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HOME JOURNAL



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Portrait of Manuel L. Quezon, LL. D., by Pablo Amoroso
(Courtesy, U. P. Alumni Association)

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FROM COVER TO COVER

THE birthday of President Quezon on August 19th was celebrated in the Philippines with a nation-wide benefit in the form of balls and other social activities, the proceeds from which go to the Philippine Anti-Tuberculosis Society to be spent for its fight against the white plague.

Long before Dr. Angel B. Trinidad, executive secretary of the society, wrote to us suggesting that we use the picture of President Quezon on our cover this month, we had already planned to do it. We did not want to break our scheme this year—which consists of

(Continued on page 48)

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“Keep The Light Of Tolerance And Good Will Burning....”

DEAR FRIENDS:

A few weeks ago I received a letter which began, “These are days when the lights are going out and we need more than ever to keep aflame any lamps of tolerance, good will, and democratic faith which are still burning”. I thought of that letter when your editor asked me if I did not have something to say to the members of the Women's Clubs and the readers of the Woman's Home Journal before I leave Manila to go to the United States on furlough.

It is true that all about us “lights are going out”, people who thought they were safe and secure for their lives and the lives of their children, are groping aimlessly about in the dark and do not know whether there ever again will be light for them.

The sun is still shining, the lights are still burning for us here in the Philippines, but shadows are falling even on these Islands. And all of us are wondering, or should be, what we can do to keep the shadows from growing blacker and to keep the lamps aflame. Sometimes it seems as though there is nothing to do, or that the little we can do is so little it does not matter. However, we can not sit idly by and let the world go to pieces around us any more than we would think of sleeping in our nipa house if the one next door to us were on fire.

So it seems to me we should try each in her own circle, to do all we can to live in our daily relationship as we wish the nations of the earth would live in their relations with one another. And this is one of the reasons why I believe in the organization of women into clubs and associations of any and every kind. Your club can become an experimental laboratory. All sorts of elements are mixed up in it; experiment in blending them together. But do not let any one element prove so disturbing as to spoil the experiment. Find a way of using all elements and uniting them into a cooperative group in which all work together for the benefit of all.

As we work together we learn how to cooperate, how to help one another, how to overcome petty jealousies and envy. We learn to forget our own personal ambitions in our concern for what is best for all. We learn to be tolerant of people who do not think or act as we do; we learn to appreciate the point of view of others, to respect their opinions just as we expect them to respect ours. We know that if we do not do these things, our club or association does not accomplish much, and may even dwindle and fade away. The lamp that might have burned brightly enough to light the road outside, may go out and leave the barrio darker than it need to be.

So as I return for a visit to the United States after five happy years in your islands, I leave you with the best of wishes for success in whatever your club may undertake this year. No matter what it is, no matter how insignificant it may seem to be, make it significant in that it teaches those who undertake it the method of cooperation we are wishing the world would learn. Thus you of the National Federation of Women's Clubs will do your part to keep lights of tolerance and good will burning and a few more of the lamps of democracy from going out.

Sincerely yours,

(Sgd.) ANNE GUTHRIE
Advisory Consultant
YWCA

GUEST EDITORIAL

By

Delia Vargas Vea. de Ortigas

President, Philippine Tuberculosis Society

CONTINUING a custom that is now almost traditional in Filipino life, the double-barred red cross, the official insignia of the Philippine Tuberculosis Society, was again seen throughout the nation on the occasion of the 61st birthday of His Excellency, President Manuel L. Quezon, on August 19th. Much of the accomplishments of the Society was due to the able leadership and keen interest of the Chief Executive in the support of the work of combatting extensively the ravages of tuberculosis in the Philippines.

As an organization, therefore, we wish to acknowledge the great work he has done in securing and in endeavoring to secure for the people of our country the recognition of the tuberculosis campaign in the formation of social and health program designed to prolong life and promote human welfare and happiness. This year's drive extended throughout the Philippines on this particular date, August 19, 1939, a period for national rejoicings in celebration of the birthday of the highest magistrate of the land. We hope on this happy occasion, all insular, provincial, city and municipal authorities, together with all the public and private school officials and all public-spirited citizens, rallied to this birthday campaign of the Philippine Tuberculosis Society.

During the twenty-nine years that the Society has been in existence, it has led and still continues to lead the fight against the white plague in this country. Thanks to the loyal support it has always received from President Quezon, all government officials and the public in general, this organization has been able to make itself a national institution that should deserve the wholehearted acclaim of all the people for they are the most lavished recipients of its benevolent services.

Although progress has already been made in this fight against tuberculosis, this disease is still

the greatest cause of death in this country, especially between the ages of 15 and 45, which deserves the attention of everybody. The annual toll alone is approximately 32,000 men, women and children. More than five times as many persons who die from other diseases, perish from tuberculosis, and one and a half times as many young women and young men from the ages of 15 and 24 are victims of this disease. It causes an economic loss to the nation more than 1,000,000 pesos every year.

The number of persons treated and assisted by the Philippine Tuberculosis Society and its manifold activities during the past years, are a remarkable demonstration of the power of the centavo. For the money raised from this celebration not only will bring about the welfare and happiness of those actually suffering from tuberculosis, but also will afford the needed means toward minimizing the spread of this terrible disease in our country.



Mrs. Ortigas has been the able president of the Philippine Tuberculosis Society for a number of years now.

The COST Of TUBERCULOSIS In The Philippines

THERE is an old saying that "tomorrow never comes". This must have been our common belief in the years of full and plenty, when we loaded ourselves with future obligations. We bought homes with 90 per cent mortgages on them, and acquired radios, cars, furniture, even jewelry and clothes on deferred payments. We robbed tomorrow to pay for today. And then tomorrow came. It came suddenly—it came terribly. Those of us who were deprived of their usual means of livelihood by an era of destruction and reconstruction, saw most everything for which we had toiled slip through our fingers.

But there is one thing we have paid cash for up to now, and that is health. Money paid to cleanse the water supply destroyed typhoid. Cholera, too, was placed under control. But just as it is necessary to pay for fire engines when there are no fires, so must we maintain facilities to handle and prevent an outbreak of typhoid or cholera.

We have bought prevention of smallpox on a cash and carry basis. There has been no thought of deferring payments, or deferring delivery of vaccine to protect little children from this fatal menace. Nor in our purchase of health did we forget tuberculosis, and even during the difficult times of the last three years we have contributed so much to keep up the fight against tuberculosis, which strikes down more people between the ages of 25 and 45 than any other disease.

So far, during the depression, there has been no sign of diminished national vitality indicated in an increased death rate. But death rates are slow to be recorded because of the lengthy tabulations required, and are from a year to two years behind the current date. The tuberculosis death rate as well as the infant death rate have continued their toll. So there is a feeling on the part of some people that no public loss will be incurred if we shelve down the money we have been spending on these projects. But who knows how many more seeds of this disease may have been sown among the people? Tuberculosis often remains latent a long time before it becomes apparent. It usually begins in childhood. Ultimately the effects of curtailment of necessary preventive measures can only result in the lowering of vitality, and consequent loss of life.

Already there are signs that show a dangerous situation beneath the

By DR. ANGEL B. TRINIDAD
*Executive Secretary, The Philippine
Tuberculosis Society*



THE AUTHOR

surface of vital statistics. The Quezon Institute is besieged by patients who are unable to pay. Our clinics both here in the city of Manila and in the provinces are overwhelmed with consultations, and increasing requests for nursing service are heard upon all sides. Not to meet these needs is to mortgage tomorrow. Yet deficits are mounting, and in many quarters reductions of expenses for prevention are demanded. This is false economy. Saving the cost of prevention today means increasing the expense for cure tomorrow. We must not rob

tomorrow of so precious a thing as health and life in order to use the money today for other purposes. Some other things may be postponed, but diseases and death wait for no man.

Disastrous results may be expected from any reduction of the essential machinery the Society has erected to save lives by preventive means. As time goes on these inevitable effects will be seen to have been merely postponed, and probably aggravated. Health, once lost, may never be regained; money which is lost is easier to replace.

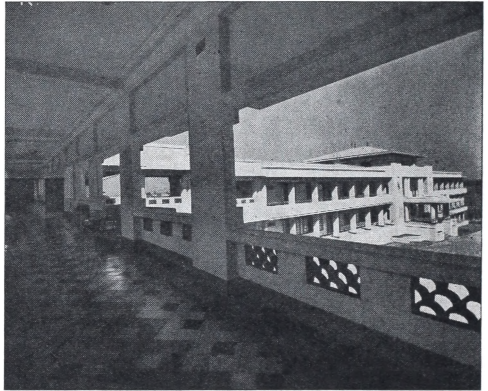
This is no time to forget that voluntary contributions fight a disease which all too often is a product of improper living conditions, malnutrition, and improper housing. There has never been inflation in the work of campaign for funds,

be continued as before.

One of the greatest lessons the depression has taught all of us is that the best policy is to pay as we go, rather than pile up debt for the future. Unforeseen events have a way of making it impossible to pay.

If we fail to meet our obligations for prevention day by day, tomorrow will find us in the grip of the greatest of all usurers—disease—who in the end will collect principal and interest, and a tragic penalty as well.

Men are worth money. It costs parents thousands of pesos to raise a boy or girl to the age of twenty in a family whether the income is big or small. But the family should invest as much as it can afford for health. For sickness costs money, and it bears in another way. We



Part of the Quezon Sanatorium.

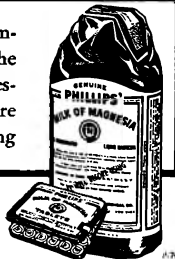
and it should not be deflated at so perilous a time as at present. People must be fed properly, clinics must be maintained, children in danger of tuberculosis must be cared for. All the work of the prevention and relief of suffering which voluntary contributions can do, must

raise thousands of boys and girls up to the age of twenty, and then allow them to die of tuberculosis, a preventable disease. What does it cost society under these circumstances? To say that this is a great waste of money is putting it mildly. It would be just as foolish to build a house and as soon as it is built, to burn it to the ground. Tuberculosis can be prevented, but the facts are that between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, after we have made our greatest investment in childhood and youth, the largest number of deaths from tuberculosis occur, more deaths in fact than from any other disease that causes death in that age period. Computing the value of a human life at any figure, even the most conservative, the loss to society under these circumstances amounts to millions of pesos every year.

Helping by contributing a small amount, offers one way in which one can help the organized national campaign of the Philippine Tuberculosis Society and bring about the control of this great white plague in our country.

CONSTIPATION

requires far more than simply a laxative. Neutralize the stomach acids — aid digestion — tone up the entire intestinal tract by taking



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Formula: Magnesium Hydroxide

NOEMI

(Short Story)

By JULIA PALARCA

OURS is a small uneven street. It breaks off from the main road, bravely traces out a new trail for about a hundred meters or so then gives up the attempt as it comes to a vast boggy place where water lilies and decaying rushes grow. There the road ends. Lined on one side are our homes—old, brown structures—while papaya trees, green and full, stand on guard just across the street.

We knew one another pretty well, of course. We know, for instance, that Apong Virang has a grandson at the Military Academy in Baguio who had more brains than his body could decently hold; that Socorro's husband died in a free ward at the city hospital because the doctors had given him something to quiet the too rapid beat of his heart—something which definitely proved that the prescribed medicine was not to be administered to others who complained of the same disease for "the pills were not as efficacious as advertised, after all"; that Juan's latest baby never cried even if some unbelieving neighbor pinched it hard just to see for himself and that Simeon was saving money in order to take his family to Mindanao. We know that when one of Mang Apiong's daughters has one of her nervous attacks and starts to bite and make sounds very much like the barking of their dog, her father chins her to a stout post in the house until she calms down. We know who are courting Flora and Celina and even Tonia who is slightly touched in the head.

Life, however, is too complicated a process to bother long about other people's ways of managing to live just above the seam of the earth. That was why we never paid very close attention to Valentin, the water-carrier who earned thirty centavos a day. There were others like him. And when he took a woman unto himself, we shrugged our shoulders and said he could not help that. The girl used to sit under the large acacia tree near the artesian well and wait till Valentin had filled two cans with pure, clear water. She was an ugly, fat thing with small, expressionless eyes and a large, weak mouth. Valentin shooed her away at first but when she tagged along every time he carried water to the houses, walking with a queer, ungainly gait as if her feet found it hard to support her shapeless, bulging body and furtively wiping the perspiration which oozed from Valentin's arms, he allowed her to sit under the trees and wait

for him. She wooed him long. She watched over the man she had chosen for herself with savage possessiveness and when once, Valentin had left his empty cans near the artesian well while he bought cigarettes from the Chinese store at the street's junction, she fought fiercely against a group of boys who were pouring sand into the containers. Torn and bleeding in the mouth, her hair getting in the way of her clenched fists, she fought for Valentin's things like a primitive beast struggling for its young. There was a glorious light in her eyes when she emerged from the tangled mass of young boys and presented the gasoline cans—clean and untouched—to Valentin.

He finally took her in one night. Took her in one rainy night when she lingered by the bamboo stairs of his home, drenched but refusing to shiver in front of him. She brushed her damp hair away from her face, wrung the hem of her dress from water and solemnly gave her hand to Valentin as he stretched his own to help her up the stairs.

We all accepted Valentin's new life with passive indifference. Once or twice in the beginning, we used to look up from our work to look at his mate but that was about all we cared to do. Both had merged with the day's routine. And when their first baby came, a few of us stroked the child's head and murmured endearments. Some offered suggestions about the removal of yellow, waxy crusts that had formed on its head and Mang Sitong's wife actually kissed the infant as it lay sleeping in its mother's arms.

Perhaps, we are a strange group.

Or unreasonable, I do not know. For when we realized Noemi was forced to live a life the way she never expected to, we gathered our skirts about us and fled from her as from a physically polluted being.

Noemi was the undisputed queen of the street by virtue of her face. It was a strange, face, hers. We had not seen for years many gifted with such almost unbelievably lovely features. It was a face which at once stirred and soothed. Someday, I wish you would see her eyes. They are remarkably aglow with secret fires—they used to be, at least. Her nose was not even "tall" as we say, but small and exquisitely shaped. Best of all, her mouth was soft and warm and full. We used to talk with her and watch her lips form the words, deriving pleasure in seeing them in motion. And when she unexpectedly would burst out into a pretty laugh, we would smile weakly, conscious of our own awkward mouths. Noemi was a lovely woman. Perhaps if she looked somewhat like Valentin's wife, we wouldn't have minded what happened. We would have tolerated her as we had tolerated the other woman. But we had unintentionally placed Noemi above the common crowd. To us, she was not another of the people who lived with the years, fought and were twisted out of form, reshaped all over again only to renew the struggle. Noemi was beautiful, therefore, dwelt apart. We thought of her that way. You would call her the symbol of what we had always wanted ourselves to be, what we had *hoped* we would be. And when she dared to break through the aura we had surrounded

her with, we never forgave her. . . .

Noemi worked as a cashier in one of the downtown restaurants. One morning, she would walk briskly down our papaya-fringed street, her arms swinging in the particularly joyous, free movements of young girls, her chin tilted with unconscious grace. The early morning wind would be on her dress and body. Along the way, a few persons who lingered—some of them apathetic, a few resigned to dreams discarded long ago, used to straighten up instinctively as Noemi passed and smile new, unfamiliar smiles.

At the end of each month, she would offer her earnings to her invalid sister with whom she lived together with paper bags filled with oranges and grapes. Sometimes, she would bring a dress home, wrapped in pink paper with the name of a Bonday store on the outside. Very rarely, she would bring flowers for her sister.

Of course we did not expect Noemi to stay a nurse all her life. We thought of a young man who would take her away someday, place her in a huge house over which she was to rule in the same way as she held sway over us. She would have a car for herself, innumerable dresses to set off that loveliness of hers, money to spend as she wished. So that when we held small parties in our homes, it was Noemi who was placed next to the best-looking, most promising guest; when we chose her queen of May, the king consort was not one of us. On feast days, when athletic games would be held, it was Noemi who pinned the prizes onto the breasts of the winners. We even sent her photograph to one of the weekly magazines which sponsored a popularity contest and we patted ourselves on the back complacently when Noemi's picture appeared.

And yet, when Noemi *did* come home one night in a shining black sedan with white tires, we did not feel particularly overjoyed. A middle-aged, stoutheaded Chinese helped her alight from the car, holding her arm a little longer than was necessary. She had a whole spray of violet orchids on her left shoulder. The man left immediately afterwards and I still remember how every window in our street was filled with heads, which curiously looked at the departing car.

Early the next day, we asked Noemi who was the man in the black sedan and from where her "violet flowers" came. She laughed

(Continued on page 44)



Officers of the Moncada (Tarlac) Women's Club with Periclit-ture Nurse Evolution N. Asuncion.

IS ANY WIFE REALLY HAPPY?

Asks L. C. Moore

This Is The Third In A Series Of Articles On Marital Problems That This English Author Has Been Writing For Woman's Home Journal

IT is a sad commentary upon the wisdom of the human race that invariably marriage brings disillusionment for the woman. Thanks to our sentimental folly, we lead her to expect that when she emerges from the church she enters a new and brighter world.

Within a few weeks she realizes how hollow is the sham. She has dreamt of a world of sunshine and roses where care is unknown, and awakens to find herself in a suburban villa just like millions of others, and saddled with the monotonous job of running it. The shock is so great that thereafter she can never fully recover the happiness that once was hers.

I have never been able to find a completely satisfactory explanation of this foolish behaviour on the part of my fellow-creatures. If men alone were responsible for spreading these extraordinary imaginative accounts of the joys of wifehood I might conclude that he had done it deliberately, under the delusion that only by misrepresenting the facts of the case could he entice woman into marrying. But women are the chief offenders. It is always a woman who talks about the ecstasy of "working her fingers to the bone" for the man she loves.

Why do they do it? The whole business is so nonsensical. I can imagine a woman deriving ecstatic satisfaction from dying for her mate, because some natures enjoy martyrdom. But to suggest that there is romance and joy in a lifetime of the dreary routine entailed in running a home is criminally misleading. Yet it is suggested; in fact it is no exaggeration to say that every wife is lured into marriage by pretences so false that they would not be tolerated for a moment in business.

In these circumstances, can one wonder that no wife is

ever really happy? All her life she has been led to believe that the darning of socks held a thrill all its own. Her own sex have one and all conspired together to deceive her with the propound lie that romance thrives upon domesticity. Tellers of fairy stories, novelists, dramatists, and—worst culprits of all—film producers, all perpetuate the fable that once the couple reach the altar steps they automatically live happily ever after.

Before marriage a girl has something to live for, a goal to attain. It is a fact that most women look upon marriage as the one end they have to achieve, believing that ever after they will drift happily along life's stream. No one has the common humanity to tell them that whether they wear a wedding ring or not, they've got to go on living.

Consequently, every woman settles into the rut of mediocrity within a few short months of becoming a wife. Her dreams have been shattered: she has reached what she thought would be the end of her journey only to find that ready-made happiness does not await her, but that she must go on, travelling very much the same old road. No illusion remains to keep her vibrant with expectancy. The novelty of intimacy—which she at first accepted as the happiness of the fairy tales—wears off, and proves itself to be as ephemeral as the rest of the mirage.

The most tragic aspect of the problem is that she imagines that she alone has been chasing the empty air. So firmly has the belief been implanted that marriage must, in some miraculous way, bring wonderful happiness

that she never thinks of asking herself whether there is any real foundation for it. Instead she is content to regard her experience as exceptional rather than typical. All her friends have found the green oasis; it is only she who has grasped the shadow.

Self-pity sets in, with all its attendant misery. She looks at other women, and compares their lot with hers. Joan's husband is not a stodgy, prosaic individual. Betty's marriage is still colored with bright romance.

She doesn't realize that Betty and Joan look at her with precisely the same enviousness. They call her lucky to have such a lover for a husband, who in their eyes seems desirable simply because he is surrounded with the glamor of the unknown, just as their husbands are to her.

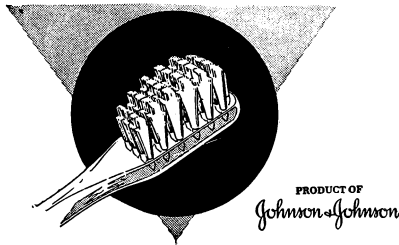
As time goes on, and her own daughters attain womanhood, she ardently hopes that they will find the romance she has missed. Instead of being brave enough to tell them the truth—even if she has learnt it—she encourages them in the same old belief that when Prince Charming comes along the skies will evermore be blue. And so they go round and round in a vicious circle.

When man and woman get out to make a home for two they do not enter the Paradise of the sentimentalists, nor do they go down into the hall of the cynics. They are neither cursed or blessed, but remain ordinary human beings, with all the normal person's potentialities for happiness.

Married life can be wonderful; there is no happier state. But the happiness does not fall like manna from Heaven—it must be won.

That is what no single girl is ever told, and that is why no wife is really happy. She

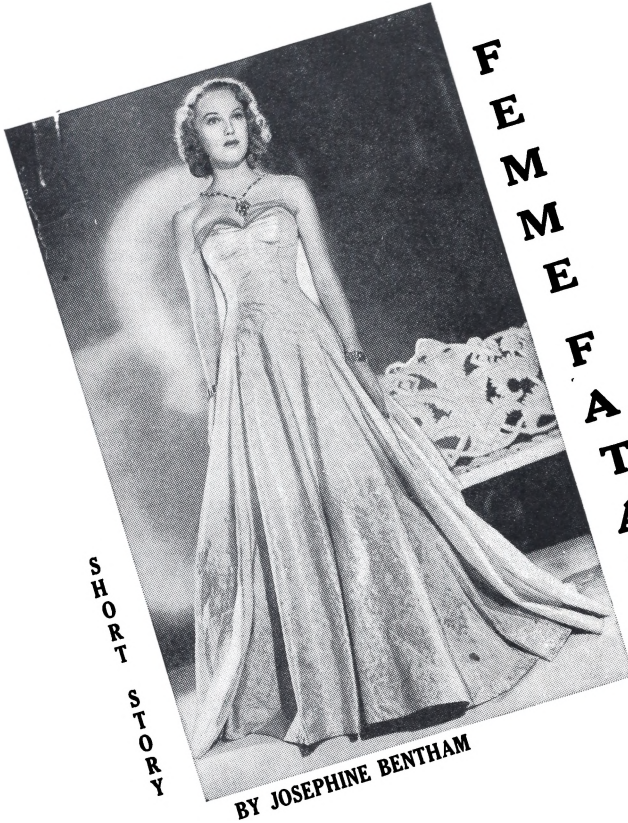
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SHORT
STORY

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BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

IT was the night of the captain's dinner. Leonora Leonard had the place of honor next to the captain—possibly because she was the widow of B. F. Leonard, Inc., and possibly because she was the prettiest woman on board. The captain could always steer a neat course between policy and preference.

Leonora was wearing a frock which delicately suggested champagne, Parma violets and the waltzes of Strauss. Her curly hair was touched with a gold that contrasted effectively with the ruche of black tulle about her throat and the narrow emerald bracelets which glittered on her beautiful bare arm. The careless observer would have thought that Leonora was about twenty-seven; the careful observer would have thought her thirty-five. She was, actually, forty-one.

It was too bad that Susan Leonard was so tall, so solemn and so definitely out of her childhood. But Susan, realizing that she betrayed her lovely mother by several quite unnecessary inches, made a point of merging into the background, of making herself unnoted.

Susan's hair, very dark and lustrous, was coiled severely at the

nape of her neck; her eyes were modestly downcast; and her dress was a rather meaningless garment of a banal blue silk. When you traveled with Leonora, you traveled with Leonora—she never traveled with you.

Leonora was sparkling tonight for the benefit of the captain, an elderly but distinguished lawyer, a famous young novelist and a middle-aged man who was of some consequence in Washington. She had learned how to do this sort of thing long before they called it "technique."

But the captain of course, couldn't quite ignore the other women at his table; even now his kindness was sweeping over Susan like a searchlight.

"Your mother's been telling me," he boomed "what a scholar you are—spending all your holidays in the British Museum, by Jove!"

Susan was startled only for an instant. She had, as a matter of literal fact, spent one afternoon in the British Museum, looking up something about the Baecian theory for Miss Kirkpatrick, the librarian at home. But if Leonora wanted to present the picture of an earnest little schoolgirl in pigtails—

of a conversation. But Susan spent some time memorizing every word of it. She recalled, too, the precise way Paul Hayden had pushed his fingers through his unruly fair hair, the way he had looked at her, the way he had smiled. She was in fact, on the point of drawing a rather amazing conclusion about herself when Leonora's hand came to rest, gently, upon her arm.

"Darling," said Leonora, "do you think you should have been hanging around the man like that? Really, darling!"

"Hanging around?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no!" cried Susan. "Oh, no. I wasn't! Mr. Hayden came to stand right by my deck chair, and if that old Mrs. Jarvis hadn't dragged him away—"

Leonora shook her head, smiling. "I saw you. You were looking at him with your whole heart in your eyes. Well, I know you admire the man, dear, but you mustn't let him think—after all, Mr. Hayden is so much older than—"

"He can't be five years older than I am!"

"Oh, well—years!" said Leonora, with a little chuckle. "Actual years! We know they don't mean anything. Mr. Hayden would think you were just an 'infant, Susan dear."

Susan looked down on her own sensible hands, well-scrubbed and ringless. They were good enough hands but no more alluring or provocative than a little boy's. Susan sighed as her eyes wandered to Leonora's hand, bright-nailed and gay, with a ruffle of satin and lace falling over the delicate blue-veined wrist.

"Of course," said Susan miserably. "I know he wasn't interested in me."

"You little monkey!" teased Leonora.

Nothing more was said about Paul Hayden. And, although they sat at the same table, Susan had scarcely said another word to him. Well, she had learned one great truth from Leonora: "Men do like to be the pursuers, my dear!"

The captain's dinner was very gay. All the other girls were openly seeking admiration—laughing, and shouting plesancies to their friends, and posing with silly, bright-colored caps tipped over one eye. Susan, of course, had a cap of her own, but for some unaccountable reason she had been too shy to wear it. She had laid it beside her plate with a toy whistle and a half-empty package of confetti. Paul Hayden was looking at a very pretty girl in black velvet, smiling appreciatively at something she had said.

"I don't know why I ever bought this dress," thought Susan. "Blue isn't the color for a person with my kind of brown eyes. But I bet I've had a million blue dresses. Miss Susan Leonard spends all her time in the British Museum, but just the same she's not very bright. Maybe

"Yes," said Susan, blushing, "I found the museum very interesting."

Leonora permitted her famous dimple to be observed. "Susan is going to be so much more intelligent than her poor mother!" she cried.

Susan dipped her spoon into her compote. Leonora always spoke of her as if she were still in the bud. Leonora did not mean to be unkind; Leonora had no idea that she sometimes made her daughter feel like a fool. Oh, it didn't matter—it didn't matter in the least—that is, it wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't been for Paul Hayden.

Paul Hayden was the brilliant young man whose last novel had just been dramatized, by way of enhancing the glory of the London stage. Yet he was not in the least puffy or complacent about this; he had been really embarrassed when Susan, the second day out, told him how very much she had enjoyed Sentinel.

"I hope you'll like my next book—the one I'm working on now," he said eagerly.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall!" said Susan.

Certainly it had not been much

Mr. Hayden will put me in his next novel. 'She was a very uninteresting person in a particularly loathsome blue dress.' Oh, I don't know why I always have to be such a dope!"

The captain's voice broke into this melancholy self-analysis. When the captain spoke, everyone else stopped speaking—not out of respect for the captain, but out of respect for his voice. Consequently, everyone at the table heard the question he put to Susan, as well as the curious little conversation that followed.

"You're looking very pensive, Miss Leonard!" he roared. "You might let us into the secret—mightn't she, Mrs. Leonard?"

Susan smiled and shook her head, and sent a prayerful little glance in the direction of Jessie Stebbins. Jessie was an old friend—the Stebbins family had lived for years not a mile from the Leonard family in the town of Cape West, Connecticut. But now the amiable Miss Stebbins, wishing to be helpful, only succeeded in making matters worse.

"You don't know our Susan!" she exclaimed, looking archly at the captain. "These quiet young people—But you know the old saying—'still waters run deep'?"

"Ho, ho!" said the captain.

For an instant Susan Leonard met Paul Hayden's eyes. Then she changed color—her lashes lay very dark against her flushed cheeks.

"Well!" boomed the captain. "Well, well! I begin to suspect—what's this, young lady?"

"Nothing," stammered Susan.

"Now, now, you can't tell me! You aren't paying much attention to us, you know! I'll lay odds you're thinking of a dozen young men that'll be waiting for you at the dock. That's why our young is so pensive, eh?"

Susan smiled. "This," she told herself, "is the way they carried on in the gay nineties. Mother always goes for it. It's pretty damned embarrassing. But suppose I'll live through it."

Leonora was sending her daughter a swift, understanding smile. "Why, captain!" she cried. "You really mustn't tease the child like that! It's very naughty of you—really! Susan is only a child, you know. All this nonsense about suitors—why, she's too young! She's never had a suitor in her life!"

There was a silence, a rather appalling silence. Even the captain's dinner-table diplomacy had fled from him. Certainly no one meant to be unkind, but no one could resist looking at the poor girl who had never had a suitor in her life. Leonora realized vaguely that she had said the wrong thing, but she couldn't imagine what it was. Miss Stebbins hit her lip and looked anxiously at Susan.

But Susan—who would never forget this moment as long as she lived—was deliberately ignoring it. She

picked up her little cup and sipped her back coffee with the composure of a queen—a queen who has just informed a prime minister that he was a prime fool.

Paul Hayden, during the course of Leonora's speech, had picked up his toy whistle—only to scowl curiously at that inoffensive object. Paul Hayden could not endure witnessing any form of cruelty. The rather bright and jaunty note that he got into his book was his way of covering up this weakness. But now he shot a swift glance in Susan's direction. She was paying no attention to him or to anyone else; apparently she was enjoying her coffee. Young Hayden recognized gallantry when he saw it—and approved it.

The silence had not lasted for more than a moment—Paul had turned, with a deadly glint in his eye, to Susan Leonard's mother. "Of course," he said, in a voice that was silkily polite, "one generation never really understands another generation."

Leonora did not like being put into a generation—as if it were a wheel chair. "Well!" she said. "My daughter and I are very close—like sisters, Mr. Hayden!"

The novelist ignored this statement. "H'm-m," he said. "Your generation, of course, was rather—er—transparent." He paused meditatively. "Not that it's a question of age. Miss Leonard has that subtle something—that particular allure which the French described so perfectly—well, we haven't the word for it in English, have we?" And here he turned, in apology, to Susan, "But you'll have to forgive me for this, Miss Leonard! It's a bad habit of mine—thinking aloud."

Susan looked at him steadily.

"It was nice of you," she said.

Leonora, completely baffled, said nothing.

Jessie Stebbins cried, "But—Mr. Hayden—what do you mean about Susan? What is the word for it? In French?"

Young Hayden got out of that—neatly. He smiled at Miss Stebbins. "I'm afraid of my accent," he said.

* * *

"I can't imagine what he meant!" stormed Leonora. "A certain something—in French! Why couldn't he say it in English?"

"Well, never mind," said Susan. "Don't let it bother you—we're never going to see him again."

"That's true," said Leonora gratefully. "And between you and me, I'm glad the trip's behind us. That old captain was a bore. Only now I'm sorry we didn't run over to Paris this time. I knew that I'd regret it! We'll just have to pick up a few clothes while we're here—in New York, darling—and then home, thank heaven!"

Leonora did not notice that Susan was looking thoughtful. Susan was still looking thoughtful when she followed her mother into the latter's favorite shop.

Leonora found several dresses that she liked, a little ermine-trimmed coat and a number of odd-looking velvet cornucopias, which, said the salesgirl, were hats.

"And now," said Leonora, turning briskly to Susan, "as for what you'll need this season—"

"Yes," said Susan. Whereupon Susan arose and stalked by the junior-miss department, to contemplate a model gown in a glass case—an evening gown which would

have made Madame de Maintenon feel like a little lass from the Ozarks. It was a wicked, honey-colored garment with wide bands of pink bordering its diaphanous sleeves. "And the skirt has such a nice swoosh, hasn't it?" said Susan casually. "Yes, I think it would look very well on me."

Leonora stared. "But it's too old!"

"Old?" said Susan, and turned to the salesgirl. "I'll be twenty next April—the eighteenth. Do you think it's too old for me?"

The salesgirl had, habitually, the air of a duchess touring the slums. Now, at a direct question, she roused herself long enough to smile—in her own faint, supercilious fashion.

"Old? Why, it's the sort of little dress that all our smartest debutantes are positively going to wear this season!"

"Yes," said Susan. "But they're not going to wear this one. I'm going to wear it."

"But, Susan—"

"Yes, mother. That dress is going to mean something to me. It's going to make me look wistful, but it's not going to make me feel wistful. That dress has something."

"I suppose we haven't a word for it—in English," said Leonora.

"No, mother, I don't suppose we have," said Susan, and turned to the duchess. "Now I have an idea I'd like a street dress in a certain shade of soft green—"

Susan had expressed herself, for almost the first time in her life. Certainly a few dresses would not alter the firmly rooted attitude of a whole community, and Susan had not the faintest hope that they would.

Susan Leonard, in Cape West, (Continued on page 37)

DO AWAY WITH THIS WORRY IN YOUR HOME

Let Lysol Help You Guard Against Infection

Every mother has an ever-present worry in her mind—how to protect her loved ones from the constant danger of infection from the thousands of invisible germs in every home

"Lysol" will help fight those germs of dread infection. Use "Lysol" disinfectant in all household cleaning—in the scrub pail, on brooms, mops, cloths. It reaches germs in cracks and crevices and ends their vicious careers before they can do harm. "Lysol" has been used for many years in many hospitals of leading countries the world over.

"Lysol" used in proper dilution (directions on package) does no harm. It penetrates, searching out germs. It is economical.

Reject substitutes. Look for the trade Mark "Lysol". Insist upon original package, orange carton with brown bottle.



NEPA GIRLS DO THEIR BIT FOR COUNTRY



By
PACITA LERMA

Executive Secretary, Young Women's NEPA Chapter

THE Young Filipino womanhood woke up one day and found the sun was brighter, and the sky, bluer. There was a tinge in the air, a briskness in the whole atmosphere which made her realize she was not keeping pace with the outside world. Her world had been narrowed to the four walls of a home. Not desiring to be relegated to the back-ground as tradition would have it a decade ago, she has aspirations, unspoken thoughts and desires which long for self-assertion. Her ambition to be of help to the country would no longer be stilled. That ambition, consciously or unconsciously cherished in every young Filipino girl's mind, finally found voice in the NEPA Young Women's Chapter.

The NEPA Young Women's Chapter was organized on February 12, 1938, starting with a membership of sixty girls, the nucleus of school, social and business circles, but all of them belonging to prominent families. Organized only about a year and a half ago, the chapter now counts with more than two hundred and fifty members, active, spirited, civic-minded girls who are anxious and eager to participate somehow in the building of the country.

The chapter is trying and succeeding to implant one important thing—the consciousness of national economy in the minds of young people. The past month of July and the current month of August are the months of active organization and reorganization of NEPA chapters in schools and colleges. His Grace, Most Rev. Michael J. O'Doherty, Archbishop of Manila, very gracefully lent his support to the NEPA cause by sending letters to all Catholic schools recommending the organization of NEPA chapters. Organized chapters in these different institutions of learning are working separately for the patronage of our home industries. Native dress materials have been adopted for student daily uniforms.

Student chapters have for their main activities:

1. To have a monthly meeting to take up matters and activities pertaining to the NEPA.

2. On such a day, the members

wear NEPA clothes and accessories.

3. To purchase local products in preference to imported goods and to extend the campaign into their homes.

4. At each meeting, members submit an individual report on NEPA purchases made during the month to the officers who in turn report to the executive secretary of the main chapter.

Heading the institutions that have chapters are: University of Sto. Tomas, Holy Ghost College, St. Scholastica's College, Philippine Women's University, Far Eastern University, Assumption College, La Concordia College, Sta. Rosa Col-

lege, Sta. Ysabel College, La Consolacion College, Instituto de Mujeres, Sta. Rita Academy, Beaterio de la Compañia, Calocan Elementary School, Jesus Sacred Heart Academy of Tayabas, Immaculate Conception of Balayan, Batangas, Balayan Institute of Batangas and others.

The social set dictates the pace for fashions and fads in Manila is doing its bit for boosting the things Philippine and keeping up the NEPA spirit. By its example the NEPA motif is now the vogue in almost every social gathering, when foreign visitors are entertained. Hosts and guests come in native dresses, the table decorations ranging from the table mats, bamboo flower containers, NEPA place cards and native dishes form part of the layout. Sampaguita leis and *anahaw* fans are given out as favors. These picturesque touches give to things native rarely fail to impress

Mrs. Victoria L. Araneta, National Chairman and Adviser of the NEPA Young Women's Chapter, with the officers and directors of the chapter in her home in "Victoneta."

tourists and visitors who go away to tell their friends of the charms of the Philippines.

Mrs. Salvador Araneta, the National Chairman and adviser of the chapter, in a speech recently broadcast voiced an important thing when she said that every tourist coming to the islands can be made a propagandist, "if we give a more native and exotic atmosphere to our country." The chapter is encouraging the return to wearing the beautiful *balintawak* and *barong tagalog* whenever the occasion presents itself. The "NEPA Promenade", which took place in the Luneta and the Dewey Boulevard, was a parade of gaily decorated "filburris" and "tarrotelas" which carried beautifully clad ladies in *balintawak* and young men in *barong tagalog*.

The members of this chapter, since they belong to Manila's best society, naturally influence the fashions in the islands. Their summer wardrobes this year included beach togs and mountain resort clothes gathered from the colorful native materials which abound in our stores. Gay Ilocano weaves which are a firm material were made into skirts, shirts and beach wraps. Wide-brimmed buri hats with bright bands were flaunted in swimming pools, beaches or anywhere where the sun's rays were to be ward off. Clogs made by local manufacturers, cheaper and of better quality are preferred by our society girls to those imported.

The NEPA Young Women's Chapter's participation in the Red Cross drive of this year, turned out to be one of the most successful affairs the girls have handled. A large number of NEPA girls dressed in exotic and colourful *balintawaks* participated in the "NEPA Melodies." NEPA products donated by local firms and manufacturers were distributed freely to the guests. It was held at the Fiesta Pavilion of the Manila Hotel and about eight hundred guests were in attendance, attired in native outfits.

Monthly radio programs sponsored by the Young Women's Chapter convey their ideas, aims and views regarding national economy, which are heard in every nook and corner of the islands. Prominent Filipino women have been the guest speakers at these radio programs, who voice their appeal to the Filipinos to do their best for their country. Among these prominent speakers have been Judge Natividad Almada-Lopez, Mrs. Salvador Araneta, Mrs. Belen Emile-Gutierrez and Miss Pacita Madrigal, president of the chapter.

MABINI'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER

Mother of mine: In the midst of my misfortunes, your memory is not painful to me since the idea consoles me that fate spared you the pain of seeing them; but if unexpectedly happy days should come to me, perhaps I would complain that you had not been permitted to reap the reward of my well-being.

Mabini, in dedicating his La Revolucion Filipina to his mother, says:

Mother of mine: When still a child I told you that I wished to study to please you above everything else, because your golden dream was to have your son a priest; to be a minister of God was to you the Greatest honor to which a man could aspire in this world.

Seeing that you were too poor to suffer the expenses of my education, you weakened yourself in working, without giving heed to either sun or rain, until you contracted the illness which brought you to the grave.

Fate has not wished me to be a priest; nevertheless, convinced that a true minister of God is not alone he who wears the long habiliments, but all those who proclaim His glory by means of good and useful service to the greatest possible number of His creatures, I will try to be faithful to your wishes while I do not lack the Strength for this end.

Wishing to deposit on your tomb a crown devised by my own hands, I dedicate the little book to your memory; it is poor and unworthy of you, but up to this time it is the best crown that the inexperienced hands of your son have been able to fashion.

Envy her PEP?

SOME PEOPLE JUST SEEM TO "FEEL LIKE A MILLION" ALL THE TIME. WHAT'S THEIR SECRET?

How a "Protecting Food" may help You gain the Fitness that makes Life More Fun...

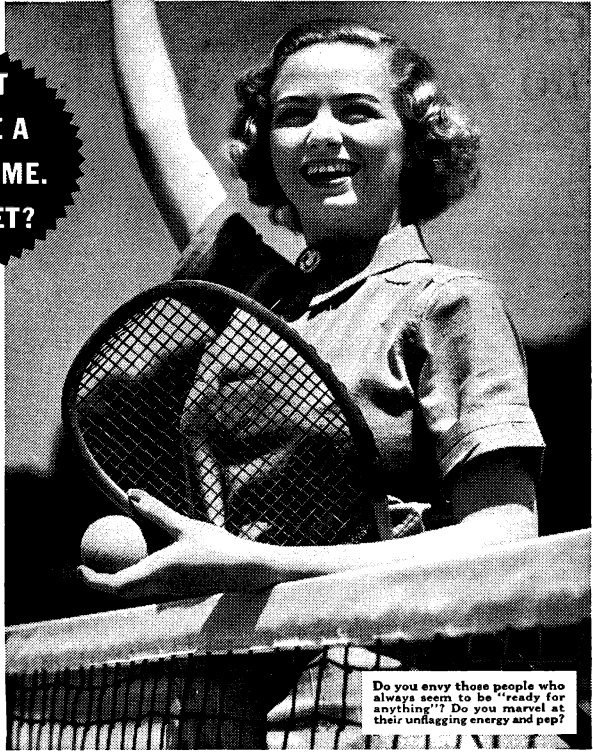
ARE YOU tired all the time? Do other people seem to have all the fun? Do you seem to have a smaller store of vitality than other people you know?

If you are dissatisfied with your energy, why not try this "protecting food" idea so many people are adopting? The plan is to drink a cupful or two of the famous food-beverage, Ovaltine, every day.

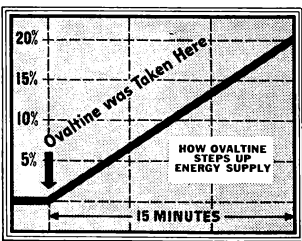
Everywhere people are adopting this plan for greater energy, health and joy in living.

Ovaltine is extremely easy to digest. It is very nourishing. It also helps digest starchy foods (like bread, potatoes, rice and cereals) and makes milk more easily digested.

In addition, it supplies a wide variety of the so-called "protective" food-factors—that is, vitamins and minerals and



Do you envy those people who always seem to be "ready for anything"? Do you marvel at their unflagging energy and pep?



HEAVY LINE shows the average increase in "available energy" of a group of 20 people when given Ovaltine between-meals. Note that their energy supply was stepped up 20% in 15 minutes!

high-quality proteins. Actually, Ovaltine supplies Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin D (the "sunshine" vitamin), and Vitamin G; and the three important minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron . . . thus helping you to get a larger share of these elements we all need for health.

And when you take Ovaltine you are also replenishing your energy supply.

Tests show that when it is taken between meals it increases the supply of food energy an average of 20% in fifteen minutes!

So—why not try Ovaltine—either between-meals or as a mealtime drink? Many prefer it to tea and coffee. (You may make it with either plain or evaporated milk.)

OVALTINE



INCREASE YOUR CAPACITY for work and enjoyment by increasing your daily supply of "protective food-factors." Drink Ovaltine daily. Today people use it in 57 countries!

To get a trial tin of delicious Ovaltine—use coupon at right. Or get a full-size tin at your nearest dealer.

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178 Juan Luna, Manila

Please send me a trial tin of Ovaltine. I enclose P. 10 to cover handling and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

MANILA music lovers will soon have the rare opportunity of hearing and seeing Mrs. Diane Christenberry who possesses what a New York critic called "an outstandingly beautiful soprano voice with a rare, rich quality, strong yet warm and flexible," when she makes her debut in a recital sponsored by the *Asociacion Musical de Filipinas* and scheduled for the 29th of this month at Villamor Hall.

Mrs. Christenberry has had considerable success on the concert stage, radio, and in operetta and as a teacher of voice. She was the prima donna for the celebrated Duncan sisters in their version of "Topsy and Eva". She was soloist in 1935-1936 with the famous United States navy band, heard regularly over the nation-wide network of the National Broadcasting Company. During the past recent years she gave weekly concerts in Washington, D. C. each winter season. Before she left for the Philippines, where her husband, Major Christenberry is now stationed, she gave in Washington what was considered one of the largest and most successful concerts ever held in the capital. At this concert, she was accompanied by an ensemble of six harpists.

She has also done considerable work with symphonies and in recitals in various cities in the United States, in South America and in the West Indies. In addition to these, she found time to teach voice in her home, coaching advanced students and teachers and developing the voice of beginners. Mrs. Christenberry is highly qualified to teach singing, for besides possessing the degree of bachelor of music from Texas University and extensive experience, she has also studied with eminent teachers, among them being the noted coloratura soprano of the University Extension Conservatory of Chicago, Mme. Helen Fouts-Cahoon, Walter Young and Joseph Luigi of New York City. The latter has stated that Mrs. Christenberry "exhibits in high degree the



MRS. CHRISTENBERRY

faculty of imparting to others her extensive understanding of the art of singing".

Mrs. Christenberry has been singing professionally for the last twelve years. She laughingly told the writer that her singing career is a belated one, having been postponed by her when she got married and then had her two children. As a child in Oklahoma, her native state, she possessed a voice that showed great promise and everybody predicted an early and successful singing career for her. She confessed that she sang before she could walk. Her family which was very musical encouraged her in every way and expected great things from her. At seventeen, she went to the University of Texas to study music. After her graduation with the degree of bachelor of music, an opportunity to go to New York and start her singing career was offered to her but instead of taking it as any ambitious and talented girl would have done, she got married—and to an army man, who, as everyone knows, does not have a permanent residence while he is in active service. But she had great faith in her voice and reasoned out that it would always be with her, barring some untoward accident or illness, and that the emotional experiences and physical changes that come with marriage and childbearing would be good for it, making it finer and mellower. However, she did not remain idle after her marriage and when her children arrived; she continued to study and to practice, quietly preparing herself for her postponed singing career, and patiently waiting for the opportunity to start it.

Her husband was assigned to Honolulu shortly after their marriage. During the three years of her residence there, she taught singing, sang in church and in benefits and parties. Then Major Christenberry was assigned as ROTC instructor in Columbia University. This made it possible for her to study with the already mentioned famous teachers and to accept singing engagements on the

WITH US

DIANNE DEERING CHRISTENBERRY
Lyric Soprano

MRS. HARRIETTE GUNN ROBERSON
Lecturer on Personality Development

stage and radio. And with her two children already grown up and no longer needing all her attention, she was free to devote her time to her postponed career.

Both of her children are very musical. The ten-year-old girl has a good voice and her mother is planning to train her early, hoping to make a singer out of her.

Mrs. Christenberry believes that a good voice should be developed, if not for a singing career, for the pleasure of the owner only. Even those who do not have good voices but like or want to sing or think that they can sing should be encouraged to study. The voice when developed might prove good if not strong. One need not have a strong voice to sing over the radio or in a drawing room or to one self.

Asked if there was any special precaution she takes to protect her voice, she laughed and said that perhaps she is the only singer who does not cuddle her throat. There is only one thing she has learned to do which she has found of great benefit to her, and that is to completely relax before she has to sing. This eases the vocal cords and she can sing even with a bad cold.

* * *

WHEN we learned that Mrs. Harriette Gunn Roberson was a kin of the descendants of our favorite childhood author, Louisa M. Alcott, we were most eager to meet her. Being an authority on psychology and an internationally known lecturer on personality, she was scheduled to speak at various universities and clubs, so we clipped her program which was published in all the newspapers hoping to attend one of her lectures and meet her. Unfortunately her boat was delayed by the storm for two days and would stop in Manila for only a day and a half so most of her speaking engagements were cancelled. Fortunately for us, we were able to attend her last lecture, rather informal talk, delivered an hour before her boat would sail. She was so pressed for time that we had to talk to her in the car which carried her to the pier.

Mrs. Roberson was founder and president for a number of years of the School of Personality in Washington, D. C. This school has proved very popular among diplomats, society women and others interested in developing their personality.

What is personality? we asked Mrs. Roberson. It is the quality of being somebody that somebody else does not possess, she said. Thus, we often say of a person, "He has no personality", when he has no individuality, no color, no distinguishing characteristic. But personality, according to Mrs. Roberson, is different from character, which is the sum total of a person's qualities. Of all the qualities which make up character, she considers honesty—in thoughts, in feelings, in words, the most important.

The subject of her last talk, we remember, was How To Get What You Want, and this is how to get what you want, according to her: Picture to yourself what you want or what you want to be and direct all your efforts towards getting it. If other things tend to deviate you from your purpose, don't fight against them but find substitutes for them. This applies especially to thoughts, which are more difficult to control. Don't stop thinking but think of another thing; don't fight a thought but put another thought in its place.

Then, too, we must learn to give if we want to get something, Mrs. Roberson advised her listeners. She told the story of a beggar in India who was asked by his King to give him (the King) something. Angry because the King who was rich asked him, who was poor, to give, he selected the smallest grain of rice in his bowl and gave it to his King. The King, in turn, put something into his bowl, which he found to be a small piece of gold. Whereupon he tore his hair in remorse for not giving his biggest grain of rice or all his rice—his King might have given him a large piece of gold!

Mrs. Roberson has also written several books, mostly on psychology and personality. Her book, Mary Magdalene, has been made into a play. She is a graduate of the Iowa State College, where she specialized in pedagogy. She also studied under the famous psychologist Thorndyke.

Cleopatra always carried with her a potent, subtle poison which had the effect of benumbing the body and making her quite insensible to pain.

Modess
Softer, more absorbent, finer

BOTICA BOIE
Distributors

IT'S a wonder I didn't marry you, Wyoming. "Wyoming Willie" they called you. You had fame of your kind—Wild West riproaring fame. The best bronco-buster that ever straddled a four legged explosion! You were famous, for you had mastered Satan, the black demon horse of the Pendleton exhibition show—the Rodeo. You were king of the Rodeos.

You could master outlaw horses, but with me you weren't masterful. You were humble and awkward and much too respectful. And I was at the foolish age!—I fancied a bold and devil-may-care caballero. And love? To me it was some sort of rainbow cloak that descended upon you at the close of the marriage ceremony.

It was a true Wyoming plan—your dream of our future together. That we should be a team of trick riders—rodeo roamers—following these epic dramas of the West from one western town to another. I was to have been rigged out in colorful cowgirl regalia—trousers, boots and spurs—a huge sombrero, a purple shirt with a flaming scarf at my throat, and mounted on the best of the western ponies, I was to take part in the races, to ride as a death-defying exhibition performer.

We were to be partners—a team—sharing the high shouting excitement. Thrills. Spills. Together. Plunging horses beneath us—the roar of a thrill-greedy crowd heavy in our ears. A wild-singing ecstasy in the mastery of leaping, bucking, fighting, untamed horses.

"There's big money in that game," Wyoming Willie said. "We'll get all the prizes. We kin live high, wide and handsome. Say, Golden Girl, there's a silver mounted saddle at Greenberg's. I'm going to get that for you. I'll get the prize money in the riding at Cody, and I'll buy it for you for a wedding present."

These Rodeos had a practical purpose in their beginning. They were gatherings of cowboys to learn the arts of their trade—to rope a calf the fastest, and ride the horses too wild to be used for ranch purposes—this was the origin of the Rodeo, but now they are outdoor vaudeville shows, circuses and Wild West exhibitions combined. There are Indians doing war dances, and all the skillful cowboys compete in riding, roping and bull-dogging.

Yes, it sure is a leaping wonder I didn't marry you, Wyoming Willie. For your talk of riding and roaming was all glamor to me then. You were tall and lean and lithe—You had a rugged type of good looks. You were my first romance—adult romance—schoolboy affairs didn't count any more.

"What will we do in the winter?" I asked you in a rare spell of practicality.

"I have a cabin, up on Prayer Mountain," Wyoming answered me proudly. "Eagle's Nest, I call it. Perched high on a mountain and sheltered by tall pines. Of course, we'll get snowed in wintertime and

Cowboy Romantic

By

IRIS BROWN

*He Was Her First Romance
But She Didn't Marry Him*

not see anyone else for maybe three months, but we will be warm and snug before our fireplace."

It was that plan that made my mother cry, as she said to me, "Do you remember that schoolteacher you liked so well—the jolly little one?—Well, she died while you were in school last year. She married one of those no-account Pryor mountain boys, and a little after the marriage was with child. He went out looking for work, and left her there on the mountain alone—she went about crazy from loneliness. She said she talked to the wind, and the wind answered her. And her husband didn't send for her—he left her there—Another one like your precious 'Wyoming!' That girl lived up there on the mountain alone like an animal—ate roots and nuts and snared a few jackrabbits. She was too proud to tell her mother, for her mother had prophesied just what so happened. When she finally did crawl down to the nearest neighbor—it was snowing and a gale howling down from the peaks—and

they started to take her to a hospital. But they got stuck in a snow-drift. Your pretty little schoolteacher died in that storm, and her baby, too. And now her husband sits around and moans and cries. And this cowboy of yours is just the same type."

But my mother's tales of horror and death in a northern blizzard slipped into one ear and out the other, as far as my dizzy self was concerned.

What really ruined our romance—as far as I was concerned—was that dance we attended. You remember, Wyoming Willie?

On your horse, you were graceful, forceful, effective. But on the dance floor—such awkwardness! How you did step on toes—everybody's toes. And when someone kidded you—you couldn't take it. You started a fight, and I was so embarrassed I cried, and ran away. I wouldn't see you anymore, and my mother was pleased by that.

Mother packed me away to school—a way of putting the width

of several states between us—and your letters, Wyoming Cowboy, did you wrong. They were so crude and awkward and the spelling was so unlearned. Somelov my roommate got one of them, and made it the laughing-stock of the dormitory, and I couldn't stand that. I gave you up without a backward thought.

I even joined noisily in the laughter at your last letter, which my roommate also had filched. It was awfully funny to us when you wrote, "You have made a bum out of me. I was a no-good, but you were My Beautiful Dream Come True. I was going to work hard and make a home for you. But now all I want is a horse, and the lonely wind to sing for me. I'll join the Kanger, and maybe I'll be killed, and you'll be sorry then."

But you didn't spell the words correctly, and I laughed with the others.

But secretly I thought your letter was sad, and I visioned you lying somewhere in the desert—dreaming of me with the last flicker of your life and calling my name with your last breath.

I still remembered some of the magic of that last ride we had together. That morning is still golden in my memory. So early—there was a sharp nip in the mountain breeze. Sagebrush scented dawn, lonely immensity of sky and plain—and You and I.

You brought for me your favorite horse, high-stepping, high-spirited Glory. You said I was the only girl who had ever been able to ride Glory. "Keep your eyes alert, Golden," Wyoming Willie said to me. "That horse would as soon go over the mesquite bush as around it."

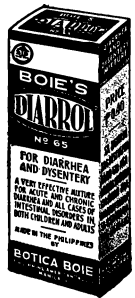
We galloped, riding easy as feathers, across the scented sagebrush flats—down to the sandy river bank. Cottonwood trees flung out golden autumn banners and the roaring river made primeval music for us, as we built our camp-fire of drift-wood. Bacon and toast and coffee warmed us to contentment with life.

You put the saddles together, for our horses were grazing unfettered—and made a throne for me, as we lounged before our fire. You made your last plea then, for my love. "That's the life for you, Golden, real life, no messing around with books and such foolishness. We'll make a home. I love you so much I could die for you."

Your eyes were full of tears when we parted, and I meant it when I said I'd be back, but I was still a child in my interests.

Your idea was that we should always be free—free from responsibilities—free as the birds flying above us, mated as they are and nesting as they do.

But life, my dear Willie, is a more realistic routine than that. And so from the safe haven of maturity and a happy marriage, I'm saying Goodbye to you—My roaming cowboy of the Rodeos!



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LOW HEAVEN

William J. Walters

Dodd, Mead and Company
New York, 1939 P5.50.

LOW Heaven is a typical American's story of the Philippines. It tells about the experiences of an American, Malcolm Carter, who, dissolute and undependable in the beginning finds himself and the solution to the problems of his life in work—work in a forest of lumber-trees. Here, in this same forest he discovers his faith in himself, in his hands and finally is able to invest that newly-found self in a future which augured happiness for him and the girl he loves.

The story is very simple and quite charming, the different stages of the hero's degeneration, the turning-point in his life, when Ramon, his brother-in-law to be, suggested his taking up forest work for a change, then the processes of regeneration are very well depicted. The reader follows with unabated interest the various episodes of Malcolm's life, condemning his pusillanimity at one moment and praising his courage and self-reliance at another. The whole work is human, alive, almost virile with life.

If the author had only let Malcolm go through the mill of living alone, we would have said the story he made out of it was a remarkable story. But he used his colonialist's prejudices to color his tale, making Malcolm the point around which revolved these sometimes unjust notions of Filipinos and their utter unwholesomeness. There was no tolerance in the diatribes, no kindness, much vituperation. One seeks in vain for the understanding of a Pearl Buck who criticizes with fondness, striving, and succeeding in the attempt, to present not a condescending picture of the people she is writing about, but a fair picture, the good and the ill so happily mingled that the reader is convinced of the utter humanity of this people.

In Low Heaven, the Filipinos are portrayed as crude, unreliable, un-intelligent, sexual, uncouth—there is no relief at all—and the Filipino

MAY WE SUGGEST

By

PIA MANCIA

reader cannot help but ask himself desperately: Are we really as beastly stupid and carnal and ugly as all that? And he does not feel at all happy or comforted.

DON FERNANDO

W. Somerset Maugham

The Sun Dial Press Inc.
Garden City, New York
1938

Somerset Maugham was definitely the thoughtful scholar when he wrote this book on Spain. It is a bit sketchy here and there, to the point sometimes of looseness and incoherence, but there is much solid judgment behind this rickety structure which no doubt is intentional.

The book gives a colorful view of Spain, of its nooks and corners, of its exotic background, of its cosmopolitan cities and those not so cosmopolitan. Avila, he describes as a place in which it should be pleasant to linger. "There is nothing to do there and nothing to see. The walls... are like the walls of an old city in a book of hours." Of Castile he speaks joylessly, too, "Castile with its reserve, its taciturnity and its ceremonial stiffness"... and so the book goes.

The language, Spanish, is also discussed, and here Maugham uses his gift of description with masterly ease. He talks of it as failing to have the euphonious monotony of Italian: in turn, "it has a leaping, quick vivacity that forces the attention. It has nobility and deliberation. Every letter counts; every syllable has value." From the lan-

guage he goes on to discuss Spanish literature, depreciating it for its lack of real worth. He discourses quite conditely on the Golden Age of Spanish literature and with charming contrariness, admits that Spain does possess a certain greatness:

"And if I am not mistaken here is the secret of the greatness that was Spain. In Spain it is men that are the poems, the pictures and the buildings. Men are its philosophies. They lived, these Spaniards of the Golden Age; they felt and did; they did not think. Life was what they sought and found, life in its turmoil, its fervor and its variety. Passion was the seed that brought them forth and passion was the flower they bore. But passion alone cannot give rise to a great art." He claims that Spain has no art to speak of, no literature of great rank, no original paintings, but their preeminence lies according to him, in another direction: it was a preeminence of character. "In this I think they have been surpassed by none and equalled only by the ancient Romans. It looks as though all the energy, all the originality, of this vigorous race had been disposed to one end and one end only, the creation of man. It is not in art that they excelled, they excelled in what is greater than art—in man. But it is thought that has the last word." And Somerset Maugham's last word on Spain is not kind.

THE SELF YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH

By Winfred Rhoades

J. P. Lippincott Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
York, 1938

"Every person lives in at least four worlds. There is the physical world of earth and sky and trees and houses and all the rest of it. There is the social world of people good and bad, rich and poor, interesting and tedious, successful and unsuccessful. There is the spiritual world which enfolds and interpenetrates the physical and social worlds and gives them whatever final

meaning they have. And there is a world of one's creating which may be very different from the actuality of the physical, social and spiritual worlds, that forms one's environment. That world of one's own creating is the subject of this book."

This telling preface gives succinctly exactly what this little book is about. Its table of contents is just as revealing:

- I Creating a Self to Live with
- II Learning how to Live
- III Turning Unadjustment into Adjustment
- IV The Art of Not Worrying
- V Relaxation and Power
- VI It's the soul that needs Treatment
- VII Dealing Honorably with Oneself
- VIII The Task of Life

In very well-written and quiet, dignified language the author of this volume of excellent pieces of homely advice tells you and me how to develop the personality of that self we have to live with. She tells us that our personalities are made to be what in the long run they become by the thoughts we invite, the emotions we allow ourselves to cultivate. We can guide these thoughts, purify our emotions, control them, guide them, deviate them into the proper channels.

The book could have this sub-title: Self-coquest. But that would invite the idea that the work is grave, humorless, moving around a ratified stratum in the atmosphere. That would be a wrong idea. For this work, serious as it is, is full of life, interest, and the human touch so necessary to all worthwhile writing.

Here is a paragraph taken at random; Note its simplicity, yet its nobility:

"We come into the world as potentialities. There is in each one the potentiality of a soul. But like every other great achievement, the actual development of a soul is the result of effort. A man no more grows a soul without attention, and practice, and sustained discipline, and cutting loose from things that hinder the needed growth, than he, becomes a great inventor or statesman, or musician or poet without making himself lean for years."

MY "SWAN SONG"

By PIA MANCIA

TODAY my heart is full. I have just been given my "papers." I feel just like the old, faithful worker in a firm whom the employer calls one afternoon in the sanctum sanctorum of his big, luxurious office to be told that he needed to rest, he was getting along in years, his eyes were bad, the going up and down

the stairway was bad for his heart, and that it was really of his good that they were thinking a b o u t when the board members decided to—ahem—er—let him take an indefinite vacation, until such time as... but of course I need not feel this way.

Two and a half years ago there was no Pia Mancía.

Then one day my editor asked me, Would I not want to do my book-reviews under a pen-name. It was an adventure, and I recalled at once that George Eliot was nothing but a pseudonym of the great writer and a great woman. And being sentimental, I chose the middle name of my sister and my own middle name—and, lo and behold, my alter ego was made.

The work of Pia Mancía was very pleasant. She read books and she reported on them. One day someone said

something nice about the book-reviews and her editor immediately told her about the comment. She worked twice as hard after that. And still another day she took these book-reviews to another editor, who said, "H'm, h'm, let's see, so you do book-reviews, huh," and immediately hired her to do the same thing for his paper.

But that is not all the fun in Pia Mancía's work. During the plebiscite campaign, "her" Journal, for she already

(Continued on page 41)

I AM quite convinced that everyone who reads this story will say that it was simply made up. When it was first told to me my curiosity was so great that I could not rest until I had learned all the details. Then I related the whole affair to a doctor and asked him if it were within the realm of possibility. He assured me that it was, adding that, in his own opinion, it was probably the concoction of a warped mind and had no basis in reality.

I can guarantee that such is not the case. It is truth, not fiction. For the man who told it to me is himself a friend of the two principal characters involved. Since they are both still alive I shall have to change their names in giving their story.

The Marquis of Saint Austin lived in a charming villa in the Rue Octave-Feuillet in Paris for many years. While still a young man he fell in love with a lovely girl and married her. Husband and wife were devoted to each other and enjoyed eight years of uninterupted happiness. Suddenly and unexpectedly the young Marchioness died from inflammation of the lungs. It was a bitter blow to Lucien—they had made so many plans for their life together and were young and enthusiastic enough to carry them out.

Years ago they had decided that when they died their ashes were to be placed in a silver casket so that even in death they would not be separated. At that time it had seemed like a very romantic idea,

but now that the hour was at hand for Lucien to fulfil his part of the bargain, the task seemed unbearably painful. His sorrow knew no bounds. Overnight he was changed from the gay, witty person whom everyone knew and loved, to a silent, morose recluse. He was always alone, and even after ten years, when such a wound would ordinarily have healed, the Marquis still mourned his loss.

But his friends remained loyal to him throughout the years, and waited patiently for the time when the carefree disposition of old would reassert itself. They were not disappointed. The Marquis grew tired of resisting their kindly advances and refusing their continued invitations, and one evening he found himself attending a theater performance which was to be followed by dinner in a luxurious cabaret.

Lucien was struck by the dark beauty and quiet dignity of one of the women in his party, the 30-year-old Adrienne Olivier. When they spoke to each other, he was fired with an old familiar thrill of excitement, and the sound of his own laughter, heard for the first

time in many years, sounded strange in his ears. Yet it did not seem to be wrong to be enjoying himself in her company—at least not till he returned home that night. Then it appeared incomprehensible to him that while his heart was still filled with love for his dead wife, there was room for another in it. And he was stung with remorse.

Yet, he was undeniably happy when he saw Adrienne Olivier again a week later; he felt as though he had known her all his life. From then on they met daily. Soon they were calling each other by their first names. People began asking them out together. With the realization that they were in love life suddenly became not only bearable to them but very much worth living. It seemed as if some evil fate had hung over Adrienne's life too, and they both refrained from inquiring about each other's past. She understood without the necessity for many words that he could not marry her, but in spite of that they were the happiest of couples.

A few years slipped by, during which time Adrienne grew, if anything, more beautiful. Nevertheless

Lucien noticed with growing concern that she was becoming increasingly nervous and irritable. She would start at the slightest sound, was intolerant to the servants, sometimes even forgetting herself in front of Lucien. One evening he returned home later than was his wont, to find her in a state of obvious distress. There was a strange expression in her eyes, and her skin wore an unnatural pallor. She followed him hastily into his room, looked around like a hunted thing, and locked the door behind her.

"Lucien, I am desperate," she cried.

"Sit down, dearest, please!" said the Marquis soothingly. He had never seen her so upset. "Now tell me what is the matter!"

"Lucien, listen to me," she said breathlessly. "I don't know what to do. I've searched through the whole town, and can't get hold of any. I must have it. You understand?"

Her lover anxiously placed his hand on her forehead. Then, striving to speak in an ordinary tone of voice, he said, "I don't know what you mean, Adrienne."

At that she jumped out of her chair impatiently. "Oh, don't be stupid. I must have it immediately, I tell you!"

"Darling, I swear I don't know what you're talking about. If I only knew what you want I'd go to the ends of the earth to get it! But believe me, I have no idea."

"Why are you lying to me!" she (Continued on page 33)

ASHES to ASHES

(Short Short Story)

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Condensed from *Sie und Er*, Zurich



FREE! this valuable 8-page booklet "TROPICAL COOKERY"

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By C. A. BROUTERS
(See Text Next Page)

HOLLYWOOD on PARADE



Snorks are exotic for evening.
Lilly Daché created this red one
covered with tiny red leather bows
for Patricia Morrison, promising
"new Paramount player in
"G" from Missouri." Grand for
vacation hairdress problems!



Prints are everywhere!
Even this white satin lastex
swimming suit is covered with
orange and green "birds of
paradise" - a tropical flower.
It belongs to Shirley Ross,
now in Paramount's
"Café Society."

In "midnight" there's
this brown and champagne
tulle dance dress - on Claudette
 Colbert. Brown velvet flowers
are appliquéd around the wrap
bodice and the layers of tulle in
the skirt are innumerable!
Designed by "Drene"



For a Spring
travels costume
hides Maitha Raye
considers "this dress Never Say Die"!
wears in "Never Say Die" - in
Edith Head created it - in
Edith Head design. It's being
cost-dress design. It's being
Kasha with impressed "Swing" in
supplying graceful "Swing" in
the skirt. The deep red color
in hat, bag, gloves and shoes
is called "fresh earth".



For working girls, Gail Patrick's
suit in "Grand Jury Secrets" is
an inspiration. Black wool cape
- very thin for the short, good skirt
and long-sleeved bolero, with a
white ruffle flaring down the front.
The blouse is white satin - very
flattering! Edith Head designed.



HOLLYWOOD on PARADE

(See Opposite Page For Fashions)

HOLLYWOOD, Calif. — Glamour, prettiness, romance and a general leaning toward alluring types of clothes for all occasions will be in order, according to the leading designers for the screen and for the feminine stars' personal wardrobes. Play clothes will be important but will be cleverly planned along "little boy or girl" lines which play up the most attractive angles of the feminine figure. At night, judging from the combined predictions of such designers as Edith Head of *Paramount*, Adrian of *Metro*, Orry Kelly of *Warners* and Kallbach of *Columbia*, women of all ages will resemble fairy princesses.

Hairstress will follow clothes styles. Curls, bangs, soft ringlets and even a longer bob will be universally popular. Edith Head, who designed clothes for Claudette Colbert in "Midnight," Irene Dunne in "Invitation to Happiness," Dorothy Lamour in "Man About Town," and others, warns women against the "little girl" fad. "Too many women aren't the 'little girl' type," explains this designer. "This fad will be ruinous unless carefully and cleverly adopted according to type and individuality. Nothing looks sillier than a woman showing a tendency to be coy in her clothes and hairdress. Another weak spot in the fashion ice for summer is seen in shoe styles. I wish girls would use common sense about shoes and select them appropriately for the clothes with which they'll be worn. Flat shoes belong to sportswear and high heels to evening, in spite of whimsical departures by shoe manufacturers," declared Miss Head recently in her *Paramount* studio designing rooms. "The summer trend can be beautiful in every phase—but it all depends on the women themselves and their ability to follow the stars' examples wisely and smartly!"

* * *

Feathers are hailed by Milo Anderson, Warner Bros. costume designer, as an airy summer stand-in for furs, flowers and jewelry. He is using them for society and screen clothes and advocates them for every hour of a warm summer day.

For an evening scene in her new film, "Kid Nightingale," Jane Wyman wears Milo's boxy jacket of white coq feathers resembling ermine. It is styled with elbow-length sleeves and high round neck, and is worn over a white chiffon gown. For Jane's personal evening wear Milo has designed a knee-length coat of shell pink uncurled ostrich plumes which give the appearance of dyed monkey fur. A bag Jane carries with a cocoon tan dinner gown is made of white and

cocoa coq feathers put together to simulate mink paws.

Fresh flowers wither so quickly in summer that when they are most plentiful they become most impractical, but Milo has discovered exquisite artificial ones in feather. On the lapel of one of Jane's dark suits he does a silhouette tulip of scarlet coq feathers and on the shoulder of an evening gown puts

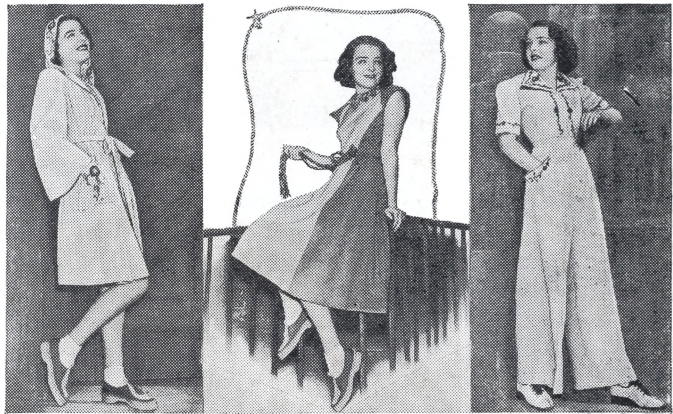
that chic must be of the most unobtrusive and casual nature. To be truly successful, business clothes must combine in line and fabric the saving qualities that will make them suitable for that unexpected luncheon or dinner invitation.

In Universal's "I Stole A Million", Claire Trevor plays the part of a flower shop proprietress. Vera West, studio designer, has created

informal roof-garden dining.

Another charming outfit of Claire's screen wardrobe is of light-weight wool in a rich, flag blue. The blouse attached to a shoulder yoke is full at back and front, the skirt slightly flared and graceful. An added distinction lies in the contrast furnished by the pink piqué cordar and narrow ve-tee. Pink piqué has also been used to outline

HER PLAY TOGS ARE GAY TOGS



JANE BRYAN—lovely gray-eyed Hollywood colleen—wears, when she goes down to the sea, a hooded, terry-cloth beach coat, with applique flowers on hood and pockets. For happy-go-lucky days in the sun she likes the two-tone frock of hop-socking with its varicolored rope belt. And what is summer worth without a set of slacks like the above, in natural-colored linen with enlivening touches of wool embroidery. Jane Bryan will be featured next in support of James Cagney and George Raft in Warners' picturization of the Jerome Odell novel, "Each Dawn I Die."

a chrysanthemum of ostrich.

In Milo's jewelry line-up are bracelet and choker of amethyst coq feathers, coronet of silvered ostrich tips, numerous lapel gadgets, and iridescent coq feather belts.

* * *

Any business girl's wardrobe is in for a career. It must be equal to all the demands made on her, and be just as ready for all eventualities as she is.

Work-a-lay clothes must declare themselves firmly for comfort. Chic is entirely permissible. But

a wardrobe for Claire in that role which answers every requirement from practicality to decorativeness.

There is a charming blue-green silk print frock, figured in white and accompanied by a bolero jacket, which as the saying goes, can go anywhere. The dress is in the popular shirtmaker style with a gored skirt. Sea-blue bone buttons trim the bodice from collar to waistline. The collar and revers of the bolero are faced with white crepe. With the addition of a white felt sport hat and white accessories, the outfit looks fresh even after a day's wearing, and is entirely correct for

the wide belt insert. Blue shoes and a blue hat to match the frock are worn, while the gloves are of pink suede as is the bag.

BEAUTY

Bette Davis, appearing as Queen Elizabeth in her current film at Warners, is famed for coiffure introductions even before a star was hung on her dressing room door. Bette considers no hair secret as important as a perfect shampoo. Whether she herself washes her hair or has someone else do it, there are a few set rules she never varies.

Before her hair is set it is vigorously brushed from roots to ends for at least 10 minutes to remove all lint and dust.

Oil is applied next and Bette sits under a steamer or applies steaming Turkish towels for about 15 minutes.

Now she is ready for the shampoo proper. Three generous soap-

(Continued on page 29)

FOR OCEAN PEARL BUTTONS

Made in Manila
COME TO OUR STORE AT
460 Calle Dasmarinas

MANILA BUTTON FACTORY, INC.

"SPIRITS DEPARTED"

MARY Lou and Mary Lee were twins, fifteen years old, and happy in high school; they had fair fluffy hair, eyes like turquoise, rosy blonde skin, plump vigorous young bodies. How fair and glamorous life looked to the two gay, happy maidens—alike as two peas in a pod. And life was fair, too, for their fond, proud parents—"Aren't the girls growing beautifully?" they said.

Then, suddenly, 'twas as if midnight had struck at dazzling noonday! The lovely twins began to be listless, erratic, disobedient, slovenly. Just alike, too, in the way they would sit silent, staring into space, occasionally striking a pose and remaining for a long time, motionless, unresponsive.

They had to be kept out of school, of course. There was no physical complaint—they slept, but refused to eat. A mysterious tragic fear froze the parent's hearts.

And the days came and went. No change except more carelessness as to personal appearance. The pretty fluffy hair was just a tangle, and Mary Lou and Mary Lee seemed just "bodies" or "shells" from which the gay radiant spirits had indeed departed. Really, nothing could rouse them from this strange lethargy, this tragic listless spell that had so suddenly descended upon them like a withering blight!

Instantly, it seemed, the old gay, happy, girlish life was stopped short. How stunned were the high school friends. 'Twas as if a great cruel severing machine had descended, tragically cutting the gold-

By

DR. REBECCA PARISH

(Below)



The Story Of Two Beautiful Maidens Who Were Stricken With A Mysterious And Hopeless Disease

en thread of joy, and everybody who knew the girls was appalled.

However, the mysteriously stricken maidens were dulled, and so apathetic they did not realize, even that some unaccountable thing had happened, some blow had fallen!

So, both girls were taken away one day, to a Hospital—the only place that promised a ray of hope. Unmoved, the two were taken on the journey—fated never to return—and they were left in the strange surroundings, with the doctors and nurses. They took no notice of anybody, anything, spoke no word!

Nasal feeding had to be employed. Both had to be bathed like babies, dressed and undressed, put to bed at night, and gotten up in the morning, taken out on the lawn or on the porch, and brought back again, ever listless, eternally listless.

All examinations were resisted, no word of response. "Dementia Praecox" was the ominous verdict, made this early.

And the lovely twins lost their youth and beauty, rapidly. All vivacity, vitality, even, were gone, just as if the vibrant spirits had departed. What had happened?

What is *dementia praecox*? Why and wherefore? Is there no prevention, no avoiding? What are the earliest symptoms? Dangers? Progress? Treatment?

It remains to this day one of the most baffling of diseased conditions. What is *Dementia Praecox*?

Dementia is insanity characterized by loss or serious impairment of, intellect, will, and memory. "de" is negative and "mens", mind. Oh, "negative mind" indeed! *Praecox* means early, or "precocious," so this is particularly a youth affliction, tho it does strike even in the thirties.

Apperceptive dementia is the final stage, marked by great mental weakness. Adolescent insanity is a term used to include a large range of mental disorders which occur in early life, marked by melancholia, self-absorption, and terminating in a characteristic mental weakness of an emotional nature. The term includes primary dementia.

Catatonia is a form where the patient passes into melancholia, mania, then dementia and physical decay.

Hebephrenia is a sort of clinical form of *dementia praecox*, coming on after the onset of puberty, and marked by rapid deterioration, hallucinations, absurd delusions, senseless laughter, and silly mannerisms.

It is also called adolescent insanity.

Schizophrenia: A strange, puzzling word, isn't it? And it is more puzzling than it sounds, too, for it is just another term for *dementia praecox*. It represents a cleavage, or groove, a separating, dividing; splitting or fissuration of the mental functions. How strangely true, and tragic!

What is the real cause? That is undetermined to this day. How shall we prevent *dementia praecox*? We do not know. How to detect early? No one can do this. "Then," you say, "this is poor comfort, to read about it, but be helpless to do anything." Yes, that is true. Keep youth normal, happy, busy, self-controlling.

Treatments

Much progress, however, has been made in treatment. "*Shock therapy*," means, thro some extreme to "shock" them out of this condition. Malarial inoculation is sometimes efficacious, benefitting by violent chills and fever.

Insulin, a convulsant drug, lowering sugar content, has been very helpful. In one group of 106 patients treated by insulin, 59% were helped, materially. In another group, 78% recovered. Yet, some doctors say insulin effects are exaggerated. Why, if only one patient recovered, it would pay to try it! True, relapses can and do recur, after apparently successful in-

sulin therapy. Some cures are not maintained, naturally; too much inherent damage has taken place.

Metrazol: This is a new chemical compound. Listen—"Penta-methylene-tetrazol preparation" with an action somewhat similar to camphor, stimulating the heart. *Metrazol* is being extensively and intensively tried. Dangerous? Yes. But a hope, where there is despair. It is now claimed that these are thus obtained. Some cases respond to insulin, some to *metrazol*, more cases to the combined use. *Metrazol* is less expensive than insulin.

Camphor-metrazol treatment is sometimes employed.

Now, in cases unaffected by other methods of treatment in *dementia praecox* cases—and in other years we have tried surgery, vocational therapy, and electricity—a protracted shock has frequently proved to be the thing. This condensed, protracted shock, consists in provoking a convulsion in a comatose patient, with a small dose of *metrazol*, during the fourth hour of coma, when the patient is just on the verge of a convulsion, a late attack. This is called "an induced seizure".

Shock therapy must never be undertaken except by scientists. And the patient must be under the constant eye of doctors and nurses, during the treatment.

"Simply speaking," some one says as to *metrazol*, "during the sleep and shock, we deliberately produce slight injuries to the brain cells, and by destroying the dominating pathological cells, we assist the dominating healthy cells to break thro, and prevail over the diseased cells. To "overcome" producing or restoring normal personality does not sound simple—but true!"

Some patients improve as much in two or three treatments, as those treated over an extended period. And, too, while early treatment is always to be desired in any case, cases of several years standing respond many times to the shock treatment. Dr. Sakel, of New York, one of the most experienced men along this line, has the theory that there is an amnesia, (forgetfulness) of the psychosis, produced. God grant, these unfortunate patients, may be able to "forget". Isn't it all strange, hard to comprehend!

Patients are counted "recovered", "improved", "un-improved" or "socially adaptable" the latter meaning they can be absorbed back into society.

The Cost

At the Government estimate of the cost of caring for mental cases, over-head, buildings, etc., the per diem for the twins, Mary Lou and Mary Lee, for thirty five years would amount to enough to educate scores of youth today. No returns, no hope of relief—\$20,000 each. Think of that, just for lu-

(Continued on page 37)

Freckles



Secretly and Quickly Removed!

Bullman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.

CREMA

BELLA AURORA

Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

For sale at all good drug stores
Stillman Co., Manufacturers,
Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.



Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in "Fast and Loose"

AIR-CONDITIONED love scenes are the newest boon to better motion pictures. Edwin L. Marin, a young film director imbued with new ideas, thinks so and has adopted air-conditioning exclusively for the love scenes he directs.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, Marin directed the new mystery comedy, "Fast and Loose," starring Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, and opening soon at the Ideal Theatre.

"As ironical as it may sound," Marin explains, "it is not as pleasant as it may appear on the screen for Robert Montgomery to attempt to make love to Rosalind Russell while they sweeter beneath their make-up in front of the intense heat of the powerful studio lights."

"Such a state of affairs can and does take place every day while a picture is in production. When the sound stages are stuffy and without the proper ventilation to regulate the temperature it is only common sense that love scenes filmed under such circumstances cannot be as convincing as those filmed in comfortable surroundings."

To make the job of love-making in a scene more comfortable to the participants, Marin always considers the screen sweethearts first. Before the close-ups are filmed, he checks all the sound stages, confers with the air-conditioning engineer and follows his advice on the most suitable setting for "climaxes."

He avoids the older stages, those converted from the era of silent pictures, and selects one of the several most modern stages that are perfectly air-conditioned before he permits the sets for the close-ups to be constructed.

Whenever the best air-conditioned stages are not available because of other companies working on them, Marin rearranges his schedule and shoots around the close-ups until they are available.

As the love scenes between Mont

gomery and Miss Russell in "Fast and Loose" were in a comedy vein, the temperature of the stage was set at 67 degrees. Marin explains that different stars require varied stage temperatures for their love scenes.

Greta Garbo, a devout outdoor girl who has no fear of the weather, usually does her famous scenes in a temperature of 65. The sound stages for Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy average 70. For Norma Shearer, the stage is cooled to 71 degrees, while Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy for their close-ups in "Sweethearts" chose a cool 66.

BARGES carrying cameras, recording equipment and microphones, and hauled by tugs, traveled steadily ahead of a canoe manned by one small figure paddling franti-

cally down the broad Sacramento River. A hundred tons of camera equipment thus filmed Mickey Rooney, paddling an old-fashioned Mississippi River canoe.

This was one of the sequences filmed on location on the river for "The Adventures of HUCKLEBERRY FINN," Mark Twain's classic sequel to "Tom Sawyer," with Rooney as the redoubtable boy hero aiding a runaway slave to escape into a free state. The Sacramento served for the Mississippi, with one of its steamers used in the race to save the life of the negro, Jim, from a lynch mob. Quaint old buildings at the river town of Ileton, built in 1860, served for the village of Mark Twain's book. The picture opens soon at the Ideal Theatre.

Director Richard Thorpe moved Mickey, Walter Connolly, William Frawley and the rest of the company to the location for more than a week before interiors were completed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. The original story of the boy aiding the slave, the two mountebanks into whose clutches they fall, the absurd comicalities mixed with thrills and heart throbs that ensue, was faithfully followed.

Connolly and Frawley play the "King" and the "Duke" respectively. Elizabeth Risdon is Mickey's benefactress, the Widow Curtiss. Lynne Carver and Jo Ann Sayers play the heiresses for whose sake Mickey exposes the swindlers. Rex Ingram is cast as Jim, the slave,

and Minor Watson, Victor Kilian and Clara Blandick have important supporting parts.

THE rapidly growing ranks of the screen's Western stars are joining for the first time by Nelson Eddy in "Let Freedom Ring," romantic and pulse-stirring drama of American pioneer days at the turn of the '60's.

Based on an original story by Ben Hecht, who wrote such outstanding successes as "The Front Page" and "Scarface," and directed by Jack Conway who filmed "Too Hot to Handle" and "A Yank at Oxford," the new picture tells the story of the power of the press in a small frontier town and of fight between farmers of the 1860's and ruthless railroad interests.

Nelson Eddy appears as a young Harvard law school graduate, and a cast of epic proportions was chosen to fill the prominent supporting roles, headed by Virginia Bruce as the proprietress of a Western cafe. Victor McLaglen, recently seen in "Gunga Din," has another powerful role as the Irish railroad foreman whose fist fight with Eddy in a mountain cave provides one of the thrill highlights of the story. Lionel Barrymore is seen as Eddy's father, leader of the farm faction. Edward Arnold, fresh from his superb portrayal in "Idiot's Delight," is cast as the Wall Street railroad tycoon. Guy Kibbee portrays a crooked judge, Charles Butterworth a saloon pianist, H. B. Warner a gambling house proprietor and Raymond Walburn the town's newspaper publisher.

Eight songs are heard in "Let Freedom Ring," with the baritone star singing "Dusty Road," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Pat, Sez Ho," "Where Else But Here," "Home, Sweet Home," "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "Love's Serenade." Miss Bruce joins Eddy in two of the songs and a male chorus sings "I've Been Working on the Railroad."

(Continued on page 31)

Lighten Your Complexion

with Mercolin Wax Cream, the Skin Bleach Beautifier. Mercolized Wax Cream will do much toward aiding your skin to a younger looking, more attractive appearance. Just smooth it on at night like cold cream to flake off the dull, darker superficial skin and expose the lovelier under-skin. Start tonight on a campaign of bleaching and beautifying with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Saxolite Astringent

Refreshes the skin. Helps to tighten such tissue by producing a temporary contraction of the skin. Reduces excess surface oil. Simply dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily.

Obtainable at any Cosmetic Counter.



Mickey Rooney and Jo Ann Sayers in "Huckleberry Finn" coming soon at Ideal Theater.



SOME little monkeys were sitting, pressed one against the others on the leaves of the Yanari-palm. It was night, the wind blew, and the rain poured.

The little monkeys pressed close to each other and shook with cold, and they said: "No, we really can't go on like this! We must build ourselves a house. Then we shan't be cold with the wind,

The Monkeys' House

A Tale Of The Indians Of Borneo

By VALERY CARRICK

and the rain won't hurt us." So the little monkeys went on sitting on the leaves of the Yanari-palm, shivering with cold and talking about their house.

Morning came. The rain ceased. The sun rose. The little monkeys all got dry, then got warm, and then got cheerful. They began to play at running after one another and jumping about their branches, and began to pluck the

fruit off them and eat it.

The day passed and night came on. A cold wind began to blow and rain began to fall. The little monkeys all settled again on the leaves of the Yanari-palm. There they sat, pressed close one to the other, shivering with cold, and they said:

"We really can't go on like this. Of course we must build ourselves a house—a nice house, with walls that won't

SONGS FOR A CHANGING VOICE

By CAROLYN WILSON LINK

Star Boarder

He lives with us; he sleeps; he eats our food;
Sprawls in our chairs, and sputters in our shower;
And sometimes, even, in a mellow mood,
He speaks with us to pass an idle hour,
Spreading his lurid life for our applause
With fluent but well-expurgated tongue,
As one who in the prime of life will pause
To cheer the idiot old, the half-wit young.

He Goes Calling

He has congealed unruly waves with tonic;
Listed to port, fedora rides the swell;
Shirt, necktie, socks and kerchief are symphonic;
His trousers break on just the current bell
Over ridiculous great puppy's feet.
He's the snake's hips; he is the cat's pajama;
He knows the answers confident to meet
Impromptu leads in life's most cogent drama.
He sheds a gruff good night and slams the door.
Our eyes meet, and say silently, "There goes
With belted back and unsupported hose,
The sum of both our dreams—and how much more!"
You figure income tax, I darn a sock;
Our immortality strides whistling down the block.

May I Cut In?

Man among men, at ease, but keyed to go,
He stands among the stags and looks them over,
Taps out the tune with parent-leather toe,
Starts, hesitates and weighs, retreats to cover.
And here and there, some babe in arms who dances,
With careful finger wave and piping voice,
Over her partner's shoulder sidewise glances,
Waves, looks away, and hopes to be his choice.
While one who has loved him long in much despite,
And wipped his nose and clipped his fingernails,
Forgotten, leans across the gallery rails,
Saying amazed farewell to him tonight,
As he, correct beneath his father's vest,
Steps out to flutter some poor female breast.

let the wind blow through and a roof that won't let the rain come through. We really must build a house!"

Morning came. The rain ceased. The sun rose and they dried and warmed those little monkeys. And the little monkeys began to play and frolic, jumping about the trees and chasing one another; then they began to pluck the fruit off the branches and eat it.

Night again came on. The wind began to blow, the rain began to fall. The little monkeys gathered on the leaves of the Yanari-palm, sitting pressed close up, one to the other, and talking about their house. And they said:

"Of course, everyone knows we must build a house!—a good house, that will last a long time, that the wind can't blow through and the rain can't trickle through. We'll build a house, a good strong house!"

If it is now night, then the little monkeys are all sitting on the leaves of the Yanari-palm, shaking with cold, pressed close to one another, and talking about their house.

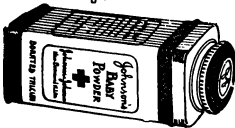
If it is now day and the sun is shining, then the little monkeys are jumping about the trees, chasing each other, plucking the fruit and eating it.



"Say, Mother—
that's my
powder!"

JOHNSON'S BABY
POWDER

is made of fine talc and is an excellent dry lubricant for infant skin. It reduces prickly heat and chafing.



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Come and see them at our store No. 460 Calle Dasmarinañas

MANILA BUTTON FACTORY, INC.

WOMEN ABROAD

By PIA MANCIA

In Finland

LISTEN to this bit of news about a remarkable Finnish woman:

Vera Helt, one of the best known Finnish women, is famous not only in her own country but outside her country as well. She was born in 1857, first studied to be a teacher, then became a woman factory inspector. Her personality and tact and good-will made her especially capable for the work. It was naturally assumed that some of the employers would be none too pleased to have a woman making inquiries as to working conditions among their employees. Vera Helt understood the situation and she used her wonderful power to win confidence both from employers and employees.

During her work as factory inspector she went several times to foreign lands to study working conditions there. She studied social hygiene and the laws for the protection of the working class, and applied what she learned in her own country. When she resigned in 1933 she was able to present a material exhibition of her work in the form of various appliances, such, for instance, as those safety appliances for protection against accident, for occupation and social hygiene, endemic diseases, social welfare, child welfare, fire protection, etc.

The life of Miss Helt has been a very long working day, as besides her social work she has found time to write and publish many books and articles in journals. When a teacher for many years she published Christmas journals for children, and as factory inspector a large investigation on conditions of seamstresses, on the standard of life of working people and a book on citizen-knowledge. At present she has just finished a large book on working men's protection, welfare work and social hygiene.

In Cuba

Here is a woman making news again: During the absence of the Cuban Minister in Paris, Dr. Flora Diaz Parrado, Secretary of Legation, is acting as chargé d'affaires. They say also that she is doing the job so well that it may not be the last time a woman will hold the distinguished position.

In America

Something new about distinguished. ed wives of distinguished men is quite in order. The first we shall mention is Mrs. William O. Douglas, whose husband (only 40) is the most recent associate justice ap-

pointee, "one of the youngest ever to hold that august position."

But we started to talk about Mrs. Douglas who is a very lively young woman with a great and arid enthusiasm for new interests. She does not forget, however, even in her eagerness for new things and her liking for activity and sports that she is the mother of Mildred and six-year-old Bub. The former, by the way, she aids in her Latin lessons, the latter in his bike-riding at which sport she is quite an expert. It is said that this air of informality and youthfulness is much liked.

The next we shall "gossip" about is Mrs. Stanley Reed, wife of the most recent court appointee before Douglas: here we find a very dignified personality whose hobby—can you guess?—is research in colonial history. It is not a mere useless hobby either—the French government once decorated her for her work in tracking down records of French volunteers in the American Revolution.

What about the beautiful family woman who plays golf dutifully

with her husband every morning and spends the rest of the time with her children when they are free.

Last to be mentioned but not the least distinguished is the intellectual Mrs. Frankfurter, poised, carefully groomed, gracious, reserved.

These "new" supreme court wives are "young" and show their keen interest in the world on which their husbands' decisions are leaving so deep a mark.

In England

From England we hear about the appointment, for the first time in the history of Cambridge of a woman professor, Dorothy Annie Gaud. It is, however, not to be wondered at that she received this appointment because she has shown only brilliant work throughout her scholarly career. She was a fellow of the Royal Anthropological Society, famed for her archeological discoveries in the Balkans, where only recently she found 50,000-year-old caves where she gathered interesting data about the pre-historic ice men.

First American Saint

Here's news exalting not a living "woman abroad" but a dead one — Mother Seton, who may be the first American saint. We quote her story from the well-told account by Sigrid Ame:

On a hot June day in 1809 a beautiful young woman with large, dark eyes, led a band of nuns and some children in an ox cart journey of 50 miles from Baltimore to Emmitsburg, Maryland.

The young woman was mother Seton. She had been Elizabeth Bayley Seton, a belle of New York. Her little band, members of her network of sisters of Charity, was on its way to start a school at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains on a 239-acre tract that was just given to her.

That is the story—or shall we say the beginning of it. For eleven years she worked on her Ammitsburg-Valley school and from this work has grown the whole system of American Catholic parochial school, orphanages and hospitals.

* * *

Since her death, American Catholics have been petitioning for her elevation to sainthood. Much material has been gathered on the work of charity and piety of this remarkable woman and forwarded to Rome. According to the "rules" in this matter of attainment to sainthood, it will be necessary to prove to the church's satisfaction that three miracles have been performed through Mother Seton, and to find that every action which it is possible to trace was in the church's tradition. Those who are espousing the move have high hopes for her early beatification especially since the new Pope has recently blessed her cause.

Voltaire cured himself of smallpox by drinking 120 pints of lemonade!

At one time in his life, Rembrandt believed that all his bones were melting away. He feared the day when he would collapse in the street because they had completely disappeared.

* * *

To conceal his grave physical condition from the country, President Cleveland had cancerous ulcer removed secretly from the roof of his mouth while aboard a moving yacht.

FIGHT COLDS INTERNALLY

A slight cold can very easily develop into a very serious ailment if it is neglected.

Many people believe a cold is not dangerous and do nothing about it. Actually, if left to develop, a cold is likely to be one of the most serious of all human ailments.

Any doctor will tell you this — and will advise you to treat a cold internally the moment you feel it coming on in order to stop it before it has a chance to become serious.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD! That's dangerous. And don't experiment with treatments which may be unsafe or of little value. That's dangerous too. A cold is an internal infection and must be treated internally for best results. That's why, at the first sign of a cold,

you should take one or two tablets of Cafiaspirina with a glass of water. If necessary, repeat this dose every two hours. Easy to take, Cafiaspirina acts quickly to stop your cold — puts an end to the discomfort and fever which accompanies it.



Remember when you feel a cold coming on, take Cafiaspirina. It's the quickest, safest, most effective way to stop a cold before it has a chance to become dangerous. If your cold isn't relieved in twenty-four hours, then see your doctor.

Be prepared — Keep a carton of Cafiaspirina at home. You save money when you buy the carton sizes.

Individual tablets wrapped in cellophane for your protection.

CAFIASPIRINA
FORMULA: 0.5 GR. ASPIRIN—0.05 GR. CAFFEINE
for HEADACHES, PAINS, COLDS

AT HEADQUARTERS

THE "speech-making" period, which is one of the most important phases in Mrs. Lim's career, has started again. First there was the convocation of the U.P. Pharmaceutical Organization, then the illustrated lecture on the Filipino women at the Fort William McKinley Woman's Club, with an audience headed by no less than Mrs. Weldon Jones. Mrs. Jones remarked that she was glad this opportunity came at the beginning of her stay here, so that she had a clear perspective and better understanding of the Filipino women right away. On the 18th of this month she was again a convocation speaker, this time at the Pampanga High School.

At their last meeting, the MWC donated to the Federation a coffee pot, a tea kettle, a water kettle, a dipper, and a big spoon. The ladies have always been handicapped by the lack of these materials when they prepared tea and coffee, and realizing that the NFWC's own funds (not the Public Welfare's) have been all used up to keep the projects going, they lost no time in shopping for us. Judge de Jova was the guest speaker at this meeting.

Mrs. Josefa Jara Martinez notified us that Mr. Georges Thein, acting chief of the General Information Section of the International Labor Office in Geneva, is looking



Officers of the Port Lamon Woman's Club, Surigao.

forward with great pleasure to meeting Mrs. Escoda, and will give her all the help he can during her stay there. Mrs. Martinez has written to this office about Mrs. Escoda's visit. At this time of writing we think she is already in Europe.

Continuing our foreign news: The NFWC has just accepted the invitation of the American Woman's Association of New York City to become one of its reciprocal clubs. This means that their members who may be travelling this way will be introduced to us with a card, and in return they will welcome our members with two week's guest privileges in their twenty-five story building. We told them that our headquarters do not have housing facilities, but we shall be willing to arrange for these accommodations for any of their members coming here. So now, if any of you clubwomen plan to make a trip to New York, let us know and we shall give you the necessary identification.

The NFWC was the recipient of other donations last month. While these gifts were not as practical as the utensils given by the MWC, yet they are of utmost historical value. Mrs. Concepcion Felix-Rodriguez who has kept the autographed pictures of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Ellen B. Lohinger (first president of the MWC) for the past 27 years as part of her personal remembrances from these remarkable women leaders, donated them unselfishly to the NFWC with the belief that here at the headquarters more women could see them and share with her the admiration and gratitude for their pioneering work in this country.

At the last meeting of the NFWC Board of Directors, the resignation of Mrs. Cadwallader as treasurer of the NFWC was accepted, and Mrs. Mercedes de Jova was unanimously elected to take her place. Mrs. Cadwallader became a member of the board of directors.

Mrs. Valentina Aquino of Welfareville was the guest speaker of the nursery teachers at their last conference meeting. While these Saturday conferences are primarily intended for the nursery teachers only, they have been found to be

so interesting and so helpful that other members of the staff attend them as often as possible.

Miss Francis L. Magalong, the new field worker of Pangasinan, is here for observation and training. Pangasinan is the only province who has always managed to support a field worker out of the club's fund.

IN THE PROVINCES

LAGUNA:—

Literacy work is still attracting volunteers, and this time it is none other than Mr. Jose M. Maceda, a former teacher of *Pagsanjan*, who wrote to us for instructions and materials. With eighty one graduates, the *Caulnang* Woman's Club had their first graduation in Dressmaking, Flower Making, and Home Craft. The classes, which were conducted by Miss Natividad Trinidad, of the NFWC staff, were given absolutely free to the women as part of the welfare work of the club. Much of the success of this project is due to Mrs. Pilar Valmonte, president. We feel very sad about the death of Mrs. Gertrudis B. Manese, president of the club in *Bay*, which came to our notice just recently through Mr. Vedasto R. Manese.

ILOCOS NORTE:—

Nothing is more welcomed than reports about successful financial campaigns, which seem rare these days. Clubwomen, however, are never afraid of financial handicaps and like the proverbial ideal housewives, they can make a peso go a long way. We are very happy to hear from Mrs. Mercedes Peña, president of the club at *Sarlat* that not only was the last benefit a very gainful one, but the Bureau of Health has found their Puericulture Center worthy of being aided and they have just received a check from the Philippine Charity Sweepstakes. This has encouraged other individuals in the province to likewise give their bit for a worthy cause.

BULACAN:—

Conditions have greatly improved, but there are still some clubs who "forget" to report to us the results

WITH OUR CLUB WOMEN

of their elections until one of the old officers receives a letter and remembers to tell us she is not in office anymore. This was the case in *Pambong* where the election took place in April, but we knew about it just now. The new officers are: President, Mrs. Leonor S. F. Gatchalian; Vice-President, Mrs. Margarita D. Lindayag; Secretary, Miss Elena Pahati; Asst. Secretary, Miss Encarnacion Gatmaytan; Treasurer, Mrs. Pilar G. Pasco; Asst. Treasurer, Mrs. Mercedes G. Suerte Felipe; Board of Directors: Mrs. Damasa J. Gonzales, Mrs. Anisia S. J. Capili, Miss Mercedes Borlongan, Mrs. Severina P. Gonzales, Miss Emilia Valencia, Mrs. Marcela Gonzales, Miss Romana Manas, Miss Enriqueta Calayag, Miss Pascuala Salamat, and Mrs. Mercedes G. Suerte Felipe.

BOHOL:—

To be different the women of *Carmen* called their club organized not very long ago "Carmen Women's Association" instead of "Carmen Woman's Club." Mrs. Amalia C. Gallardo, president, reports that the club has a little fund saved for a Puericulture Center, and the municipality has something likewise, but these put together is still not sufficient, so we advised her to start the other less expensive projects in the meantime.

TARLAC:—

The club in *San Manuel* which has been inactive for some years, was recently re-organized. We do not have yet the list of the new officials, but we are expecting this soon from Mrs. Rosario Atencio, secretary, who wrote us for a copy of a model constitution for their guidance.

PANGASINAN:—

So far Miss Maria C. Magsano is still the No. 1 provincial clubwoman in the country. And no wonder—there is hardly a town in her province without a club, active and helpful to the community. She is always teeming with ideas, and this reminds us of the NFWC's own Mrs. Escoda. Miss Magsano's latest brainchild (and take it from us—they are all good) is the holding of periodical meetings in the different representative districts. We have not received her official report on this as we go to press, but we understand that the first



Like Little Angels

are babies after they
have taken

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CASTORIA

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constipation, sour stom-
ach, diarrhea, and con-
vulsions. It is mild, has
a pleasant taste. Above
all, it REGULATES.

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Formula —
Inf. Senna 35; Pump. Seed 2.2; Worm
Seed, 1.1; Sod. bicarb., 0.9; Roch. salt,
2.8; Flav. ca. to 90 cc.; Alcoh. nant. 3%.
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one has been held. In these meetings she invites all club presidents in the district together with all the members of the club in the town where the meeting takes place.

IN MANILA

NURSERY CLASSES—Average enrollment:

Gral. Geronimo	28
Tondo	128
Singalong	41
Economia	30
Punta	30
Meisic	42
Passay No. 2	38
Passay No. 5	42
Sta. Ana	31
Malacañan	83 a.m.
Malacañan	50 p.m.
Sta. Cruz	98

Paco	7	@ P.14
Punta	13	@ P.12
McKinley	9	@ P.16
Passay	10	@ P.17
Sta. Cruz	9	@ P.18
San Nicolas	15	@ P.19
Quiapo	10	@ P.15
Velasquez	14	@ P.20
Singalong	27	@ P.12
Malacañan	9	@ P.16
Dimasalang	16	@ P.23

HOME CRAFT — Average attendance and work accomplished:

Sta. Cruz—6	1 beaded handbag
	1 crocheted cape
Urban—6	1 pair of baby's boots
Gagalangin—4	

the Woman's Club. However, Mrs. Lim conferred with Dr. Aguilar and Dr. Belmonte and this misunderstanding was cleared up. It was agreed to follow the usual plan of having the same group of women undertake all the community work in that district but with separate funds solicited for the Puericulture Center and for the Woman's Club. A diet kitchen and a homecraft class was started by the Sases Woman's Club. The club in Bilbao was reorganized. Only the homecraft class has been opened here until proper facilities can be provided for the nursery class and diet kitchen.

New officers are:—

Bilbao:—President, Miss Emelina Masongsong; Vice-President, Miss Celerina Navarro; Secretary, Mrs. Epifania Mariano; Treasurer, Mrs. Consuelo Cabral; Sub-treasurer, Mrs. Fe Lopez; Board of Directors: Mrs. Carolina Parce, Mrs. Dominga Mayonte, Miss Josefa E. Quintia, Miss Jacobina Ibañez, Miss Juliana Ruiz, Miss Consorcía Buenafe, Mrs. Leopolda P. Herrera and Mrs. Florencio Cruz.
Sta. Cruz:—President, Mrs. Fe...

LITERACY CLASSES AND READING CENTERS

Place	Enrollment	Age Range
Passay	11	12—52
Singalong	40	10—76
Balut	11	10—38
Paltoc, Sta. Mesa	17	9—39
Bambang	27	12—41
Urban	17	21—51
Gral. Geronimo	20	21—60
San Nicolas	19	20—42
Intramuros	18	20—79
Malate	20	19—51
Paco	14	9—41
Sases	10	18—45
	32	10—70



Board of directors, Maitit Woman's Club, Surigao.

Malate	69
Quiapo	49
Urban	34
Pandacan	67
San Nicolas	37
Katubusan	28
La Helena	27
Sases	26
BalicBalic	44
Balut	19
Dimasalang	64
Velasquez (new)	14
Total Average Enrollment	46

San Nicolas—6	1 man's sando
Pandacan—9	1 baby's sweater
	1 knitted lady's sw
Singalong—9	
Sta. Ana—5	1 pair of baby's b
	3 beaded handbags
McKinley—7	2 beaded crochete
Passay—6	
Quiapo—10	1 knitted lady's
Tondo—13	1 sport dress
	1 evening dress
Punta—8	

BLOCK HOUSE

Number of families

14
13
11
17
26
12
5
11
10

WOMEN

The Women's Club was organizing a nursery school. The some misunderstanding between Belmonte and the first nurses of women's

Main emphasis was made in the teaching of patriotism to the children. An experiment has been started by giving milk to the children during recess hours. Those who can afford, contribute one centavo each and they all get a glass of milk every day. This is being done in the following classes: Gral. Geronimo, Sta. Cruz, Economia, Balic-Balic, Paco, Quiapo, Malacañan, Pandacan, Punta, Malate, Singalong and Sases.

Mrs. Valentina Aquino of the Welfareville was the speaker of the month. A new class was opened in Velasquez and others will be opened in Bilbao and Tayuman. The nursery class in Bilbao which has been temporarily closed will be opened and a new class will be started in Tayuman.

DIET KITCHEN— Average enrollment and contribution:

Sta. Ana	7	@ P.14
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FASHIONS

Deanna Durbin selects a brown dotted swiss dress, of which the velvet bows and bandings are brown to match the dots. Note the ruffles on the bodice, the puffed sleeves and the deep flounce on the gathered skirt.

A frock which spells comfort and style from every standpoint is this two piece one worn by Joy Hodges. Note the collarless neck, the pleated blouse attached to the shoulder yoke, the rather long, fitted peplums and the pleated pockets.

Joan Blondell wears this coin dotted frock with the surplice blouse and the circular skirt. Note the very wide stiff belt and the elbow-length sleeves.



JOAN BLONDELL



JOY HODGES

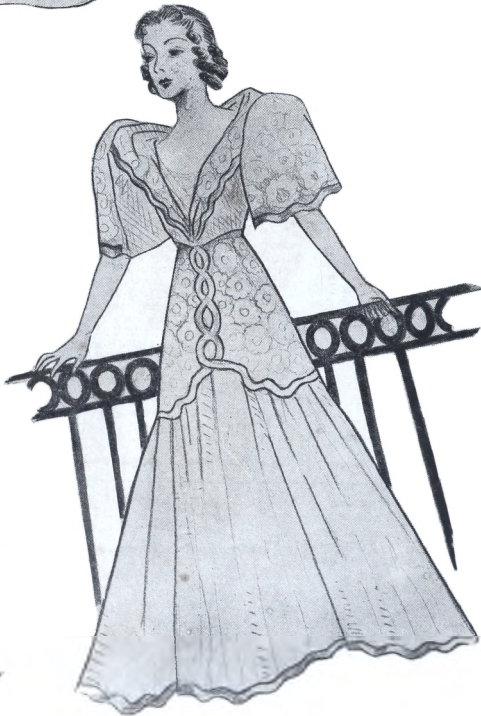
THREE TERNOS

Designed By
ERNESTO ARANDIA

This terno for evening wear boasts of an over-skirt of lace which covers only the back, thus revealing the front of the wide skirt with horizontal lace insertions. The camisa and panelo match the skirt proper. If desired, the over-skirt may be worn at the front, like an apron. In this case, it should be much shorter, reaching only to the knees. Aprons are now very much in style, and are seen on European evening gowns.

Here's the terno young girls dream about—it has fitted hip-yoke of lace to which is attached the very wide net skirt. The camisa and panelo are of lace like the hip-yoke. This type of terno is the most becoming to young girls who have slender hips.

The skirt of this terno is shirred, horizontally, from top to bottom and is worn like a redingote. Being rather narrow at the bottom, it is buttoned on only from the waist to the knees, to allow freedom of action and also to reveal the knife-pleated underskirt.



Cooking

USE THAT CAN OPENER

WHEN there is "nothing to buy" in the market, the housewife has no other alternative but to use canned or packaged foods.

Canned foods with the exception of the most commonly used like low-grade salmon and sardines, are still considered luxury items, because of their high prices. But used wisely and with other foods, they sometimes prove less expensive than fresh or homemade ones because there is no waste to them.

In our own home, we very seldom market for Sunday meals, relying chiefly on our stock of canned goods which have been bought at Saturday bargain sales in the groceries. We buy canned soups by the dozen when these are sold on the bargain counter and we save as much as thirty centavos or two or three centavos per can. A can of condensed soup, diluted with an equal quantity of water, will serve eight with small portions. We usually serve these soups with crackers or with fried bread cubes to "extend" their filling capacity. Twenty centavos worth of soup bones will serve even as many as ten persons but at the end will cost more because of the other ingredients and the fuel, and the soup made will not be as delicious.

Here are some of the recipes using canned foods that we have

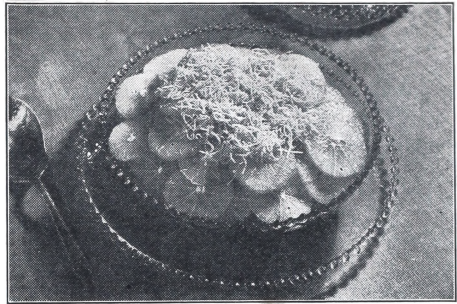
tried and found delicious. The canned foods used are available in all towns (except perhaps in the very small ones). Most of the recipes are for what we may call "company dishes" and you had better clip and file them so that you need not worry to death when unexpected visitors drop in on you and stay for meals.

Canned Vegetable Soup with Dumplings

You may consider canned soups without any trimmings already fit for company, but sometimes for very special guests, try this combination of vegetable soup and dumplings or meat balls made with deviled ham (locally known as potato ham), of all things!

Use one can of vegetable soup and one can of bean soup with bacon and dilute with equal quantities of water. Or, use one can of vegetable soup and one can of tomato soup or one can of beans with tomato sauce diluted with one can of water. Bring this mixture to a boil, then drop in the meat balls made with 1 can of deviled ham, one egg (beaten slightly) and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of fine bread crumbs (or bizcocho). Serve this soup piping hot with crackers.

Simple Yet Splendid Desserts



By BETTY BARCLAY

Did you know that the fruit dessert, so popular today when everyone is diet conscious, is an old, old custom? In England, Eleanor, Countess of Leicester, introduced oranges as a dessert in the year 1290, when juice squeezers or extractors were unheard of and a glass of orange juice would have been a novelty.

Fruit desserts have played an important part in the food habits of many countries. They originated and were most useful in warmer climates favorable to fruit production. With the cultural development of many fruits, such as oranges, lemons and grapefruit in this country, and modern high-speed transportation, these delicious natural foods so favorable to health have become available to all. This year when citrus fruits from California and the southern states are more plentiful than ever before and within the reach of every pocketbook is an opportune time to serve them in a variety of ways. The Orange Ambrosia pictured is a simple dessert to prepare and an excellent balance with a dinner rich in calories.

Orange Ambrosia (Serves 6)

6 oranges, peeled and sliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated coconut
Arrange orange slices in serving dish; sprinkle with sugar and coconut. California oranges are preferred for slicing since they are firm-meat and virtually seedless. Two orange desserts somewhat more elaborate than Ambrosia yet easy-to-make are an Orange Spanish Cream and an Orange Shortcake. These recipes are new and recently tested in Betty Barclay's kitchen. They are excellent.

Orange Spanish Cream (Serves 6-8)

2 tablespoons gelatine
2 cups milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated orange peel

1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup orange juice
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Orange segments
Seedless grapes

Soak gelatine and milk together for 5 minutes. Put in top of double boiler and heat. When gelatine is dissolved, add sugar. Pour this hot mixture slowly over slightly beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from flame and add salt, grated orange and lemon peel, lemon and orange juice, stiffly beaten egg whites.

Let stiffen in 9-inch ring mold. Unmold on serving plate and fill center with orange segments. Dessert will separate into a clear layer and a layer of creamy sponge.

Orange Shortcake (Serves 6-8)

This is one of the best fresh fruit shortcake recipes we have tried. Do not omit the orange sauce; it adds immeasurably to the success of the whole.

2 cups sifted, all-purpose flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
4 tablespoons shortening
1 egg
Milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup and fill to the $\frac{1}{2}$ mark with milk. Combine dry mixture with eggs and milk, stirring quickly until a soft but not sticky dough is formed, adding more milk if necessary. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead for a few seconds. Divide dough in half and pat each gently into an 8-inch layer pan. Bake at 425° F. about 12 minutes.

Put layers together and spread top with segments or slices from 6 oranges, sweetened to taste. Serve with sauce made with:
1 cup orange juice
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons shredded orange peel

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For PASTRY FRYING BAKING

FOR ALL SHORTENING PURPOSES
IN THE MODERN PROTECTIVE CARTON

Egg Noodles and Vienna Sausage

Cook egg noodles (or macaroni or spaghetti) according to the directions on the package. Drain and while hot, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter. Mix well. If cheese is available, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, grated, may be added and the mixture heated in a deep saucepan until the cheese melts. Stir with a wooden spoon while the mixture heats. Place on a platter and decorate the top with Vienna Saus-

age which have been browned in a little lard or margarine.

Creamed Salmon

Salmon is delicious when served as salad with chopped onion, tomatoes and French Dressing, but try serving it with a cream sauce.

Empty contents of one can of salmon into a colander and pick out bones. Pour hot water over the salmon, drain thoroughly, then sprinkle with calamansi juice —

this to remove that "fishy" odor that many do not like in canned salmon and sardines. Flake the meat fine.

Make cream sauce: Mix 2 tablespoons margarine and 2 tablespoons flour and 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Add to 1 cup milk and heat in the top of a double boiler or in a saucepan placed in a larger saucepan with boiling water. Add flaked fish, season with salt and pepper and bring to boil. Serve with fried potato chips.

This dish is even better made with tuna, which is more expensive than and not as widely available as salmon but more delicate in flavor, like chicken compared to beef or pork.

Fruit Salad with Cream Dressing

"Extend" the contents of a can of fruits for salad by adding *lactuca* bananas, apples, pears, papaya or avocado, cut up as large or as small as the fruits in the can. To prevent bananas and apples from turning black, sprinkle with *calamansi* juice. Be sure to drain the canned fruits thoroughly so that the salad will not be watery.

Place the fruits in a large bowl and add the dressing, made with a cupful of home-made or bottled mayonnaise to which one cake of cream cheese or half a jar of cream cheese has been added. Mix well with two spoons and be careful not to mash the fruits.

Potato-Mixed Vegetable Salad

Potato salad becomes colorful and more attractive with canned mixed vegetables added to it. Cook potatoes, skin and cut into cubes. Drain thoroughly a can of mixed vegetables and add to the potatoes. Mix with mayonnaise.

Vienna Sausage-Potato Salad

Make Potato Salad with a little minced onion and sweet pickles. Moisten with mayonnaise. Place in the center of a platter and decorate with grated carrot. Around the platter arrange by three's or four's browned Vienna Sausage.

Asparagus Salad with Fish Sauce

Mix 1 cup mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons chopped mixed pickle. 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg and 1/2 cup flaked canned salmon or boiled shrimps, which have been shelled and cut into halves lengthwise. Place this sauce in a small bowl in the center of a platter and arrange asparagus, drained, around it. The tips of the asparagus should point outwards.

Asparagus Open Sandwich

Split, but do not break apart, finger rolls. Butter and toast.

Open one can of asparagus tips and drain thoroughly.

Blend 2 tablespoons of butter with 2 tablespoons of flour and add 1 1/2 cups of tomato juice. Heat until thick. Pour over the buttered rolls, then over it, place four asparagus tips, two on each half of each roll, and top with more sauce.

Peas and Cauliflower

Cauliflower is, comparatively speaking, an expensive vegetable. Here is one way of serving a head to many persons: Separate cauliflower into flowerettes and cook in salted water until tender. Drain and add to one can of canned peas, which have been heated in their own liquor, drained and buttered.

Spiced Fruit Punch

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 12 whole cloves

- 4 cups pineapple juice (canned)
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup calamansi juice

Boil sugar, water and spices. Strain and add to fruit juices. Mix. Pour over a large piece of ice. When cold, serve.

Deviled Eggs

- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 2 cans of deviled ham

Cut hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mash. Add the mustard and ham. Refill the whites with this mixture.

Cereal Pudding

- 1/2 cup cream of wheat
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3 cups milk

Heat milk and add cereal, sugar and salt slowly, stirring all the time until thick. Cover and cook over boiling water in 10 minutes. Grease a mold or an empty round can (like that of coffee) and place the cereal in it, flattening the top. When cold, unmold and serve with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup cocoa
- 1 teaspoon flavoring

Mix sugar and cocoa in saucepan and add water slowly, stirring so that no lumps will be formed. Cook for 2 minutes. If desired, milk may be used instead of water. Pour this sauce over the cereal. Good for breakfast or as dessert, especially for children.

Now that there is Chocolate (Continued on page 33)

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Household Hints

Why Do You Feel Tired?

DO you feel tired after performing the morning's household chores? It is safe to bet that you do, unless you are one of those exceptional women who are as strong as an ox (pardon the comparison) and can work all morning and still feel as fresh as when they got up.

Two scientists who have been studying fatigue for years give several causes for it, especially for that tired feeling housewives complain about after a morning's work. Mosso, a pioneer in the study of fatigue, says that fatigue is not due to the amount of work or the kind of work that one does but to the way he or she does it. His theory about fatigue is a very interesting one and bears describing quite in detail.

"Exercise and not rest strengthens a muscle," he says. "Work and you will be strong. Be strong and work will not make you tired." He explains this in this way: During work, certain substances are created in the muscles which it is the task of the blood to wash away. If you work too hard or too long, these substances gather in such quantities that the blood stream can not handle the load. The muscles become clogged, stiff, and painful, and may even be weakened. Strange to say, however, the small quantities of these substances produced by moderate and not prolonged exercise do not have a proportionately small bad effect upon you, but one that is quite the reverse. They stimulate you to better action just as certain drugs are beneficial if taken in prescribed small doses but are harmful, even fatal, if taken in large amounts. Thus it is that the muscles or brain may be benefited by work, and—because the blood feeds as well as washes—may be built up, made stronger. Besides this, it seems to be true that the system develops a resistance to these fatigue substances very much as it develops a tolerance of drugs or a resistance to disease. Successive doses of work, gradually increased, vaccinate you, so to speak, against the ravages of more strenuous labor.

Another fact discovered by Mosso is that several light loads do not tax the muscles so much as one very heavy one. This holds true whether you are digging a ditch or adding up figures. Four light spadefuls of earth do not tire one so much as the same amount taken in two spadefuls. A column of figures added in three sections is not so taxing as one done as a whole.

How can the housewife benefit from these discoveries about fatigue? She should not be too enthusiastic about her work (wrongly enthusiastic, we should say) and do too much in the beginning, if she

It Is Not The Amount Nor The Kind Of Work That You Do But The Way You Work That Makes You Tired

is not yet used to too much work, or push a muscle when it is tired, for work done by a tired muscle is much more harmful, says Mosso, than a heavier task done when the muscle is fresh.

It is economy to rest before you are aware of fatigue. The average woman doing even light housework would profit by a rest of fifteen minutes after every hour or so of work. If she is not strong, or if she is in the midst of some special task like housecleaning, a rest at the end of every hour or less is advisable. If she is merely doing the dishes or the beds, she may need only to sit down for a few minutes and listen to the radio or do the household accounts for a change and in order not to waste time. But she who does really taxing labor should lie down on a couch or sofa, close her eyes, take a deep breath, and letting it out, sink as deeply into the cushions and oblivion as it is possible for her to do so.

The general rule, and this applies not only to the housewife but to every worker, physical and mental, is that frequent and short rest periods are better than one long one. This is especially true in vigorous repetitive work, as that of the housewife. For instance, a housewife who has to dust and polish six or more chairs should rest for a while after finishing one chair rather than rest for a longer period of time after she is through with the six chairs. The time required to complete the job may be the same with or without pauses, but there will be no sigh of relief and none of those painful cramps when it is done with the rest periods.

Concerning this rule that frequent and short rest periods are better than one long one, Mosso found that if the amount of work is reduced or cut to one-half, the rest required is only one-quarter of that required for the full amount of work. For instance, if four hours of strenuous or continuous housework in the morning requires four hours of rest in the afternoon, then recovery will be equally accomplished by two hours' work and one-half hour's rest, two hours' work and one-half hour's rest, in rotation. This means that it is better for the housewife to postpone some of the housecleaning for the afternoon instead of doing it all in the morning. Applying this rule in our own household, we have found out that the maid does a much better job (more thorough and in better spirits) if she is made to clean only two rooms in the morning and two rooms in the afternoon than if she is required to do the four rooms either in the morning or in the afternoon.

Rest should mean complete relaxation—preferably lying down—but most of us will have to be content with snatching a few moments in our chairs. Even this is better than not having any rest at all.

Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, director of the Mental Hygiene Clinic of the Community Church of New York, classifies fatigue among women into three types. One is physiological, and is due to physical causes (and the most easily remediable) such as auto-intoxication, glandular trouble, fallen arches, improper food (when you are tired, eat), improper clothing, sleeping habits, working too soon after an illness or child-birth, etc.

The second type of fatigue is due to inefficiency in the methods of daily work—doing things in the old, hard way instead of taking advantage of modern methods and using the head to save the heels (step-saving kitchen tires the house-

wife less than one that is not).

But the chief source of fatigue among women, Dr. Wolfe says, is psychological. Most women hate housework—they consider it degrading or humiliating. They would rather go out and work and hire somebody to do it for them. Then there is the other type of woman, the opposite, who may be called the perfectionist. She wears herself out trying to accomplish the impossible; she is the ideal housekeeper who makes everyone miserable by wiping up footsteps.

Other psychological causes of fatigue are the lack of variety in work, an unsatisfactory emotional life, suppressed desires, unhappy marital relations, etc.

"A lot of women are tired because they want to be—not consciously, of course, but subconsciously. And I have never found that hard work was what makes people tired. If a woman who works hard is over-tired, it's usually her attitude toward her work, not the work, that does it," concludes Dr. Wolfe.

Dr. Wolfe does not agree with Mosso that rest is the cure for fatigue. "More often it's more work that is the cure—more work and greater variety; not rest but a change of occupation or attitude," he says. From his experience with women patients, he has found out that inducing a woman to take the right attitude toward her work, to reconcile herself to conditions or to change them or to straighten out an emotional situation, brings about a cure.

Now here are some practical suggestions:

Arrange your kitchen equipment (stove, sink and work table) so that you need not take many steps from one to the other. If kitchen is one of those old-fashioned large ones, use only one end or a corner of it, grouping the equipment in a step-saving way. Eliminate as many physical conditions that cause fatigue, such as poor lighting, poor ventilation, very high or very low stove or table.

Make a schedule of work and follow it instead of performing household chores haphazardly. Plan what to do each hour of the day, including rest periods.

It is better to do a little cleaning up each day than a general cleaning up once a week or once a month. Better to divide the work throughout the day, with rest periods in between, than to concentrate it in the morning or in the afternoon.

Perform your work in the most comfortable position and in the most comfortable clothes. Do not wash dishes or prepare food in a squatting position but do it on the table.

Do not try to do more than you can. For instance, if you are giving a dinner party, do not finish all work in one day. Do some a day or two in advance. Your menu must be chosen according to the time and money at your disposal.

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Be efficient! Use Fast-Working **SAPOLIO** Cake or Powder

HOLLYWOOD ON . . .

(Continued from page 17)

ings are followed by as many thorough rinsings. She likes a lively rather than gentle massage and scrubbing.

A spray is used for rinsing and carries on until there is no doubt about the disappearance of soap. Halfway through the rinsing a glass of warm water and lemon juice is poured over the hair.

After the hair is set Bette settles under the dryer with a good book because she has found her hair stays in better condition when allowed to dry slowly.

* * *

Speaking of softer and curlier hair, Dorothy Lamour has an easy method of putting an added dash of allure into her long dusky tresses.

While playing the role of a slave girl in a scene for Paramount's "Man About Town", Dorothy wore her hair down her back in all its full glory. To give it an added "kink" without resorting to anything as radical as a permanent wave or a session under a hot dryer, Dorothy braided her long tresses tightly and let the braiding do the curling. Brushed out after a half hour of confinement in the braids, her hair was ready for the camera's eagle eye and it gave a naturally wavy effect.

* * *

Zorina, one of the world's most graceful women, now in Hollywood to star in the film version of "On Your Toes" for Warner Bros., has studied dancing since she was of kindergarten age, but insists that any girl can learn to be graceful by observing a few simple rules.

When one is sitting she should forget pose, but remember repose, says this celebrated dancer. Any girl is at her best while sitting perfectly still. She should cross her ankles, not her knees, turn the body slightly in the chair, and keep hands in the lap.

Since an animated figure makes for an animated personality, Zorina believes when a woman is on her feet she is more attractive when moving. Naturally the movement must be graceful and dignified, never fluttery and awkward.

While walking Zorina recommends an erect carriage with a free swing of the legs from hips to toes, graceful use of arms more than gestures of the hand, and the poise that comes from perfect balance.

When one is standing still, the figure is at its best in slight or full profile, never square on from the front. The hips should be at a slight angle to the person or group addressed, one knee slightly bent, the weight of the body thrown comfortably forward on the supporting foot.

* * *

Rosemary Lane, noted for her well-proportioned figure, keeps

thighs flat with a daily exercise which simply consists of drawing one knee up as high as possible while remaining in a standing position, then stretching leg out before her and lowering it slowly to the floor. She repeats with each leg a dozen times.

* * *

GOSSIP

Joan Bennett, who has the flair for adding unusual accessory notes to her costumes, has been using flowers—both real and artificial—in interesting ways this season. On dinner outfits consisting of different colored blouses and skirts, she often wears suspenders fashioned with artificial flowers, sometimes of one color and sometimes mixing them in gay array. She particularly likes fresh flower necklaces and bracelets for her formal gowns that are reminiscent of the 1900's and for some of her afternoon ensembles. Camellias, gardenias, carnations, violets or larkspurs are her favorites for these. If she happens to wear a wide-meshed snood in the evening, Joan ornaments it with real roses. An evening bag she

recently purchased is in the shape of a flower basket in white crepe, the top made up of purple hyacinths, tiny forget-me-nots and pink and yellow roses.

Irene Dunne with a party at the Del Mar Club wore a stunning dinner gown in a leaf print on a green background. It had little puff sleeves, completely covered shoulders and skirt that fell in an enchanting fullness. The girdle was of tissue-weight green calf-skin. Accompanying her gown was a wide coin bracelet, conch shell bag in green finely pleated grosgrain ribbons, green sandals and a sable bolero.

Dancing to Anson Week's lilting rhythms at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove, Dorothy Lamour was in a printed gown of chiffon with small white flowers on black and fuchsia bands. Her gown had a very full skirt with red erin edging the décolleté, which was low in back, and hem and lined the bustle drapery. A diadem of American Leauty roses was the gown's only ornamentation.

Yolanda, of the world famous dancing team of Veloz and Yolanda now appearing at the Coconut

Grove, lunched in the outside patio of the Wiltshire Brown Derby on a Cezanne green linen referer coat trimmed with six large pearl buttons. Under it was a brown collarless dress with plain bodice and slim skirt. A Cezanne green mesh turban ornamented with a simple gold ring and topaz brooch and brown linen accessories completed her ensemble.

Hedy Lamarr is going to adapt her native hat worn in "Lady of the Tropics", for everyday beach wear. It is a large white silk straw with miniature peaked crown trimmed in cord silk of green and purple. The cord runs through slits in the crown, tying under the chin. Lightness of the straw combines with the wide brim to make it an excellent warm weather fashion.

Brightening her sheer black ensemble, Myrna Loy wears a triple strand of twisted pearls with matching earrings, surrounded by green leaves which sweep forward onto the cheeks.

For cotton evening dresses, Eleanor Powell wears a Schiaparelli necklace of gypsy beads. The five strands are in pottery shades and knotted by a clip of the beads which is removable and may be worn as a lapel ornament.

Cool note to dark dresses is the popular white linen jacket. Luan Turner wears a scalloped jacket trimmed with red silk braid and military gold buttons over a sailor dress of navy linen. White linen hat copied from the "gob" hat, white linen bag embroidered with a red anchor are unusual accessory notes featured by the actress.

Candy striped corded silk is the striking combination chosen by Norma Shearer for a formal housecoat. Cut with fitted bodice, wide, floor-length circular skirt, the red and white stripes meet in a pointed design on the skirt. The M.G.M. star wears the coat which features starched labels for her role in "The Women".

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S REAL MYSTERY WOMAN

Don't Get The Idea It's Garbo Because It's A Very Different Sort Of Actress

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—The world thinks of Hollywood's mystery woman as Garbo, but Hollywood thinks of her as Marie Wilson.

Film wisecracks know that she's either the most naive and mellow-witted soul ever allowed to wander by herself, where she might come to harm—or else one of the keenest, shrewdest women ever to face a camera. One can always start an argument in filmland by saying, "Is Marie Wilson really dumb or dizzy or both, or is that all an act?"

When that question is spoken, a dozen people will spring up to hattle the issue, with supporters of the two principal theories about equally divided.

(Continued on page 36)

Guard Your GLAMOUR

KEEP YOUR UNDERARM DRY



You probably won't detect that stale perspiration odour in your clothing, and your friends won't mention it. There's only one way to be sure that you don't offend. *Keep the underarm dry!*

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EXAMINE YOUR DRESS TONIGHT

Bringing Up Children

PROBLEM CHILD

DO you have a problem child in your home? If so, you will be interested in these "tactics" that other mothers of problem children have found effective.

Jealous Brother

The mother of a three-year-old boy punished and even reasoned with him when he pushed, slapped or snatched toys from his baby brother but this did not help much. The mother then realized that he had been the center of the universe for the whole of his three years and therefore found it hard to share his belongings, his nurse, his parents with the new member of the family. Some form of jealousy was therefore the result. She realized that a jealous child needs plenty of love and attention from his parents and that he needs to be convinced in deeds rather than words that they still care for him. So, for half an hour each day, while the baby was somewhere else, the mother gave him her undivided attention to show him that his interests had not been forgotten for the baby's and that he needed not fear a rival. In the evening, the father did the same, playing with him, before he was put to bed. This treatment did wonders.

Wall Marker

Punish the child who marks walls, break things, etc., but if you stop there it won't get either you or your child very far. He will still mark walls and break things. One mother provided her son with paper, paints, crayons and an easel; another bought for her son a carpentry set. Make the child understand that there is a right as well as a wrong place to draw or to break. If he persists in ignoring your instructions, you'll have to remove all drawing materials until "he is old enough to know how to use them."

Sometimes children seem habitually and wantonly destructive, and ordinary wifely fail with them. Such behavior may be caused by deep resentments against parents or brothers and sisters. If these exist they should be looked into carefully. Only by helping such children toward better relationships can real improvement result.

Afraid at Night

Children outgrow nighttime fears best if these are not treated as shameful and cowardly but as something to be outgrown gradually like last year's clothes. A mother has

found out that leaving the door of the nursery half open, or the light in the hall shining all through the night, or a flashlight under the pillow, helped to bring peace and security. Another mother made the period of preparation for bed happy and unhurried for both her and the child. After the lights were out, she told a story or just recounted the day's doings. This proved wonderfully soothing to the child.

Playing with Matches

It is useless to spank a child when you see him playing with matches or to hide all matches from him. Fire fascinates children and they find it great fun to make it. One mother instructed her child in the right method of striking matches, at the same time explaining to him the danger of burning himself or setting fire to something, the curtains, for instance. Then she made him the house's official "lighter", making it his duty to light the

candles for the dinner table, the stove and his parents' cigarettes. Another mother made her children get over their love for fire by teaching them how to make a bonfire and a campfire in the yard and allowing them to burn the rubbish swept from the house every day. They got mildly burned, got smoke into their eyes and smudges on their faces, and in the end, got cured. Now they are, through playing with fire,

The Question Asker

How fortunate are the parents who have children who insist upon acquiring knowledge at first hand—which educators tell us is the best way for anyone to learn, but most parents are impatient and do not answer their children or if they do, they do it in a cross way.

Perhaps the reason why most pa-

rents scold their children when they ask questions or don't answer them is that they do not know the answers or do not have enough imagination to make them up, as one parent did. Children sometimes ask the most silly and embarrassing questions!

The parents of a very inquisitive boy hired a young man, working his way through college, to answer their son's questions. But not all parents can afford to hire an "answerer". Nor to buy a set of encyclopedias or nature books. One father solved this problem by taking his son to see the thing about which he asked the most questions or was most interested, which, in this case, was trains. He took him to a railroad yard and there he asked his questions from the foreman who knew all the answers.

The Child and His Faults


The scientific way to deal with any of the child's undesirable traits—quarrelsomeness, teasing, bullying, selfishness, dawdling, forgetfulness, disorderliness, disobedience—is to search out and remove its cause, and then to replace it with some incentive appropriate to the child's age that will incite him to better conduct. Substitution and diversion are better than suppression or nagging. For instance, punctuality at meals may sometimes be made more attractive than lateness by keeping a record chart with recognition for a high punctuality score. Failing this, it sometimes helps if parents allow the action to bring on the unpleasant results that logically ensue if the children do not step in to avert them. For instance, if Juan is very careless about his belongings, leaving them around instead of putting them away, try confiscating them. But be sure to look for to cause of his carelessness—perhaps he does not have a place where to keep his personal belongings.

It is almost impossible for parents not to order their children to "stop that", yet by doing so they make it harder for the habit to sink into disuse. Further, nagging reminds the child of his power to annoy and it offers him an excellent opportunity of getting more than his share of the limelight.

When Tchaikovsky was away from home, he suffered such loneliness and homesickness, he lost his appetite and could not sleep.

TESORO

**JEREZ-QUINA
LEGITIMO**




Stop worrying...

This health restoring tonic is indispensable for nursing mothers. It is highly recommended to improve the nervous system, and is an excellent preparation for general debility, especially for convalescents.

(O)

Nothing like it for restoring vitality



For loss of appetite, TESORO JEREZ-QUINA answers the need. It stimulates and aids digestion. TESORO JEREZ-QUINA is an extract from the juice of selected grapes and quinine. It stands out because it is the best. Try it today!

(O)

Most in demand through the year round

Insist on this Bottle

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

J. B. VICENTE COSIN

Sole Agent

THE NEW RUBBER BALL

(Another Story For Children)

ONCE upon a time there was a new rubber ball that wanted to play. He could roll and he could bounce, oh, so high!

But there was nobody in the house to play with the rubber ball, so down the steps he rolled into the yard, where the rooster and hens and ducks and turkeys lived. And he stopped by the side of Mr. Speckled Rooster and asked him to play ball. "I can roll and I can bounce, oh, so *h-i-g-h*. Don't you want to play?"

But Mr. Speckled Rooster would not. He flapped his strong wings up and down, up and down, and crowed as loud as ever he could:

"Cock a doodle doo, that would never do!

Cock a doodle doo, cock a doodle doo!"

And off he proudly strutted down the garden path.

Next, the new rubber ball stopped by the side of Mrs. Hen and asked her to play ball.

"Come, play ball with me," said the new rubber ball. "I can roll and I can bounce, oh, so *h-i-g-h!* Don't you want to play?"

But old Mrs. Hen would not. She ruffled up her breast feathers with a shake, shake, shake, and cackled as loud as ever she could:

"Kut, kut, kut, kut, I'm no nut!

Kut, kut, kut, kut, kut, kut!" And off she walked down the garden path behind Mr. Speckled Rooster.

Next the rubber ball stopped by the side of old sister Duck and asked her to play ball.

But old sister Duck would not. She wiggled her tail feathers with a wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, and quacked as loud as ever she could:

"Quack, quack, quack, quack, go back, go back!

Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!"

And off she waddled down the garden path behind Mr. Speckled Rooster and old Mrs. Hen.

Next the new rubber ball stopped by the side of old brother Turkey Gobbler and asked him to play ball.

"Come, play ball with me," said the new rubber ball. "I can roll and I can bounce, oh, so *h-i-g-h!* Don't you want to play?"

But old brother Turkey Gobbler would not. He puffed himself out with a puff, puff, puff, and gobbled as loud as ever he could:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble, I'm no marble!

Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!"

And off he stalked down the garden path behind Mr. Speckled Rooster, old Mrs. Hen and old sister Duck.

Next the new rubber ball stopped by the side of Buster John's black kitty and asked him to play ball.

"Come, play ball with me," said the new rubber ball. "I can roll and I can bounce, oh, so *h-i-g-h!* Don't you want to play?"

"Of course I will!" mewed Buster John's black kitty. Then he jumped and away he ran right after the new rubber ball!

Oh, what a fine time they had playing together! The new rubber ball rolled and



Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce in a scene from "Let Freedom Ring"

Laid against eye-filling and picturesque vistas of the Far West, the story of "Let Freedom Ring" centers about Steve Logan, young Harvard law school graduate, who returns home to a small Western farm community of the 1860's to find his father, Tom Logan, and other pioneers expecting him to lead them in their fight against the encroachment of the railroad, a fight led by Wall Street Tyeoon Jim Knox and his Irish foreman, Mulligan.

Believing trickery the only way to beat Knox's unscrupulous methods, Steve pretends to see the justice of the railroad's stand and is promptly considered a Judas by his friends, including his childhood sweetheart, Maggie Adams. Aided by "The Mackerel," saloon pianist,

rolled, and bounced and bounced, oh, so *h-i-g-h*, and Buster John's black kitty stood on his hind legs and bounced the

Steve kidnap Underwood, the town's newspaper publisher, and starts printing and distributing broadsides which stir up the railroad "hunkies" against their bosses.

Infuriated, Knox and Mulligan lead a posse into the hills to seek Steve's hideout. The latter lures Mulligan into a cavern where his press is set up, and challenges him to a bare knuckle fight which shall determine whether Mulligan forswears allegiance to Knox and bring his workers over onto the side of Steve and the farmers. Licked in fair battle, Mulligan keeps his word, Knox is driven out of town and Steve reveals the role he has been playing in secret to insure the return of the law and order which now prevails.

ball with his paws and chased it all over the yard.

And this is the end of this story.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

*What you most want to know:
"How good is the medicine YOU buy?"*



There are a number of medicines that have become famous. They have become famous because they are good medicines. They have been tried by millions of people all over the world and found to be really helpful in getting people well. That is why so many millions of bottles of such medicines are sold.

Scott's Emulsion is one of these remarkably successful medicines. Millions of children helped to grow up with it. Millions of people helped to avoid chest and lung troubles at their early stages. Life made sweet for millions of old people who needed a tonic.

You can trust Scott's Emulsion. Well worth the price because carefully made, with the very best cod liver oil, in just the right proportion to benefit you. Refuse substitutes. Demand the original and genuine.

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FORMULA: - Cod Liver Oil, 29.032%; Glycerine 12.097%; 1% Solution of Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, 36.931%; Excipient, 1.795%; Flavoring, 1.085%. Approved and Registered by the Board of Pharmacy.

Guide To Charm

What Do You Carry In Your Handbag?

THE other day we were fixing up our face in the ladies' room of a downtown soda fountain when another woman came in and started rummaging into her large handbag for something we could not at that moment tell what. After several minutes, she emptied the contents of her handbag all over the dressing table. "Ah, there you are!" she exclaimed and pounced on her lipstick and started making over her lips.

"No wonder she could not find her lipstick!" we exclaimed to ourselves. For on the table lay an assortment of objects, to wit—compact, a package of cigarettes, a packet of matches, an address book and a small pencil, a fountain pen, handkerchief, several cards, keys on a ring, orange stick, change purse, hairpins, comb and two other things wrapped up in paper (perhaps a bottle of nail polish and

a bottle of acetone).

Do ladies' handbags really hold or do ladies' really carry those many objects in their purses? When the woman was gone, we opened our own bag and took an inventory of its contents, which were lipstick, compact, three keys on a ring, pencil, small notebook, an extra folded handkerchief, two or three newspaper clippings and four of our cards. Sometimes we carry a fountain pen but since ours is not leak-proof, we do this only when we really need it. When our handbag is quite a large one, we stuff into it the small things that we buy.

We asked ourselves: Which of these objects do we not need to carry in our handbag when we go out? Right then and there we decided on the compact, which we never use anyway even when our face is as shiny as newly-bought patent-leather shoes, and the keys, which we can just safely leave at home. We could also throw away the newspaper clippings which were old.

From that day on we took to noticing the handbags that girls and women carry. We peep into them and take note of their contents when they are opened. Riding in the bus or in the streetcar, we notice that working girls' handbags bulge as if they must contain all those "extras" that girls who stay away from home for long periods of time need. We know that some business girls carry even small towels in their handbags. We know of two or three who stuff their lunch sandwiches into their handbags.

When you pay for your fare in the bus or streetcar or when you pay for your purchases in a store, others are likely to see the inside of your handbag when you open it to take out your money purse. Is the inside of your handbag "presentable"? We mean, is the lining clean and the contents nothing to be ashamed of? Do you carry a very dirty powder puff or handkerchief in it which you are ashamed to show?

Good grooming should be applied to handbags too. In the first place, your handbag should look clean outside and inside, especially when it is made of some white or light-colored material that shows dirt easily. Handbags made of real leather should be brushed or cleaned with leather cleanser; those made of zapon or fabricoid should be cleaned (according to directions that accompany them) usually with soap and water or with alcohol. Always wipe or brush your hand-



Ann Morris (left) and Ilona Massey, M-G-M players, show the type of casual clothes worn in Hollywood.

bag before you go out even if it is not soiled.

The lining inside should be brushed frequently to remove dust and dirt. If it is washable, it should be brushed with soap and water.

It is a good practice to empty the contents of your handbags once in a while and throw away those that are useless. Things do accumulate in handbags and before you know it, you have stuffed them out of shape.

This brings us to another point. Handbags should look as they looked when they were in the store or as their manufacturers intended them to look. While in the store, a handbag is stuffed with soft paper to keep it in shape. That is how it should look when filled with your personal belongings. The beauty of the shape of too many handbags is spoiled when the handbags are over-stuffed with knick-knacks until they bulge out of their original shapes. This is especially true with handbags made of soft leather or fabric. An envelope, flat handbag looks ugly when bulging. If you must carry many things with you when you go out, choose a bag that is capacious or one of those three-dimensional bags with flat bottoms. When you have a lot of shopping to do, better carry a shopping bag or a carry-all.

Handbags should be taken care of properly. This includes not only not over-stuffing them out of shape but also cleaning them inside and outside regularly. Leather handbags become moldy when not used frequently or when the weather is damp, so they must be brushed frequently and rubbed with a preparation that preserves leather.

Your handbag is a part of your costume and as such should be chosen to match your dress and the other accessories in color and ma-

terial. For example when you are wearing dark blue shoes and belt, your handbag should be dark blue in color too, preferably of the same material as the shoes and the belt, like leather or suede or linen. It is not always possible to match the material (unless you have a bag for every costume) but it is not difficult to match the color. One good rule to follow when buying your accessories is to buy them all together—shoes, belt and handbag. You know of course that accessories should offer a contrast to your frock or match one color of it or the color of its trimming. For example: You are wearing a white frock. Colored accessories are called for. You can choose any of the colors of a vari-colored printed frock and match it with accessories.

If you cannot afford to buy several handbags, a black one and a white one will take care of all your dresses. Be sure, however, to have matching belts and shoes.

There are so many cheap handbags that you are tempted to buy more than you need. It is better to have a few handbags of good quality and simple designs that last long than many of imitation leather or synthetic materials that wear out quickly. Do not buy handbags that have pleats or bows or other decorations that make them look cheap (the cheaper the handbags the more decorations they have, we have noticed). Expensive handbags, you have probably noticed, are rather plain, relying mostly on high quality materials and stitching for smartness.

Last but not least—be careful about putting things you will be ashamed of, into your handbag. Accidents do happen and you might lose your handbag. Be sure that should somebody find your handbag you would not be ashamed of something in it when it is returned to you.



Lips touched with Tangee are youthful, NEVER painted

If your lipstick gives you that glaring painted look—it isn't Tangee! For Tangee can't paint. It isn't paint. Instead, by its magic Color Change Principle, it brings out your own natural loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. Makes your lips live with youthful alluring color. Use Tangee today. Your friends will approve.

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TANGEE
 ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND 4-PIECE MAKE UP SET of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 25 ctos. HJ

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Address

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Country

MAIL TO

P. O. Box 1345
 Manila

"SPIRITS DEPARTED"

(Continued from page 15)

man care! I am thinking of the Filipino girls and boys \$40,000 would help thro school and college!

And the money cost is the least of it. Think of the years of anguish of parents—hopeless anguish, as the years lengthened, and Mary Lou and Mary Lee grew more and more demented!

Think, too, of the high school classmates — wondering thro the years, what it was all about—as they went their own happy way, into life and joy and usefulness. Truly, the loss to society was a tragic loss.

Even the cost in discouragement to the young nurses who, thro the years gave faithful, efficient service, caring for the two deteriorating girls, now grown into old, deteriorated women, as they grew into "womanhood". No, into woman's bodies, but bereft of the spirit of joy that characterizes growth into womanhood.

No! The money cost is least of all!

Such patients, schizophrenias of long standing, constitute the greatest percentage of the patients in psychopathic institutions. From records of a Cleveland Hospital, (10 years), only 5% of these cases have been discharged as improved, even.

The young doctor who admitted

Mary Lou and Mary Lee to the institution when they were fifteen, left the hospital, and had a big, busy, eventful life in lands afar, with helpers and patients, and medical and surgical services up into the millions. Life was truly rich.

Thirty five years later, the doctor returned to visit. "Show me Mary Lou and Mary Lee." And they came! Gray rompers, gray faces, gray hair, gray lives — Oh, worse than gray lives! Mary Lou does not even know her name. Neither does Mary Lee. It is hard for the faithful nurses, even, to tell which is which.

The doctor took a hand of each. "Oh Mary Lou and Mary Lee, do you remember me?" No slightest glimmer of mind, of recognition. And the doctor could see no semblance of the youthful twins, any distinguishing feature. They have lost their identity, even, their individuality; they are just "The Demented Twins."

ASHES TO ASHES

(Continued from page 15)

eried, her voice was shrill and harsh.

"I know that you take it yourself, the same as I!"

"But I..."

"Lucien, don't you see that I'm desperate? I know you understand me well enough. I know that you take it too. I know, because I've

been stealing from your supply right along whenever mine gave out. I had to, Lucien, or I would have died!"

The Marquis passed his hand wearily over his forehead. Now he understood. "I think I know what you mean, Adrienne, but you can't have stolen any from me, because—I don't take it. Probably it belonged to one of the servants. I'll ask them immediately. Of course I'll help you, if I possibly can."

He turned to leave the room. Adrienne grabbed him by the arm.

"No, Lucien, it didn't belong to any of the servants—it was yours! You kept it in that small silver chest up on the mantelpiece."

The Marquis stood as one bereft of all his faculties. His brain began to whirl, his whole body shook convulsively. The unspeakable horror of this disclosure appeared to him in its enormity. He saw his wife's face before him, as she lay on her death-bed, he relived the agonizing ceremony of the cremation, the cold formalities that accompanied it, the purchase of the silver chest, in which he had placed her ashes. A laugh that sounded like a moan escaped from his throat. Suddenly everything went black, and he sank unconscious to the floor.

It took the Marquis nearly a year to recover from the shock. However he remained cloistered in his villa, and he is there today. His friends

have heard vaguely that he sends Adrienne Olivier a white rose every morning. Not in memory of their tender relationship, but because for him she is the grave of his wife.

USE THAT CAN...

(Continued from page 27)

Sirup in a tin can, hot or cold cocoa is no longer a great bother to make as before. Here are the recipes:

Hot Chocolate Flavored Milk

Place an unopened tin of evaporated milk in hot water and boil for 10 or 15 minutes. Empty contents into a saucepan and add 1/2 tin chocolate sirup and a little salt. Add 2 1/2 cups of hot water and stir the mixture with a wooden spoon. If desired, this hot drink may be beaten in a batidor.

Ice Cold Chocolate Flavored Milk

Put the contents of 1 tall can of evaporated milk, 1/2 tin of chocolate sirup and a small piece of ice in a bowl and beat with a wooden spoon to thoroughly mix the milk and the sirup. Then add 2 1/2 cups of iced water and stir again with the wooden spoon. If a shaker is available, make the drink in it. Do not add ice to the finished drink as it will melt and make it too thin.

For Children and Grown-Ups—

There is nothing more tempting and refreshing than the juice and fruit of luscious, ripe California Oranges—

This is offered you in the famous tra-fruit beverage

ROYAL TRU ORANGE

It is lightly carbonated, making it a popular thirst quencher and refreshment—



A product of the

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famed for high quality products

Health Page

ORTHODONTIA and CHILDREN'S DENTISTRY

By DR. NIEVA ERAÑA

JUST what is Orthodontia? This is a question commonly asked and which seems to be a very simple one. However, it is not so easy to explain in a sentence or two and it is, therefore, the object of this article to give the public a general idea of what it really is.

According to the definition of Dr. Edward H. Angle, one of the foremost pioneers in this particular branch of dentistry, Orthodontia is that science which has for its object the prevention and correction of the *malocclusion* of the teeth. Now, what is malocclusion? Let us first disregard the prefix *mal* and delve into the meaning of the principal word. *Occlusion* is the normal relation of the teeth to one another when the jaws are closed and any deviation of this normal relation-

ship is termed *malocclusion*.

An erroneous interpretation of Orthodontia by the laity is that it deals with the straightening of crooked teeth. Many are led to believe that it is purely mechanical consisting merely of the construction of appliances and their insertion into the mouth with the purpose of moving the teeth to the position desired. Orthodontia is not concerned alone with the full-grown teeth that are maloccluded as seen in the mouth, but it is largely dependent upon the principles of growth and development of these teeth together with the surrounding bones and tissues. As a matter of fact, Orthodontia and Pedodontia, which is, broadly speaking the care of children's teeth, go hand in hand. Teeth begin to develop as early as

TO MAKE ADULTS SAFE FOR CHILDHOOD

EVERYBODY should have a health examination once a year. Most people won't do this and go to the doctor only when they are ill. Self-protection is not a sufficient motive. But it is a fine trait of Americans that they will do for the sake of children what they won't do for themselves. That is why the movement for the voluntary health examination of adults is spreading through the advice of the American Academy of Pediatrics, the experts on child health.

Many children get diseases through intimate contact with adults—with parents or grandparents, nurses or servants. Tuberculosis can be given to a child by a kiss. Several of our serious diseases like syphilis are more likely to be transmitted to children by adults than by other children. Periodic medical examinations with chest X-rays, blood tests and other laboratory tests, make it possible to detect in early stages diseases which might be spread among children—to say nothing of the better hope of curing the adult himself.

Westchester County, New York, has made great progress in this respect. There the medical society has adopted a plan of semiannual examinations for all adults who come in contact with children, particularly teachers, nurses and servants. After each examination an official health card is issued to those who have no serious physical handicaps or evidence of communicable disease. The slogan for Westchester parents when hiring household help is "Require a health reference as well as a character reference." And those who seek work where there are children are being told that many employers will ask them to show their medical health card. You can hardly ask a favorite uncle to show a health card before he hugs the baby. But he ought to be easily persuaded that it is his duty to the family and to the new generation to go to the doctor once or twice a year and be pronounced a safe associate for childhood.

—Woman's Home Companion.

YOUNG LADIES AND MATRONS
ARE IN NEED OF—

CERVEZA NEGRA

For
HEALTH AND
EXTRA ENERGY



THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE
MACKESON'S
MILK STOUT
IMPORTERS TABACALERA

Invaluable for athletes in training, because it not only tones the muscles but renews the energy expended in vigorous and sustained exercise.

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERIES

the sixteenth week of the embryonic stage. This development progresses as the fetus is formed and constitutional as well as external factors influence these particular organs that are in the process of assuming the position intended for them in the maxilla and mandible or the upper and lower jaws, respectively. Considering the fact that it is a problem of growth, it is advisable that children should begin visiting the dentist as soon as the baby teeth are erupted.

It is the common tendency to disregard this set and to attach no importance whatsoever to them as the contention is that they will be replaced by permanent ones anyhow. Be that as it is, still it is the deciduous set or the temporary teeth that act as a guide in the eruption of the permanent ones. Therefore, it is very essential that the preceding set should be well taken care of so as to retain them in their proper places till it is time for the permanent ones to erupt. Otherwise, if any of them is lost prior to the proper time, perversion or the impaction of the permanent teeth will result because the space intended for the permanent set will be closed due to the propensity of the existing teeth to slide backwards or forwards, whatever the case may be. In other words, periodic visits to the dentist by the children will act as a preventive. With the modern trend of the times, the care of chil-

dren's teeth has become an important phase of dentistry and it is being accorded the consideration due it. We are living in an age of prevention and the maxim—"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure" holds true in this case. However, prevention in connection with the dental science is hardly a definable word as the oral cavity is a field that changes continuously. Subsequently, the dentist is perpetually faced with different conditions in the mouth of the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

Granting that the baby set has a mild form of malocclusion, it is of vital importance that this should be attended to at once as the tooth germs of the permanent set develop posterior to the temporary teeth. In cases such as this their modification should be resorted to immediately. There are cases that need orthodontic attention as young as two to three years of age. It should not be inferred, though, that orthodontia is exclusively for very young patients.

Children's teeth have to be properly cared for as any existing abnormality produces a psychological effect on the child not to mention any ill effects on his health. Even the speech is known to be impaired by malocclusion. Therefore, the care of the teeth is of vital importance in the maintenance of a healthy and normal development of a child.

RESOLUTIONS

Passed and Approved At The Last Biennial Convention Of The NFWC

Resolution No. I

WHEREAS, it is the intention of the National Development Company to establish new factories, in line with the new economic policy of the government;

WHEREAS, the establishment of more factories in Manila and its environs will draw to the city more people from the provinces, and thus aggravate the economic problems in the city;

WHEREAS, the government should aim at a more or less equitable distribution of population and industries;

WHEREAS, one of the causes of social unrest in the Philippines is the lack of suitable work of the farmhands, especially during the off-season; and

WHEREAS, in the event of War, factories located in the city and its environs will fall easily into the hands of the enemy; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, as it is hereby resolved, that the FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS in convention assembled, February 1939, respectfully urge the President of the Commonwealth, the Secretary of Finance and the Manager of the N.D.C. not to establish more factories in Manila but instead to erect their new ones in the towns where they contribute to alleviate the economic sufferings of the people; and be it further

RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be sent to the President of the Commonwealth, Secretary Roxas, and Manager Gregorio Amos.

Unanimously approved by the women in Convention, February 18, 1939.

Resolution No. II

WHEREAS, in the Philippine Archipelago, no public trade school for women has been existent since the establishment of the Bureau of Education; therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, as it is hereby resolved, that this Seventh Biennial Convention of the NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS of the Philippines do herewith urge and request without further delay, the establishment of three women's trade schools under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Education, such schools to be established as follows: one in Northern Luzon to extend and improve the trades now existent among tribal women; one in the Southern Islands, presumably in Zamboanga or Cotabato; and one in Manila, the capital city; and be it further

RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be sent to the President of the Commonwealth, the Secretary of Public Instruction, the Director of Education, and members

of the National Assembly.

Unanimously approved by the women in Convention, February 18, 1939.

Resolution No. III

WHEREAS, it is well-known that Filipino Women are the intellectual peers of their country-men, a fact which has been proved time and again by the valedictory and other scholastic honors which they receive in the High Schools, Colleges, and various types of government examinations; and

WHEREAS, Filipino Women are demonstrably of executive ability, intellectual growth, and a spirit of cooperation in the various positions which they are now occupying; and

WHEREAS, pre-Spanish Philippine tradition and our present customary laws accord a place of honor to the Filipino woman, and

WHEREAS, the Commonwealth government has failed to recognize the ability of the Filipino Woman, as shown by the fact that no important executive positions are held by women; and

WHEREAS, the President's social justice policy should apply to women just as well as to men; therefore be it

RESOLVED, as it is hereby resolved, that the National Federation of Women's Clubs in convention assembled, February 1939, request the President of the Philippine Commonwealth to appoint more women to important government positions, and be it further

RESOLVED, that copies of this resolution be sent to the President, members of the National Assembly, the U. P. President, and cabinet members.

Unanimously approved by the women in Convention, February 18, 1939.

Resolution No. IV

WHEREAS, the Philippines is in need of more and better citizens; and

WHEREAS, educated mothers are the ones best qualified to bring up an enlightened citizenry; and

WHEREAS, working mothers often suffer economic privations during their maternity leave and are thus forced to limit their offspring; therefore be it

RESOLVED, as it is hereby resolved, that the NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, in convention assembled, February 1939, request the National Assembly to pass a bill giving female government employees on maternity leave, half of their compensation during the period of the leave; and

RESOLVED FURTHER, that copies of the Resolution be sent to the President of the Commonwealth and members of the National Assembly.

Unanimously approved by the women in Convention, February 18, 1939.

Resolution No. V

WHEREAS, under Act No. 2633, as amended by Acts Nos. 2905 and 2988, the National Aid that may be given to Local Puericulture Centers can not exceed the amounts of funds raised locally by such Puericulture Centers;

WHEREAS, in poor localities such Puericulture Centers can not raise much money locally and, under the present law, can neither obtain much aid from the National Government;

WHEREAS, it is the Puericulture Centers which have little or no funds that are most in need of National Aid in order to enable them to function regularly and efficiently in their maternity and child welfare work;

BE IT RESOLVED, as it is hereby resolved, to petition the National Assembly to amend the existing laws regarding the granting of National Aid to Local Puericulture Centers so as to permit the granting of more substantial National Aid to centers which, for lack of funds, are most in need of such aid;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that certified copies of this resolution be sent to the National Assembly to His Excellency, the President of the Commonwealth; to the Honorable, the Commissioner of Health and Public Welfare; and to the Director of Health, for their information and such action as they may deem proper to take toward the early passage of the amendment sought.

Unanimously approved by the women in Convention, February 18, 1939.



TEETH like the STARS of HOLLYWOOD

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HOLLYWOOD ON . . .

(Continued from page 29)

There is universal agreement, however, on one thing. She is certainly one of the sweetest characters the film town has seen. She is laughed at and loved, and hasn't an enemy in a city where it is hard to avoid stepping on the tender toes of sensitive people. Few people in all Hollywood fail to brighten up, warm up and smile when Marie comes in sight.

Her charm as well as her apparent dizziness register strongly from the screen. When Warner Bros. were all set to give that title lead in "Boy Meets Girl" to Joan Blondell, the public set up an awful howl. The studio had never realized its little blonde, curly-haired, brown-eyed comedienne—she of the wide eyes, enormous lashes and vacant look—had so many friends. By public demand via tens of thousands of letters, Marie got the part.

Her newest picture is "The Cowboy Quarterback", in which she co-stars with Bert Wheeler. Just previously, Marie played an eccentric role in "Waterfront." She has been kept very busy, in fact, not only at Warner's but on various occasions as a borrowed star at other studios.

Mystery woman Marie does not hail from Moronia, nor Stockholm, nor yet Batavia nor the interior of China. She was born in Anaheim, California, a little town in the heart of the sugar-beet country, August 19th, 1916. She went to grammar school there, then private schools in



Marie Wilson—Hollywood's Mystery Woman.

Los Angeles and Hollywood. It was in the Cumuok School for Girls that she began acting. A tryout brought her a part with the Beverly Hills Players, and a screen test got her a contract with Warner Bros.

It was almost as simple as that. Four years have gone by, and a lot of film has raced through the cameras, but still Marie has never let her hair down and confessed her dizzy off-screen characterization, so like her comedy parts on the screen, is an act. Maybe we'll never know. Maybe Marie would the act to last all her life. Or maybe, as some people contend, she isn't acting!

HOLLYWOOD STAR ASTUTE BUSINESS WOMAN

SELECTING Madeleine Carroll for the part of a big business executive in "Are Husbands Necessary?" her new picture at Paramount, was not such a very far-fetched maneuver, at that.

For the blonde star is regarded as one of the most astute business minds in the film colony.

Her management of her career, of her wide and diversified business interests on both sides of the Atlantic, and of her personal budget might well be considered a model plan of executive administration.

Miss Carroll owns 12 residence

and business realty properties in England, of varying values and descriptions. She owns a hotel in Bordeaux, France, villas on the Riviera and in Spain, and in this country a big apartment house in New York and a half-interest in a building contracting firm in Los Angeles.

Her books for the past year reveal a loss of one single property—the villa in Spain that was destroyed in the recent war.

Her personal budget is exemplary from the standpoint of economy and efficiency. She limits herself to \$5,000 per year.

Difficult as it may seem to reconcile this fact with so glamorous a personality, Miss Carroll spends only one-fifth that sum on her wardrobe.

She employs only two servants, a man and woman, who double in the jobs of chauffeur-gardener, cook and housekeeper.

She never entertains lavishly. Her single extravagance, if it is that, is her annual trip to Europe.

In her career, studio bosses will tell you that she has as much native shrewdness in bargaining over terms and stories as anybody in the industry.

Madeleine Carroll fits just as well behind an office desk as she does in the scenes she's filming at present with Fred MacMurray in the romantic moonlit nights on the beach at Bali.

CLOTHES PRESENT FILM PROBLEM

Nowadays, Says Joan Blondell, It's Harder To "Characterize" With Them

HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—It's harder to say it with clothes these days. Especially on the screen. So, at any rate, says Joan Blondell.

But she's always trying so in Warner Bros. "The Kid From Kokono," Joan does a certain amount of characterization with costume. Tries to say in that way as well as otherwise that she's a former bubble dancer who now has no visible means of support.

"When I turn coquettish toward Wayne Morris, a few times in the picture, that can be shown in the selection of clothes, of course," says Joan. "The red silk pajamas I wear in the one scene, for example, are pretty obvious!"

"But, by and large, the situation regarding clothes has changed so much today that about all you can show very plainly are extremes of circumstances or character. If you're very poor or very wealthy, very modest or vice versa, the clothes you wear on the screen can indicate these facts.

"A short time ago, however, one could pretty well indicate much subtler differences. That was because a stenographer then wasn't able to dress so nearly like her boss's wife as she does today.

"Today, a clever working girl is able to dress so well, and yet so inexpensively, by careful choosing and good taste, that she's hard to 'place' by a glance at her clothes.

"In the same way, character is harder to judge by clothes, because, first, there is a wider choice today in what one may wear in good taste, and second, nearly everyone has access to one of the many influences which improve taste—point out what's good and what's bad by current standards."

Joan says she will never forget what a famous director told her about clothes on one of her first pictures at Warner Bros. She was to portray a poor girl. Said the director:

"Don't let the wardrobe department give you a fur coat to wear. Not even a coat with a fur collar. Not even a cheap one! Sometimes a piece of rabbit fur turns up that photographs in a picture like real ermine, so I won't take a chance on a poor girl wearing fur in my pictures.

"Don't let the hairdresser make your hair too perfect. Perfect waves cost money. Don't let them give you dresses of silk or satin. Sometimes lights do funny things to cheap silks and sometimes they look better than a Parisian model on the screen.

"In short, wear clothes that look smart but cheap. The kind you see in store windows for \$4.98. And don't tell me you can't get 'em for that. I've looked into store windows."



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D·M·C

FEMME FATALE

(Continued from page 9)

Connecticut, was merely "Leonora Leonard's daughter, you know—and isn't it too bad she takes after her father's side of the family?" Susan was intelligent enough to realize that you couldn't brush aside an attitude like that, not even with a diaphanous, mink-bordered sleeve.

But she had not reckoned with Jessie Stebbins. Miss Stebbins returned to Cape West just thirty-six hours before the Leonards returned—and thirty-six hours, in a town like Cape West, is time enough for any rumor to travel, and to thrive lustily as it travels.

Miss Stebbins, in gossiping to her friend, Cora Atwood, about her voyage, had said, "Oh, yes! And Paul Hayden was on board—the famous novelist, you know. Oh, I've met so many interesting people, my dear! Well, I meant to tell you: You know, we've always thought that Susan Leonard wouldn't ever set the world on fire—such a quiet girl. Well, this Paul Hayden quite lost his head about her. He said that Susan had—a sort of mysterious lure. Susan! He said there wasn't a word for it in English. He said he had to talk about her in French."

Cora Atwood, twenty years before, had spent a whole summer in Grenoble. So now, although she was astonished, she managed to look knowing. "A *femme fatale*," she murmured.

"I suppose that's what he meant," said Jessie Stebbins vaguely.

But Cape West didn't let it go at that. The rumor about Susan was enhanced by repetition. Someone said: "My dear, some nobody on the boat fell in love with her—fell simply madly in love with her!" Someone else said: "Well, you wouldn't believe it—but every man on the boat was mad about her—and it seems this famous novelist was threatening to throw himself overboard! Well, there was quite a scandal, and it was all hushed up. It seems he said that she was a regular *femme fatale*."

Cora Atwood happened to be giving a party on the night that followed the Leonards' return. By this time the rumor about Susan had assumed remarkable proportions, and even the most skeptical were awaiting Susan's arrival in some impatience.

Cora Atwood's daughter Marjory, who had gone to school with Susan Leonard, voiced the opinion of the more skeptical group. "It stands to reason," she said caudally, "that it's a lot of baloney. And that's all it is. Well, look; you can't expect me to believe that a person can change all in a few minutes—that a person nobody ever looked at would all of a sudden have grown men throwing themselves off boats—"

"I don't know," said one Tom Brett thoughtfully. "You just take and put a girl in that sort of Old World atmosphere and let her sort of mellow around for a few

months—"

Thus the ebb and flow of the adolescent verdict. But so, less naively, did a more adult opinion center about the prodigal's return.

Susan arrived—wearing the honey-colored dress, which, it must be admitted, brought out the amber flecks in her hair and the loveliness in her dark eyes.

Tom Brett drew a long breath. "Funny," he said, to no one in particular, "that I never saw it before!"

He got the first six seconds of the first dance. The Manhattan Revelers were dulcely playing Oh! You're Unbelievable! The enormous ballroom of the Atwoods' old house was bright with russet-headed chrysanthemums, with floating, gaily tinted skirts, with the gleam of white shirt fronts.

Tom Brett looked deep into Susan's eyes. "This is absolutely swell!" he said. Then a tap on his shoulder cut short his new-found

beatitude. Susan drifted away under skillful guidance. She looked up, a little puzzled. Jack Warren was no callow collegiate—like Tommy Brett. Jack Warren still a bachelor at thirty, was Cape West's synonym for a good marriage. Young girls, returning from their respective boarding schools, went through a yearning for Jack Warren as automatically as they had gone through measles, and braces on their teeth. Their older sisters, making out their party lists, began: "We'll ask Jack Warren." If Jack came out of the stag line to honor you, maybe your life wasn't made—but your evening was. Young married women, with that sinister blight not quite out of their systems, exhorted their husbands: "Now you take a man like Jack Warren. They say he has some kind of date every night in the week! He doesn't want to stay at home and read an old newspaper—"

"Listen," this paragon was mur-

muring. "I'm going to engineer this so no one can cut in. Here's old Sandy Young. You don't want to dance with Sandy when you can dance with me?" He did not wait for an answer. With all the ease of an old campaigner he led her through French doors to a terrace bathed in the traditional moonlight, "I've been hearing terrible things about you," he said.

"You have?"

"Yes. I think it's time I took you in hand, young woman. Mind?" Susan smiled at him absently. She leaned against an ivory-white pillar and looked at the way the mink fell over her wrists, making her hand seem frailer than it was.

"Well, would you?" he was asking ardently. "Would you mind?"

Susan shrugged. "I'm going to leave that," she said, "to your imagination." She was proud of the shrug. As far as she knew, she had never shrugged at anybody in

(Continued on next page)

MOTHERS IN MANILA GIVE CREDIT TO QUAKER OATS



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QUAKER OATS

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FEMME FATALE

(Continued from page 37)

her life—nor ever left anything to anybody's imagination. She felt a little giddy. She had known the handsome Jack Warren all her life, and he had always been very matter-of-fact. Once he had told her it was cold, and once he had told her it was hot, and once he had told her that the Princeton team had a pretty good chance that year. He had never opened one of these moving-picture conversations.

"I wonder," he was saying, "if you'd let me drive you into town some night this week. There's a rather gay new place just opened in East Fifty-first Street."

It was the accolade. A date with Jack Warren. All the stars should have shot across the sky.

The evening remained calm. "I don't know," said Susan. "I'm going to be terribly busy. You know I've just got back and I've promised to help Miss Kirkpatrick with a project for the library."

Jack laughed. "Adorable!" he said.

Susan stared at him. "Miss Kirkpatrick!" he went on. "A project for the library!"

Now Susan was really beginning to taste her power—it was like the first taste of champagne. "But I meant it!"

"You couldn't have meant it. No woman could. But it's a new method of being mean—I admit it. Susan, I—"

There was an interruption here. "Susan! Oh, Susan!"

"Yes, Sandy!"

The newcomer's face was eager. "So here's where you are!" he said. "The music's beginning again—and you promised me this one, you know."

Susan laughed. She could not remember any promise, but it was pretty thrilling to be reminded of promises she had never made.

* * *

"I don't understand it," said Susan.

A month had gone by since the Atwoods' party. It had been an eventful month for Susan Leonard. For the first time in her life she had known what it was to be that center of excitement—a popular girl. Each day began with some sort of pleasant little bombshell—this morning it had been a box of gorgeous red roses from Jack.

While she was having her breakfast, there was a frantic phone call from Sandy. The mail brought a sheaf of invitations. Tommy Brett drove over in his new car. She almost forgot an important appointment at the hair-dresser's.... She was a popular girl.

Well, she should have been on the crest of the wave. She reminded herself of that indubitable fact. Very few people see their dreams come true. Yes, and everybody had thought she was going to end her days helping Miss Kirkpatrick in the library. They'd had that down in the class prophecy: "Susan Leon-



Part of the fun in having a children's party is to have something different to offer your little guests.

Here is a decorative dish, Harlequin Dessert, that comes in three colors for each serving, and is not only tasty but healthful. It uses Royal Puddings, made with arrowroot, which digests quickly and completely.

Both children and adults like the fine home-made flavor and smooth texture of the Royal Puddings, Chocolate, Vanilla and Butterscotch. The arrowroot makes them creamy and smooth, and helps them to cook quickly. They can be prepared and cooked in six minutes.

The Harlequin Dessert uses all three flavors, to make an unusual dessert. Just prepare the three packages of Royal Puddings in the three different flavors according to the directions on the box. Then chill. Fill parfait or sherbet glasses with alternate layers of each flavor. This will make many eight servings.

ward, who has shone on so many school committees, will be doing very useful work for her community." Other girls would be outdazzling the klieg lights in Hollywood, or getting themselves married to handsome bank presidents, but she, Susan, would be doing very useful work for her community. Well, she was certainly having a satisfactory little revenge. Certainly there was no comprehensible reason for that taste of ashes in her mouth, for that nameless feeling of disillusionment and despair.

Perhaps she thought, it was only that she didn't understand what had happened to her. "I certainly don't understand it!" she said, even more emphatically.

Miss Jessie Stebbins, who was at that moment putting a third lump of sugar into her tea, looked curiously self-conscious. But Leonora smiled, and put down her silver teapot with a little air of authority. Leonora was even more ravishing than usual, in lilac-colored ruffles, and she was aware of that fact. Now she was even beginning to enjoy her role of mentor—at Susan's age, she had not been so naive. "My dear," she said, "men are only a lot of sheep. I've told you that."

"Yes, but—"

"And you should know that nothing succeeds like success, my dear!"

Leonora looked thoughtfully at her handsome young daughter. It really would be rather nice, she decided, if Susan were to marry Jack Warren. The Warren fortune had remained so wonderfully intact, and as for the Warren social position—it was a veritable rock. Susan, as

Mrs. John Pendennis Warren, would hold the social destiny of Cape West in the palm of her hand. And then Leonora herself could travel, perhaps—as a charming young widow without visible encumbrance. Leonora walked across the room and regarded herself in a mirror; she tried the effect of a lilac silk ribbon, tied in a little bow on the top of her head.

"No-o," she said reflectively. "No, not quite.... Susan, my are you mooning around like this? Jessie, can you understand what's got into the child?"

Susan smiled at the gentle little spinster apologetically. "It's really over my head," she explained. "Here I've been kicking around Cape West all my life, and everybody thought I was just another good egg. Jack—Sandy—little Tommy Brett. They used to dance with me because their mothers told them to, or something. Oh, it wasn't as bad as that, I suppose, but just the same I wasn't any thrill in anybody's life—one of the world's surplus women, that's all. But now—ever since we got back from Europe—" Susan paused here, and looked at them doubtfully. "Do either of you believe in black magic?"

Then they told her. "It's a legend," said Leonora, smiling. "Sometimes that's the best thing that can happen to a girl."

"I started it," said little Miss Stebbins apprehensively.

Susan looked wildly from one to the other. "Do you mean to say," she cried, "that I've been trading on—a man who was only sorry for me—a man whose reputation

really matters! Oh, this is simply impossible! Why didn't anybody say anything to me!"

"Well, they have hinted about it," said Leonora. "But you aren't really a very subtle person, Susan—the hints went right over your head."

"Once a dope," said Susan, "always a dope!"

"No," said Leonora, "but you just aren't very subtle."

"But that part of it doesn't matter," cried Susan desperately. "What matters is what he'd think—Paul Hayden. A man who doesn't even live in the same world, and a fool girl who'd be low enough to take advantage of his—his—oh it's disgusting!"

"I wouldn't say that. It's not as if you'll ever see him again," said Leonora placidly. "You met him on a boat—and people you meet on boats don't count. Don't you agree with me, Jessie?"

Miss Stebbins looked very unhappy. "Well, now, that's the funny thing—that's the very thing I was bringing myself to tell you. I had it from Cora Atwood."

"You had what from Cora Atwood?"

"Why—we are going to see him again. Paul Hayden. He's on a lecture tour—and he's coming here to lecture at the women's club. Cora Atwood made all the arrangements." Miss Stebbins could not bear to look at Susan. She looked at Leonora. "Cora said she was going to give a tea for him too."

Leonora turned to her daughter. "Well, Susan! You'll just have to carry it off with a high hand!"

Susan went upstairs to her room, and read a passage in *Scintille* which she had particularly liked. "And she walked in honor," Paul Hayden had written. "Never in all his knowledge of her had he found anything that did not ring true, anything that was in the least second-rate or shoddy. This was what he had found most admirable about her."

Susan closed the book. "He'll never know I didn't start that story," she thought. "If Mrs. Atwood says anything to him—oh, and she will—he'll think I'm contemptible, and he wouldn't have any mercy on someone he thought contemptible, a cheat and a liar."

Leonora opened the door. "Susan," she said, her eyes rather frightened. "Mrs. Atwood has just phoned. I couldn't say we would go to her party—"

"No," said Susan dully, "no, of course not."

"Susan—"

"Yes?"

"I've been talking it over with Jessie. Leonora came and sat on the edge of the bed. "You really must listen to me, dear. I know the world—and I know Cora Atwood," she said decisively.

"Yes.... Well, mother!"

"Well, it's this way: Cora Atwood wouldn't mind making your look—well a little ridiculous. Cora's been a bit jealous, Susan. I happen

to know that for the last ten years she's been hoping Jack Warren would marry Marjory. And ten years is a long time in any woman's life, my dear."

Susan dug her nails into her palms. But she waited for her mother to go on—saying nothing.

"Well," said Leonora, almost happily, "there's one thing you can do to save you from any possible embarrassment. Cora Atwood won't dare to say anything if you've announced your engagement to Jack before that dreadful party of hers. Don't you see how it would tie her hands, dear? People don't tease engaged girls about other men. And if you don't see that for yourself, you've got just to take my word for it," she added desperately.

Susan nodded. She thought over what her mother had said. She spent the next twenty-four hours thinking it over. After all, it was one thing for a novelist to work himself up about "honor"—another thing for a girl to live the rest of her life in a town which smiles, slyly, over the mention of her name.

Susan walked slowly down the elm-shaded street, in the direction of the Atwoods' house. She was wearing her new black-velvet suit, which had a dashing, eighteenth-century look about it, and a little black-velvet hat pulled smartly over a gleaming wing of dark hair. She

walked slowly. Paul Hayden's train would have arrived about an hour ago, and the reception committee from the women's club would have led him—a meek, lecturing lamb—to Mrs. Atwood's door.

Susan clenched her fists. It was going to be terrible. Even Leonora had deserted her—having taken to her bed with a bad cold. Susan was just coming over Leonora's words of advice when the object of that advice suddenly materialized.

"Hello, beautiful!" said Jack. "Wherever you're going, hop in and I'll take you there."

"I'm going to Mrs. Atwood's tea—the tea she's giving for Paul Hayden."

Jack smiled at her. "Well? I still want to take you there."

It was an imperial command. Very few girls could have resisted Jack Warren himself—or his car, his wonderful car shaped just like an alligator's pear. She seated herself beside him and he threw in the clutch.

"Now what?" he demanded. "What are you smiling about? You've got the most mysterious way of smiling—I don't mind telling you that it bothers me."

She looked at him somberly. "It's the way I've been smiling all my life," she told him.

"Don't hold it against me—I was darned dumb not to see it before." He put one hand over hers for a

moment. "Susan, I've always known I'd cut out all this playing around when I met a girl who meant something to me. And you're the one, Susan. You know that. Darling—how about it? Can I go out and ring bells?"

Susan met his eyes. "You've got to explain it," she said doggedly. "You've got to explain why you want to go out and ring bells!"

"Silly child," he said indulgently. "What would I have to explain? Don't you think you're sensational enough for the last of the Warrens? Why! Hasn't poor old Sandy Young almost lost his mind in the last couple of weeks? Doesn't every man for miles around turn pale every time you come into a room? Why, Susan, my girl—you've got everything!"

"Well, then, I always must have had it," said Susan.

"Why, sure!"

"Only there was something the matter," said Susan, "with the eye of the beholder."

"I guess that's right," he admitted uncomfortably.

She remembered what Leonora had said. If she were engaged to Jack Warren—

"I'm going to tag right along," he said, following her up the Atwood steps. "You know you're going to take me on eventually—so why not right now?"

Susan drew a deep breath. There

was nothing wrong with Jack Warren. Of course he was incredibly conceited, but he had something to be conceited about. No, there was nothing wrong with him—there was something terribly wrong with her.

Then, looking suddenly over the shoulder of Cora Atwood's agitated servant, Susan caught a glimpse of a familiar face—a shock of unruly fair hair, the familiar little gesture of a slender hand. She had known all along what was wrong, she thought. She had simply not acknowledged it to herself. It didn't matter that Paul Hayden belonged to a different world—it didn't matter what Cora Atwood might say to humiliate her.

She looked at Jack Warren. He was smiling at her, complacently. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "But—it's no, Jack!"

She left him, stunned and aggrieved, to acknowledge the knife-edged flatteries of her hostess. The little buzz of talk died down in the room as Mrs. Atwood brought Susan to the guest of honor. Miss Jessie Stebbins nodded and smiled reassuringly. But, thought Miss Stebbins, what if the man didn't even remember poor Susan!

"I don't have to introduce you to Miss Leonard," purred Mrs. Atwood. "Do I, Mr. Hayden?"

Paul Hayden took Susan's hand and smiled into her eyes. "No," he

(Continued on next page)

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Young mothers and mothers of
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pendable it is to give strength
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FEMME FATALE

(Continued from page 39)

said, "that wouldn't be necessary."

Mrs. Atwood laughed. She tapped the novelist's arm in a fashion that was meant to be arch. "In fact," she said, in a loud, clear voice, "we've heard a story here in our little town—that you were the first person to realize that our Susan was a *femme fatale*!"

Susan released her hand. It had suddenly become icy, almost numb. Then she heard Paul Hayden's voice; it seemed to come from an immeasurable distance.

"I admit," he was saying gently, "that it was Miss Leonard who brought me here—not the opportunity to lecture to the women, Mrs. Atwood."

"Oh," said Cora Atwood, smiling bitterly, "Oh, of course!"

"Well, that's twice," said Susan, as she walked with Paul Hayden down the elm-shaded avenue. "That's twice you've saved me from being a fool. But as for what you think—"

"Miss Stebbins had a word with me," he said. "She explained the situation."

"Well, that's something," muttered Susan.

"I'm sorry if I've caused you any embarrassment. I know how you must have hated it. But—I was telling the truth to Mrs. Atwood. I wasn't so keen on lecturing at the women's club!"

"That," said Susan unsteadily, "doesn't make sense."

"Sense doesn't come into it, Susan. I couldn't get you out of my mind, that's all."

Susan went directly—almost desperately—to the point. "You didn't say that—at the captain's dinner—because you meant it! You said it because—because you were sorry for me."

He looked at her gravely. "I've remembered ever since how you looked that night—so proud, Susan! It has haunted me. No, dear, you're perfectly right, I didn't know the word for it—in French."

"But then—"

"But then—I suppose I was afraid of taking a chance. You'd rather avoided me, you remember. But when Mrs. Atwood asked me to come to your own home town—Who was that?"

Susan looked thoughtfully after Jack Warren's car, which turned the corner and vanished. "That," she said, "was a man named Warren."

"Well! He's obviously in love with you! I could tell by the way he looked at me."

"No," said Susan, shaking her head. "He's in love with a legend."

"Well, I'm not in love with any legend," said Paul Hayden, almost savagely. "And, look here, isn't there anywhere we can go for a little privacy? I'm in love with you, darling. I want to tell you about it. And I know several words for it—in English!"

WITH OUR CLUB WOMEN

(Continued from page 23)

FACTORY SERVICE

Name of Factory	Helena	Katubusan	Feltman	Grand Total
No. of Service Days	12	4	4	20
No. of Cases Registered	91	31	54	176
New	50	17	27	94
Old	41	14	27	82
No. of cases attend Clinic	341	81	112	534
No. of cases attend Home	8	6	3	17
Nursing care	4	2	1	7
Given Advice	4	4	2	10
Total Cases attended	349	87	115	551
No. of Cases Referred	33	10	13	56
Visit to organizations on behalf of cases				

As a general rule, poverty, an undesirable condition, implies doing without so many of the necessities of life that the individual is unable to maintain himself or his family in health and vigor, the condition becoming severely more acute in old age. I mentioned in my previous reports that there are women in the factories at the age of from 60 to 80 years old who still manage to work to keep body and soul together instead of going out into the streets to beg, a trait in these old people which elicit the greatest praise.

One of these honest, hard-working women is B. A. 80 years old. She works in Katubusan Factory and earns about P2.00 a week if she does not get sick. But with her age, one could not expect her to be strong enough to be submitted to a week's strenuous work in the factory. She complains of backache, (her spinal column now is inclined to follow the figure of a beautiful "C") dizziness, headache, etc. Even under such trying difficulties, she would not like to quit working. She is a widow with no children or relatives of any sort. I once hinted to her the idea of entering the hospital for the aged and the infirm but she is too sensitive to give up her personal dignity although she is already very old. She says she has struggled in life for years and she must die fighting. But we could not just fold our arms admiring her, "OH! what a woman. Hats off to her."

I took her along with me one day to the Associated Charities. Mrs. Iagan prepared to give her rice. Did she accept it? You bet she did but she only returned to Mrs. Iagan for allowance after she got sick and has not been able to earn anything.

Whether to send a patient home or not when she becomes ill in the factory is sometimes a problem that needs some consideration. The other day, the temperature of J. A. 17-year-old worker in Helena, rose to 39.6° at 9:00 A.M. I was sending her home but she refused. Here is her reason for disobeying. She earns P4.00 a day. She spent P.05 for transportation that morning and would spend another P.05 for

the return trip making a total of P.10 for her expense. If she went home at 9:00 o'clock that morning, she would have been paid less than P.10 equivalent to less than ¼ of a day's work. It would of course make no sense forcing her to work when her health did not permit it but on second thought, a centavo to her means a hundred pesos to the rich. Well, I went to see Mr. Carreon, the general supervisor of the laborers to talk the matter over. I got what I wanted. I put her to bed in the clinic and gave her a sponge bath and an alcohol rub. I kept her warm. At noon the temperature lowered to 37.8°. She felt better at 2:00 P.M. and went back to work until 4:00 P.M. She went home after that and was paid a whole day's work. The next day was Sunday and she had enough time to rest. The following clinic day, she was already well.

When the children force themselves into gainful occupations instead of going to school, they are prompted by circumstances which are beyond their power to control. Illiteracy is not uncommon among child laborers and proper home-training is difficult, if not impossible.

F. U. was only 13 years old when she started working in the Helena Factory. She has other two younger sisters to support and they are all illiterates. Their mother died 11 years ago and their father married almost instantaneously after the death of the wife. The second wife was not sympathetic towards the children so that they (the children) had to live with a poor aunt in the city. The aunt died a few years ago leaving the children to live independently. The father who is in Pangasinan never writes to them.

We will not allow these girls to continue to be illiterates. Miss Picar can take care of them. These illiterates and other illiterates may eventually learn how to read and write through the help of different organizations campaigning for literacy but the problem remains that new ones will sprout sooner or later as long as poverty prevails and as long as there are parents,

who are as cruel, irresponsible and as negligent as the father of F.

Speaking of illiterates, I am reminded to say something about N. V. a 17-year-old girl laborer at the Helena factory. She goes to work from 4—8 P.M. and earns P2.00 a week. She has been doing this for the last four years and she is now in the third year high school. Her little income takes care of her school needs and those of her widowed mother.

Frequently, the laborers have troubles in their love affairs but infrequently they could be left alone to solve their own problems in an intelligent way. I am picking up the case of Aurelia P. of Katubusan, for instance. For the last six years, she lived with Antonio B. as a common-law wife. Recently, the pair had a very bad cash, which ended in a break in their relationship. The trouble started like this: The man was caught several times by the woman making love to his married sister-in-law. When the woman called the attention of the man about the matter, he was infuriated and maltreated her. The woman became badly ridiculed by the changed attitude of the man towards her. The trouble became more serious when the brother of the man who is the husband of the woman in question began to hate her, and said bitter words against her. At first, the man's brother believed that the wife and his brother were guilty but later he was convinced by false reasons that they were innocent, hence the trouble with Aurelia. Aurelia could no longer swallow all the bitterness so that she finally decided to live separately with her mother in another house. She is decided not to live with him again. Her problem now is to get her share of all the belongings which they bought and used jointly when they lived as man and wife, like tables, sewing machine, aparador, etc. Both of them work in the same factory and each earns as much as the other. Logically all these things must be divided equally between the two should they both decide to part from each other. And then the debts which they incurred during that time should be paid by both of them equally. The man claims that the woman does not own anything and that he never has any debt.

Then came my part in the drama. After hearing the side of the woman, I also gave the man the chance to be heard. His first appearance to me seemed very much.

He has big arms, husky body, broad shoulders and fiery eyes. Had he turned out wild, I should have been helpless except for the rescue that the electric bell could have brought me if some one heard it ring. Fortunately, I found out that he was not very hard to handle although he flatly denied his guilt. I made him understand that he must never

live with Aurelia again unless he marries her.

No definite action has as yet been taken about the case. New developments may yet arise which will lead to the proper solution of their problems.

In the meantime, A. is very sick at heart and the matter has so afflicted her that she often falls unconscious while at work. Last week, she was not able to work and the poor woman missed two meals. She came to me starved and I brought her to the Associated Charities for emergency relief. She was given five kilos of rice.

If things will not be straightened out I have thought of transferring her to the Helena Factory so that she will be entirely separated from the man. I am also convinced that A. loves the wife of his brother and I believe that the best thing to do is to get A. out of San Nicolas where they all live. I may ask Dr. Ongsiako, General Manager of Katubusan Factory, to help me fix this case. Careful steps must be taken otherwise we will be creating more trouble than the original one. (Factory report by nurse-counselor).

MY "SWAN SONG"

(Continued from page 14)

felt then that she "belonged", she fought as hard as the rest of the Federation soldiers for the campaign towards suffrage. How many times she had to write and rewrite slogans, catching captions, telling injunctions which for her, because she was a timid creature, took the place of soap-box orating. And she enjoyed the work, and the struggle, as well as admired the indefatigable women-leaders who gave every ounce of their courage and energy to the enterprise.

And the letters of club-women which she had to wade through, sort and classify and out of which she was to form interesting and compact club-news, — this letter-reading was so full of adventure for her! Here was a woman asking the Federation to help her because she was interested in teaching illiterates and was getting no cooperation; here were leper-women campaigning the other women to vote "yes" in the plebiscite; here was a parent in the province looking for a daughter lost in Manila; here was a civic-minded citizen offering unsolicited contribution for the

Federation; here was a Factory-clinic nurse telling of her heart-breaking experiences with the workers. When the Club News was recently taken away from her so that she could work on something else, there was a pang in her heart—she felt as though she were going away from so many close and dear friends.

But she had other interests, so why worry particularly about that one? She still had her little bits of news on women abroad, succulent morsels of gossip and stories about the customs, thoughts and doings of women all over the world. It was like a kaleidoscopic cross-section of the

world of women which she was to depict and the helpful notes from which she was to draw her materials were instructive as well as significant. One could readily see why they would be instructive — anything from which one could learn anything new serves to instruct. But the significance of these notes was more important than their instructive value. They showed women everywhere working for a common cause—the emancipation of mankind, and of the whole mass of humanity. In the midst of war and hatred, ugliness and brutality I was glad to present woman as calmly working and striving for a goal of per-

fection that had nothing to do with slaughter and rapine and violence.

.....
 All this I am giving up . . . because "my eyes are bad, and the going up and down the stairway is bad for my heart, and for my own good I should rest. . . ." But Pia Mancia is grateful, and from the bottom of a heart that is sad only because good-byes are sad, she says to "her" Journal, "God-speed, dear one, and all the best of luck in the world!"

✎
 The philosopher Kant breathed only through his nose when out-of-doors. He would allow no one to talk to him on his daily walks.

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You can Always Depend on



HEADLINES

(Continued from page 2)

of Justice Abad Santos and Justice Jose Laurel, showed that the Constitution will be extensively rewritten.... The abolition of the court of appeals and the establishment of a circuit court of appeals in each of the regions into which the Philippines will be divided was reported to be seriously considered by administration and legislative leaders.

July 23: Four persons were killed and 15 rounded when terrorism flared up in Shanghai after several months of peace. The terrorists were reported to be Pro-France.... Great Britain and France joined last night in denouncing reports they had started appeasement negotiations with Germany. French officials characterized the reports as mainly Nazi propaganda.... Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo declared that he is out of politics and contrary to rumors does not intend to run for any elective position.... President Quezon astonished his hearers at the West House at the Quezon National Park at Atimonan, Tayabas, when he said he will not run for re-election "if they whole world asks me to.... The bill providing for the repatriation of Filipinos from United States and Hawaii to their homeland was sent to the White House for President Roosevelt's signature.

July 24: Prime Minister Chamberlain read the text of the Craigie-Arita agreement at house of commons and declared that Great Britain is not talking Japan's side against China, does not recognize Japan's sovereignty over the occupied Chinese territory, will not accede to devaluation of Chinese currency, will not refuse to grant credits to China. Great Britain, however, recognizes the actual situation in China and will not block Japan's measures to maintain public order in the regions in China under her

RENOUENCEMENT

By ALICE MEYNELL

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

O just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet
bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my hands I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

control.... England was in an uproar when it was disclosed that a British government official had discussed with a German representative the question of big disarmament loan to the Nazis. Members of Parliament openly opposed European appeasement policy credited to Chamberlain and were expected to request that there should be no "peace" talks with Germany without Parliament approval.... Dr. Antonio Sison, dean of the U. P. college of medicine, was appointed by President Quezon, director of the Philippine General Hospital.... Jorge Vargas, secretary to President Quezon, issued a formal statement to the effect that if the present 6-year term is not shortened to 4 years as contemplated in a constitutional amendment, President Quezon will not run for re-election, but if the term is shortened to 4 years, he will consider it his duty to run for re-election to obtain a vote of confidence from the people.... The Japanese-American "gentleman's agreement" limiting imports of Japanese cotton piece goods into the

Philippines which would expire July 31st was extended to one year more.

July 25: A United Press canvass of leading Conservative, Liberal and Laborite members of the English Parliament brought a unanimous admission that the Anglo-Japanese agreement denoted an important British strategic retreat in East Asia.... The United States agreed with Great Britain when administration officials said the United States does not intend to recognize that Japan occupies a "special position" in China.... Some officials anticipated that Americans in China would be the next objects of displeasure on the part of Japanese militarists. This contention was based on the increasing number of incidents involving American citizens in China.... A scheme to tax P1.10 per picul of sugar locally milled was being prepared and would be presented at the special session of the National Assembly.

July 26: President Roosevelt today nominated Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre to be the third American High Commissioner

in the Philippines to succeed Paul V. McNutt, newly appointed Federal Security Administrator.... Manchukuo today placed unspecified portions of its territory under war footing owing to continued trouble on the Manchukuo-Outer Mongolia border.... Japan increased her sea and man power by creating a new sea squadron and calling naval reservists to active duty.... Political dissensions in Spain reported. Many Spanish factions were reported vigorously opposed to the Falangists and were joining forces to prevent Interior Minister Suñer from assuming premiership. Gen. Franco was expected to face a crisis in his cabinet. The cause of current dissension was said to be Count Ciano's insistence that monarchists in Spain be crushed.

July 27: The United States abruptly terminated friendly 1911 Japanese-American treaty of commerce and navigation. Newly appointed AHC Sayre handed the note of abrogation to Japanese Ambassador Horimouchi in Washington. The note, written by State Secretary Cordell Hull, gave six months notice to Japan. The Japanese considered this an unfriendly act.... The United States house failed. For the third day, to reach the bill which would amend the Philippine independence act.... Filipino officials reported to be highly pleased with the appointment of Francis B. Sayre as AHC in the Philippines.

July 28: The Japanese newspaper Kokumin considered the organ of the Japanese army and ultranationalistic elements, in an editorial today urged abrogation of the nine-power treaty "without further ado" in retaliation of United States abrogation of the 1911 treaty of commerce.... Japan would not take the initiative in arranging for a new commerce and navigation treaty with the United States, the Japanese press reported today.... Exclusion of aliens from the retail trade in Manila public markets was sought in a proposed ordinance under consideration by the municipal board.... British residents living outside of the Japanese blockaded British concession in Tientsin received letters warning them to evacuate the place under threat of death.

July 30: British, heartened by the United States abrogation of the 1911 treaty with Japan, asked the Japanese authorities to lift the blockade of the British concession in Tientsin.... Immigration and tariff experts today believed the United States abrogation of the 1911 treaty with Japan might result in the levying of higher duties in tea and luxury items imported from Japan and passage of discriminating legislation regarding Japanese trade, residence and travel.... Naval and military activity in a large part of Europe increased as the continent faced the month of August when a new crisis had been widely

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predicted... The French government launched 80 decree laws including one for the paying of cash bonuses for babies to increase the nation's birth rate.

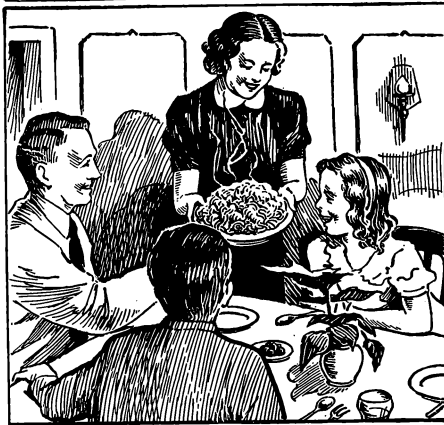
July 31: Fifteen thousand Japanese staged a demonstration in Tokyo in front of the British embassy following two large mass meetings during which speakers accused Great Britain of evading the spirit of her recent agreement with Japan... Admiral Leahy, who was scheduled to retire tomorrow, urged the completion of all air bases in the Pacific... A plan of the Manila municipal board to dislodge aliens from the retail trade in the city fizzled when City Fiscal Mahang ruled the municipal board could not enact an anti-alien measure... Prime Minister Chamberlain announced in the house of commons today that British and French military experts would go to Moscow... A mayor flood disaster with large losses of life and property swept Hopeh province in China... A Japanese spokesman stated in Tientsin that the Japanese won't include the United States in Japanese anti-British movement.

August 1: The United States house of representatives approved and sent to the senate the bill to amend the Philippine independence act... Representative Crawford, of Washington, charged the Philippine Commonwealth of "misusing" the \$27,000,000 annual coconut oil excise tax refunds when speaking in the house against approval of the Philippine economic bill... Serious border fighting was resumed between Hungary and Rumania, each side charging the other with "provocation acts"... The 14 young men convicted in the alleged wholesale criminal attack on Marcelina Garcia last August were set free by Justice Potenciano Peson of the court of first instance following a re-trial in which the victim changed her story, saying it was her master who attacked her.

August 2: Francis B. Sayre, newly appointed AHC in the Philippines, said in a press conference that the question of postponing Philippine independence would not be before the United States unless and until the government of the Philippines asked Congress to consider the pact providing for complete independence on July 4, 1946... Twelve bodies were found dead and thirty-two were reported missing as a result of the sinking of a motorship at Catabolgan. Only thirty-six were known to have been saved... Congressional experts predicted that sugar legislation would precipitate the bitter battle of any single commodity question when the United States congress reconvenes next January... An official disclosed today that Britain had notified Japan that failure to halt the anti-British demonstrations in North China was a violation of the understanding on which the Anglo-Japanese conference at Tokyo was based... The Nazi

The Macaroni Family

By BETTY BARCLAY



The leading shapes of this wheat food, — macaroni, spaghetti and egg noodles are popularly called THE ENERGY TRIO.

Housewives plan to change the ways of serving popular foods in keeping with seasons. So let's not forget our friends, The Macaroni Family, now that warm weather is here. Macaroni, spaghetti, egg noodles and the other members of this popular family that are such favorites in other seasons can be turned into dozens of excellent summer dishes.

This wheat food being bland will blend naturally and tastily with vegetables, with fruits and with meats to make a well-balanced main course dish that is easy to prepare, healthful and filled with the elements needed for body sustenance in every season. Any way this food is served, will prove a pleasing change in the menu. What more can one ask for?

As a change for the popular potato salad, why not serve a Macaroni Daisy Salad? Have you tried egg noodles as a cereal or as a dessert; or luscious spaghetti with butter? The folks will like them all.

Here are three summer recipes that you will find particularly pleasing. The manufacturer of your favorite brand of The Macaroni Family will gladly supply you with additional recipes on request:

Noodles with Fresh Fruit
 ½ lb. egg noodles
 Fresh fruits in season
 1 cup cream

Cook egg noodles in boiling salted water, till tender and drain. Chop slightly with edge of a saucer. Mix with fruit cut in small pieces. Serve hot or cold, as a cereal, with cream.

This is particularly good for children and relished as a dessert by your most fastidious dinner guests.

press today observed the world war's 25th anniversary with renewed attacks on the democracies, particularly Poland and Great Britain.

August 3: The United States senate today approved the Philippine economic bill with changes as passed by the house last week. The current law permits the oil and

Spaghetti al Burro
 All housewives plan at least one hot dish daily. Here's one that is easy to prepare and a family favorite for luncheon.

½ lb. spaghetti
 ½ cup butter
 ½ cup grated cheese
 Salt and pepper

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water till tender and turn onto a hot platter. Add seasoning and butter. Stir till all strands are well buttered and sprinkle grated cheese over all. Excellent with roasts, chicken or fish.

Macaroni Daisy Salad

Inasmuch as the average American family seems to have a growing mania for salads, try this one as a change from the popular potato salad.

½ lb. elbow macaroni
 1 green sweet pepper
 1 dill or sweet pickle
 Salt and pepper
 4 hard-boiled eggs
 1 large ripe tomato
 1 medium onion, chopped fine
 ½ cup French dressing or mayonnaise

Cook elbow macaroni in boiling, salted water till tender; then drain. Mix with green pepper, cut into small pieces, with tomato, sliced or chopped, with pickle, chopped fine, with 2 hard-boiled eggs, diced, and with onion. Season with salt and pepper, then mix all well with French dressing or mayonnaise.

Serve on four crisp lettuce leaves, with an egg daisy on top and garnished with parsley. The egg daisy is made by cutting each of the two remaining boiled eggs in half, using one half of the yolk for center of the daisy. Cut the white halves into strips making a rosette representing the petals of the daisy.

sugar tax money to go into general funds of the Philippine government... The labor and agrarian situation in Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija, took a serious turn when 450 public works workers and 48 tenants in two farms declared a strike, the first because of reduction of salary, the latter, after unsuccessfully demand-

ing subsistence from their landlords... Utmost precautions were being taken to insure secrecy of the forthcoming Anglo-French Soviet military conversations... Reliable sources in Tsingtao informed the Associated Press that the first signs were beginning to appear of what may develop into an anti-American campaign in the Japanese-controlled areas in China.

August 4: Prime Minister Chamberlain told the house of commons today that Great Britain may find it necessary to send a fleet to the Far East "in certain circumstances". He indicated that Britain would have taken a much firmer stand against Japan from the very start of the Tientsin negotiations if it had not been for the critical European situation... A high Japanese government official said today that Japan was being forced toward an outright military alliance with Italy and Germany because of the United States' abrogation of the 1911 treaty of commerce and British resistance in North China on the current question... German troops believed to total between 100,000 to 160,000 were reliably reported to be concentrating along Poland's western frontier, according to the Warsaw correspondent of the News Chronicle... Mrs. Carl Langier, wife of a former millionaire Prague textile manufacturer, leaped to her death with her two sons, from the 13th floor of the Congress Hotel on Michigan Avenue. Langier used to own a plant in Czechoslovakia which was taken from him when the Nazis took over the former republic. Friends of the Langiers said the family had been worrying about the possibility of having to return to Prague. They had entered the United States with a six-month visitor's visa.

August 5: The Japanese war office today expressed "extreme irritation" over British Prime Minister Chamberlain's statement in the House of Commons that Britain might find it necessary to send a fleet to the Far East "in certain circumstances"... Italy reported joining Germany's clamor to force to force Britain out of Gibraltar... Philippine officials in Washington today awaited the signatures of the Philippine economic adjustment bill by House Speaker Bankhead and Majority Floor Leader Sam Rayburn, after which President Roosevelt would sign the measure... To raise the standard of efficiency of the officers and men of the Philippine Army and the Philippine Constabulary to the highest level possible, President Quezon recently appointed a board of appeals headed by Brigadier General Vicente Lim... The German army neared its peak of strength today as tens of thousands of reservists were called into training during the past three days.

August 6: Anti-American move reported spreading to Central Asia by an American missionary who ar-

(Continued on page 46)

NOEMI

(Continued from page 6)

in that lovely way of hers and said that he was the owner of the restaurant where she worked. He had seen her waiting for the bus near the place and he had offered to take her home.

But the flowers, we wanted to know. Noemi merely smiled.

From that day, she always came home in the large, shining car. It stopped before her house with a soft purr then backed away swiftly and noiselessly the while we looked on. There were more paper bags filled to overflowing with fruits this time. There were no more dresses wrapped in pink paper; they came in huge boxes. And one day, Noemi arrived late but with a wrist watch of exquisite workmanship on her left wrist. The Chinese sometimes brought Noemi himself although he never went inside the house perhaps because Noemi's sister was sick of tuberculosis. A month afterwards, he suggested the transfer of the sick woman to a sanatorium and he himself paid for her hospitalization.

Mutely, we all tried to stifle the horrible suspicion which insisted on cropping up, saying within us that if Noemi fell in love with a middle-aged Chinese, it was perfectly all right. She had a right to choose her future husband. And if he did not at all resemble the young man we had mentally picked for her, it wasn't his fault. He certainly acted as if he were in dead earnest about Noemi. And there we let the matter rest. We hesitated to go further.

Six months later Noemi came to see Father. I remember it was around three o'clock in the afternoon and that she had a white dress on with frills around the square neckline and about the short, puffed sleeves. I remember how she had stood at our door, a strange helplessness in her eyes. The children were trying to solve a jig-saw puzzle nearby and when Father saw how Noemi wanted to talk with him alone, he sent us upstairs.

"Did you notice how white she was?" asked my younger sister.

"That was because she had a white dress on, silly!" retorted Tito who had the greatest loyalty for Noemi.

Scraps of conversation strayed to us while we went on silently solving the jig-saw thing. Noemi's voice was low and husky, sort of tortured and terribly frightened.

"No, you cannot see him now", Father was saying. "You have come of age and are entirely responsible for your own acts..."

There was a short stricken silence after that.

"I didn't know," Noemi said in a dead voice. "I didn't know."

The rest of the conversation was drowned in a blare of music as Tito tuned on the radio and hummed the song that was being played. He had learned a new step and he dragged me from where I sat, then whirled me into a dance. Nita laughed loudly as I stepped upon Tito's

A LETTER FROM MRS. MAUD N. PARKER

311 Bay St.
Santa Cruz, California
June 20, 1939

Miss Minerva P. Guysayko
Editor, Woman's Home Journal
Manila, P. I.

Dear Editor and club women of the Philippines:

I have just finished reading your 13th anniversary number for May 1939, and want to congratulate the Journal, its officers, and all club women of the Philippines on the continued success of their good work.

I have read the Journal from its first copy to the one just received and I look forward to its visits like those of a good friend.

It brings me news of the prosperity, success and hopes and the fine work of friends and former co-workers, of happy weddings, new babies and all the joys that an old friend brings, with now and then tears at the passing of some dear one who has helped to carry on.

I have so enjoyed the lovely pictures of flowers and children in the covers of the Journal that I have made a scrap book of them to look at in rainy days.

The Journals I send to Salinas to be distributed to the club women there for I know that these women of the Philippines are homesick for news of the home land and loved ones there and the Journal will give them pleasure also.

The President of one of the clubs wrote me that they were subscribing for the Journal but my extra copies will help to reach more readers.

Just nine years ago to-day, I left your hospitable shores carried in a stretcher, by my dear nurse friends of the Philippine General Hospital, to an ambulance, thence the steamship President Johnson headed for home.

It seems only a few days ago, time passes so swiftly, but the cool, bracing climate here, and the care of loved ones, have lifted me from stretcher to cot or the chair from which I now view the world while others carry on.

In your "Ten years ago, today" feature, I note you say, "Mrs. Maud N. Parker, who has been closely identified with the club movement in the Philippines, reviews the historical growth of the Philippine Women's Clubs from the Spanish times to the present."

I am still as deeply interested in your clubs and all their activities as when I was in the Philippines, and from the Journal and other papers sent me here I follow every detail of the work.

I wish there was some way to get more publicity here in the United States as to the work of Philippine women.

American women here are interested in hearing what the women of the Philippines are doing and ask me many questions about the work.

I had hoped there would be some club women at the Philippine Exhibit at the Exposition at San Francisco who could properly publicize the work of the club women of the Philippines and show the progress they have made in their work.

Mr. Parker and I plan to visit the Exposition this summer and I hope to meet old friends there and if my health permits I will see the Philippine exhibits from a wheel chair.

My home garden here in Santa Cruz is just full of lovely flowers of all kinds and how I do enjoy them. I wish I could give a bouquet to each of the club women who so kindly sent me flowers while I was in the Philippines but as I cannot do so I shall pass them on to those who are here in memory of the many lovely bouquets that helped to make me happy while I was with you all in the Islands.

Please extend my congratulations to your officers and club women for the good work they are all doing and many thanks for the Journal which I enjoy so much and may it continue to go forth and bring happiness for many, many years to come.

Sincerely your friend and co-worker,
(SGD) MAUD N. PARKER

toes and we were still laughing advice for, I wanted to know. Mother looked around to see whether the children were within listening distance then whispered hurriedly,

What did Noemi come to ask legal



By BETTY BARCLAY

If you wish to serve something out of the ordinary, the following recipe will fill the bill. Lemon frozen cream proves a delightful change to those who are accustomed to servings of chocolate, strawberry or vanilla. I present it as the star recipe for this first ice-cream month.

This cream contains healthful milk, eggs and lemon juice. An ideal dish for the child who will not eat eggs or drink milk, or for anyone who needs the vitamins of the healthful lemon.

If you wish to be particularly "different," the cream may be served in a lemon cup or basket. Cut lemon peel half-way down fruit in strips. Remove pulp. As each shell is filled with frozen mixture, place it in freezing tray until ready to serve. Or serve in the usual manner.

Lemon Frozen Cream

2 eggs, beaten until lemon-colored
½ cup sugar

Add sugar gradually to egg until mixture becomes a thick custard-like consistency. Combine with ½ cup light corn syrup
2 cups top milk (or 1 cup milk and 1 cup coffee cream)

¼ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
Freeze in refrigerator tray at lowest temperature until stiff. When frozen, remove to a bowl and whip with an electric or hand beater until light and creamy. Return quickly to freezing tray. Finish freezing. This one stirring is all that is needed. Hold at middle of control for serving. Makes 1 quart. Serves 6-8.

This may also be made in a crank freezer.

"It seems the man she goes with, has a wife in Amoy and another who lives in a beautiful home in one of the aristocratic suburbs of the city."

"Is that all?" I asked impatiently. "All she has to do is to stop going around with him!"

Mother smiled sadly. That was just the trouble, she explained, Noemi could not stop "going around with him". She had to marry him. It was the only decent thing to do...

You cannot hide a thing like that in our street. Not when we knew one another so well or when it involved a girl we had set above all the rest. There was a scene in Noemi's house shortly after her consultation with Father. She had written to her mother in the provinces and there was a lot of crying done when she arrived. Noemi went outside to regain her bearings while her mother moaned loudly in a shameless sort of way inside the house. Noemi wiped a tear away from her own eyes, then as she turned to go in, saw a group of us watching her from the window. She smiled and waved but we were too busy looking at her to remember to wave back.

The people used to run to the

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window to watch Noemi pass by in the mornings. She would hear the rapid clatter of feet as we looked out and stared at her. She would cast a swift glance at us, then meeting a row of merely curious faces, she would walk away very rapidly. She made a pathetic figure—so utterly humble and so desirous of the love we had bestowed upon her once very freely.

Shortly afterwards, she stopped working and stayed in the house, sewing lace-edged tiny dresses. We could hear the sewing machine going practically the whole day. And once or twice, I caught Noemi singing softly to herself in a happy sort of way. I mentioned the incident to Tito who grunted—"and why not?"

But that was months ago. Since then, we have lost interest in Noemi. Her baby died shortly after birth and with it went the last vestiges of a beautiful dream Noemi desperately clung to. I saw her one afternoon after her confinement and could not help a surprised exclamation which escaped me upon seeing her drawn white face and a body which sagged carelessly.

"Everything will be all right soon," I tried to be comforting, but I knew my voice was obviously insincere for I realized it was not going to be the same all over again. We could not very well rebuild what had gradually been torn down as easily as all that.

Last night, a zarzuela was presented by a group of individuals on an improvised platform in front of our house. Chairs and wooden benches were placed by eager spectators long before the performance.

Strangely enough, Noemi also brought her seat along and placed it alongside one of the benches. It was a brave thing to do, my brother commented later on. A pitifully brave thing.

You see, when the women realized Noemi was going to sit with them, they stood up in outraged dignity, moved away as far as they could and made audible remarks about certain people not knowing where they belonged. Noemi looked at the departing women shyly, made an attempt to laugh unconcernedly then wilted.

And Valentin's wife—she who stood in the rain while her chosen mate pondered whether it was right to take her in at last or not, drew her shawl closer to her shoulders, spat to her right, as Noemi approached, then turning towards the other women, said loud enough for many to hear: "Sit with her? Who do you think I am!"

The curtain was raised just then and attention was promptly shifted to the stage. I looked back after the first act to ascertain if Noemi was still in her place, but noticed with a start that someone had kicked her chair into the street and it lay unmodified with the dust of the road.

Noemi was nowhere.

LITTLE FILLERS WITH A PUNCH

When cutting flowers, always use a sharp knife and cut stems in a diagonal fashion. Add fresh water each day and keep in a cool place at night.

Large flowers are preferable to wear at sporting events. At luncheons flowers should harmonize or contrast with the ensemble.

Milady, marching down the avenue in her tailored suit, wears her posies on her right lapel.

A slow oven is from 250 to 350 degrees; moderate oven, 350 to 400; quick or hot oven, 400 to 450; and a very hot oven runs from 450 to 500 degrees.

To roast meat, heat the oven to the higher tempera-

ture given and keep the heat at this degree for fifteen minutes. Then reduce the heat to the lower temperature for the remainder of the period as given.

Too much flour will make a cake dry and crumbly, bread solid and heavy, sauce thick and pasty.

Too much liquid will make a cake that falls easily.

Custards usually whey or curdle because they are cooked at too high a temperature or too long a time. Milk that is a little sour may cause curdling of a custard.

When it is necessary to make sandwiches several hours before they are to be used, they may be wrapped in paraffin paper or a slightly dampened cloth or placed in a stone jar.

IS ANY WIFE...

(Continued from page 7)
goes through life harbouring secret resentment against her lack of luck in the marriage lottery, never suspecting that it is a lottery in which there are no glittering prizes to be won.

Happy marriages do not happen. They are made, and they must be made by the people concerned. There is no magic spell cast over them as they stand before the altar.

If only wives would realize that great truth they would soon lose that look of perpetual disappointment which labels a woman as married far more conclusively than does her wedding ring.

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THE rich flavor of delicious, ripe tomatoes and rare spices, places Heinz Tomato Ketchup in a very special position among condiments. A perfect compliment to meat and fish dishes, it is favored too, for additional seasoning of salad dressings and sauces. It takes so little Heinz Tomato Ketchup to give zest to foods, it is both inexpensive and economical.

HEINZ Chili Sauce, Fresh Cucumber Pickles, Oven-Baked Beans, Peanut Butter, Minced Meat, Sandwich Spread, and any of the other Heinz varieties are suggested for use in your kitchen.

HEINZ
57 VARIETIES

HEADLINES

(Continued from page 43)

river in Peiping from Shansi province.... British anger seen in Chamberlain's warning that Britain might re-inforce her Far Eastern fleet.... Sources close to the government predicted War Minister Itagaki's early withdrawal from the Japanese cabinet as a result of younger army officers' dissatisfaction over Itagaki's handling of the proposed military alliance with Germany and Italy. The younger officers had been demanding immediate conclusion of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo military alliance.

August 7: British protest on Tientsin ignored as "showdown" between Great Britain and Japan at the next full meeting of the Anglo-Japanese conference in Tokyo near.... President Roosevelt today signed the Philippine economic adjustment bill with newly appointed AHC Sayre, Vice President Osmeña and Resident Commissioner Elizalde present.... Furthering their drive to blockade the China coast, the Japanese navy announced today the closing of the port of Haimen, 250 miles to the south of Shanghai. Nippon naval officials told all treaty consuls that all third powers should evacuate the port "which was destined to become an area of hostilities".... Senator Pittman, chairman of the senate foreign relations committee, declared in Washington today that "unless the attitude of Japan toward Americans in China changes materially for the better, Congress would authorize retaliation measures during the next session which opens in January, 1940".... A baby girl with her heart completely exposed on her breast was born at a small maternity clinic in Tondo. The child was reported normal in all respects except for her exposed heart.

August 8: President Quezon issued a proclamation convoking the National Assembly to a special session of five days to consider the amendments to the constitution required in the Philippine economic adjustment bill just signed by President Roosevelt.... Philippine AITC Sayre took his oath of office at noon today in the office of the secretary of the interior under whom Philippine affairs are conducted.... The agrarian troubles in San Fernando, Pampanga, came to a head when a watchman of the farm of Benigno Toda at barrio San Jose, fired at a group of 100 socialists, wounding two.... General Franco reported to have temporarily abandoned plans to restore monarchy in Spain. Newspapers reported Franco wanted to restore ex-King Alfonso to the throne on condition that the king recognize the national council of the *Falange Española* as supreme authority.

August 9: Sources close to the Japanese government disclosed today that the fate of the cabinet of Premier Hiranuma was hanging on

Mrs. Pilar H. Lim
President

National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines
1132 California
Manila, P. I.

My dear Mrs. Lim:

We are very grateful for the opportunity given to the Philippine Red Cross by the officers and members of the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines, and especially to you, the President of this Federation, to submit material for the July issue of your excellent magazine, which does great credit to the club women of the Philippine Islands.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs has come to the fore-front in welfare work, and deserves recognition for the good it has accomplished. The Red Cross is grateful for the support of the Federation and the interest actively shown in its activities.

Very sincerely yours,
CHARLES H. FORSTER
Manager

July 26, 1939



Members, board of directors of the San Francisco del Monte Woman's Club. (Courtesy, Mrs. Gallardo).

the bitter internal battle involving the question of joining the Italo-German military alliance. The situation was reported very tense.... Two of the three persons accused in the Pugate murder case—Urbano Oro and Patricio Gamus—were sentenced to life imprisonment.... Germany stepped up her military program to bring Nazi preparedness to a peak in mid-August, while the government-controlled press concentrated upon the most vigorous anti-Polish campaign since the Danzig tension developed last April.... Philippine officials in Washington understood today that President Roosevelt has not given up hope of making a trip to the Philippines next year.

August 10: Unconfirmed reports said a plot to assault British Am-

bassador Sir Craigie and Imperial Household Minister Masudaïra was thwarted when two members of a small patriotic organization who had allegedly admitted the plot were arrested.... Polish radio stations broadcast in Polish and German a warning to Danzig Nazi leader Albert Forster to be moderate in his speech before an anti-Polish protest meeting in Danzig.... The case of Maria Corazon Rafael, the heart baby, attracted the attention of the world of science all over the world. Researches revealed that only ten cases similar to that of the Tondo heart baby were reported. The father refused offers to exhibit the baby at the World's Fair in New York.

August 11: British authorities decided to surrender to the Tientsin

authorities the four terrorists whose alleged complicity in the murder of a Chinese started the Anglo-Japanese dispute over Tientsin.... Assemblymen visiting Albay urged the people to pay their taxes promptly.... Heavy fighting between Japanese troops and Chinese guerrilla forces reported outside of the International Settlement in Shanghai.... The impression was going among the British and Polish quarters that the German celebration of the World war battle of Tannenberg, starting August 23 and culminating with a speech by Hitler on August 21, might be the signal for overwhelming Nazi pressure on Poland, backed by 2,000,000 mobilized German troops.

August 12: Baby Maria Corazon Rafael, the famous heart baby, was reported very seriously ill.... Sotomatsu Kato, Japanese minister-at-large in China and head of the Japanese delegation to the Anglo-Japanese round-table conference rejected proposals of the British ambassador, Sir Robert Craigie, for the resumption of the conference, according to Domei, the semi-official Japanese news agency, which stated that Sir Robert's latest instructions from London did not touch the currency question, whereas Japan wanted a simultaneous agreement on the Tientsin police question and the currency dispute.... The eve of the second anniversary of the start of the Sino-Japanese war in Shanghai was ushered in with violence.... Choosing his words carefully, President Roosevelt said in his press conference that if an actual war crisis developed in Europe or in the Orient, he would immediately call Congress to a special session to enact legislation to preserve the United States neutrality on the basis of international law.

August 13: Prior to departing to Tientsin, General Muto, representing the Japanese military in North China, gave a press statement saying the conditions in Tientsin in the future "will teach Britain the right course she would adopt in China".... No more European refugees will be permitted to settle in the International Settlement in Shanghai.... Maria Corazon Rafael, the famous Tondo heart baby, died of broncho-pneumonia at 5:25 a. m. today. Her body will be preserved and kept in the maternity clinic of Dr. Castillo who brought her into the world.... 14 persons were killed when the Pan-American Airways plane crashed while landing in the harbor at Rod de Janiero.... Vatican intervention in the European deadlock was reported imminent.

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Byron, to avoid obesity, measured his wrists and waist daily and if he found the slightest increase, he immediately took a strong dose of Epsom salts.

"And The Mother Prayed...."

By M. C. Serrano

CECILIA knew that it was useless for her to win him back now—even with the birth of their child! Paulo had gone too far, almost beyond her reach.

"It is my fault," she sighed, as she fumbled for a few fagots behind the kitchen. "I have always allowed him to come home late at night without as much as raising an admonishing finger."

That was the thing: Cecilia loved her husband much too much that she could afford to keep her hurt feelings to herself and never had the courage to apprise the husband, especially when he began to twitch his lips—and his face becomes funny—while making useless excuses for him to step out nights. And the usual gag that he pulled on her was that the manager could not trust anybody but him in the accounting of books. "A difficult task," he complained no end.

But to hear the gullible neighbors' gossips, it was too much for her. Of course, she could not believe what was said of her husband—more that he is a part of her inner self now. God, she always muttered to herself meaningfully, "I could not believe every word of it."

"There is no such other woman for him," she said to herself, whenever the thought of her husband's perfidy comes to her mind. Not even when she saw Paulo with another woman at Quiapo one Friday morning, she but dismissed the obnoxious thoughts that crowded her mind. "Why," she said, "it is mere coincidence. Maybe they were classmates before and it is so inevitable that they should take notice of each other."

But Paulo never knew...

Lately, however, the recurrent failures of Paulo to come home the whole night made her tremble with vague apprehensions. Her faith nevertheless told her that she was just imagining things.

Following nights, she could not repress the ideas that coursed through her brain. And with each thought that after all Paulo was a human being, liable of committing acts not within his temper, she could only pray the more: "Lord, tell me that he doesn't mean to harm me at all."

And yet, as if to aggravate the burden of her sufferings, Paulo but saw his family occasionally, sometimes once a week, giving Cecilia practically little to have soul and flesh together.

One such time of his comings, she told him:

"Paulo, don't you think you are

working yourself too much?"

To which he replied bluntly, heartlessly: "I know what I am doing."

"I know," she said simply, "but you are a part of myself now that I cannot afford to see you go astray. Is it true what our neighbors..."

The mere mention of their neighbors' put everything to a stop. Cecilia only knew what happened next when she recovered from the stunning blow that she received from

her husband. And now were streaks of blood dripping from her mouth while her child was crying at her feet.

"Paulo, how could you have done this to me?" she sobbed. Only the crying of her child answered her.

* * *

"GOD," Cecilia said with breaking heart, "I know you will do something for me."

With this, Cecilia kissed the feet of the Black Nazarene and with tear-wet eyes bended her way out with the bundle of her young child of the crowded church.

* * *

LAST week I saw Cecilia in mourning. Her neighbors told me that her husband died of stab wounds at the San Felipe cabinet following a quarrel with a *ballarina*.

Topping Tips



By BETTY BARCLAY

The simplest dessert may be turned into a festive dish by the use of an attractive and appropriate topping. If you have never realized this, glance at the above illustration of two dishes of rennet custard—dressed in their "company finery."

A dish of rennet custard, by the way, is the answer to a mother's lament about the child who will not drink milk. Without the trouble of baking or boiling, this inexpensive eggless dish may be prepared in the cool of the morning and placed before the family at noon or night.

For "company dress" use for a topping such foods as preserved fruits, jellies, whipped cream, chopped nuts, crushed cookies, diced fruit, sauces, or marshmallow whip. Follow the recipe below, choose your favorite topping—and you have the answer to your hot weather dessert problem:

Vanilla Rennet Custard

Set out 4 or 5 dessert glasses. Warm one pint fresh milk (not canned or soft curd) slowly, stirring constantly until lukewarm. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When comfortably warm, 120° F.—not hot, immediately remove from stove, if desired, add small pinch of salt. Stir vanilla rennet powder into milk briskly until dissolved—*not* over one minute. Pour at once, while still liquid, into individual dessert glasses. Let set until firm—about 10 minutes. Chill rennet custards in ice box. Serve in same glasses—and don't forget that "topping."

WHY DOCTORS GROW GRAY

Shelley was a hypochondriac. He once thought he had caught elephantiasis—of all things!—from a woman passenger who had sat beside him in a stage coach. The idea worried him for weeks and even a thorough examination by his doctor failed to convince him that his fears were groundless.

* * *

Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," thought that every laugh added to his life, so he laughed each day until he cried. He said that his lungs benefited by the process as much as by the air they breathed.

—Kathleen Masterson

The IDEAL SOAP for the OUTDOOR GIRL

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Camay
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

10 Years Ago In The Journal

DRAWING the curtain of memory aside, we peer again the back-chamber of past events to find out what was happening ten years ago this month. And this is what we see:

Two charming American girls, the Davis cousins, attractive mistresses of Malacañang, giving their opinion on the education of women. Both ladies believed that a woman who did not expect to become a professional along a definite line of endeavor did not need to go to college. "Travel is a better investment for a girl than a college education," they said. Their attractiveness, poise and the tact and charm they showed during their stay here might prove that their opinion was right.

The next scene shows us a picture of China's industrial woman as depicted by Miss Kyong Bae-Taung to the representatives of the Pan-Pacific Conference. It portrays the Chinese woman-worker, her problems, her status, the salary she received, the free schools provided for her children and for herself. It was a peace-time scene, neither very attractive, nor very pleasant, yet full of promise and hope. Today we hear more of China's women-soldiers than of her women-laborers. Ten years from now maybe the scene will shift back from one of desolation and despair back to serenity and sanity.

Yet, look, there's a changeless, eternal picture—the dream-picture of a model wife. Here, according to Ten Years Ago, was what that wonderful creature, rare than the extinct passenger-pigeon of America, looked like: "She is the charming and fetching kind warranted to run smoothly over rough roads and to climb all the matrimonial hills and not puncture a tire in the finances and be just as good for a long run as for a more stroll." In other words, she was supposed to be a game person who would take a man for all he is worth, for his good as well as his bad qualities, and would not blame anyone if she got the wrong end of the deal. And indeed, gentle reader, would not such kind of a wife be good for modern Today, and even ultra modern Tomorrow? We should say.

But it was not all woman and her worries and ideals that proved interesting to the women then. For instance, there was that old Uniform Law, which was the subject of much discussion in legislative and educational circles. Some people wanted to go on with it, others wanted it repealed. Let us reminisce.

In the University of the Philippines, for instance, we could see again white-uniformed coeds along the halls, looking immaculate and well-groomed, but extremely uninteresting. What a difference—there is in that almost drab picture from the one presented now by the colorfully garbed young girls tripping up and down the U. P. hall or going through the Rizal Hall corridors in gayly-colored sandals of variegated styles! With the young men the difference does not seem to matter so much: Khaki then of one style; white, brown, grey, today of all styles—yet somehow one did not seem to feel as sorry for them as one did for the girls. We almost forgot to say that we were glad when the Uniform Law was repealed.

We see dear Dr. Parish lecturing on health then in the same earnest way that she is doing now. Interested as ever in the children of the country she was teaching them how to be strong and how to keep strong; she was giving them rules of the Health game which would stand them well in any game of life.

And life has, indeed, many games, as ten years of it will show. Our Journal of ten years ago had pictures of the Yangoe twins, happy with their brides, whom they were taking with them in their tour of America. Whiff... ten years are gone and with them are gone too the famous twins as well as their kind benefactor, leaving two lonely young women to nurse the memory of an eventful and adventurous life with their extraordinary husbands.

Let's pull the curtain down now—there's nothing more to see.

From Cover To Cover

(Continued from page 1)

reproductions of paintings or portraits by well-known Filipino artists—so we looked around for a painting of the President. We were told that the Free Press was using the reproduction of the painting done by a New York artist which hangs in Malacañang Palace; so that was out. Fernando Amorsolo had done a portrait of the President but this is now in the Mansion House in Baguio, so that too was out. Just when we were about to give up we remembered having

seen President Quezon's picture at teh U. P. Alumni Hall. We hurried there to verify and was elated to see this full-length portrait by Pablo Amorsolo, brother of the more well-known Fernando, which you now see on our cover. The painting shows the President in his gown when the degree of doctor of laws, honoris causa, was conferred upon him in 1938 by the State university.

In this issue you will find a letter from Mrs. Maud N. Parker whom old readers of the Journal will remember as the author of many delightful stories for children



Myrna Loy, seen studying her script, wears a dress which is excellent for business girls.

which appeared in this magazine about ten years ago. Her address is given and we hope old friends who have not forgotten her but have not written to her because they did not know her address, will write to her soon now that they know it.

Another old contributor to the Journal and former resident of the Philippines where she made numerous friends like Mrs. Parker is Dr. Rebecca Parish, now at 1843 N. Alabama, Indianapolis, Indiana. She is writing again for the Journal, as you may have noticed, from her articles in the last two or three issues and from the one, *Spirits Departed*, in this issue. The story of the two sisters, twins, which she tells, is true to life. She came to know about them when she recently visited the hospital whose staff she was a member of before she came to the Philippines in 1906. Of course she has changed the names of the twins and does not give the name of the hospital, for ethical reasons.

With this issue, we are going back to the old practice of reporting the club news by provinces. We believe that this is more comprehensive and more convenient in checking up at a glance the activities of the clubs, in the provinces and in Manila.

When we see the names or the pictures of the women we have interviewed for our WITH US section in national magazines in America we feel proud for having met and talked with them. Some have

written in our autograph book and given their respective home addresses. When Mrs. Jim Marshall's article on Chinese and Filipino servants appeared in Collier's, we read it with more pleasure and interest because we have met the author. And when we saw La Meri's full-page picture in the July issue of the American magazine, we told those who would listen, "I have interviewed her."

Some of those whom we have interviewed make second trips to Manila. There was Violet Sweet-Haven, who recently came back and stayed just long enough to interview President Quezon, we understood from newspaper accounts. She came and went away by air.

If one is to believe the biographies of authors, writers are born not made. Josephine Benthall, the author of our foreign short story, *FEMME FATALE*, for instance, confesses that she was only six years old when she composed a poem on a large piece of wrapping paper. These are the two lines she still remembers:

The cow is feeding in the pasture wild—

He is as gentle as a child.

Like most successful writers, she started first as a cub reporter, then became a free lance writer. She has written a play which was produced on Broadway.

Did you know that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is also a writer, a painter and a linguist? He used to write quite a lot before he made movie acting his career.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

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and

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