHEREAS, the principle involved in this resolution will limit the free importation of sugar into the United States is so far-reaching that should it become a law, no Filipino laborer or agricultural, industrial or commercial interests would escape its disastrous effects;

WHEREAS, the passage of such restrictive legislation will constitute a precedent for the enactment of similar restrictive legislation to the detriment of other Philippine products;

WHEREAS, the passage of such legislation by the Congress of the United States, in effect, will be a complete reversal of the American principles of Government and the policy to which the United States was originally committed when it acquired the Philippines;

BE IT RESOLVED, that the Trustees of the Philippine Sugar Association give publicity to the danger which menaces the labor, agricultural, industrial, and commercial activities in these Islands through such legislation, and while the sugar industry is the first to feel the necessity for definite and prompt action, it is the hope and belief of the Trustees of the Association that all labor, industrial, agricultural, and commercial organizations in these Islands will not suffer it to bear the full burden

of opposing the threatened attack against the economic and political foundations of our Government;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that we stress to the public the necessity for the Government and all political parties and all labor, commercial, agricultural, and industrial entities to select representatives to form a COMMITTEE to cooperate with the Trustees of the Philippine Sugar Association to consider ways and means for the dispatch and maintenance of representatives in the United States to oppose the passage of such legislation to the advantage of competitive interests in the United States and its other territories, and that the Philippine Sugar Association hereby expresses its willingness to cooperate with other industrial, commercial, and agricultural entities in the Philippines in giving effect to the purposes and intent of this resolution; and

BE IT LASTLY RESOLVED, that a Committee composed of the following trustees of the Philippine Sugar Association: Geo. H. Fairchild, chairman, Rafael Corpus and Felipe Buenacaminio, Jr., members, is hereby appointed and authorized to meet with representatives of other

organizations to carry into effect the intent and purposes of the foregoing resolution.

Unanimously approved.

PHILIPPINE SUGAR ASSOCIATION
 GEO. H. FAIRCHILD,
 Secretary-Treasurer.

Java Market: The Java market was steady and firm during the month under review. The following latest quotations for Superiors showed improvement over those of the previous month: Spot & May,Gs. 15-3, 4 = P8.40 for P.I. picul; June,Gs. 15-1, 2 = P8.27 for P.I. picul; July-Aug. Sept. Gs. 15-1, 8 = P8.07 for P.I. picul.

It was reported that further sale of 50,000 tons of Javas to Europe for May-July shipment was made at the equivalent of 2.83 cents f. o. b. Java.



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are few lams, shorn or otherwise, and the building man makes for his own shelter mostly deft the wind by swaying and creating before its mightiest blasts. When it has blasted itself out, you simply push your house back into plumb. It squeaks, but push away; it won't fall.

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The inconvenience of such houses consists in their being such ideal protection for a large part of the animal kingdom besides man. That is why Dr. Williams found their natural history so intriguing.

And Dr. Williams was thoroughly reassured by his study; he discovered hosts of animals and insects, and, with the aid of other scientists from Washington to Sydney, identified and classified them, but he also learned that they were, like prevolsteadian survivors in America, their own worst enemies. For the most part they eat each other up. Some of the ants, indeed, carry this reciprocity to extremes; they scamper hungrily about the house, eating the surfaces of things, but they have to harbor parasites in their tummies to digest what they eat and dole it out to them piecemeal! What a curse this is! Good providers they are, of toothsome wood and bamboo cellulose, acids and the like—and mayhap they could extract a decent alcohol from their varied provender—but with all this industry they must subsist themselves upon dole. If they eject the dole (or would it be the doler?), they die; they succumb, one might say, to 100-percentitis.

Worst among the beetles is the bukuk. As their name implies, they are far worse than the frogs, which only occasionally flop into the cream pitcher—whence they are easily fished out and sent hopping on their way. But take the bukuk, especially when bukukking at his level best. When you desert your desk for the day it is a good solid desk, reliable for the laying on of elbows and the enscorning of meditative feet. But overnight it has developed the rickets and is perforated like a sieve; most of it is in the form of fine sawdust strewn over your papers.

There is nothing strange about this, however;

the bukuk have merely taken your desk for the holding of their annual field meet; are just is the persistent and victorious gnawings of champion bukukbers, and no doubt medals have been awarded by the mayor's committee. When bukuk beetles have nothing else to gnaw, they gnaw iron, bronze and steel. They are the world's best gnawers. In gnawing they catch as catch can. Never leave a favorite book on your desk or the arm of your reading chair. Books, especially charming or valuable books, are the bukuk's meat; they gnaw them to tatters during an afternoon siesta.

After you have sedulously cultivated the intimate acquaintance of all creatures dwelling with you in your nipa house, as Dr. Williams did to such good scientific purpose, you have left the ubiquitous ghekkoo, the banal lord of your roof-tree or the bamboo sheltering the east window. It is midnight, your supper of prawns might have digested better than they really have. For hours you have tossed on your pillow, and at last fallen into fitful, nightmarish slumber. It is not the hallowed children's hour, nor merely that lurking hour of Shakespeare's "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."

It is the ghekkoo's hour, and he makes the most of it. A scarce two feet from your fevered head near the open window, he perches and shrieks out: "Ghekkoo! Ghekkoo! Ghekkoo! Ghekkoo! Ghekkoo! Ghekkoo!"

Six times he sounds the stentorian call, ghekkoo! always ending in a gurgling stutter. Your sleep is gone for the night, but not, unhappily, the ghekkoo. Hurl a shoe at him, and he will retreat but a little way and call the louder. He is diabolical; the American soldiers gave him a slightly different name, suggested by his call, to describe the treatment they were giving the native enemy, or the treatment the native enemy was giving them. But of course, like much soldier talk, the less said about it the better. Still the ghekkoo isn't as bad as he might be. He might, for instance, instead of being eight or ten inches long, be as big as some of his brother lizards, a meter and a half long!

Then what a sound he'd make!



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Other creatures in the opening category must be omitted: the friendly pythoon, not mentioned by Dr. Williams, should by all means be included. He lives in the attic, where he gets to be 20 feet long, and subsists on bats, mice, rats, or what have you. He really is your salvation, you ought never take umbrage at his wild thrashing about for a meal. Once a householder did take offense, and with his walking cane whacked his pythoon on the snout. The result was nothing less than devastating. The pythoon crawled out of his attic, flirited his tail disdainfully, swam out across the river, and never deigned to return. It was not long thereafter that vermin, insects and rodents took full possession of the place, and the irascible householder was compelled to move away. Often, in his natural dilemma, the man stood on the river bank, whistled and gave the familiar call, but all he could see was the faint lifting of a lithe body through the wild cogen growing on the opposite bank, and a shaking of the pythoon's head—meaning nixie!

Philippine cockroaches merit more than passing mention: very stalwart creatures in buckram, and as voracious as half-famished men-at-arms. They are as fond of the light as front-row ballet favorites. On the stages of Manila theaters, where they regularly appear, scampering from feast to feast in the various cubbyholes called dressingrooms, strangers have often mistaken these cockroaches for a curious variety of trained seal. Yet cockroaches they are, as a night's deprivations will attest. One patient scholar, not Dr. Williams, persuaded the cockroaches in his nipa castle not to destroy all his books by teaching them to read some of them. He found them nearsighted, but when he had contrived spectacles for them they all learned rapidly. Tamed, they became his servants and were particularly apt at waiting on table, watching their erudite master and passing the bread, butter, and applause. . . . dash it, *apple sauce!* . . . 't will serve to discredit nearly the whole piece, honestly commenced, however it may have ended, as a scientific review!

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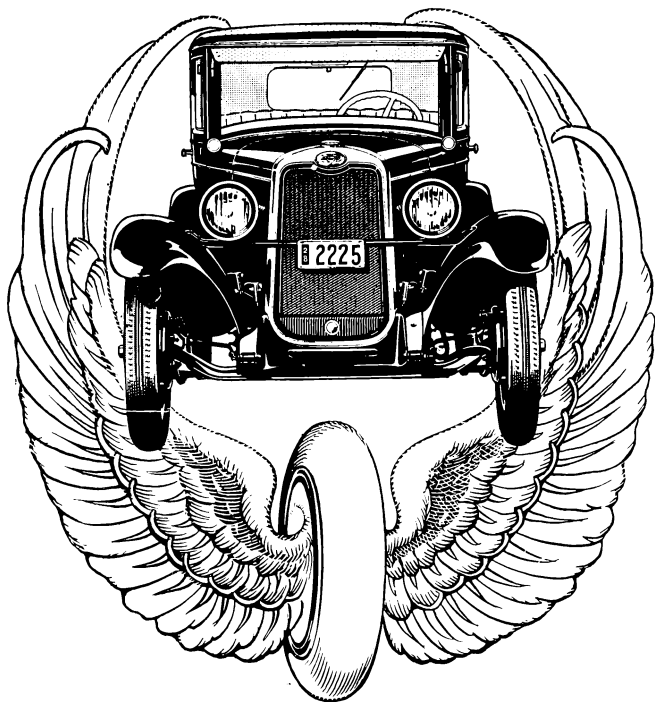
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