

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

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

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

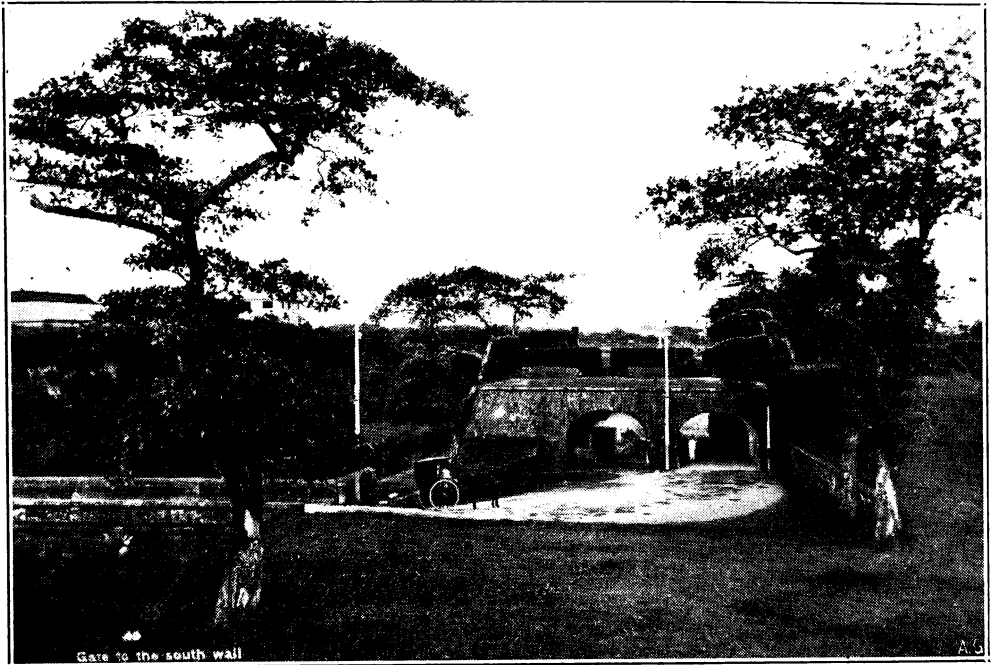
At present there are combinations controlled abroad in nine raw materials needed and imported by American industries, and other virtual monopolies influenced through benevolent policies of interested governments. There are also some thirty additional commodities imported by the United States which are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

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

Weather You Like It or Not!

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

—A. R. E.



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


The Prodigal

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

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

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

—GILBERT S. PEREZ.



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