

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

*The official organ of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheutveld Fathers)
in the Mountain Province of the Philippines.*

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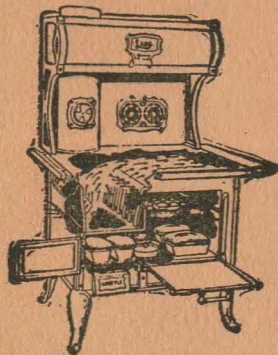
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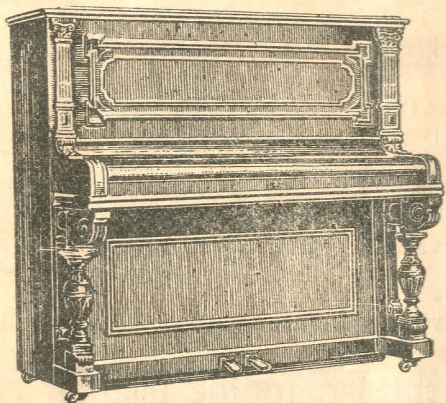
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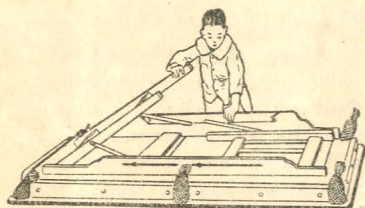
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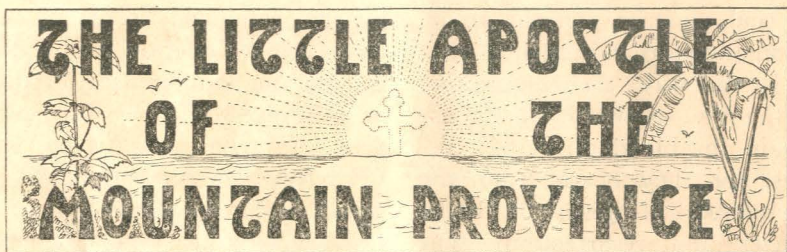
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Resurrection

Let Us Rejoice! . . . Alleluia!

JESUS is dead... How He has suffered the last two days. Beaten, scourged, crowned with thorns, mocked, laden with a heavy cross which he carried to Calvary, and from which as a thief and murderer He was suspended for three hours by heavy nails in hands and feet, bleeding pale... How His enemies the Pharisees triumph, for His heart was pierced, surely He is dead... He is buried. His tomb is closed with a heavy stone; it has been sealed: the Sanhedrin has seen to that: Alleluia!

It is true Jesus had said He would come back to life. But the victors would prevent that: they have posted guards at the tomb with sword and spear. Alleluia! How they rejoice! His work is destroyed... annihilated... their triumph is complete... Alleluia!

A night passes. A second night sets in. And Jesus still remains lifeless... the proud Pharisees walk stately and erectly through the streets of Jerusalem... the disciples

of Jesus are discouraged... terror stricken... they hide in fear...

It is Sunday morning. The East begins to glow as gold under the first rays of the rising sun. All of a sudden the earth quakes. The sealed stone of Jesus' tomb falls. Alleluia! there He stands, Jesus... alive... glorious... Jesus, the victim triumphant... The armed soldiers fly.. the proud Pharisees are dumbstricken... the humble disciples again follow the Master: yes, Jesus had preached the truth, the divine truth. His resurrection after His convincing death is the divine proof of it... Alleluia!...

Let Jesus go to heaven. the Apostles will preach the Gospel of their life-giving Master to all nations as He had commanded... the Roman Emperors and their satellites may scourge them...(had not their Master been scourged too?) behead them, crucify them... (had not their Master been put to death and come back to a glorious life?) the disciples do not fear temporal death: such a death for the

faith in Him who gives life to body and soul, means a glorious resurrection and eternal life with Him who is the way, the resurrection and the life. New Christians are born in the blood of the first disciples, for they heard from the eyewitnesses of Jesus' doctrine, miracles and resurrection, that God had proved the truth of the new doctrine by the resurrection of Him who established it on earth to give life everlasting to all who would embrace it.

Neither exile, nor torments, nor death even can deter the Christians from believing and practising the doctrine divinely proved. And when the Roman Emperors think they stand triumphant against Jesus on the bodies of 10,000,000 martyrs slain in less than 300 years, only then rises in full glory the sun of the Catholic Church, glorious as Her Master on Easter Day... Alleluia, and crumble the temples of false pagan divinities... Alleluia!

Again and again the enemies of Christ and His Church try to destroy the reign of Christ, for it defies their pride and passions. But they pass very soon carried away by pitiless death to their own destruction, while the Church of Christ as on eternal Easter stands firm, triumphant, vigorous, spreading light and life all over the world. Jesus had said "He would be with Her all the days until the end of the world." Alleluia! Never more so than today was

the Church of Christ persecuted by the combined forces of hell: God-hating Governments, godless instruction, indifference, betrayal or even revolt of some of Her children, antagonism of even such Churches which pretend to do the work of Christ. "Crucify Her, to Calvary with the Catholic Church" they shout, as once the godmurderers at the palace of Pilate. They may succeed partly in some places, but while they claim victory, there and then, the Catholic Church springs up more vigorous and brighter than ever, even there where She is baffled, or She conquers vaster fields than those She lost, in countries where Christ was unknown. Never have there been so many conversions in pagan India, in reluctant China, and in dark Africa than today: Alleluia! When shall the last Pagans of the "Pearl of the Orient" be conquered by Christ and sing their Alleluia?

And, born or reborn into the supernatural life that came from Christ, the children of His Church are brought to the grave in an endless procession. Death spares nobody. But death is not death for those who die with Christ during their life, by mortifying their passions and live for Him by imitating His virtues. No, for such, there is no death; their death means the sleep of the just, the sleep of Christ in His grave...resurrection... the glorious eternal Alleluia! Alleluia!

Feast of St. Vincent Ferrer, April 5

St. Vincent was born at Valencia in Spain, in 1350. At the age of eighteen, he was professed in the Order of St. Dominic. His love for God was shown in deeds. He became a great Apostle, the "Angel of the judgment". At the sight of the many souls lost forever, he went out to preach. First he converted the Jews of Valencia and changed their church into a Catholic Church. But this was not enough: like Christ he wanted to save the whole world and, more than Christ, he preached and wandered around in search of souls. He passed through Switzerland, France, Italy, England, Ireland, Scotland and his own country, reforming tens of thousands of sinners. How his zeal must have pleased God. Was it then a wonder that God granted him the gift of doing many miracles? For there is no work so agreeable to God as

that of His own Son: to work for the conversion of mankind, for the glory of God. "Whatever you do," said St. Vincent, think not of yourself, but of God". St. Vincent fell ill at Vannes in Brittany and received the crown of eternal happiness and glory in 1419. Just think of the immense divine joys St. Vincent will receive from the hands of an all-powerful and infinitely generous God in heaven, for having spent a few years in His service. It is true: the labors of St. Vincent were hard and many. But they passed so quickly and so soon and were not without their earthly consolation, for, after all, is it not the greatest consolation to remember that what one suffers and does for the Lord will be rewarded infinitely and eternally? Do we think of this when an occasion offers itself to us of avoiding sin and doing good?

Speak No Ill

Nay, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And ho! to breathe each tale we've
heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
And if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the BEST we can.

Give me the heart that fain would
hide,
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it please our human pride

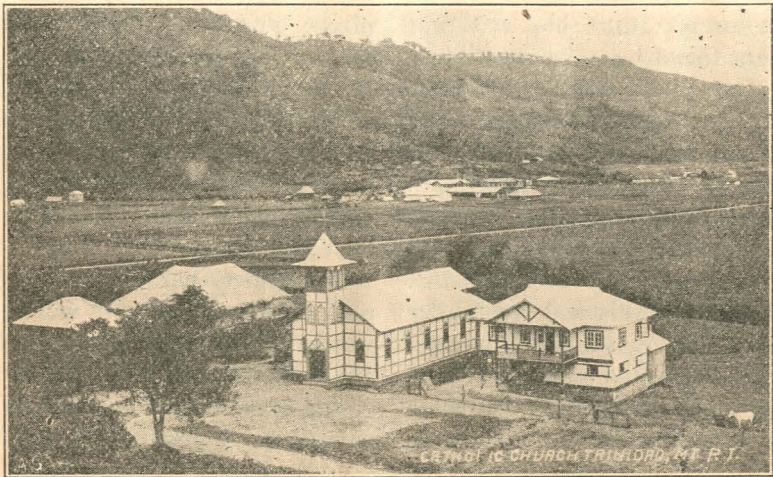
To prove humanity but base?
No! let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but tender be
To others' failings, as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a transient day,
No tongue can tell how brief its span:
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

THE MISSION

A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt Provincial Superior



The Valley of Trinidad, Benguet, the Land of the Cabbages....

Bontoc, Jan. 23, 1925

Dear Father Vandewalle,

YOU asked me to write some details about my yearly trip around all our missions in the Mountain Province, to publish them in the "Little Apostle." Here are a few notes written from the Bontoc Mission. Let the readers take a map of our missions as

printed on the back cover of the review and follow me in spirit over mountains and hills thru rivers and ravines.

January 18. Two strong horses are saddled at our "Home Sweet Home" our central house of the missions at Baguio. Poor animals! they have to be strong, for the trip will last long and be hard.

"Father Degryse, are you read-

y?" This is the parish priest of Bagabag, Nueva Vizcaya, who exhausted by overwork and under-nourishment has taken a rest of a month in the town of the pines, the summer capital of the beautiful Philippines.

"I am ready, Father Provincial!" We said a prayer in the little chapel, asking God's blessing over our long journey and off we went to Trinidad mission, 7 Km. northwest of Baguio. Father Degryse has completely recovered. There is no better place in the Philippines than Baguio for weak persons. The climate is cool. The hills of evergreen pines, the sights wonderful, the town picturesque: in one word Baguio is the most beautiful spot in the beautiful Philippines.

The preparations for the trip were short and easy: no boys or servants to accompany us. We ourselves can saddle and unsaddle our horses. We do not need blankets or beds. If necessary the blankets of our horses can protect us against the chill of the nights: for it may be cold at night on the highest peaks. We do not take any food with us for we can find that along the road: it looks a little more according to the counsel of Our Lord to His first Missionaries.

We salute once more the lovely Church of Baguio whose two white steeples dominate the surroundings as if to speak of heaven to those who know and those who ignore heaven. Step by step our horses

follow the descending road which, in lofty curves between a babbling river and somber mountains, brings us in the round valley of Trinidad, once a mighty crater, which spread fire and destruction around, it is now a rich field of cabbages and rice. Here landed our first three missionaries on the 15th of November 1907. Here they remained for three days in a small hut, receiving the hearty hospitality of a farmer who later would become and is now a priest. On one side the Government has a school of agriculture attended by hundreds of Igorotes. In the middle dwell the polite Japs and the hard-working Chinese all raising cabbages and other kinds of vegetables which find their way down to Manila and bring up thousands of pesos a year. Far away on the other side are hidden the black smoke-covered shacks of hundreds of Igorotes who raise potatoes on the slopes of the hills, while at the northwest end against the blue hill peep the white chapel and convent of the mission.

Years ago, but higher than now, stood the mission church and convent of the Spanish Missionaries. The revolution came. The Missionaries were forced to leave. Convent and church fell into ruins, the emblem of the spiritual ruin caused by the 10 years' absence of God's priests: when 18 years ago our first Missionaries again took possession of this place, they had to open a new field.

FF. Debrabandere and Deldaele

helped by Brother Gerard are the residing Missionaries at Trinidad. To their jurisdiction belongs the western part of the whole Benguet Province. At Tublay they have just finished the building of a nice chapel. At Tumay they have nearly one hundred pupils in their school, and the school of Atok counts more than one hundred students. These students are the future Christians, the hope of the Missionaries. It costs money, much money to keep up these schools, but it is well invested. I ask myself how the Fathers here as elsewhere in the Mountain Province find the necessary means. They have no other revenues than the stipends of their Masses. They have to meet the expenses of their daily household, their boys to pay and to feed, their horses to feed and they... yes they can beg, but it is hard to live on charity. The whole mission counts 989 baptized Igorotes. Lately they baptized 8 adults, and they have baptized 14 children of pagans and distributed more than 2,800 H. Communions during the last year.

Monday, Jan. 19. Before sunrise we are on the road. The East glitters with gold. The mountain peaks shake off their mighty veils of snow-white clouds under the soft caresses of the fiery morning rays. "Praise, oh! sun, the Lord; praise, oh! mountains and hills, the Lord".... Who may enjoy the sight of a tropical aurora at the height of 1,300 meters in the

Mountain Province, can not but join the Psalmist and recognize the infinite beauty of the Creator, whose works alone surpass in splendor all that human mind can imagine. The road is wide enough for autos as far as the first Camp at Km. 30. The Government deserves the most hearty thanks from all travelers who cross the Mountain Province for having established along the different trails, at convenient distances, a resthouse. Every thirty Kilometers, on a small level plot, is built a comfortable house, where one can find food for man and horse. You leave one of them; before you start you take the phone and call up the next resthouse to announce your visit within a few hours, you ask what you want and what the housekeepers can provide and when you arrive, you can stretch out your legs on a bed if you are tired, or put your feet under a covered table if you are hungry. The places are clean. The people who take care of them are polite and hospitable, for they are Filipinos, and like all Filipinos they receive most cordially any passing stranger.

At noon we take a rest at one of these camps to start again at 1 p. m. and to arrive before night at the second camp, at Km. 59. Since we passed Km. 42, we are on a real mountain trail, winding from left to right and from right to left, sometimes upwards, sometimes downwards, presenting continually new sights, some more beautiful

than the others, but always interesting when no chilly clouds slip through the sighing pines, making one shiver and forget that he is in a tropical country. Remember: since this morning we are on an altitude varying between 1,300 and 2,000 meters. But let no one be too distracted by the landscape: nearly always on right or left gapes a tremendous precipice and the trail varies between one and two meters only in width. Dear readers, have you ever looked into a precipice, one... two hundred meters deep, whose edge is at your feet, when a fall into it means death, while on your other side a steep giant mountain seems to push towards the vacuum, when a fall of the horse or a passing dizziness may mean your final end? I tell you most confidently that on the mountain trail, we are following, I do not feel quite at ease. Sometimes I wish I could step down from my horse, but the narrowness of the trail makes it

impossible. One looks so small, so powerless, so pitiful, so... well better ask Mr. Ansaldo from Manila who wrote once in the "Defensa" his sensations while traveling on a visit to one of our missions.

Near Km. 49 the trail passes thru two tunnels, one of them about one hundred meters long. It is pretty dark inside. One advances with great precaution and I myself as well as my companion, were both glad to come again into the open.

At 5:30 p.m. enveloped by heavy clouds, which change day into approaching night, we arrive at the rest house, glad to have a sparkling fire to warm ourselves and a chair in exchange for a saddle.

Tuesday, Jan. 20. It is terribly cold. Never have I felt (and enjoyed) such a low temperature in the tropical Philippines. We are forced to walk more than one hour. Brrr! but this tramping warms the body and this is why we do so.

(To be continued)

Being Good to a Child

By Edgar A. Guest

It isn't being good to him
To let him have his way;
To pamper every childish whim
And send him out to play.
It isn't being good to buy
The candy which you should deny.

It isn't being kind to smile
When he is in the wrong,
To overlook his childish guile
Will make the habit strong.
It isn't kindness not to see
His sometimes wilful tendency.

It isn't love to let him grow
Untutored and untrained,
To see his faults and let them go
Unchecked and unexplained;
For often that a child may learn,
Love must seem very harsh and stern.

'Twere better now a few sad tears
Than many later on,
Better than sorrow through the years
A frown that's quickly gone.
And being good and being kind
Is ever keeping this in mind.

From a Letter of Father Legrand

written a few days before he was accidentally drowned at Bauco.

HERE is a story which may interest the readers of the "Little Apostle." Last month I was at Cervantes on a visit to my parish priest, Rev. Father Portelange. It was time for me to return to Bauco. But the rain was falling in torrents.... I waited one hour more.... The deluge outside continued. Father Portelange insisted on my remaining until the next day. I could not. I seemed to hear a voice telling me to go to Bauco. So I had my horse saddled and started under God's protection. But what rain! The horse advanced slowly, the rain blinded me, the water soaked me from head to foot. Hours passed, the Kilometers never seemed to have been so numerous and so long. I arrived just before evening.

Before I had time to change my clothes a man came to call me.

"What can I do for you, my friend?"

"Ay, Apo, my child is sick."

"Come, I will go with you."

And down the hill I went. The house of the sick child was at the other end of the village. Taking a walk in the village of Bauco, means a continuous careful exercise of limbs and hands. One has to jump from stone to stone, and when one has taken a rit of 30 Kilometers thru mud and rain, this particular circumstance is not at all favorable for

counting the required number of steps: one false step means a fall, a rolling down perhaps for a few meters in the slippery mud....

The poor baby was quite ill.

"Apo, give it some medicine."

"Just wait a moment. I will go home and come back with it. But the baby is not baptized yet."

"We will bring it to the church next Sunday."

I insisted on baptizing it now, for death seemed near. The pagan father consented. I baptized the baby, made it a Christian and probably an angel within a few hours. But who knows?

"Anyway, you bring the baby to the church next Sunday."

"Sure, Father, we will."....

The next day I came home from another village. The deluge of yesterday had continued. The same man of yesterday was waiting for me.

"What is the matter now, dear man?"

"My baby is dead."

I was sorry for the poor weeping father of the child. But when I remembered how yesterday I crossed the swollen river of Cervantes, climbed the mountains between Cervantes and Bauco, arrived half dead, baptized the baby dead since a few hours and now in heaven.... an angel.... an advocate.... for ever.... I rejoiced because I had sent a soul

to Heaven.... I rejoiced because the inspiration of yesterday gave me that chance.... Let in rain in torrents. Let the lightning cross the heavens and the thunder roll through the clouds, let all the elements rise up against the Missionary: the thought alone of saving a soul will send me to the place where that soul can be reached and saved. Yes, that is what I feel now at the joy of having sent an angel to Heaven.....



A few days later Father Legrand himself passed away.... to Heaven. He had been preceded by other souls, for whom he had opened the way.

Send my Dolls to the poor Igorote Children

Josefina was sick....very sick. Poor little girl! She was only six years old and the terrible meningitis had left her lame....a cripple when other children of her age could run and play and be happy.

She had gone to school only for a few weeks but long enough to be loved by the teachers and pupils alike. Her eyes were so bright, her kindness was so attractive that probably even the angels of heaven wanted her among them to make heaven as it were a little more happy.

And now she was nailed on her bed of pain like another Little Nellie of Holy God. Near her lay her dolls and trinkets, one of her childish consolations. How lovely that big doll with turning eyes and smiling cheeks was!

Josefina loved her dolls and cars and wagons and plates. etc.

Josefina's sister amused her sick little sister as best she could. But among all the nice stories she would read to the little invalid, those found in the "Little Apostle" pleased little Josefina most. She loved the poor Igorotes. Were they not also lame and crippled? Nay, even unable to move towards

In this same letter he asks for medicines. He does not need them any more. I now speak in his name as if I heard his voice like he once heard the voice of the baby he saved, I do not fear to say that he is asking in Heaven for a successor at the Bauco mission.... the support of that mission.... the increase of the fund with which to send another Father Legrand to his place, where so many souls are to saved. And if you would listen to his voice, you too would feel the joy, which was his when he heard of the death of the baby: the joy of having sent to Heaven souls.... angels.... advocates.

heaven?

Christmas brought new toys. Papa wanted to make his loved darling happy in her unceasing sorrow and pains. How she thanked.....

But the birth of Christ did not bring new life to Josefina. She felt she had to die. She called Papa near her and said in a whispering voice: "Papa, please send my toys to the poor Igorote children".....

The days passed. Josefina became weaker and weaker but her soul loved more and more God's lame and crippled Igorotes.

Again Josefina called her Papa near... very near...for she had become so weak. "Papa", she said, "when I shall be in heaven, don't forget to send my toys to the poor Igorote children".

Three days later the crippled little Josefina took her flight to heaven. And her Papa, with tears in his eyes for the death of his darling, came to the office of the "Little Apostle" carrying a big box: it contained the toys of Josefina: he had now fulfilled the last wishes of his angelic little daughter.

Pateng Saw... a Light?

PATENG was an old Igorote from Cayan, who had often heard of baptism, the Church, Heaven, God, etc..... but Pateng was already very old: his head was too empty, too hard: it could not.....it would not think of God, Heaven, the Church, baptism, etc.... His daughter is a Catholic. She often invited her pagan father to pray, to believe, to become a Christian, but each time Pateng heard the oft-repeated demands, he knocked off the ashes from his little copper pipe, shut his eyes once more, pushed up his underlip saying: he was sleepy. There was nothing to be done. Pateng was a pagan and a pagan he would remain...what did he know of God, Heaven, the Church and Baptism... he was too old to pray, to believe, to become a Catholic...Poor Pateng.

Alas! Pateng caught a cold..... many an old man was brought to his grave by a simple cold. And Pateng could no longer slip down the bamboo stairs of his shaky hut in the early morning to warm after a chilly night his old limbs in the first rays of the sun...nay, not even his cotton blanket, tightly wrapped around his worn-out body, could prevent him from shivering the whole day long....Pateng sat on his heels, in front of a little smoking fire, in the corner of his windowless kitchen, with no other light than that of the half-opened door and of

the flickering sparks from the hearth...Pateng coughed.. he coughed terribly...as if his soul wanted to escape from his aching frame...and, when I entered the kitchen, as dark and black as the smoke which fills it day and night since the time it was first built, and, when I drew near the glimmering light and in the half darkness of the room, I saw Pateng's big glittering eyes in their deep orbits, nearly as big as his small puckered-up face, half covered by his once red handkerchief, and when I heard the heavy breathing of Pateng which seemed like a death-rattle, I involuntarily recalled to my mind parts of some old time-worn stories my mother used to tell us in the evening to keep us off the street...

"Pateng, my friend, you look pretty bad..."

"Hm" says Pateng.

Are you "suffering much?"

"Hm."

I sat on my heels near Pateng and, as often before, I talked with my old friend about God and Heaven and Baptism etc...

Pateng hummed often, coughed more than usual and his big eyes seemed to find the fire very interesting...does it not warm his chilled limbs, restore life to his broken-down frame, and do him good in every way?

I called the daughter and told her to repeat often the principal truths

of faith to her old father and to ask him now and again to become a Christian..

“Ay, Apo, I fear he will never accept baptism.”

“Take this and put it under his pillow” and I gave her a miraculous medal, and said “pray every day to the Blessed Virgin for his conversion.”

Two weeks later I went again to Cayan and of course visited my friend Pateng. He coughed more than ever and seemed even to turn a deafer ear than formerly. I shouted with all my might: “Pateng, how are you?”

He showed me his throat and coughed.

And then he made a sign to me to come nearer.

“Apo,” he murmured and on his black face appeared a heavenly smile, “Apo, baptize me” and he put his skinny finger over his shriveled long white hair.

What a change! Pateng coughed less. He made a supreme effort and lifting up his bony arm and hand towards heaven to which he pointed with his forefinger: “I wish to go to heaven with my children whom you see here.”—“Do you believe in God the Father Almighty, in God the Son who became man to save us from sin and hell and in the Holy Ghost? Do you believe in one God Who rewards all good and punishes all evil?”

“I believe.”

And so, I repeated the instructions given so often before, but al-

ways without any apparent result.

The old pagans often refuse to accept the teaching of the Catholic Faith on account of the superstitious practices to be performed for them when they die....

“Pateng, do you renounce forever the caniao (superstitious prayers)”?

“I do not believe in them any more.”

And Pateng wiped a tear from the corner of his eyes. He felt some trouble. “Apo, will God really forgive me? I can not pray. I am too old to learn any prayer?” I quieted his conscience, helped him to make an act of contrition and...why not? I baptized him there and then...for at my next visit Pateng might have passed away...

A month later I climbed the mountains again towards Cayan, I thought Pateng would be looking at me from Heaven already.

O wonder! While I was approaching the old hut, there came Pateng half bent, but with quickened steps, pulling long puffs from his copper beardbrander. Pateng himself, alive, alert, smiling: “Apo, I am glad to see you. Since my baptism, I am much better and nearly cured.” I took a seat on the first step of the bamboo stairs of the shack. Pateng sat on his ever ready heels, in front of me.

“What made you change your mind all at once, so as to ask for baptism, you who refused it so often?”

“Listen, Apo. I do not know. One night I could not sleep, nay I

could not even lie down: my head was all on fire, my back ached terribly, my body was cold.... I sat near the fire, wrapped in my blanket. I smoked my pipe to be able to breathe more easily. I poked the fire to get more light, when, all at once, gazing at my pillow in the corner, I saw something glittering near it....which looked as big as the light of a candle...I tried to blow it out; it would not go out....I tried to beat it away with the bamboo poker....the light remained.....I thought it was a burning coal, which had fallen from the hearth near my pillow....I crept towards it...moved my pillow..the light would not die.. I said: Pateng, this is a bad omen... death will take you soon....and I kept on thinking and thinking, until I decided to ask for baptism, and

so it happened, Apo, that I asked you for baptism....the next morning, I told the story to my children.. they showed me the medal they had placed under my pillow, without my knowledge.....Anyway I wanted to be baptized. I want to go to heaven...with my children..”

..Did the Blessed Virgin on that night inspire Pateng with his good desire? Did Pateng see only the light of the hearth reflected in the medal? Anyway: Pateng saw a light that night.....a little light.....a big light...but the light that brought him the regeneration of his soul through baptismand I thanked the Lord for having been the unworthy instrument of the redemption of one soul more, for which too, as for us all, He shed His blood on Calvary.



Mission News and Notes

A School Contest

Washington day, Feb. 22, 1925.

Contest amongst the schools of the District of Kapangan, Benguet: 5 Public Schools and 1 private, the catholic mission school of Atok.

The Catholic school got the following prizes:

Arithmetic: 14 prizes of the 36 awarded: 6 first, 5 second, and 3 third prizes.

Spelling: 5 prizes of 12: 1 first, 2 second, 2 third.

Recitation, in the 4th grade: First prize.

Agrioultural Exhibition: First general prize for the best and nicest exhibition and 8 particular prizes for special productions not found in other gardens.

The public schools presented 550 students, with 13 teachers, and the Mission school presented only 105 students, with 2 teachers.



COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Psychology of the Filipino

By *Hon. Norberto Romualdez*

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands

(Continuation)

This much can be said with regard to the Philippines. The ceremonies which preceded, accompanied and followed marriage celebrations were of a social and public character, and, according to the authors, these ceremonies were very often solemn and pompous. At the nuptial ceremonies which lasted for several days, speeches were extemporaneously delivered, and singing and dancing at the sound of native musical instruments were indulged in. Popular celebrations were usually at the public plazas, at which festivals, the Suluan war dance was generally represented especially in some Bisayan regions. This dance was called *Sinulog*, that is, after the fashion of the Sulu people, the native name for Sulu being *Sulóg*, which means *current*, because strong ocean currents are frequent in that small archipelago.

During the Spanish times, there were in the towns of the Philippines, theaters which were built on the occasion of the town *fiestas*, and the performances were entirely free and public. In those theaters, the performances were generally *comedias*. Among the representations, there was now and then, an original production of some native authors. There were also translations of Spanish works called *corridos* already mentioned before.

Later, the Spanish *zarzuela*, a general name given in Spain to a kind of dramatic performance, was introduced in Manila and in the provinces.

Among the modern Tagalog dramatists, Mr. Severino de los Reyes has distinguished himself by his literary productions, which are widely accepted and applauded by the Tagalog public. There are many

Filipinos in our day who have taken up literary pursuits, and cultivate the art of drama-writing both in Spanish and in English.

II. Bibliography

If, by Filipino Bibliography, we mean a description of books and manuscripts having reference to the Philippines, written by both foreign and native authors, we shall find a long list of different kinds of words.

We may mention in this connection, following chronologically the events referred to by the writers, some works as follows:

'Notes on the Malay Archipelago,' by Groenveldt, a Dutch Scholar.

'Chou Ju-Kua', by Hirth and Rockhill.

'Versuch einer Ethnographic der Philippinen', by Blumentritt.

'Relations of Chinese to the Philippines', by Laufer.

'Pagan Tribes of Borneo', by Hose and McDougall.

'El Archipiélago Filipino', by some Jesuit Fathers, published by the Government Printing at Washington in the year 1900.

I shall only call your attention to works which constitute the Filipino literature, and I shall mention only one book of each century, in their chronological order:

'Doctrina Tagalo-española' year 1503, believed to be written by Fr. Juan de Plasencia.

'Las Excelencias del Rosario', year 1602, the first book printed here, written by Fr. Francisco Blancas de San Jose.

'Barlaam', year 1712, by the Jesuit Fr. Antonio de Borja.

In the 19th century, many more works constituting Filipino literature have been written, both by Spanish and native authors. We have the very popular book read and sung up to the present time during Lent, called *'Pasion'* (The Passion of our Lord), written by Dr. Pila-pil, a Filipino Priest. We have also the *'Maidling Casaysayan'* (A short explanation) of Fr. Florentino Ramirez; the *'Awit ni San Alejo'* (A hymn to San Alejo), by Alejo del Pilar, an uncle of Marcelo H. del Pilar, the well known Filipino, who died in Barcelona in 1896, and whose remains I had the honor of bringing from Barcelona to Manila in 1920, by instructions of the Philippine Government. Many other works may be mentioned, but unnecessary for the purposes of this lecture.

But I must not pass over the popular work in native poetry written by Francisco Balagtas, published in the year 1838, called *'Florante'*, of which Rizal said: *'obra de la lengua tagala en todo su apogeo y magnificencia'* (a product of the Tagalog language in all its splendor and magnificence).

Francisco Balagtas was born in the barrio of Panigay, Municipality of Bigaa, Bulakan, on April 2, 1788. His parents were Juan Balagtas, and Juana de la Cruz (almost Juan de la Cruz), poor but honest people. After some years, the young Balagtas studied *'Cánones'* (Canon

Laws) in the San Jose College. During his youth he was well known as an able versifier. There was at that time a native poet very widely known in Manila, called *Juseg Sisiw* (José the chicken) who was very frequently called upon by many people and requested to write some poems to be recited at marriage, baptismal, or burial ceremonies, and which he used to make *in promptu* asking in payment a chicken for every composition. Balagtas was his pupil in poetry, but for some reason, or other, teacher and pupil had a row, and separated from each other.

Balagtas published his "Florante" in 1838. He married, and had eleven children, and died on February 28, 1862. He also wrote many plays, *kumintags*, *kundimans*, and a great number of short poems. But his "Florante" is considered his masterpiece.

"Florante" is a simple poem with some tragic elements. Its literary structure and form are excellent. It contains 399 stanzas of 4 verses each. The verses are of 12 syllables, each verse being divided into two parts of 6 syllables each. It is note-worthy for its genuinely native touches. Some poetical turns of its thoughts are nationalized. The scholar Mr. Epifanio de los Santos, in his "*Vida de Florante y Laura*" (Life of Florante and Laura) published in "The Philippine Review" (No. 7, Vol. 1, year 1916) aptly remarks that "*The muses of Florante are from the lake of Bay,*

its nymphs from Beata and Hilom, Pandakan", and terms this work as "*the most national poem of the Philippines*"

The "Florante" contains wise thoughts of the science of life, as can be gathered from these lines, picked at random:

Stanza 202:

"*Ag laki sa layaw, karaniwa, y, hubad sa bait at muni,t, sa hatol ay salat, masaklap na buga ng malíg pagligap habag : g magulag sa irog na anák*"

(Persons reared in comfort are devoid of good judgment, discretion and counsel,—the bitter fruit of parent's mistaken affection for and complaisance with their beloved children).

Stanza 246:

"*Kung ag isalubog sa iyog pag datíg ay masayág mukha,t, may pakitag giliw, lalog kaigata,t kaaway na lihim siyag isaisip na kakabakahin*"

(If upon your arrival, he should welcome you with smiles and apparent love, the more you must beware of, and consider him as a secret enemy with whom you will possibly have to contend)

This work has been repeatedly edited, and there was scarcely a Tagalog family of the past generation that did not own a copy of the *Florante*. Mr. Hermenigildo Cruz published in 1906 an interesting work on this poem, entitled "*Kug sino ag kumatha ng Florante*", and Mr. Epifanio de los Santos, as above indicated wrote on the same poem

his "*Vida de Florante y Laura*".

As to Ilokano works, there are many, among which we may mention their famous Lam-ag, of an epic legendary character. There are known writers as Dakanay, Melanyo Lazo, Claudio, Abaya, Crisologo, de los Reyes, Tongson, Fona-cier, and many others. Among the Ilokano poets, we mention the anonymous author of "La Pasion Ilocana", and D.a Leona Florentino, the mother of the present Senator, Hon. Isabelo de los Reyes. Among the dramatists, Gieron, Caluya, Espiritu, and Lagazca, must also be mentioned, as well as Villamor and Paredes, among the writers. Most of this information is furnished by Mr. Justice Villamor who naturally did not include himself, but I do include him, because I know he is one of the most distinguished Ilokano Scholars.

Among the Bisayans, we have Fr. Cuenco, and Fr. Albarran in Cebu; Fr. Lorenzo and Fr. Tiangson of Iloilo, known as the author of the excellent work "*Magtotoon sa Balay*", (Home Teacher) a moral-didactic work; D. Cornelio Hilado, of Occidental Negros. There is also an anonymous writer, whom we firmly believe to be a native of Leyte or Samar,—the author of a book widely known in said Bisayan regions as "*Lagdá*" which means *rules*, entitled "*Caton Cristiano*", published in 1850.

This work "*Lagdá*" is notable particularly for its genuinely Bisayan turns and proverbs. As an

example of this, permit me to quote the following:

"*Kun kasinahan ka niya,
di ka umato, kay masiwat
sogsogón an layap ga bahá;
maupay kun san guob pa,
kun taob an kasina niya,
hulalón an tiga pagbaribad.*"

(Should your husband scold you, do not quarrel with him, because, it is hard to go against the current of an impetuous flood; it is best to wait, while the tide of your husband's ire rises, and when the waters shall have subsided, then give your reasons and excuses)

There is abundant material for an essay on genuinely Filipino literature. Miss Encarnacion Gonzaga of Iloilo, gives an exhaustive account of Bisayan literature in a thesis presented for her Master's degree from the University of the Philippines in 1917.

There are also authors from Pangasinan, Pampanga, and Bikilan regions. We may mention the following: as Pampangan authors, Gil Magat, Eusebio Guanlao, Magno Gosiooco Gozum; as Pangasinan author, Rafael Q. Estrada; as Bikolan authors, the late Bishop Mgr. Barlin, Fr. Juan Villareal and many others.

Filipino bibliography is a varied and extensive field which cannot be properly covered by this lecture. So, I have limited myself to some authors, without making an analysis of all their works, which would put the patience of this audience to a severe test.

And yet, I have spoken only about the Filipino literature written by Filipinos in the dialects of this country produced by Filipinos also, but written in Spanish, English and other foreign tongues, my task would be much greater. For this reason, I abstain from speaking to you about the writings of Rizal, Mabini, del Pilar, Guerrero, Recto, Bernabe, Teotico, the Kalaw brothers, Bocobo, Bantug, Romulo, and many others of younger gener-

rations.

From the data given heretofore, you may be convinced, that the Filipino people, successors to an ancient culture of Asia, having history and traditions of their own, and a spoken and written literature based on that of their ancestors and cultivated by themselves, are bound to have their peculiarities, not to be easily known and comprehended by a superficial observer.

(To be continued)



Some Bontoc Legends

The Legend of the Pottery

Lumawig said to the Bontoc people: "Get some clay to make jars". They got busy, but the jars they made were very badly shaped. When Lumawig saw them, he said: "You do not know how to make jars". Whereupon he removed the pottery to Samoki (a town near Bontoc). "You Samoki people", said Lumawig, "get clay to make jars". The Samoki people made some jars. They were of a very good shape. So Lumawig said to them: "You are very good potters. Go now and sell the jars to other towns". To

the Bontoc people he said: "If you need jars, you will have to buy them".

From that time the Samoki people have the monopoly of pottery. On the mountain slopes across the Bontoc river you can see from Bontoc the smoke columns of their ovens rise high in the air. The Samoki product is much in demand at Bontoc and all towns nearby. When you meet some woman jar vendors, you may be sure they are from Samoki. From afar you hear them sing out: „Jars! Buy jars! Very nice! Very strong!"



The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

By Father Morice Vanoverbergh

Missionary in the Mountain Province, P.I.

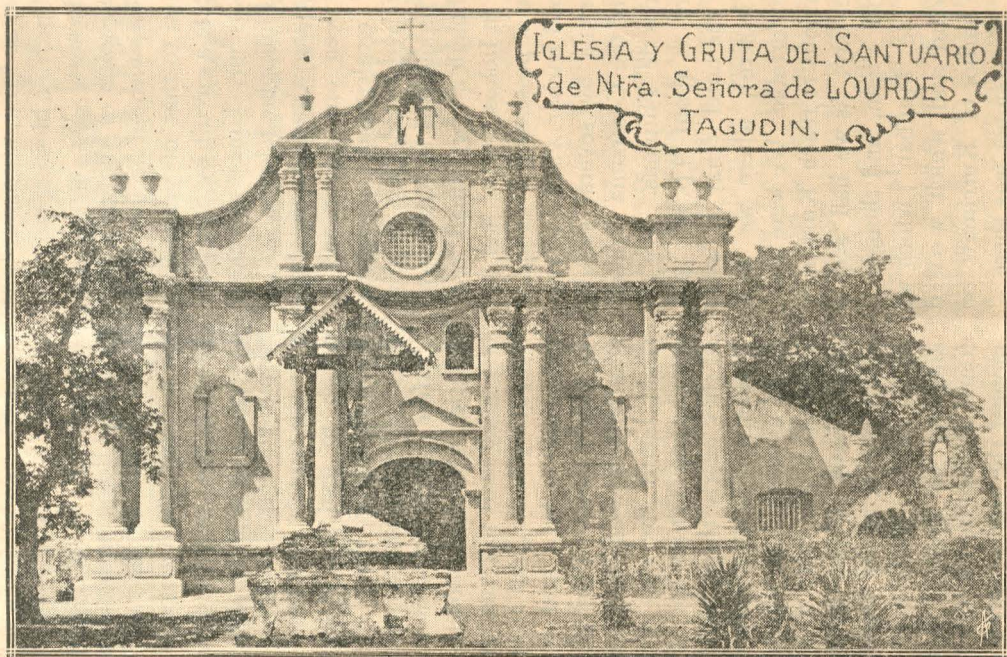
(Continuation)

April 5th (Saturday): I left the high altitude of the Baguio plateau at about 7 a. m., on a motorbus, a means of transportation which would very soon be denied me for a long time, and arrived without any difficulty at Bawang La Unión, near the sea-coast, by the splendid Naguilian road; the picturesque scenery did not allow me to mind any small unavoidable annoyances. I did not take much baggage with me, as I foresaw many difficulties in transportation, and intended to stay mostly either at Tuaw, Kagayan, with the parish priest, or at Kabugaw, Apayaw, with the lieutenant-governor; but Providence decided otherwise, and many hardships awaited me on that account.

At Bawang, I jumped into an automobile which brought me within a short time, by the never to be forgotten road that followed the seashore, to Tagudin, Ilokos Sur, where I was able to rest until the following day. When I reached Baknotan, La Unión, Mr. Maximo Padua, a professional photographer, asked the driver to stop for a while and told me a whole litany of things, how he had heard that I was leaving for Kagayan, how he

wanted to accompany me, how he was ready to start unconditionally and immediately, and so on. To make a long story short, he came with me and will stay with me for a long time, as we shall see later. As I was saying before, we hoped to reach Tagudin at about noon, but in this we were sadly disappointed: two tires punctured on the road. We stopped at Bangar, La Unión, for our dinner, as the driver was hungry (and who can blame him?); so, we reached Tagudin at about half past three p. m. This was home, anyhow, my residence for over three years. Mr. Padua himself resided here for several years. Revs. G. Declercq and C. van Aspert offered us a most cordial hospitality. Mr. Padua ordered photographic plates, paper, etc., from Manila, and we made all necessary preparations to continue our journey the following day.

April 6th (Sunday): After High Mass, Mr. Padua and some boys looked for a car that could motor to Vigan, Ilokos Sur, and Kurrimaw, Ilokos Norte. After a tiresome delay (we had to look for a passing auto), at about half past



Church and Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes at Tagudin

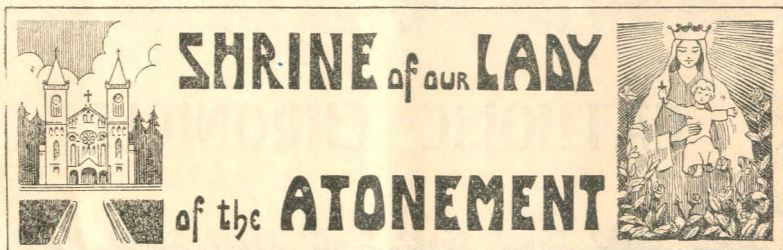
ten a. m., we boarded a motorbus for Vigan, with all our belongings. My companion took about ten times as many trunks, suitcases and bundles as I did, of course, but this would prove a blessing later on in the wilderness. We arrived at Vigan, the capital of the province of Ilokos Sur, without accident, by a road equal to that of yesterday, and we made a circuit by San Vincente, Ilokos Sur. Time is not money in the Philippine Islands.

After having witnessed an altercation between our driver and a couple of recalcitrant passengers, we transferred to another motorbus, that brought us to Kurrimaw, which although a very small municipality in Ilokos Norte, had the advantage of possessing a comparatively good harbor, visited at regular intervals by several small steamers of the *Compania General de Tabacos de Filipinas*. We arrived there at about 9 p. m., and lodged at the hotel (that is what they call it here), where we were rather comfortable. We were more or less anxious to reach Kurrimaw the same day, as we had seen a steamer off Vigan, and thought it might be the "Mauban", which we had to board and which would leave the harbor of Kurrimaw on the 7th. No steamer was there.

April 7th (Monday): Early in the morning we had a chat with an old Spaniard, the "encargado" of the Company in that place. He told us he expected the "Mauban" at noon, and that he thought she

would not leave to-day for Aparri, Kagayan, as there was much cement and other cargo to be unloaded here. Fortunately our "vieux grognard" was not "a la hauteur de la situation" (what can one expect from a fellow living practically in exile, and doing nothing the whole day but cursing his bad lot, the hot weather, the natives, etc., etc?). At about 8 a. m. she appeared, our nutshel, I beg your pardon, the "Mauban" herself: later on I heard that the captain had been bold enough to lead his little craft to Spain during the World War; some people like dancing anyway!

After complying with some formalities, we left the hotel, in search of a small boat to bring us to our temporary home, and after paying two centavos here and ten there, we finally mounted the gangplank. Our Spaniard on shore told us we could board the ship directly as soon as she cast anchor; the truth is, they nearly threw us overboard, I mean, the first greeting they tendered us was to the effect that we were much too early and that we should have to pay extra for our meals as long as the vessel remained in port. Well, here we were, and here we stayed. Mr. Padua found a place in the third class amongst the trunks and boxes that littered the deck, and I procured a berth in the first class: it was one of four in the cabin not large enough for two. On deck I made the acquaintance of Mr. Ricardo Pagulayan, a native of Enrile, Ka-



The monthly Novena of Our Lady of the Atonement, in the Church of Baguio, will begin:

for April: on Saturday, 4th.

for May: on Saturday, 2nd.

Send your intentions to:

REV. FATHER FL. CARLU
CHURCH OF THE ATONEMENT
BAGUIO, MT. PROVINCE.

gayan, who was of great service to us during our journey through his province.

In the afternoon we made fruitless inquiries about the hour of leaving, nobody seeming to know anything about it; but, at about 5 p. m. we saw hundreds of third-class passengers boarding the ship: this was a very good omen, because, if the Company had to feed all those people for one day longer, it would lose much too heavily in the bargain, and besides they would certainly not have come on board if no permission had been granted them. The steamer actually left

the harbor at about 8 p. m., and we went to sleep, on deck of course, as we were in tropical waters. I had some difficulty in obtaining a bed, as the Steward told me I had a berth (which he seemed to consider a favor, for not 10% of the passengers had the same luck); so I made preparations to sleep on a bench. A Manila merchant came to the rescue, reproved the Steward, and finally found a bed for me, which, although a poor cracking affair, was much more comfortable than the berth in our luxurious cabin, a real hot-house.

(To be continued)





CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Argentina.

The first pilgrims who arrived in Rome came from Argentina: they were 200 and were received by the Holy Father on Jan. 1.

Belgium.

On the first of January the Holy Father congratulated Baron Beyens Belgian ambassador at the Vatican, for the exposition of the Congo missions in Rome. He said it was of the most beautiful and most interesting.

France.

Canon Rousselot died at Paris. During the war, he found a way for locating regularly the site and caliber of guns. He presented the French staff of war with instruments which made it possible to determine the exact spot of the German batteries. When the submarine war began, he devised a model of a microphone which helped to locate the presence of submarines. In 1920 Premier Herriot gave Canon Rousselot high praise, but nevertheless he continues to persecute the useless (?) priests of France.

Germany.

In Trier, a priest of the noble family of von Volzum, has just celebrated his twenty fifth anniversary in the priesthood. At the Mass, his brother, who is a Jesuit, assisted and two other brothers officiated, one as a deacon and the other as a sub-deacon. In the P. I. RICH people should endeavour to encourage more vocations to the priesthood in their families.

Holland.

A preacher wrote: the Dutch "Reformed" Church is on the way of losing her standing, not only as the people's church, but even as the largest denomination in Holland. Her place shall infallibly be taken by the Roman Church. It is very painful for every member of the "Reformed Church". However, it has but itself to blame. What is Protestantism? What an assemblage of birds of divers plumage! It is a unity that is no unity, a kingdom that is divided against itself, which neither knows nor serves God.

Italy.

More than 1,000,000, some say more than 2,000,000, and others

even say more than 3,000,000 pilgrims are expected to visit Rome during the Holy year. The railroads of Italy and even Switzerland are already now congested. A German Company guarantees to bring to Italy 900 Germans a day for the entire Holy year. It is planned to lodge them in portable houses set up on vacant lots of Rome. During 1924, buildings, whose total of rooms amounts to 30 000 were constructed. Of course the enemies of the Church try to stem the tide of pilgrims by spreading false rumors about impending revolutions in Italy. But Mussolini is still strong enough and above all the Italian people are wise enough not to disturb the peace of their country, for it would mean an enormous financial loss to the whole country.

Porto Rico.

The church of San German, Porto Rico, the second oldest church of the two Americas, built in 1537 by two Dominicans, and now falling into ruins, is to be repaired under the direction of Right Reverend Bishop Caruana, once a missionary in the Philippines.

Spain.

These last years there has been a great activity of Protestants in Spain. In Madrid alone there are twelve Protestant schools. The German immigration into Spain was accompanied by Lutheranism. The Catholics got alarmed. Lately a religious order of women was founded to open Catholic schools

there where protestant schools had been established. 70 of this kind until now have been opened, attended by 10,000 children, who otherwise would have been in Protestant schools and lost their Catholic Faith.

United States.

The following motion was adopted unanimously in the last annual meeting of the American Hierarchy: the Archbishops and Bishops of the country are urged to organize societies for the support of the Missions. In addition to the above a Sunday of the year is to be set aside as Mission Sunday, on which a collection will be taken up to enable those who are not members of the organized societies, to contribute nevertheless to the support of the missions.

Progress of the Catholic Faith

in various countries, during the last hundred years.

In Sweden and Norway the number of Catholics has increased from 10 to 5,547. In Denmark: from 1000 to 8,700. In Holland from 350,000 to 1,900,000. In Canada from 500,000 to 3,000,000. In United States from 400,000 to 17,855,000. In Australia from a few Irish exiles to 1,200,000. In Indo China in spite of the persecution and massacres, there are 1,200,000 Catholics. In Japan and Corea, where Catholicism has had liberty (often curtailed) for about thirty years, there are now 170,000 Catholics, while in 1822 there were only 10,000.



CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

A Baby Revolution in Nueva Ecija.

Many secret societies exist in Nueva Ecija. One of them composed of laborers, with branches in other provinces too, had for aim to take possession of the riches and fields of the rich. According to them; men are all equal or ought to be not only in their earthly possessions but also in thought and wisdom. Since a long time they had opposed the landowners. Many of these had asked for policemen to protect their rice against the aforesaid members of the K. K. K. and had refused to lend rice to the members of this secret society. At the beginning of March the secret society began to concentrate its forces, to attack the rich and the Government.

Happily the Constabulary got vents of the movements. The revolutionists were easily beaten and left a few of their members on the battlefield of San Jose. Peace seems to reestablished in Nueva Ecija.

A few questions: how is it possible that the police did not prevent the clash? How is it possible that they did not know earlier of the bolchevic plan? Where thousands belong to a society, not to be trusted as it is secret, the police ought to know anyway what is going on behind the curtains.

If they knew of the coming clash, why did they not capture the leaders before the bloodshed? Take well care: the people of the Philippines are robbed of their religion through neutral instruction of the Government. Conse-

quently the poor are not given what might console them in their poverty and refrain them from revenge when they suffer a wrong. The rich are robbed of what teaches them to be just towards the laborer and charitable towards the poor. Who saw wind, MUST harvest storms.

Take care: there are more secret societies in the Philippine Islands, whose doings should be investigated and known and whose members, if guilty of crimes, should be punished. What mean the "Mano negra," the "Sagrada Familia," and the "Santa Iglesia," all secret societies in Nueva Ecija and other provinces? Police! Find out the aims of these societies and what happens in their meetings.

Notwithstanding a new strike among some Filipino laborers in Hawaii, the president of the Hawaiian sugar plantations declared that, but for a few malcontents, all Filipino (some 40,000) laborers of Hawaii are happy and make money.

Now that an American commission of experts examines the intellectual capacity of Filipino children, the old discussion came up again, and more than ever, about the following question: should the Filipino children be taught in their own language or in English?

Both political parties, the Consolidados and Democratras, are working

24 hours a day to win the coming elections of June. It is funny to read how they accuse each other of frauds and scandals. The Democratras propose to fight Mr. Quezon in his own province of Tayabas. This is the first time the consolidado President of the Senate will meet opposition in his district. Some observers say he will lose the fight in his province. Others say his presidentship of the Senate will pass over to Mr. Osmeña. The Democratras however are at a loss of finding out means of whitewashing what is called the "school scandals" of Manila under Democratra administration. Both parties advocate immediate independence. The Democratras say they favor the Fairfield bill, for nothing better can be hoped at the time from the United States. The consolidados answer they do not favor the bill and will make this question of favoring or not favoring the Fairfield bill a national issue in the coming elections.

Justice Avanceña was nominated chief of the Supreme Court and Attorney general Villareal was appointed to the supreme bench.

If prices of copra and hemp have decreased, there has come to us a greater demand for Filipino hardwood.

A committee was appointed to study the question of how to restrict further immigration of Chinese into the Philippines.

Decidedly the Government has little chance in its several exploitations. The Cement factory lost P 300,000 last year. The National Coal Company property should be leased, if an offer is found, said the Governor General in union with Mr. Quezon. The Manila Hotel can not pay for the aforesaid losses, for last year it only gained about P 1,036.

The many secret societies of Negros Occidental are causing trouble to the Government and the peaceful citizens. Let it be noted that if in China there are numerous civil wars, these are greatly due to the numerous secret societies whose followers are called up when needed by the different chieftains. Look out well, police! Keep your eyes wide open.

Foreign

Belgium.

During the world war 1150 public buildings were destroyed, 355 schools, 237 churches, 100,000 houses and 1967 Km. first class roads. Since then 1040 public buildings, 350 schools, 234 churches, 93,000 houses and all the roads have been repaired or rebuilt at her own cost. But the taxes amount to 408 francs per capita, or about P 40, although England at the outbreak of the war declared most solemnly that Belgium's expenses for the war would be reimbursed up to the last cent.

Chile.

A Chilean regiment of soldiers mutinied on the first of March, but after a sergeant and a corporal were killed, the other soldiers submitted to the legitimate authority.

China.

Sun Yat Sen, the founder of the Chinese republic, has passed away. He was its first provisional president, and in 1921 its president. In the meantime China had become an oligarchy. Sun ruled for several years at Canton with Southern China as a

separate republic. His politics savored much of the Bolchevic tendencies. He was supported by the young Chinese who had studied abroad, especially in the United States, and expected from Sun's Government a position which otherwise they could not obtain from the old leaders. Sun as an administrator of his republic did very little outside of Canton. Lately he went to Peking to attend a meeting of the principal leaders of China after the victory of the Christian General. Actually the armies of the Northern party are gradually going southwards in an endeavor to subjugate the southern republic and make China one. Unhappily the anti-foreign feeling in China is running higher and higher every day. This very year may see as in 1899 a more or less general uprising in China against all foreigners, and of course the Church and the Missionaries may suffer much.

Germany.

The president of the German republic, Friedrich Ebert, died. The former saddlemaker passed away, when the Allies accused Germany of educating and keeping under all sorts of camouflage military officers and subalterns enough to mobilize a strong army whenever it wishes to do so. The Council of Ambassadors requested Marshal Foch and his colleagues of the committee of military control of the Allies, to make suggestions as how the Germans may be forced to comply with the disarmament clauses of the Versailles treaty. In the meantime Dr. Walter Simon has been chosen by the German Reichstag as president ad-interim of the republic. The new German President will be elected on March 29, says a dispatch of March 3.

Greece and Turkey.

Greece has sent a note to Turkey, protesting against the expulsion from Constantinople of the Patriarch Constantinus, the head of the Greek Church. Greece sees in the Greek Patriarch a defender of Greek prestige and material interests in Turkey. Hence her interest in keeping the Patriarch in Constantinople. The European Powers try their utmost to prevent war between Greece and Turkey, the latter having rejected the Greek proposal of submitting the controversy to the Hague.

International.

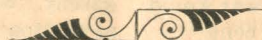
In an attempt to suppress the smoking of opium, the European powers with colonies in the Extreme Orient and the United States lately held a conference at Geneva. The United States proposed to suppress the opium traffic immediately. But the other Powers which have great revenues from opium, refused the proposition. Hence the failure of the Opium Conference.

Mexico.

Mexico has her own Aglipay, a Catholic priest, Joaquin Perez, who has started a Church of his own, a national Church with services in Spanish. With his few followers he intended lately to take possession of the famous shrine of Guadalupe. One was killed in the fight that followed, after which the police could keep order, among the manifestants.

Turkey.

The Kurds revolted against the Turks. At first victorious, the insurgents were later beaten by the Turkish regular troops.





QUESTION BOX

Questions unsigned will not be answered. Anonymous letters must find their way into the waste paper basket. We will not publish the names of those who send questions.

3. — *My father's desire when he was yet living was that I should finish my Intermediate studies. But after his death, I did not even finish Gr. VII, because I did not like being a boarder for I felt lonely in the College. Have I committed a sin?*

According to the IV Commandment of God, children have a triple obligation towards their parents: of love, reverence and obedience, for the parents take the place of God on earth to do for their children what God does not do directly, such as procuring food etc, for the body and education for the soul. Consequently the children must give proofs of love towards their parents, not only by praying for them and assisting them in their spiritual needs, by getting a priest for them when they are very sick, but they must also help them in their bodily needs, in their daily work and render them every service in their power. They must respect their parents as well-behaved and good children do. Against these two filial obligations a child may sin mortally when he does not show his love and respect for his parents, and it is no wonder how deeply pained his parents must feel. Such will undoubtedly happen when children do not support their parents in their need, or when they treat their parents roughly, calling them names, insulting them, beating them, or even lifting up their hands against their father or mother, or being ashamed of them on account of their poverty etc.

And now as to the duty of obedience in which you failed. To willfully disobey our parents in grave and lawful things is a mortal sin. To disobey them when we foresee that they will be really and truly sorry or angry at our doings is a grievous fault. In your case your father had a right to ask you to finish your intermediate to give you that catholic education he thought himself obliged in conscience to give to his child. Did your father however express that desire as an order, or simply mention it as a wish he would not have maintained, if he had seen your sorrow at the college? If he had expressed his desire as a formal order, then you have seriously disobeyed without a valid reason. If his desire was such that your unwillingness to continue your studies, would have made him very sorry, then your refusal to finish your intermediate was also a great fault.

If his desire, however, was expressed only as a desire, which he would not have maintained as an order in case you disliked to finish your intermediate, or if your refusal to finish the intermediate would not have vexed him very much, then there has not been a great sin.

In any case, to commit a mortal sin there must be full knowledge of the wrong committed, and as most probably you did not think you committed a great sin by not continuing your studies as your father desired, you have not committed a mortal sin.

If you were convinced you committed a venial sin by resisting the reasonable desire of your father, or if you thought he would have been only a little displeased, or if he did not express a formal order, but only a wish that he would have been very pleased to see you finish your intermediate, then you only committed a venial sin.

Where absence of the full knowledge of sin prevails there is no sin.

Note. If you stopped your studies with the permission of your tutor or mother, then the responsibility falls upon these persons.

If you had reached the age of 18 years, then you could decide for yourself.

4.—*I am now twenty three years of age. Two years ago, I did not fast on Fridays of Lent. Is it a great sin?*

Does fasting forgive sins?

All Catholics, 21 years of age, are strictly obliged to fast on the days appointed by the Church, unless they have a just excuse such as being too weak, having heavy work to perform, etc.

Fasting does not forgive sin, but it is a work of penance which satisfies for the temporal punishment due to sins. Besides fasting, after the guilt has been effaced by the Sacrament of Penance, lessens the evil dispositions and consequently temptations.



CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

Blessed Little Flower's fund for the Bokod Mission.

Received :	P 45.00
Acknowledged before.	387.00
Total.	432.00

Father Legrand's fund for the Bauco Mission.

A pupil of S. Sch.	P 2.00
A pupil of S. T.	0.50
From the "Chatterboxes' mite box" (two months)	23.00
Acknowledged before.	79.00
Total.	104.50

For the Missions.

P. Se.	P 20.00
For the mission of Dalupirip : St. Paul's Institute	25.00
C. T. 5.00; R. S. 5.00; S. M. 4.00; A. G. 2.00;	
Anonymous 14.00 :	30.00
Total	75.00

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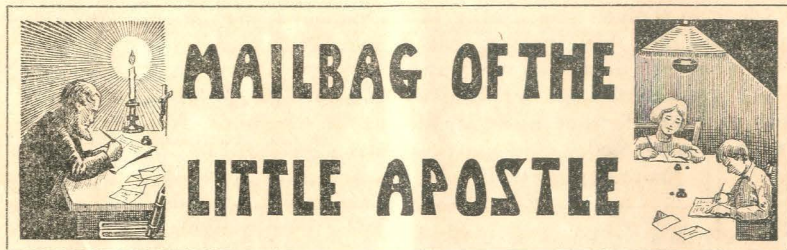
Rev. Encarnacion, Batangas, Batangas;
 Rev. Andres Marquez, Batangas, Batangas;
 Primitivo Lotino, Daraga, Albay; Dolores Abola, Manila; Cathedral Free School: Zoilo Arlalejo; Isabelo Ronquillo: Vicente Pusaag; Concepcion Ricafort, Magallanes, Sorsogon; Msgr. Hilarion Jamias, Ilagan, Isabela.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

19 materials are needed to make the 201 parts of a telephone which is so delicate that it carries a whisper, yet so rugged that it gives many years of constant and valuable service. They are: silver, iron, copper, tin, zinc, gold, lead, nickel, platinum, aluminum, mica, shellac, wool, silk, flax, rubber, cotton, asphalt and coal. What kind attention on the part of God for having produced all these! What love!



The conclusion that Latin students surpass non-Latin students in mastery of other subjects, has been reached by the American Classical League and the American Bureau of Education after a survey of the present-day trend and value of classical studies. "This superiority," says the Bureau, in reporting the conclusions, "seems to be due to something gained from the study of Latin rather than to greater initial ability." Records of 10,000 candidates for college entrances in the past ten years were cited to show that Latin students fared better by about 13 per cent than non-Latin students in subjects other than Greek and Latin.



MAILBAG OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE

For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letters to *The Little Apostle, Box 1393, Manila*

Dear Readers of the "Little Apostle."

An Irish soldier in a German prison during the war was rather very short of money as well as of food. Nearly in despair, he wrote a letter to St. Patrick, asking his Patron to send him 10 dollars, and he dropped it into the mail box of the prison. The German officials sent the native message of Pat to a charitable organization in England. Of course there was a general laugh at its bureau when the letter was read aloud. But wishing to play a joke on Pat, all the members offered a contribution and sent \$5 they had gathered by letter to Pat, signing it with the name of "St. Patrick," as if He himself had sent the money "c/o the English charitable organization for captive soldiers." Pat received the letter and was overjoyed at the sight of \$5. He wrote a letter of thanks to St. Patrick, but remembering he had asked for \$10, Pat added a note to his new message saying: "Please, the next time you send me money, do not send it c/o any English organization, for the scoundrels might again retain half of what you send."

Like Pat, I tell you, dear readers, the next time you send alms or subscriptions to the "Little Apostle," do not send it by simple and ordinary mail, but by registered letter or by Money Order.

This is what the Senior class of the Holy Rosary College of Vigan did: P15.00 arrived in due time. Where did they get them, you might ask? Read their letter:

Dear Rev. Father Vandewalle.

We are sending you the small sum

of P15.00 for the missions. Can you guess how we got it? It was on the 23rd of January, the third day of our town fiesta. There was a prize for a typical drill contest. Desirous to win the offered prize, twelve of us from the Rosary Academy organized a typical Negrito dance with musical instruments characteristic of this savage tribe. We went to the Auditorium without the slightest hope of winning (dear Readers: do you believe they had no hope of winning?) for we had formidable rivals (well if so, the honor of winning is so much the greater), but we WON the prize of P30.00. After all our expenses were paid, we were left the happy possessors of P15. At first we did not know what to do with the money (whenever one finds himself in such a perplexity, just drop a letter to the "Little Apostle" and a gratuitous advice will be sent by mail). A thousand suggestions were made, but after all what better could we do than to help the Igorotes? We won the prize by converting ourselves into Negritos for a few hours; it is but right that we should offer the prize for the conversion of all the Pagans everywhere.

Now Father, we bid you goodbye only for a time, for we hope to communicate with you very soon (the sooner and the oftener the better!) to send again something from

THE SENIOR CLASS.

And in the meantime a little girl from the Sacred Heart Academy, Tuguegarao, wrote a letter saying: when I was reading the "Little Apostle," I was very much interested in these poor Igorotes. That is why I am sending

this small sum of money: ₱5.00 to help them in their needs. Father, I promise you that I will say at least one "Our Father" for them every day, and may Our Lord hear our simple prayers and grant that all of them may soon be converted.

Yours respectfully,
Ana Angco.

And in Ana's envelope was found another small letter, a precious enclosure, which must nearly have expressed what Ana's Guardian Angel would have said to God the same day she made the sacrifice of her fortune. It read thus "Ana Angco is a charming child, always ready to forget and sacrifice herself to render service to others and to give pleasure to God."

And so are nearly all the girls in our Catholic Colleges where they are so well taken care of. Nay the Little Tots of the Gr. IV of Saint Teresa's Academy who had promised to pay one centavo whenever they would say a word during silence time in the class and who kept a mite box — "the chatter-boxes' mite box for the missions of the Mountain Province," are they not a living example of what good teaching may do for children to make them practice charity? The other day, just before vacation began, they offered ₱17.00, the contents of the famous mite box. I do not say that this sum was collected from fines . . . oh no . . . only part of it came from their tongue . . . but the other and greater part came from voluntary mortifications offered during Lent when instead of buying candies with their pennies, they remembered these already published verses:

One centavo and then another
Till the mission box is full.
One peso and then another
For the Missioners to pull.
One bee-like worker then another
By their steady and constant motion
Help build our schools and chapels
For our Converts's true devotion.

We also received the following letter from our friends of the Catholic School of A. P.

February 17, 1925.

Dear Reverend Father:

We are again sending you another 5 Pesos for our dear Igorot friends.

Father we can send this money because we do not eat so much candies and fruit; we put all our centavos in our Igorot box. When we see the other girls eating candies and fruit, we should like to eat also, but our teacher says that if we keep our centavos for the Igorots, we will have much candy in heaven.

We like to send much but we are not rich and our parents do not give us centavos every day. We love the Igorots very much and like to see them knowing God. Every day we pray for them in the class. Father, tell our friends to pray for us.

We all want to go to the third grade but our teacher says we will not go because we are not very good.

We are 40 little girls.

Second grade Girls.

Dear children, your Igorot friends certainly will pray for you and you may be confident that you will pass a good examination. "We are not very good" you say, but we wish that all the girls of the Philippine Islands were as good as you are.



Many children promised to work for the "Little Apostle" during vacation. I wonder how many new subscriptions will drop in? It is up to you, dear students, to keep your promises. Help God's work and He will help you. Try, try again. See your little friends. Show them your "Little Apostle." Tell them it costs only a peso a year and then . . . try, try again. For which, together with the Senior Class, Miss Angco, the kind "chatterboxes", the second grade of A. P., etc" receive the most sincere thanks of the "Little Apostle."

Rev. O. Vandewalle.

P. O. B. 1393.

Manila, P. I.

For the Little Tots



A Pair of Bosom Friends

THESSE two inseparable friends lived together in a great big house in the Philippines. There were never two greater thieves in these grand Catholic Islands, the most Catholic in the Orient.

I am very fond of animals and never like to see them suffer. But now I have to be uncharitable and speak openly against the two bosom friends: Mr. Monkey and Mrs. Cat.

One day this jolly pair found their way into the kitchen, where some fine camotes were roasting in the ashes. The monkey longed to get some, but clever fellow as he is, he did not wish to burn his fingers. He was also a cunning fellow, however, and soon hit on a plan for getting what he wanted.

Turning to the cat, he said, (in Tagalog most probably): "Now, dear friend, this is the very time for you to show the skill which nature has given you. Look at these fine camotes; how cleverly

you could snatch them on the floor! We must sacrifice ourselves for our fellow creatures! It would be fine revenge too on that crosspatch of a cook, who always drives us away with a broomstick if she finds us near the larder. I would gladly do it myself; but then...you know... my paws are so rough and awkward... it would be a chance, and ten to one, if I did not tumble all the camotes into the fire."

The cat, pleased with the monkey's words, set to work hic et nunc. She managed to get out some of the camotes, which the cunning monkey caught and devoured. Poor puss got more than one sting, and began to think the fun was not worth the trouble; but she would not give up, least the monkey would think her awkward and unfriendly to him.

Meanwhile the cook came in; and as soon as Mr. Monkey heard her step, off he scrambled to a safe corner. Puss was found with a ca-

mote in her paw (only one alas!) and though she had not eaten one of them, she was punished as a thief, and came in for a sound and well-administered thrashing.

"Well, she said to herself, this shall be a lesson to me for the future. I have singed my paws, lost my

one camote and got a spanking; and all because I was foolish enough to choose a *bad companion*".

And from that day she was never seen with the mischievous monkey.

Alas! there are lots of monkeys in the world, but how many cats are there?

St. Joseph's Saw

Saint Joseph was a carpenter
And humbly plied his trade
At Nazareth, where Mary dwelt,
The pure and humble maid.



One day he left his shop at noon
To take his frugal meal
When lo! the mischiefmaker
came,
The devil in did steal.



He spied the saw with pointed
teeth

All standing in a row.
"Ha, ha, he cried, revenge is
sweet"

Then bent them to and fro.



Alas his work brought but dis-
grace.

In rage he sought the door,
For now the saw cut better far
Than it had done before.



To hinder us from doing good,
He tries, but e'er must frown:
For all his efforts merely place
New jewels in our crown.

A Hard Thing to Do

When Robert J. Burdette was a boy he called his mother upstairs one day and asked her to "whip John (his brother) and to whip him good."

"But what has little Johnny been doing?" inquired the mother.

"Why, he wants half of the bed to himself," said Bob.

"Well, he is entitled to half," said Mother Burdette.

"Mebbe he is," whimpered Bob, "but he wants his half in the mid-

dle of the bed and wants me to sleep on both sides of him."

Riddles

Answer to the Riddles of last month:

A. 3. Because he has been to see (sea).

A. 4. O. I. C. U.

Riddles for this month:

Q. 5. When are the streets of a town most greasy?

Q. 6. What is bought by the yard and worn by the foot?

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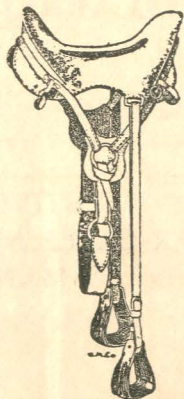
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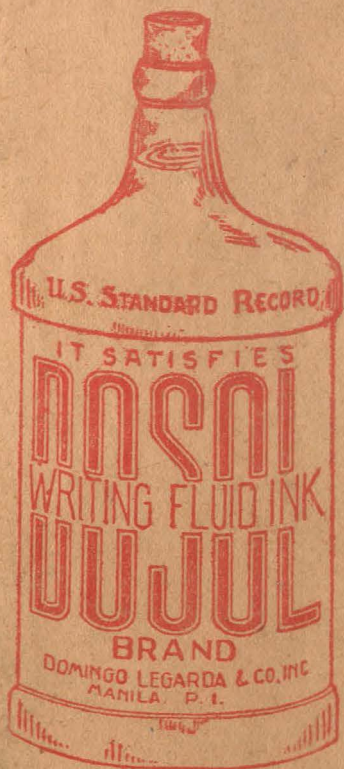
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