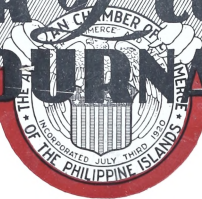


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Vol. 8, No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1928



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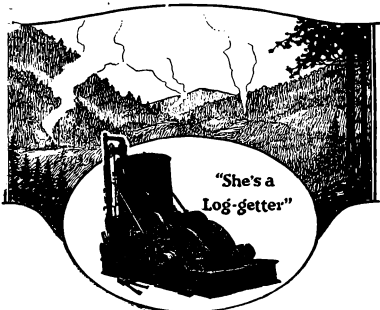
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The Little Town of Cuenca in Batangas

II

It is a hard task, words and their portents being what they are, and mental inertia what it is, effectually to erase the *v* from *they* in allusions to foreign peoples. Yet it is an important thing to do, here in the Philippines, and to make Americans know not as *they* to Filipinos, but as Browns, Smiths, Roes and Does, and Filipinos known to Americans not as *they*, but as Morenos, Herreros, Fulanos de Tal; or, in other words, to bring it out that *they* applied to whole peoples means nothing, that a people is only to be known by strangers through a knowledge of individuals and individual communities.

Such was the fugitive thought in mind, still unreduced to words when the first article was written, which induced the *Journal* to undertake a brief study of the native Tagalog culture of Cuenca, a little town in Batangas, southern Luzon. For Cuenca is very old, but has had neither native nor foreign immigration and remains little affected by foreign culture save that of the Church.

Where customs have not run contrary to Christian doctrine, under the Spanish church they have usually been left alone; and Tagalog customs are so tenacious, as will be seen, that some of them have persisted despite the fact that they run counter to doctrine. It seems as if there would be three articles in all, this being the second, the first having been published in the October issue.

Social customs of Cuenca will appear in the third article, and the fourth if the material

rungs to that length. Let it be said that Cuenca folk cannot in fairness to them be lumped into a general *they* with the Filipinos as a whole. They are veritable Puritans (in culture, only Roman Catholic in religion), and distinct, of course, in this respect, from many other native communities. Then, too, they are all peasants; their wealthy families are wealthy peasant families; these families hold firmly to the town's customs and traditions. These families would no more dare *put on airs* than would a rich Connecticut plantation family have so dared at the time of the Revolution. Their wealth is in the land, ostracism by their neighbors would undo them. In Cuenca, and in other communities which are similar, it is a reproach to be called proud. More than that, it is decidedly inconvenient.

Yet Cuenca folk are all unconsciously proud; they take intuitive pride in being frugally independent. Their crops are upland rice, hemp, coconuts and coffee; to these they add garden products, tobacco, for their own use, and fruits. They weave much of the cloth they need, from hemp fiber; they have products to exchange for the imported cloth they use. Pedlars, from Bauan, a neighboring town, bring packs of cloth to Cuenca on Sundays, since Sunday is market day; in these packs are blankets, mats, camisas, and goods suitable for skirts, chemises and men's coats. With something sold in the market, households have the wherewithal to buy.

To know what the world was like before the advent of the industrial revolution, know Cuenca.

Even these pedlars from Bauan are not pedlars all the time; they too work the land in season; the land claims everyone, high or low, at least during a part of the year.

Cuenca has craftsmen, such as carpenters; but they combine their trade with farming. All Cuenca men are fishermen, but they are all farmers too. There is little division of labor; he who can weave a fish net can likewise shape a plow beam; he goes from lake or sea to field, from field to stream; he can snare the deer and the wild boar, and set a trap for birds. Cuenca women are equally dexterous at the loom and in the rice field; they can thresh rice, with their bare feet; they can macerate fiber in a mortar, then select and knot it for weaving; and she who weaves can thread her loom and spindle.

Just over 120 years ago, when General Alava (he for whom the commandant's yacht is named) was at Cavite with his squadron in anticipation of an attack by the French, while waiting for the war which never came he made a tour of the provinces round Manila, with his friend Father Zuñiga of the Augustinian order as his cicero. After this tour, Father Zuñiga compiled a report, two volumes, *Estadismo de las Islas Filipinas*. This report anticipated the Angat irrigation project; the project to divert the flood waters of the Pasig through a canal traversing Pasay, the project to control floods in central Luzon, and many another of the projects which are now being executed by the government.

Father Zuñiga not only said all these things could be done, but, with his knowledge as a skillful engineer, he told precisely how they could be done and forecast very accurately the

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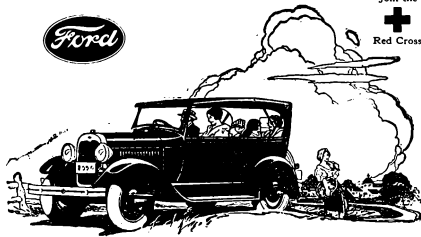
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economic results. He made many helpful observations regarding Batangas; indeed, at least the first volume of his report might well be translated and made a reference in the public works bureau. "But," he never failed to wind up, "while all this could be done, with results as I have stated them, making the people more prosperous, I am not sure that they would be more happy!"

In England, Chesterton and Shaw have been the active protagonists on the opposing sides of this moot question for twenty years; those holding with Chesterton mourn the age of merry Charles; those who hold with Shaw recall its horrors for the poor. But in Cuenca we behold even an earlier and a happier age, or about the age which prevailed in England prior to the Norman conquest. In America it was much later; Pennsylvania at the period of the Revolution was, in its peaceful, remote settlements, much like Cuenca today.

Of course these are approximations, not profound exactitudes.

Too poor to own boats, and too far from the sea and from Taal lake, Cuenca men lash six bamboo poles into a raft, and use such rafts to do their fishing from. They catch sardines, mullet, milk fish, red snapper, gobies and pompanos. They catch cardinals. They seine both lake and sea, taking fishermen's luck at their fortune. Sometimes the catch is small, there are no fish to sell, possibly not even enough to eat. But sometimes the catch is large, there are plenty of sardines to salt and dry and take to Batangas and Lipa—where there are folk with more money and less skill as fishermen living.

For the game fish, Cuenca men set up a pole in the shallow shore waters and tie a line to it which, with hook baited sagaciously, is carried out a quarter-mile or so, to the deep waters where

the game fish are found. When a fish strikes, the pole wiggles; the men mount their rafts and make a fight for it. It is fine sport, and, in rough weather, dangerous enough for the hardest. Cuenca boys swim like eels.

Aside from what they make for themselves, of hemp, fishermen outfit themselves on calle Gandara, Binondo, Manila.

There is so little for blacksmiths to do in Cuenca that they do not live there. Good ones live in Bauan. Cuenca horses are shod in Bauan, and Bauan bolos, highly prized, are sold on Sundays in the Cuenca market. In no other province of the civilized Philippines is the bolo more indispensable to men than in Batangas, where it is strictly connected with the enforcement of customs. It is at once a tool and a weapon; its razor edge is a part of social etiquette. Because the people of Cuenca are a simple, frugal, abstemious folk, no one should conclude that they are craven. There are conditions under which they must kill, or be ready to kill; and they are always ready.

"Custom," said oldtime copybooks, "makes many laws," you could filigree the "C". Some two years ago a learned thesis was sustained in the *Atlantic Monthly* that only custom does make law; the erudite writer mottled the United States with *dry* territory where the prohibition enforcement act is law, and *wet* territory where it is a nullity. He also cited many examples throughout the story of mankind, as might readily be done here. But it is unnecessary.

The elemental fact is that back in the mists of time the law of the bolo was, by custom, the law of Batangas, specifically the law of Cuenca, and in this modern day it is not more than obsolescent.

The story, however, belongs in another paper, that for next month.

a church, *sacrillegium*; he who abused a money trust, *barattaria*; he who cheated in business, *stellionatus*; he who conjured, *sorcellaria*; and so on down the grim list, to *paricide*, *uxoricide*, *heresy* and *treason*.

A woman of tender years and innocent pulchritude played a part quite unwillingly in Salcedo's downfall.

Don Diego de Salcedo, master of camp, arrived in the Philippines as royal governor for Philip IV in 1663. Born in Brussels of a Spanish father and Flemish mother, both of the nobility, Salcedo bore the name of a just and impartial governor and cavalier. Of commanding stature and well proportioned, with gray eyes, fair skin, jet mustachios and gray abundant hair, he was the ideal figure of a ruler. The galleon on which he came was delayed in sailing from Mexico on account of Dutch and British corsairs. The season grew late and when the galleon finally reached the Philippines it was forced to make port at Pansipit, Cagayan, whence Salcedo came overland to Manila. The city prepared a pompous reception, with ornate triumphal arches, bands of music, public parading and addresses of unbounded laudation. Manila always did so for its newly arrived governors; it does so still; but in Spanish times, at the close of their terms they either became prisoners on account of their rigid *residencia* or lost through fines whatever competence or wealth they had accumulated.

With Salcedo came some score of captains, veterans of the campaigns in Flanders, to whom he gave the places vacated by the retiring officials. A pretty niece of Archbishop Poblete seems also to have been a passenger on the galleon—a piece of inflammable baggage on a ship destined to be so long at sea. The gallant governor was soon a victim to her beauty, and she is said to have returned his admiration. Archbishop Poblete took umbrage at Salcedo's conduct, and his irritation soon grew into hatred or a feeling near akin to it. The bishop's nephew, José Millan de Poblete, was bishop likewise of Nueva Segovia. Of course, therefore, the clergy took up the petty incident; they only needed trifles upon which to hang resentment. Though Salcedo came with a reputation for honesty, justice and integrity, reports were soon reaching Spain that the soldier had turned the merchant. This we can safely put down as mere bitterness toward him. He had reallocated space in the annual galleon; the greater portion had been engrossed by the clergy themselves. We may believe the slanders just that, slanders—complaints of the out's against the in's.

Trouble also arose in connection with the two *oidores* who came out with Salcedo on the galleon. They disembarked in Cagayan and the youngest, Mansilla, was more able to make a quick trip overland to Manila than his senior in rank, *Oidor* Francisco Coloma. So before Coloma came Mansilla had been officially received and had taken his seat in the *Audiencia* (the supreme court), and Coloma upon arrival was forced to take the seat of junior member. This situation caused endless controversy and in the end almost cost the sticklers for precedent their lives. However, they were saved by the storm that soon loosed itself over the incident

An Incident of the Inquisition

By PERCY A. HILL

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. In the Year of Our Lord one thousand six hundred and sixty-eight before me, Fray Joseph Paternina, Grand Inquisitor and Commissary of the Holy Office, appeared this day Sebastian, surnamed Rayodoria, who having sworn by the salvation of his soul and with his hand of the Four Holy Evangelists to state nothing but the truth hereby sayeth:"—The foregoing, in old Latin, appears on a document relating very clearly indeed the story—too much glossed over in what is being written these days as history—of the part played by the Inquisition in the drama of the unfortunate governor general, Don Diego de Salcedo.

The Spanish Inquisition was established in the Philippines as early as 1583, but at no time did it function as it did either in Spain or Mexico. The Commissary was a friar of the regular orders; following custom, he was often unknown in his official character except to a few; but his word was law in all that related to doctrine and religion. Originally founded by St. Dominic, the Inquisition's chief purpose was to extirpate heresy; but it often lent itself to other purposes, demonstrating that however holy its office might be, it would occasionally at least partake

of the frailties of the very human individuals required for the execution of its functions. Instruments of torture not only existed in Santo Domingo convent, but in Fort Santiago and the *Audiencia* as well. And during the good old times they were used, but few of their subjects cared to publish what they had experienced. The Inquisition did not conduct in Manila, or elsewhere in the Philippines, any *autos de fe*, for the obvious reason that the Chinese and Moros would only have been too willing to resort to the law of reprisal, with disastrous results for the Spaniards.

But the crown, the boot, the *presa* and the rack have all been seen in Manila, where they functioned for the Inquisition; while the salt, the pebble and water as means to extract liberal confession were known long before the advent of the Spaniards and made use of long afterward. Painfully exact Latin documents of the early period defined all crimes and prescribed the degrees of pain and torture necessary for confession under duress. A member of a gang of robbers committed *latrocinium*; he who won the affections of another's wife, *adulterium*; he who used a false name, *larvatus*; he who committed forgery, *falsorium*; he who robbed

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of Salcedo's reallocation of the galleon space and spent its fury on the head of the well-meaning governor.

Like so many royal governors, Salcedo began with a high resolve to conduct a just and impartial government for his King; but as time went on the petty annoyances from the clergy seem to have changed his otherwise admirable nature. It is a strange thing that the clergy dwelling within the walls of the city seemed always moved by meddlesome propensities, and yet their brethren who labored all through the islands exhibited the true Christian spirit. In Manila Salcedo formed the habit of prowling about incognito, to observe just what was going on, detect abuses and hear what the people themselves had to say of his administration. Stories regarding his justice are related, somewhat reluctantly by the historian monks, who never ascribed the motive of justice to what Salcedo did.

In the rough garb of a mariner he was once walking along Bagumbayan and at a point about where the new Legislative Building stands he approached a Spaniard taking his ease and smoking on a bench near Bagumbayan church. When Salcedo asked which of two paths led to Pandacan, the Spaniard demanded between puffs that he uncover before addressing him. Distinctions of rank were sharp in those days.

The governor took off his rough cap. "To the right," said the man. "Pardon me, but what rank do you hold?" Salcedo ventured.

"Guess!" was the vainglorious rejoinder. Then began a Jacob's ladder in guessing ranks. "Alferez," said Salcedo. "Higher," said the stranger.

"Captain?"
"Higher!"
"Comandante?"
"Yes, comandante; and Caballero del Orden de Santiago, bestowed upon me by the Duke of Olivares himself."

Salcedo bowed as though profoundly impressed, and started walking on toward Pandacan. "Hold on!" cried the haughty smoker. "Now answer my questions or I shall chastise you! What rank do you hold?"

"Guess!"
When he had gone from simple *alferez* to general and master of camp, the startled smoker was quickly on his feet. Throwing away his cigar he exclaimed, "You must be His Excellency himself. Please pardon me!" And Salcedo replied there was nought to pardon: "I asked you a question and you gave me an answer. But, sir, you possess none of our native Castilian courtesy and God Almighty and the King together cannot make you a gentleman. Good day!"

His habit of personal inspection of his city fine ended him into an unpleasant incident with the church, from which came his ruin.

The priors of the regular orders had commanded the monks to keep regular hours in response to suggestions from Rome; they were usually jealous of their prerogatives, so it was well that the priors assumed without too strict investigation that the new hours would be kept.

But strolling one evening near the Franciscan church, Salcedo met a portly friar taking his pleasure long after the hour when he should have returned to the convent, where Salcedo went directly, made himself known and when received by the prior asked how many monks made up the convent community.

"Fifty-seven. Your Excellency."
"And there are now only fifty-six," said Salcedo. "Call them together and find out the missing brother, that his name may be struck out."

The list was produced, the roll called: not even fifty-six, but only fifty-one presented themselves. Salcedo was strict about matters of honor. He attempted to have the archbishop issue an order that when the six missing monks presented themselves they should be refused admission and never permitted to return. He was of course unsuccessful, but the affair rankled; it was taken by the monks in conjunction with their reduced privileges in the galleon commerce: they bided their time without much thought of reforms in their convents; against Salcedo they kept up their campaign of petty calumnies.

There was one man upon whom they might particularly depend. He had hated Salcedo cordially almost from the day of the latter's arrival in Manila. His name was Sebastian Rayodoria, who had been made a general of the galleys some years before by Governor General Manrique de Lara. He had done de Lara a service by marrying a cast-off woman of this passing devotion: the rank of general of the galleys had been his reward.

He had risen, too; at the time of Salcedo's arrival in Manila he was *alcalde* of Tondo; but he either fancied or actually received a personal slight from the new governor, and became his deadly enemy. Gossip had no doubt made the man extremely sensitive, while he seems besides to have been naturally of a mean and avaricious disposition. A royal decree which later sentenced him declared he had used "diabolic art and cunning words" to wreak petty vengeance on a royal governor.

He drew within his net the old master of camp, Don Agustin Cepeda, and others also—unworthy men whose false testimony was taken before the Commissary of the Inquisition.

Archbishop Poblete was elderly, but obstinate about the rights and dignities of his high office in his relations with secular officials, while he was but a puppet of the friars.

The King had ordered a *ración* to be given to Father Diego de Cartagena, an expelled Jesuit who had been sent to the colony. Archbishop Poblete had the disposition of such

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offices, so the order was referred to him. By advice of the friars he refused to obey the order, an attitude on his part which provoked a long wrangle before matters were finally straightened out in a manner somewhat satisfactory to the royal decree. Archbishop Poblete went so far as to write to the King complaining against Salcedo, who in reprisal refused to pay the capitularies from the royal funds, alleging with apparent reason that those who drew a salary

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from the King ought at least render him service as well as loyalty.

Thus, and quite as usual, the merry war between church and state went on. The office of Dean became vacant. It was partly in the power of the governor to fill this office, and the archbishop especially desired it for a favorite of his nephew, Fray José de Millan. The archbishop arrived by appointment at the palace for a consultation with the governor. He was kept waiting fifteen minutes; chairs had been removed from the anteroom, "with malice aforethought," declares the chronicler; Archbishop Poblete stood impatiently, until a page stepped out and said Salcedo would receive him. He swept into the presence of the governor, but was somewhat coldly received and it appeared he should have no favors. He said however he had come to make peace, later mentioning names of two of his claimants for the Deanship, whom Salcedo would not consider. Instead, he reproached the prelate with fomenting trouble among the clergy and with writing complainingly to the King. When with equal heat the prelate denied the charges, a side door opened and the Fiscal of the King, one Corbera, stepped into the room and said simply that the charges were true, naming at the same time *Oidor* Juan Manuel as witness.

Speechless but consumed with wrath, Archbishop Poblete left the governor's palace hurriedly and retired to his own.

It is recorded that as a consequence of the event he "took sick with a mortal sadness" and died December 7, 1667. The day following had long been set aside publicly as the day for swearing fealty to the new King, Charles II, old King Philip IV having passed away; and according to custom the order had been given to refrain from ringing bells until after the ceremony of swearing fealty to the new Lord of Spain, when the acclamation became general. Nevertheless, Archbishop Poblete's funeral was not delayed; as the cortege passed through the Santo Domingo gate all the bells rang without a hint of objection from Salcedo. The body was embalmed, and after the ceremony of fealty it was buried with every due observance and respect, Salcedo himself being one of the pallbearers and garbed in mourning.

But Rayodoria and the friars in Manila convents were treasuring up their own stories about Salcedo's whole conduct.

Fray Juan Maldonado, the Commissary of the Inquisition, having died, the post was applied for by an ambitious and ascetic monk named Joseph Paternina. He was not a Dominican, but after certain cunning machinations in Mexico he was duly appointed and came to the Philippines. He was at once placed in rapport with all the intrigues and controversies here, and the complaints against Salcedo. Sebastian Rayodoria and the friars left nothing to be desired in piling up evidence against the governor; nor was it hard to persuade the new Commissary that here was a case of which the Holy Office should take official cognizance. Surely, for he had been informed that Salcedo was a heretic, having been born in Brussels; that he had curtailed the liberty of the regular

orders, having reduced their cargo space in the annual galleons; that his actions were open to the suspicion that he was not a son of the Church, he having refused to permit the bells to be tolled in memory of Archbishop Poblete, or the body to be embalmed. Paternina was solemnly assured that all these actions could be proved by the sworn testimony of General Sebastian Rayodoria, various priors of the friar convents in Manila, Don Juan Tirado, the commander of the garrison, Captain Nicolas Muñoz de Pamplona, and others besides. Grand Inquisitor Paternina resolved to take action.

Governor Salcedo had heard rumors of the process Fray Joseph was preparing against him, but he felt confident none would dare take such a step, as he was innocent of any wrong doing. However, he placed no great confi-

dence in the arch traitor, Sebastian Rayodoria. Captain Nicolas Muñoz de Pamplona, Sergeant-Major Juan Tirado, Captain Viscarra and the senile old master of camp, Agustin de Cereceda, who placed his nephew in command of the guards, especially for the occasion and ordered the halberdiers to make no move no matter what sounds they might hear in the palace.

Fray Joseph Paternina, Grand Inquisitor, and Commissary of the Inquisition, was attired according to the garb decreed for the incumbent of the Holy Office. There accompanied him four Familiars in the tall cowls, with openings for eyes and nose, and the dark robes prescribed by the Inquisition centuries before. The officers were of course in military uniform; there were with them six privates, all privy to the plot.

General Rayodoria tiptoed up the stairs and awoke the aged Filipino woman asleep at Salcedo's bedroom door. He told her they were all posthaste from the factor, Verastegui, with the silver subsidy which had arrived unexpectedly on the galleon *Buen Socorro*. The faithful old servant had time neither to believe nor doubt the lie. She was transfixed and speeches with fear, for beyond the stooping form of Rayodoria, whispering to her a needless tale, she observed the other conspirators in their hideous garments, approaching with flaming torches. Holding out a Crucifix, the Commissary enjoined her to kiss the Cross and make no effort to awaken the governor. Stricken with spiritual and physical terror, she could but obey for she could neither move nor speak. They pushed past her, opening the door. The governor was sound asleep in the estate bed. The rich hangings partly concealed him, but the conspirators could see the arms ready for defense and close at hand.

A night light was burning on a table nearby; it feebly illumined the room.

The conspirators acted quickly if not boldly. They crossed the room, seized the arms and pulled the curtains of the bed down upon the unhappy Salcedo, smothering him in their folds. Unable to resist, he was secured at once with heavy manacles and chains and informed that he was a prisoner of the Inquisition. As they snapped the *grillos* round his wrists, he asked if they had no pity for their crime. Some one answered disrespectfully, and was rebuked by Rayodoria, who perhaps began to feel some compunction for his vile conduct. But the arrest proceeded. They placed the governor in a hammock and carried him from the palace by the secret stairway leading to the postern gate. Salcedo was of course but half clad. After the one question he maintained silence whilst they took him to the Franciscan convent and guarded him closely throughout the remainder of the night.

Next morning, for greater safety, they took him to the residence of Don Diego de Valencia; but as this too appeared to be unsafe, they removed him finally to the dungeons below the San Agustin convent.

Salcedo had at once observed that no amount of expostulation would have any effect on them; he knew the breed, but he still hoped that public



San Miguel Parish Church, Manila

dence in the palace guards, knowing them to be afraid of the friars. He therefore slept with his naked sword under his pillow and two or three loaded trabucos within convenient reach from his bed, in case any assassin might gain entrance in the night. But his greatest trust was placed in an old Filipino woman whose family had received favors, at his hand. She attended him faithfully and slept across the door of his chamber, with orders to give the alarm if anything untoward occurred.

On October 9, 1668, the Grand Inquisitor had finished the process. He summoned the conspirators together to make the arrest. They

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opinion would make itself heard: he was to learn from the most bitter experience what so many others have learned since, faint is the shadow and less the substance of public opinion in Manila. Is it not strange, not a hand was lifted in behalf of a just and exalted official, the victim of an intrigue nursed at the noisome bosom of an obsolete practice? The reply is that it was in the Philippines.

The *alcaldes* reported the incident to the *Oidores*: the wrangle between Mansilla and Coloma began to flame afresh; but it gave no relief to Salcedo and does not concern us here. The process taken in secret was not disclosed to him, as it was to be sent with him to Mexico and the officials of the Inquisition there.

The cell in which he was immured in the San Agustín dungeons is constructed of hard granite. It is provided with heavy chains, leg manacles, attached to huge staples in the walls. The door is fitted with cumbersome locks and bolts; the whole appears the same today as when its illustrious occupant was imprisoned there by the Inquisition, 250 years ago. It is not usually believed that Salcedo was subjected to torture, but of this we cannot be sure. Fray Joseph's vile behavior was not limited to the arrest. He professed fear that the prisoner might escape, and had him loaded with more chains a few days prior to Christmas. Salcedo remained valiant, helpless and suffering as he was. He exhibited the dignity of a Christian cavalier during his entire imprisonment. His own confessor was permitted to visit him; he spurned impatiently the services of any of the regular clergy; that is, the friars. He was their unhappy victim. We can imagine his feelings, a high and trusted official of the King thrown down from his exalted post by the secret machinations of cunning enemies; bereft of aid, and even necessities; bitterest draught of all, abandoned by those to whom he had shown favors, men dearer in his personal debt than the most loyal gratitude might repay.

Salcedo was first put off for Mexico in a *patache* built by him in happier times and baptized with his name, Diego; but this ran aground and had to put back to Cavite for repairs. Salcedo was ill. He was taken from the *patache* and imprisoned at Guadalupe, a sort of stronghold of the Augustinians on a height on the right bank of the Pasig, up stream, a few miles above Manila, often used as a place of convalescence. From Guadalupe Salcedo was removed to Los Baños, that he might take the waters there; and when he had somewhat recovered he was placed aboard the galleon *San Telmo*, now ready to sail for Acapulco with a Familiar of the Holy Office aboard with the charges.

The long voyage was monotonous. It was too tedious for Salcedo's pride to bear. With indignities and calumnies, his noble spirit had been wounded to death; in mid ocean he died, giving up the ghost bravely, as became a gentleman and a Christian. His body was committed to the deep without benefit of clergy—as that of a prisoner and suspect of that dreadful institution—the Spanish Inquisition.

But in due time the case was presented, not to the Inquisition, but to the supreme court of Mexico. In uncertain terms that testimony denounced the whole procedure and demanded that the Commissary, Fray Joseph Paternina, and the witnesses who had made such statements be arrested and sent to Mexico for punishment. And so there was perturbation in Manila. Tirado fled. Rayodoria died and his property was confiscated by the State. Nicolas Muñoz de Pamplona was degraded, to serve as a common soldier for ten years, in Cebu. Paternina's own imprisonment was of course hushed up by the clergy, who desired no publicity to air the unjust proceedings to the public; but he, the Grand Inquisitor and Commissary of the Inquisition, was nevertheless sent the same year to Mexico as a State prisoner—and on the very same galleon, the *San Telmo*, on which his unhappy victim had sailed a prisoner on the previous voyage.

There occurred, too, a coincidence as strange as any in fiction.

With Fray Joseph aboard, the *San Telmo* left Cavite for the long traverse. Passing

through San Bernardino Straits and sweeping up into the region of storms between the 30th and 40th parallels, it reached at last that track across the Pacific known to the superstitious mariners of the time as the *graveyard of Doña María de la Jara* because of the grim record



Franciscan Monastery Church, Walled City

of lives lost in making the long crossing. The *San Telmo* took almost precisely the same course as she had on the previous voyage; and the galleon's captain, a bluff Viscaino, was careful to announce to the passengers and the thin-lipped prisoner, Fray Joseph, that the next day at four o'clock they would pass the spot where the unfortunate royal governor, Don Diego de Salcedo, had been buried.

The next morning the Commissary was found dead in his berth; for him a trial and punishment in Mexico were unnecessary. History does not say that death was natural; it does not state the contrary; all we know is that Fray Joseph rendered up the ghost on the same spot as his victim did. At four o'clock that afternoon he was buried at sea.

The galleon *San Telmo* kept on its appointed way to Acapulco. Upon its arrival there a narrative of the occurrence was drawn up and forwarded to the royal *audiencia* sitting in the city of Mexico, bringing the drama to a close. Somewhere in the great Pacific deep lie the encrusted bones of Salcedo and Fray Joseph, looking, to quote from the old burial service by which their bodies were committed to Eternity, "for the general resurrection on the last day, and the life in the world to come."

The wild surges of the ocean roar their requiem.

TROPICAL CROPS TEXT

The Tropical Crops.—By Otis W. Barrett, (445 pages and 24 plates, 1928): The Macmillan Company, New York.—There is an increasing demand for publications on tropical agriculture. This book is the latest, and it discusses tropical agriculture in its varied aspects in an entertaining, chatty way that makes the absorption of facts a positive pleasure,—and it is crammed full of information.

The book is divided into 23 chapters of which the first three are devoted to a general discussion of geography and climate of the tropics, field practices and conditions, and living conditions in the tropics. The remaining chapter are devoted to a discussion of the various major and minor crops and the many plants that still are merely known to have "possibilities" in one way or another. Excepting the starchy root crops and legumes the tropical vegetables seem to have been practically overlooked, but for this the author may be forgiven when we consider the wealth of other data.

While the illustrations are all too few in a book of this kind they are excellent. The book is well indexed.

It is certain to stimulate the interest of the general reader in matters tropical. To tropical planters and horticulturists, it is indispensable.

—P. J. Wester.

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Manila's Man of Mystery—"Mayor" Brown

"Mayor" W. W. Brown of Manila—who was the man who under this title which he never held officially and under this name which was not that of his childhood and his early manhood in New York, reputed city of his birth, was for thirty years the most widely known of Americans in Manila—a charter-member of the Manila lodge of Elks, a member of the Army and Navy club of Manila and other prominent organizations—an active member, for example, of the American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippine Islands—a man whose life was lived as open as a Bible on a rostrum, yet remained a mystery to the very end, even to intimate friends?

Brown died in St. Paul's, walled city, Manila, October 16, after undergoing a major operation. Maybe he was fifty years old, maybe fifty-five; maybe less, or more. No one knows. After services at the Synagogue, his body was interred in Cementerio del Norte. Memorial services were held, a eulogy delivered, and in due time auctions of Brown's effects were announced to take place at his home on calles San Luis and Mabini, one auction for men only, one for women only!

The mystery of the man's open-book life thus persisted after death: there was no tangible reason why women should not have been at the first auction, or men at the second. Brown had left no will; he had stipulated nothing, about auctions, burial, or anything else. Yet there were the announcements—"For men only," and "For women only."

His spirit would have applauded this! Something different, garbed in the theatrical. Maybe he attended, in spirit, both auctions. In the east they say the spirit is all there is to men, it's the only thing that counts, and that death only liberates it. (In the west they say likewise, but are western and—they don't believe!) If Brown's spirit really was at the one auction, then it was at the other too; he wouldn't have slighted the ladies, nor have avoided the men.

In this same house, Brown, the one civilian

who arrived in the Philippines with Commodore Dewey's squadron May 1, 1898,—hurrying from Japan, boarding a German gunboat at Hongkong



"Mayor" Brown in 1903

and transferring to an American vessel as the squadron crossed the China sea,—had taken up his abode on the day the American forces in-

vested Manila, August 13, 1898—Occupation Day. The house had been abandoned by the owners, the Perez family; it was months before Brown could find a landlord and pay his rent. He had come to Manila from Cavite with the detachment of the 2nd Oregon U. S. Volunteer Infantry transported on the old *Hoiching* and landed opposite Fort Santiago, where they took possession, hauled down the royal ensign of Spain, and raised the flag which Lieutenant Brumley, Dewey's flag lieutenant, brought from the *Olympic*, Dewey's flagship.

So began thirty years of history-making by a man who always physically stood in the spotlight, his aura ever behind the wings. He came to Manila as the fiscal agent of R. Isaacs and Sons, a New York house having business with the navy. That is what the hurrying down from Nagasaki was for.

But soon he was the proprietor of *The Alhambra*, a soldiers-sailors resort on the Escolta where the Schlitz beer for which Brown was agent could be guzzled to the music and the hoofing of a cheap but gaudy vaudeville stage.

Tradition is that Brown followed the advent of the American fleet in the islands with two full tramp-steamer cargoes of "the beer that made Milwaukee famous."

Those were the unregenerate days when the slogan was coined. Such notorious tales reached the homeland of the cutting-up the boys enlisted by Uncle Sam for a colonial conquest were doing in Manila, that busy-body minorities became active enough to get the army and navy canteens abolished. In this way came about the popularity of places like *The Alhambra*. But Brown was soon out of the business; he organized himself as the American Commercial Company and did a general import trade.

Later Brown became associated with the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, Ltd., as their outside man in the considerable coal business they have with the army and navy and other big consumers of coal in the islands. This connection, similar to that he had with other commercial houses, he kept to the end.

It is said that he left a considerable credit

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Ateneo Students Staging Passion Play at Grand Opera House

The most ambitious theatrical plans undertaken in Manila in many moons will come to fruition Sunday, November 24 and 25, and December 1 and 2, when the Ateneo of Manila will stage the Passion Play at the Grand Opera House. The boys have spared no pains in preparing themselves for their difficult rôles, and the college has spared no expense. Letter

and costume perfect, the caste will be aided by sets of the most accurately designed and costly scenery. Devotion being the motive, Father O'Brien's school has left nothing undone that might add to the solemn grandeur of the theme, and its meticulous unfolding on the stage.

Many prominent folk of Manila are among the patrons. When Father O'Brien did a

similar thing in Massachusetts, it was done under the special patronage of the local chamber of commerce. This has not been arranged here, but the *Journal* invites attention to the pleasure the piece promises in both its speaking parts and its music, and the further fact that the Ateneo is now staffed by an American faculty and has become therefore the leading American boys' academy and college in the orient.



Scenes from Ateneo Passion Play



balance with the Japanese company, but this is hearsay—more of the conjectured but unknown so persistent in all Brown's affairs.

He may have died rich, well-to-do, or stony broke. He did die, and what he may have left behind in worldly goods and values makes not the slightest difference.

It was while he was living that Brown preferred to use his money; and always, aside from the decent living he consistently enjoyed, he used his money in behalf of others. His aid was liberal, not stinted; in a list of thirteen friends whom another friend recalled as having been destined for harsh discipline, wanting Brown's generous help, one alone had been given \$7,500. Such gifts were in cash. Brown never mentioned them; if his deeds of this kind became known, it was the grateful beneficiaries who told.

Whatever his fortune was when he died, he certainly had given a handsome one away. Sometimes chits were signed, sometimes not. And what the difference? The debts couldn't be paid, they never were paid. Now, names quite renowned are on some of those chits. The bearers, however, need not worry; the chits were to Brown mementos of friendships, as evidences of financial obligations they will never come to light. This is of a piece with the fact that during thirty years, all the time he was in Manila, he kept open house night and day for his friends. While these friends, particularly during the past twenty years, were chiefly army and navy officers and their families, genial civilians were by no means barred.

The latch-string was out for all.

"He is a noted host," declares the Manila *Sunday Sun* of July 4, 1903. "His home in Ermita is the rendezvous for numberless congenial spirits who make his house their own. His cuisine is noted afar, and the Sunday tiffins of the Never Sleep club are Bohemian affairs which cannot be excelled. . . . When the time comes that his tour of duty in these islands is completed, it will be with heavy hearts that his host of friends will see him off."

Edward F. O'Brien, then editor of the Manila *Sunday Sun*, now of *The Times of Cuba*, is rhetorical; he spoke of Brown's ending "his

tour of duty in the islands" and of hosts of "friends with heavy hearts". As to the first of these eulogiums, Brown had no tour of duty in the islands; he never had any military or civil-

ings are dead in Versailles, men hail another king. Moreover, Brown would not wish it otherwise; perhaps he himself never mourned a friend's demise, but brushed aside the thought of death and remembered one and all as they had lived and he had known them.

His sentiment lay hidden under ribaldry. He probably believed in nothing—noting but anankind;—not even in Jehovah, the God of his own race. The head of his fourposter was presided over by a death's-head, most gruesome of a whole committee of them circling his sala-bedroom. In all these dismantled habitations of men's souls, electric bulbs lit up the vacant sockets. Of an evening, with the cocktails going round, Brown would switch off all other lights, leaving the room in the weird half-light from the skulls.

All the women were supposed to be good fellows.

This was the show-man in the host. In sepulchral bass he would accentuate the dreary shadows with tales, all imaginative, of how the skulls became deserted. The chairman-skull, that over the bed, was that of a second-story artist shot down as he leaped from the window; another was that of a famous insurrecto. And so on, round the grinning circle of them all! And all just show-off, desperado display in Bohemia. Harmless, but quickening to the pulse—Brownesque!

Naturally, there was not such another salon as this sala-bedroom, with its nightly seances, in Manila; it was probably unique in the world. Brown had his show, and it was a good one—much to his satisfaction for being good.

It opened every afternoon at second cocktail hour. It closed when guests cared to leave; and if the levitation and the levity put any of them off their pins, they were accommodated for the night. Sometimes forty gullets were cocktail customers during an evening, and very often as many as thirty were. Brown, since the earlier period in Manila, was bone-dry himself, but for others the flowing bowl a silver pitcher, kept flowing. If anyone cared to prove himself a bouncer he had the chance to do it; so he would show himself up. Taking pity, Brown would

(Concluded on page 12)

Manila, P. I.,
Nov. 3, 1928.

Mr. Walter Robb,
American Chamber of Commerce
Journal,
Manila, P. I.

My dear Mr. Robb:

I have read with great appreciation your deserving tribute to the late "Mayor" W. Walton Brown of Manila. It was my pleasure to be very closely associated with the "Mayor" for about two and one half years previous to his death, becoming intimately familiar with his daily life and most interesting philosophy. You seem to have caught somehow the necessary material for an excellent word-portrait of a most remarkable individual.

E. D. SYKES,
Captain, M. A. C.,
U. S. Army.

government job here. As to the second, "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love," and the plain fact is that Brown, king though he was of a gay coterie in Manila, is dead and will already have been half-forgotten before the sward is bedded on his grave. When kings are dead in Bohemia, as when Bourbon



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We write on Monday. The ballots of the American people will not ratify their presidential choice until Tuesday, which in the Philippines will be Wednesday, when this will be on the press.

The election affords the Philippines another opportunity to work toward the end of getting the islands out of homeland politics and back to the position in which they were originally so wisely placed by Root and Taft. Taft's title was that of civil governor; as secretary of war he later got this changed, for Wright, to that of governor general. Roosevelt had made Wright vice governor. Wright stepped from this position to that of governor general with a long period of experience in the islands behind him; and in similar fashion Wright gave way to Ide, who gave way to Smith, who gave way to Forbes. Then came 1913 and Harrison, and 1916 and the Jones law, and the islands were plunged into homeland politics to the ears and have remained sputtering and gasping in that slough of indifference ever since.

Nevertheless, this is plainly not what the intention of the Jones law is: the vice governor's post is not only defined and provided in the law, but the vice governor, by that same law, immediately fills the post of governor when that post becomes vacant. If, therefore, the community were to insist upon its constitutional privileges, already extended by Congress, the trick might be turned; for the most rational and obvious course would be to follow the law. It is not disparaging of Wood's administration to feel that Yeater, too, would have made a good governor. Really, when the governorship is vacated it is filled at once, by law, and wisely so—just as the presidency is filled. Unless he does some degree of violence to the law, no president has the privilege of appointing a governor general. The chair of the governor is perpetually occupied. The post to be filled is that of the vice governor.

Thus the law would always provide an experienced executive for the islands.

All things considered, this would be best. It would even do more: indeed, much more. Coming out to the islands as No. 2 man, a vice governor could try out the life and be tried out by it. If he were not a good fit in the job, the supreme court or private practice or some other career might claim him. Besides—and we have been working up to the point—after a period as vice governor and a short time as governor (since we should never suggest long gubernatorial terms), he would probably be insured to life here and prefer it to life elsewhere: he would join that desirable circle which up to date has always been lacking under America, a circle of elder statesmen enjoying the respect and confidence of the islands and speaking, when occasion offered, in their behalf. It is most regrettable that after thirty years there is still not a single citizen whom a taxpayer may salute on the street with the greeting, "Good morning, Governor."

These remarks are only contingently germane, applicable only in the event that a change of presidents bring us a change of governors. Every day's experience adds immeasurably to the worth of Governor Stimson. This should make him an invaluable ally in the project, and if it becomes impersonal with him he might well endorse it. The experienced man is the one who should stay on the job; but if this is not to be, then No. 2 should become No. 1 and continuity of nonpartisan administration thus secured. The law is all right. The thing to do is to stick to it. This may involve taking the bitter with the sweet, but even that is best.

HAVE A CIGAR?

The season for sending friends cigars approaches. We have developed a technique in discharging this annual obligation which we are going to state because we feel it benefits an important industry. First, we send cigars to editors. Editors are generous, and likely to open the lower right-hand drawer when friends are calling at the sanctum and say, "Have a Manila." Then too, there are plenty of hardboiled editors even yet who leave cigarettes to their stenogs or secretaries, as they do rouge and lipstick, and themselves indulge the weed in cigars, plug and dujeuns. Editors are notoriously nongenteel. Second, we choose just good smokes of

moderate price—such cigars as Manilans commonly smoke. Third, we send along a memorandum of places where the cigars may be bought in America. This may not always result in new customers, but it often does. We do it to avoid the invariable query by letter, "Where can I get cigars like that?" Tell 'em in the first place and have done with it all at one time.

ENROLL

We suppose it is almost superfluous to remind our readers to enroll in the Red Cross. Perhaps we have no reader who fails to do this promptly; we should hope not; we believe not. Never a year passes but that the Red Cross does some indispensable work of charity for the islands. This year the outstanding job was the relief of the Mayon eruption sufferers. There were no mortalities, but a lot of hardship to be relieved. But every day has its ordinary tasks for the organization. All this, the ordinary and extraordinary work, must go on; and the day should come when the whole expense is gratefully shouldered by the Philippines.

COMING—WATCH FOR ANNOUNCEMENT

The legislature had four days to go when we went to press. In ninety-six meeting days up to that time it had approved about four acts, which had also been approved by the governor general. These began with the Belo bill giving the executive a discretionary fund of \$250,000 with which a troupe of assistants and specialists are being paid to help out at Malacanañ. Another makes the Philippine tariff on imported tobacco and sugar follow automatically changes in the tariff of the United States, and presently makes the insular tariff on these commodities that of the United States. There had been a slight difference for a long time, not enough to amount to anything, just enough to provoke complaints to the insular bureau. Major General Frank McIntyre, still visiting here, is, as chief of the insular bureau, gratified by this law, and Philippine cigar-cigarette manufacturers are also pleased. Anything that obviates objections to the free trade between the islands and the homeland is good. This is one such thing.

Another new law provides ten auxiliary judges of first instance to handle cadastral cases and assist in keeping the work of quieting titles to land up with the demands. This will be most practical, the tardiness of the work has been costly and inexcusable.

Other acts were in prospect for action during the session's final four days. Among them were changes in the corporation law, which promised not to be very revolutionary after all. But these changes are lengthy and involved in statement. Even if they had been approved before the forms were closed for the November *Journal*, it would have been necessary to have them expertly reviewed by someone who comprehends lawyers' patois. There would have been no time for that, but it will be done with whatever gets through. Much is expected from this amending of the corporation law, but we hear of other measures less talked of that will prove of more immediate effect. Some of these we have been urging. Altogether, it is likely to prove to have been a forward-looking session. December will be the time to review it.

THANKS

The Philippines seem to like the *Journal* more all the time. We are glad of that. It would be absurd to pretend that we don't put our very best into it, because we do. And we get more help than ever, to this end, and it helps no end. For instance, more advertising patrons become regular in their patronage. Every such patron aids in conserving the editor's time (since the *Journal* is a one-man proposition: the staff is the editor, a clerk and a part-time assistant), and enables him to provide those brief special articles that an increasing number of readers have come to expect in every issue. Much ground has been covered since calm digestion of facts about the islands was made possible by appreciative patrons, but the ground has hardly been more than broken. We assure everyone that the present quality of the *Journal* can not only be maintained, it can be much improved; and it will be improved to the degree that more patronage makes improvement possible. Furnishing these islands a first rate monthly review involves an obligation which will not be shirked.

BETTER LUCK THIS TIME

President Rafael Corpus of the Philippine National announces intentions of establishing branches in all the provinces, something that was tried in the infancy of the bank with costly results; but... better luck this time. These will be essentially planters and merchants banks, and might well be called so. It might also be advisable to capitalize and incorporate every one of them, issuing stock for the purpose and requiring or inducing their officials and employees to make regular purchases of this stock at par or the market price above par. The same privilege, of course, should be offered the patrons of the *sucursales*, and the general public too. Nor should the government ever attempt to retain a controlling interest. It should liquidate its entire interest as soon as possible, thus letting the branches become independent banks under private ownership. And why not the same course with the parent bank? Why not list its stock on the exchange, to be disposed of at the market? We don't see why this is not a practical means of creating a competent group of young bankers and eventually getting the government taxes out of banking, where they don't belong.

Four Best Manila Newspapers October Editorials

FRIENDSHIP IS THE THING

After all, the proposed amendments to the corporation law are not and will not be the deciding factors in the economic development of the Philippines. Although it is true that a liberal piece of legislation, one that affords greater facilities and opportunities to corporations and moneyed interests, is an inducement to a more rapid and extensive development of the country's economic resources, yet in the final analysis there cannot be a more lasting and more attractive condition for such development than mutual friendly sentiments between the United States and the Philippines. American or foreign, is not so aggressive as it might seem. For the very reason that it seeks favorable conditions and reasonable guarantees, capital depends more upon the friendly atmosphere of the country where investment is to be made than upon the provisions of its laws. Whoever builds a business amid hostile surroundings?

In the first place, the people here cannot get over the lurking suspicion that capital, irrespectively of its race, is capable of telling the true story of other colonies and even independent countries which have become, either by law or by the right of force, dominated by capital. And this would indeed be SUCH a stupid nation were it not to take stock of the lessons offered by human experience.

But even granting that the Legislature should liberate existing laws, which hold the key to the country's enormous natural wealth, will capital rush into the land and occupy every inch of our public domain, dig from the soil the wealth that is hidden there? Will the moneyed interests take the risk of investing their millions here with no other guaranty than the proposed amendments to the corporation law?

Previous to the inauguration of the present economic policy, the uncertainty of the political status of the Philippines was used as the reason for the shyness of capital. No one ever gave a thought then either to the land law or the corporation law, or to the question of capital's hesitancy in coming into the country. Moneyed interests would first have a clear definition of the Islands' status so that they may act accordingly. But, as if by magic, this fundamental question was shoved away and instead a mere detail in the whole scheme of Philippine affairs was pushed into the middle of the stage, perhaps as an interlude. And now there is gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair over the question of corporations, public domains and capital.

Friendship between nations is above the law. Governor Stimson is praised here and in the United States for the able manner in which he handles the situation in this country, for his ability to cement better understanding between the Americans and Filipinos, thus strengthening American-Philippine relationship. Greater stress should be laid on this matter. The law is easy to enact. Friendship is the thing. For where there is friendship among nations, there can be no obstacle to mutual understanding, that will benefit both peoples.—*Herald*, October 27.

ORGANIZATION AND LEADERSHIP

If the Philippines is behind in many activities of the world's progress today, it is due principally to the lack of organization and leadership. Nowhere is this more true than in industries, a fact which Governor General Stimson forcefully brought out in a recent speech.

Capital may be a great need in this country but more capital is leadership. The great minds of this country have been drawn mostly by politics. It is no wonder therefore, that while great strides have been made in the field of politics, little or practically nothing has been accomplished in the field of industries. It is no wonder then, that whatever flourishing industries exist in the Philippines today are in the hands of nationals other than Filipinos.

The Filipinos ought to face this problem squarely. The responsibility is theirs and there can be no way of shirking it. Those of the higher strata, who have the brains and money, especially brains, should show more aggressiveness in industries. They should organize themselves, band their efforts together and with a wise leadership start on the road that leads to fame and fortune.

In no industry is leadership of this kind so greatly needed today as in the rice industry. This principal food staple of the Filipinos is known to be controlled by Chinese. In other words, if the Chinese want to starve the Filipino people they can do it more effectively by their control of rice than by laying siege to Manila, the towns and the provinces. Filipino rice farmers must organize, erect mills of their own and wrest the control of this important foodstuff from the hands of another people. This is the *psychological moment* to effect a national rice organization when the prices of rice have shot skyward for no known or reasonable MOTIVE. The rice farmers themselves should take the leadership instead of looking to the Legislature for aid and relief.

The same brand of leadership is also needed to stimulate the tobacco industry, revive the coffee industry and reestablish the trademark that Manila hemp once enjoyed in the foreign markets. It is about time the Filipino people should wake up and depend upon their own efforts, initiative and leadership for the building up of their industries. Unless they rise up now,

COMMITTEE AWARDS

Best of the Month (and best in the *Herald*)—

Friendship Is the Thing—(*Herald*, October 27)—Selected by the Committee.

Best in the Other Three Papers—
Organization and Leadership—(*Times*, October 2)—Selected by Professor Hilario.

The Language Question.—(*Tribune*, October 4)—Selected by Professor Dyson.

The Strangers at Our Gates.—(*Bulletin*, October 8)—Selected by Mr. Valenzuela.

the time will soon come when they will be converted into mere wage-earners, when title to their land will be a mere shadow as the substance goes into the hands of foreigners. The Philippines already has plenty of political leaders. She lacks captains of industry and must have them if she is to be a free nation.—*Times*, October 2.

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION

It is a vital, if vexed, question which the proposed plebiscite on the choice of a national language for the Filipinos would permanently settle. We enter the question of language, lost in an affluence of languages. Two learned languages are with us, each the vehicle of a great literature. The one, believed to be singing its swan song, is precious, on the ground of sentiment and sentimentalism, to the cultured Filipinos. The other, the language of the sovereign, is said to have been corrupted into a new Philippine dialect by the generation to whom it has been taught from the days of the "Thomasian" to the present. Then, there are the native tongues, several of them, with Tagalog seemingly at the vanguard.

To this situation the principle of the plebiscite would be applied to bring to a definite end the national language question. The means, to our mind, will not bring forth the result intended. In a plebiscite, especially as regards the national language to be chosen for the people, the *ruling is that the choice is overwhelming choice*. In the present case the question is not choice, but the choice will not be overwhelming.

This for two reasons. Those who will vote will represent a minority of the people of these Islands, that is, a minority as against the whole population of the country. And the principle of representation is voided in this regard, because the issue is so simple that even a boy in the elementary school can understand it and can cast and should cast a vote that counts and weighs on the merit of the question. That minority that will make known its stand will, furthermore, be divided into smaller minorities. The peculiar conditions here make this inevitable. Our people are still dialect-conscious. When, recently, Tagalog was advanced as preeminently the language for the people to

make national, only one Visayan representative, and the Ilocanos, spoke in favor of the bill, and the Ilocanos, though they make organizations of their own would not balk the proposal originating their own academy to express their love of their own dialect and of the idiom of their own region. The plebiscite, if attempted, will only discover a people divided and a situation among the people in which there are minorities within minorities.

The national language question is of moment, and daily presses for a definite solution. That solution will come, but it will come as the offering of a generation of experience or of generations perhaps, of crossing opinions and crossing loyalties to sectionalism. For it is not a matter of passionate judgment, of search that can be brought to a sudden end. It involves the slow process of evolution, the choice to be that language that comes nearest to the people living a life under modern conditions.—*Tribune*, October 4.

THE STRANGERS AT OUR GATES

Immigration is a Philippine problem in which the United States has a most direct concern. It is a problem in which the United States will continue to have a most direct concern as long as the American flag flies over Philippine soil.

The responsibility connected therewith cannot be evaded. In recognition of this fact the United States government has reserved to itself a special direct voice in matters touching upon immigration, a more direct voice than is reserved in connection with the rank and file of purely internal Philippine matters.

These remarks are prompted by an appraisal of the views and sentiments of Governor General Stimson by Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine senate, as set out in an interview published in the *Manila Sunday Bulletin*. In view of the correctness of the interpretation and presentation of the views and sentiments of the governor general as published we make no effort to pass judgment here, but the statement that immigration "is strictly a national problem for Filipinos to solve" affords worthy material for consideration, no matter from what source it emanates.

On the basis of purely Philippine considerations the United States cannot escape the responsibility of citizenship in this matter, not so long as the flag flies here. That responsibility was assumed when the flag was unfurled in manifestation of sovereignty. The responsibility was widened as the area over which the flag stood for sovereignty was extended to the farthest reaches of the archipelago. Immigration is intimately linked with that responsibility.

On the basis of American considerations the United States cannot afford to forget or disregard immigration into the Philippine Islands. Individual citizens of the United States are free, which means exemption from *strict* regulations applied to restrict the inflow from other parts of the world. Unqualified control of the immigration gates in the Philippines easily may mean authority over America's outer wall, which would be equivalent to making the Philippines a halfway on an America-bound journey. Who has or hereafter may acquire the rights to enter the United States as Filipinos is a matter of concern to the United States to the degree of concern being in direct ratio to the number here desiring access.

One of the biggest factors in the American responsibility arises from the fact this archipelago is in the Orient. Because of the importance of Philippine-Oriental relationships the United States is directly and vitally concerned with the citizenry of the Islands, an American concern which cannot be ignored or forgotten.

Individual Americans have rights and privileges in the Philippines, and consideration of those rights and privileges are directly linked with THAT of other individuals here.

Filipinos are and of a right should be interested in immigration. Filipinos as individual citizens and Filipinos as holders of public office should be vitally interested in immigration, in the problem of the infiltration of other bloods to mingle with theirs, other communities to compete with theirs. They should be interested with sufficient seriousness to cause them to take the initiative in moving for a permanent decision in this important matter. They should reach decisions on it, but they cannot forget what American and Americans are interested also by force of circumstances.—*Bulletin*, October 8.

Manila's Man of Mystery—"Mayor" Brown

(Concluded from page 9)

have him put to bed: after all, not every chap can be born a true Bohemian.

Gossip swears none of the affairs were orgies, and—gossip doesn't know. Gossip only enviously surmises.

The main things, in fact, really known about Brown are that he always wore blue-serge suits and drove a big car. If another person occupied the seat with him, the car was overcrowded; and it took extra yardage for the suits. His bulk was huge, and—the last fact known about him—"his heart was as big as his body." Someone paid this tribute, and it is the best eulogy that could be uttered, as it is the briefest. With the highest or with . . . those not so high! Brown never cared who saw him. He went where he pleased, saw and did what he pleased, and let the world think as it pleased.

He affected showy neckties and big diamonds. Lately he had taken to white washable ties—painstakingly arranged. He was immaculate in dress. The diamond was discarded for a fine Sulu pearl; always there was a fresh orchid in the coat lapel.

Omar opined that if he had the making of "this sorry scheme of things entire" he'd surely make it to the heights of the desire of Brown, without rhapsodizing, did better; he did, for himself and his friends, make the world to suit him. He did this very largely by not caring a rap for the world's good opinion. Neither did he care for its evaluations; he set his own values, and valued fellowship more than gold; grains of chivalry more than lumps of wickedness; sparks of gallantry more than flames of error.

Repent he valued most of all; yet nepenthe—by which things are forgotten.

To know this, attend the auctions of his effects, "for men only," "for women only."

Trophies line the walls; they are gifts, flags, tapestries, coats-of-arms of warships, spears, shields, bolos—all perishable stuff. Not a care was taken to preserve them; they would, despite moths, cockroaches and rust, last as long as their owner; and that, closing the brief chapter of the friendships that gave them, would be long enough. At the auction, therefore, as it is advanced decay: brocades gnawed bare, flags in dusty tatters, tapestries denuded of their gold and silver sheen, blades coated thick with rust.

Yes—the very trophies are death's-heads in crumbling, disintegrating metaphor. There are forty spears, trophies of the Boxer campaigns, and for all the rest, well—they are not worth a penny even to the rag man.

There are autographed pictures, many of distinguished personages—others of actors, actresses and humble folk. Without distinction they repose amid the dust and grime and cobwebs of a leather trunk with broken hinges and a lethal jacket of verdigris; and there they will smother out their existence. Almost without distinction, for a few are framed and hung on the walls. Among these are Major General John C. Bates and staff—the Bates of the treaty with the Sultan of Sulu! But the picture is dim. What matter? Most of the men in it are dead.

In the same manner the appetite of time is surfacing upon more delicate morsels, more intimate mementos of merry occasions—stockings actresses have stripped off in making up for an impromptu rôle during the whiling of an evening away—dancing pumps strayed from their mates—autographed cravats—other nothings of days (and nights) that are no more. All are just a heap of rubbish at the auction; their one value was sentiment, and the dead heart feels no sentiment. They shall help raise the level of a new-made city lot above the malarial line: recurring generations of mosquitoes will then cease breeding in the silken slipper heels.

The fourposter is worth something, though. Somebody buys it—and leaves the grinning skull behind. Somebody else buys the enameled pieces in the other bedroom. One after another, the things go under the hammer and are taken away by new owners. Soon the place is cleaned out, only the dust and debris are left—

littering the once-glistening hardwood floors. On a set of antlers at the stair-head hangs an accumulated assortment of chapeaux—hats, uniform caps, campaign hats, civilian Stetsons, and those plain straw sailors that Manilans so commonly prefer. They are too dingy to touch. Brown never touched them, just kept them—kept them waiting, either for returning claimants or for . . . repenthe!

The hour is late. Indeed, the false dawn already faintly paints the east. Guests are departing, guests who all night long have been living in a world made to their own liking—a world of feast and revel, a world such as the inhibited prophets described heaven to be!

"Hey, wait a minute, Captain! You're forgetting your cap!"

"What? Oh, let it go—I'll get it when I come back!"

Where is this captain? Where are all these wastrel wanderers? They haven't come back. And now it is too late. For Brown, "Mayor" William Walton Brown of Manila, is dead. They have taken his body out and buried it, and closed forever the most hospitable door in a famously hospitable land.

Of course Brown, being Brown, would be eccentric and show-maniac even in choosing his pets. So he was.

In pets his taste ran to the big apes, the fiercest of which was an orangutang. But he died, of old age, about a year ago. He had been growling and nursing a constant distemper for months. At last he succumbed at his post, the little stoop near the kitchen, where there was a back entrance off which the room with the enamel furnishings was accessible. That was the real beginning of the breaking up of the household, the death of the big pet ape. No more his nettled grimace, his reaching for a club, his snarl, and the rasping of his chain on the newel post. All these had been alarms, warning that within that house were the precincts of life apart from life; the bourns of a life precious alone to the liver of it, and to him only so long as he might continue living it.

After that . . . repenthe. After that a receding into the mystery that refuses to disclose who this man was whose sala-bedroom was daily a reception room and a gay salon for thirty well-lived years—its wall-wide windows open to two of the main thoroughfares of the crowded capital which gave him the fictitious title of "Mayor," appreciated his many civic services, and accepted as his credentials his many fine attributes, of which his literally boundless charity was the finest of all. From the smallest of the prongs of the antlers, below the chapeaux which captains, generals, admirals, and mayhap governors are going to get when they come back, hangs a motto dating from the days of *The Alhambra's* glory. It speaks, in better reason than good rhyme, of the virtues of "Roca" water in highbals and the nobler virtue in men's hearts of seeking and praising what is good in one's fellowmen and forgetting what isn't.

His repenthe. The operation at St. Paul's was for appendicitis. Only local anesthetics could be dared, because of a heart condition. They set up a screen, and cut through the deep fat and flesh and worked at the job with scalpel and forceps and swabs and bandages more than an hour; and all the time Brown, smoking cigarettes and chatting with a friend, seemed never to notice. When they were about through, however, he told the friend to bend near so that he could speak privately. "Bob," he said, real exultation in his voice, "look in Doc Smith's glasses. They thought they'd fixed it, with that screen. But I've seen the whole damn thing through Doc's glasses!"

The friend got his vision into the angle of Brown's. It was true! Showman to the last, Brown had made one more unreality into a reality to help him through an unpleasant crisis; the lenses of the surgeon's glasses had been his orchestra-circus tent. During the climax of the drama of his own life. Then he said he was

all right, just wanted to take a long sleep. At ten after three of the clock the next afternoon he was . . . asleep. Who was he—who seemingly lived his life so futilely, yet so charitably, hence so well? It matters not. Like a great actor, he is best remembered in his master rôle, "Mayor" Brown of Manila.

GIFT BOOK OUT

Customers are taking kindly to a little volume, *Sunrise and Sunset in Manila*, by the *Journal* editor. The book sells for one peso, and comes in an envelope ready for mailing.

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Atimonan and Other Towns on the Mission Trail

Atimonan lies over the mountains from Lucena, the roccoco capital city of Tayabas which owes its glaring adornment (and some sound improvements too, such as the waterworks) to its recent governor, the Hon. Filomeno Perez, now saluted as the islands' secretary of commerce. Atimonan lies over the mountains, on the placid shore of Lamón bay. The ride is beautiful by rail or motor all the way from Manila, and motoring over the mountain pass is more thrilling than motoring up the zigzag to Baguio. The train, too, creaks round the sharp curves and puffs and labors along as if feeling its way. From car or coach, the view is delightful.

There is first the tedious climbing, then the dodging about in the cliffs, with little valleys like green mosaics below—all well-titled little valleys, with gurgling streams fended round their borders, and sluices in the embankments—and then, suddenly, the advent into the seashore plain and bird's-eye glimpses of the town as the motor speeds downhill or the train slips along, the engine braking the coaches like a family nag hunched back upon the breeching. One almost listens for the excited engineer to say "Whoa, there! Steady-y! Hold 'er, Meg!"

The grades are really difficult, and the train to take is the through train, the Bikol Express, leaving Paco station at noon—the train with the biggest engine and best coaches.

Toward evening this brings one to Atimonan; by motor the trip is a comfortable four hours from Manila, speeding and spoiling the view aside.

It is best to tell about Atimonan in Father Huerta's own words:

"In 1635, Moros from Mindanao invaded the town of Cabuyao, and, capturing a multitude of the inhabitants, set fire the town and destroyed it completely. Of the 800 to 1000 of the people, who were lucky enough to escape, some settled in the place called Atimonan and others at Mina-

nucan, forming out of the two new settlements, in 1673, a new pueblo with the name of Atimonan, whose first minister was Fr. Juan Gaviria.

The town is situated on a plain along a creek that forms the southern coast of Lamón bay, and to the right of a river which, running west to east, opens into the bay. Gunaca borders on the east-southeast, four leagues away; the ocean is on the south, a distance of six leagues.



Blockhouse at Gumaca

or that of the isthmus dividing the ocean on the north from that on the south; Pagbilao borders on the west, ten leagues away, and Mauban on the northwest, eight leagues away.

"Atimonan enjoys a temperate and salubrious climate, moderated by the winds of the north and east, especially from October to May. The commonest diseases are tuberculosis and skin infections. The town is supplied with well water, somewhat briny. Roads to surrounding towns are steep and difficult, in the rainy season almost impassable; although now (1865) they are building a splendid road which, crossing the isthmus, affords communication between the northern and southern towns. Mail is received from the capital Fridays and dispatched Saturdays.

"The church, under the patronage of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, was built of wood in 1638, and fired by the Dutch, together with the town, in 1640. In 1643 the church

was rebuilt of stone by Fr. Cristobal de Fuen-salida, and suffered the same fate as the one built of wood, in 1648. In 1650 it was again rebuilt by the indefatigable efforts of Father Fuensalida, but was later destroyed by earthquakes.

"Finally, in 1683, the church now existing was built, with its beautiful cross-vault, under the direction of Fr. José de Jesus Maria, who completed it in 1696. This church is surely the sturdiest temple in the islands. The foundations of its walls are 12 feet wide, and those of the façade 15 feet. Above the cornice is fixed a massive molave log supporting 24 roof beams. To all this labor we may add that the stone was brought from Mauban, distant 10 leagues, and that the sand used in preparing the cement was ported into the town a year before it was utilized, in order to free it from all traces of brine, and that the town at that time counted no more than 69 tributos (taxpaying families). Thus the indefatigable zeal of Fr. José de Jesus Maria is clearly evident; and, too, that the parish house, equal to the church in strength and beauty, was built at the same time.

"There is a stone municipal building and a primary school, supported with the community fund, and four other primary schools supported by the patrons. Most of the other houses in the town are built of wood. At present (1865) the parish priest is Fr. Samuel Mena, 30 years old, with a father cleric as his companion in the work.

"The terrain embraced in this pueblo is very rugged and its mountains abound in good timber, such as molave, narra, alintao, camagon, malatapay, yacal, baticulin, and a thousand more, with divers palms, rattans, and buri and sabutan, with many edible roots and wild game galore. The rivers are the Atimonan and the Minanucan, with a multitude of lesser streams. The cultivated fields produce a great deal of rice and corn, and some abaca, cacao, coffee and coconuts. The people are dedicated to farming; they market abaca and coconut oil, cut timber; and some are silversmiths and blacksmiths, some fishermen. The women weave piña cloth, sinamay and buri and sabutan mats; and these products, with the surplus rice, are sold in the neighboring towns.

"To the right of the main chapel in the church, near the wall and some four steps from the altar, is entombed the venerable Pedro Dimas Cortes, a native of the town of Salaya, near Queretaro, in America, who followed the life of a hermit and penitent for more than 24 years in the mountains that lie between Atimonan and Gumaca. He died July 23, 1715, attended by Fr. Gabriel de San Antonio, who wrote the admirable life of him which is conserved in our archives in Manila."



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There is much, very much indeed, of Spain in this little narrative. Christianity replaced animism, and the people were left much as they were found in all material things.

Atimonan is much changed now, however. Rice and corn are grown as before, but modern facilities and overseas demands furnish a better market for copra, and a great many more coconuts are planted; everyone has a flourishing coconut grove; Governor Perez points out that though Batangas has a much greater population than Tayabas, still there are about 50% more voters in Tayabas than in Batangas, an evidence of the wide ownership of real property. He asserts that the province as a whole is one of little farms, and perhaps this is true. If so, it is true of Atimonan.

The general prosperity from the coconut industry attracts a great many Chinese; one is astonished to learn that there are 260 Chinese in Atimonan, which, for such a small place, is a very substantial mercantile community. There is a private school, an academy, largely supported by the Chinese who are its patrons. Atimonan, like most towns in southeastern Luzon, has an assimilation problem. Time has always taken care of these matters, and no doubt will do the same again. But it is a little different now, and somewhat more disturbing, since the situation in China induces merchant émigrés to bring their families to the islands.

Well, anyway, that is Atimonan: Filipinos busy producing, and quite prosperous as prosperity goes among tropical peasants, and Chinese busy buying the products and selling all manner of imports.

Pagbilao. "This pueblo was founded in 1685, but had no regular minister until 1688, when Fr. Cristobal Montanez was assigned there. Its original name was Binahaan, from the river on whose shores the town was situated, distant about a league from the southern coast opposite Capuluan island. In 1702 it was made a *visita* of Tayabas, but became independent once more in 1724, with Fr. Francisco Pobre as minister. In 1727 it was removed to the present site, losing its name of Binahaan and taking that of Pagbilao from the river flowing nearby."

Pagbilao is hot but healthful, winds from the east and west prevailing. The Tambag river supplies it with water, its headwaters being on Mount Guitin. Even when Huerta wrote there was a first class road to Tayabas, with three wooden bridges with stone foundations.

The church is dedicated to Santa Catalina, virgin and martyr. It was built in at a date not stated by Huerta, and repaired extensively in 1845 by Fr. Victoriano Peraleja, who also built the stone parish house. Writing 20 years later, Huerta Pagbilao had a wooden municipal building and 50 other wooden houses, and a primary school supported by the community fund. Fr. Gavino Ruiz was then the pastor. He was 24 years old. Mountains in the vicinity are covered with hardwood timber, palms and rattans; there are quarries of first class stone and rich grazing lands for livestock. Fishing is good, providing the inhabitants a secondary industry; when Huerta wrote, farming, hunting and fishing were the industries of Pagbilao, as is no doubt the case today, only with more emphasis upon coconuts because of the new market. Rice lands are largely under irrigation and rice is the principal crop, unless coconuts now supplant it, with some production of cacao, coffee and corn. The women of Pagbilao weave buri bags and mats (perhaps also prepare buntal bags for the hats made in Lubian, one day) and, when Huerta wrote, "sell them, together with the surplus rice, in Tayabas and Sariaya."

Tiaong. Founded 1600: first priest, Fr. Juan de Sta. Clara. Patron, San Juan Bautista. "The church is of good materials, likewise the parish house."

Dolores. With certain *tributos* (native families) from San Pablo and others from Tiaong, founded in 1840, with Fr. Carlos Tena the first priest. Patron, N. S. de los Dolores: Our Lady of Sorrows. Father Tena built it and the parish house of timber.

Lopez. Formerly a *visita* of Gumaca called Talong, made a town June 30, 1857, by decree

of the superior (insular) government. Patron, N. S. del Rosario. When Huerta wrote no permanent church or parish house had been built.

This completes the journeys with the Franciscans through Tayabas towns: Tayabas,

ERRONEOUS TRANSLATION

In the May *Journal* there was published a translation of Juan Alvarez Guerra's description of an election in the town of Sariaya in 1875 in which the word *cuadrilleros*, spoken of as accompanying the *alcalde mayor* to the hall where the election took place, was translated *soldiers*. It is now possible to correct that error, a grave and regrettable one, by reference to that excellent work, *El Archipiélago Filipino*, by the Jesuits: "In the towns of the archipelago there were also the *cuadrilleros*;

Lukban, Sariaya, Gumaca, Mauban, Atimonan, Pagbilao, Tiaong, Dolores, and Lopez: ten towns with, when Huerta wrote, 83,093 inhabitants and 22,147 *tributos*. Next time we continue with the Franciscans into Albay.

that is, a fixed number of youths who in weekly turns were stationed at the *casa-gobierno*, municipal building, and were at the disposition of the *gobernadorcillo* and *principalia*, for such police duties and duties relating to public order which were not assigned to the Guardia Civil or the militia. Their organization was purely civil and they depended wholly upon the *gobernadorcillo*, captain or mayor of the town, who usually employed them to carry the mails where regular mail service had not been established." Here, then, is a very significant social unit which cannot be overlooked. These youthful volunteers for needful service, which was rendered free, were the worthy predecessors of the Boy Scouts of today in the Philippines.—ED.

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Forty-five Tagalog Proverbs from Bulakan

For the following forty-five proverbs the *Journal* is indebted to Pablo Valeriano of the Caro Electrical company, who very considerably submitted them in the original Tagalog. The most accurate translations possible have been made:

*Only rust destroys iron.
Thorns wound the swift step deep.
Though you be far behind, wit will put you ahead.*

*Twit a drunken man with impunity, but not him just awakened from sleep.
Noisy waters are always shallow.*

Never seek fortune; if really yours it will come of itself.

Even water-soaked wood will burn if left long enough in the fire.

*Repentance never precedes folly.
Savings of today are the comforts of tomorrow.*

Even a rag, put away in the closet, will turn up for good use.

Real wisdom will always shame that which is mere pretense.

A small stool made of sound wood is better than a bishop's chair honeycombed with borers.

When a pullet begins laying eggs, expect chickens.

Criticise yourself before doing so to others.

However high the aim, the shot is measured by the strength of the archer.

He who spits at the sky gets the spray in his face.

Pounding wet rice in the mortar only besmears the clothing.

Thieves are always jealous of other thieves' skill

Loss is sure; gain, a chance.

To the hungry man, the rice is never scorched.

When the carabao is beaten, the horse feels the pain.

*(The open reprimand of some as an example to others, quite a prevalent practice in the Philippines, especially among housewives managing a retinue of domestics.—A similar Tagalog proverb is, *The whole body is pained when a finger is pinched.*)*

Late to table, take the leavings.

It were better that your wrong-doing be observed by ten old men than by a single child.

Work as hard and long as you like, he who thinks too will beat you.

A big tree—without heart. (Old in years alone).

Riches with care are worse than poverty with contentment.

He who gets lost has not stopped to take bearings.

Persistence wins the most stubborn girl's consent.

Kindness is never answered with unkindness.

Rather live in a hovel with men than in a palace with bats.

The fly on the carabao feels bigger than his host. (Borrowed power is bravest).

More wounds to the hero, more courage in his blows.

After hardship, pleasure.

Striving for everything loses all.

The reformed man may go straight a long time, then back to his wickedness.

Not all that glitters is gold, nor all that's bright is bronze.

Mabulos are not gathered from santol trees.

Where the old crab crawls the young crawl, too.

The longest procession returns to the church.

The rudder of the boat is at the stern.

You can see the eye of the needle, but not the hole in the axe.

(“For example,” the translator said, “two thieves live in the same community, or the same house; and the worse of the two keeps denouncing the other, so as to throw suspicion off of himself.”)

Seeking whom may be your enemy, never look far away.

The next was in simple verse, of which two versions are apologetically submitted for the reader's choice:

I

*I'm the one who hulls the rice,
And the one to boil it;
But when I would eat the rice,
Other mouths aye foil it.*

II

*I'm the one who hulls the rice
And boils it for the table;
Others come and eat it then,
And I eat when I'm able.*

He who is too choice finally weds a hair-lip.

They who loiter at the market come away empty-handed.

The thief is the greedy man's brother.

When other sets of proverbs are received, they will be gladly published as a part of the material designed to record and interpret the culture of the islands. Collections of proverbs are wanted from every region. Will some reader send a collection from Bikolandia, and another a Bisayan collection; and so on. In this way the islands can be covered, and a final collection printed. It is preferred to have the proverbs in the vernacular in which they occur. Translation is easily effected in the *Journal* office. High schools should be first rate centers for the collecting and assorting.

Duplications, obvious derivations from foreign sources, etc., all this will be left to the discernment of the reader. But it must be remembered that the universality of peasant lore is itself proverbial. This is precisely one of the interesting points to be brought out: how much fundamental difference, if any, there is between East and West.—ED.

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The Little Home Shop: Shrine of Native Art

By MRS. GEORGE READ

To how many people in Manila is *The Little Home Shop* just a vague name? Yet what a shrine of native art it is!

On our first visit to *The Little Home Shop* we felt at once that a definite personality was responsible for the atmosphere of the place. It could not be, otherwise. We have been in Manila long enough to have heard glowing accounts of the Misses Metcalf—of their hardihood, their resourcefulness, their spirit of adventure complementing their high love of humanity. We had heard half-tales of their pioneering in Mindanao in the early years of the century.

The vicarious adventures and philosophy of Alfred Aloysius Horn have no more savor than the exotic saga of the sisters Metcalf; how and why they came to the Philippines and what they have done during their long stay. They have done their adventuring in the proper spirit. They have been sent on no missions, though presidents have encouraged them and governors have rescued them. There is something inspiring about the thought of these two women struggling with a deadly usual existence in New England, suddenly leaving it behind them and, like Emerson, the philosopher of their soil, "writing on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*" and going off to the farthest corner of the globe to seek personal contact with barbarians. Furthermore, subsequently to make a friendly and pleasant contact possible by virtue of their rich sympathies and the power of the imagination. One can fancy them saying with Emerson, "My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself, and not for a spectacle."

"We came to study the gongs of the Bogobo!" is the first startling revelation. "Here is one of them. My sister was the musician, and she could tell you all about it. She was the leading spirit and the pilot for the two of us," says Miss Metcalf with a decided movement of the head. "I was just the machinery. We have heard one man play on as many as seven gongs in the interpretation of one song."

"How did you become interested in the gongs of the Bogobo?" one wants to know.

"Was your sister thinking of writing some compositions for the Bogobo gongs? Did she come out as a representative of some musical research society? Was it her idea to secure

became deeply interested in the Philippine Bogobos, who had faced a series of misfortunes since they sailed away from their jungles in Davao. Smallpox had broken out among them; the first victim of it was the American interpreter who had been their guide and friend. They were left almost helpless. They were put in quarantine, of course, and kept there for months before they were allowed to put in an appearance at the Exposition. This delay



A Corner In The Little Home Shop

examples of these gongs for a collection? Did she wish to lecture on these tribes?"

"Oh, no! She came out as a free lance. We first went to the Beer War—in St. Louis."

Apparently, the first day of their visit to the Exposition grounds, the Misses Metcalf

resulted in a second, and one might almost say greater misfortune. The Moros, brought also to St. Louis, had secured all the best gongs, and when the Bogobos were at last permitted to perform they were given only third-rate and broken instruments.

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"Of all the tribes we came in contact with at St. Louis, the Bogobo appealed to us the most—possibly because we felt such great sympathy for them. They had had such a hard time and were so dispirited."

"We have always worked," adds Miss Metcalf. "We have had work to do," she emphasized openly. "And it was difficult for us to do the things we wanted to do in the Philippines. But somehow we managed it."

The first thing they did when they came out to the islands was to visit the families of the Bogobos they had become acquainted with at the Exposition. All Miss Metcalf's casual references to insurrections, to being hidden out in the hills, in danger of their lives, to being the only Americans within miles and dwelling among a people whom it had taken them six months to assure of their amicable intentions, to being secreted in nipa huts by rivers rife with crocodiles, were given in the most humorous and philosophic manner. It was quite as if she had maintained that leaving Beacon Street suddenly and going off to the farthest uncivilized point therefrom, was all in the day's occupation.

"We had a very hard time getting started here," she remarked, in answer to a question regarding the little shop. "Neither one of us was blessed, or cursed, with the commercial spirit. We started out by making handkerchiefs. A friend suggested it. We had to do something. But we did not start *The Little Home Shop* until the last time we came out from a visit home. In the meantime, in the southern islands, we had made a collection of Bogobo household utensils, clothing, pottery, handcraft products of all descriptions—afterwards all purchased by the University of Pennsylvania. At that time ours happened to be the only Bogobo collection in the United States.

"We did have a time with the Bogobo hats! They were wonderful things. A dozen varieties, ornamented with brilliant feathers and cunning little bells. You've no idea what a sight it was to see a Bogobo horseman, a chief, riding down the trail on his sturdy little pony with his feathers flying and all his little bells jingling. The hats were beautiful. But tremendous. Each was packed in a separate box. It took us weeks to get the collection off.

"But to get back to the handkerchiefs.

"Once we had completed a lot of them—hand embroidered, hemstitched, scalloped—we didn't know what to do with them. It was through the goodness of friends who were interested in us and who liked the work, that we were ever able to

sell them. These friends would tell other people about the handkerchiefs and give our address, which, by the way, we changed five times in three months. We would go to one place and find it too expensive, and have to seek another roof.

"This is the first house we ever stayed in, in Manila. It was a private house where there were two or three rooms to rent. We said the first time we came here that we would like to rent it for our own home some day. Much to our surprise, one day it was offered to us for rent.

"The garden—we planted it ourselves. Everything prospered. Friends would say to us, 'Look at that poor little vine, there. It will die with so much sun on it. It never gets any shade.' 'Look at that poor little vine now,' I said, when these same friends came through Manila a year later. It was higher than the house. Another said, 'You can't make a pergola out of that bush. It isn't piliated enough.' In a year we could have served tea under it and been as well screened as in this room.

Bedtime Stories, Philippine Folklore, and More Applesauce

by

Geo. H. Reed

Lieut. Commander
U. S. Navy

A new collection of Philippine verses, sketches, short stories, and "dramas" by the author of "Philippine Applesauce."

You'll never forget "God Bless 'Em", "The Chinese House Boy", "Father Tries to Say Something", "The Recall", "The Prodigal Daughter", and "Beautiful but Spoiled"—once you have read them—which—if you live in the Philippines, or have lived or will live there—you should certainly do. An excellent gift book, attractively bound and illustrated.

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MANILA, P. I.

It seemed too good to be true. But that was more than ten years ago and it holds many memories both happy and sad. It looked very much then as you see it now. Certainly no paint has been added since that time. The owner is very slow to make repairs. However, I don't mind so much about the paint. I rather like the aged look of it."

We asked if the garden was in existence when they first came.

"After the handkerchief venture, we started selling baskets. Every kind of basket of native weave. We had them sent up to us from the provinces. Friends we had known would make them or get them for us."

These friends were the natives among whom they had lived for years.

In her house you will always find two or three young Igorot boys who do everything. They work the garden, plant, prune, cook, serve the tea, write business letters, shop, and market. Miss Metcalf's interest in them is much more than merely domestic, just as her interest in the girls who embroider and weave there, is much more than a commercial one. She does not consider them only as machinery necessary to the running of the shop. She laughs with them, she reproaches them, she praises, she corrects, in a spirit of understanding.

There is something distinctly beneficent about the air of the little shop late in the afternoons when the embroiderers are going home. Miss Metcalf has had her tea and is engaging in a last few minutes talk with friends who invariably drop in at this hour.

Conversation is suspended while she speaks to each girl individually, calling her by name. "Goodnight, Restituta. Goodnight, Resurrección."

"Goodnight, Miss Sally," each girl responds.

"And now I must say goodnight to my dumb girl, Josefa. They always laugh when I do it."

She touches her fingers to her lips, then gestures a demiar with her arm.

"The sun goes over the rim of the world, it means," she says.

The group of dark, smiling faces at the head of the stairs vanishes quickly below. It grows almost still in the house. A soft light fills the high opening near which the chairs are drawn. We observe the firm set of a certain head with its neat coil of snow-white hair. It indicates to us that the owner stands gently but firmly foursquare to the universe.

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Timberlake Resolution Makes Congress Face Issue

Writing in the October *Oldtimers'* edition of the *Manila Daily Bulletin*, George H. Fairchild, secretary-treasurer of the Philippine Sugar Association, closed his instructive paper with the following comment, showing the true animus of the resolution sponsored by Congressman Timberlake which would narrow the economic future of the Philippines under the United States by attacking one of their leading industries, sugar, through limiting the amount given free entry into the United States to 500,000 tons a year:

The Timberlake Resolution serves one good purpose. Without intending to do so, it brings America to the crossroads at last respecting her Philippine policy. On such an occasion, of the utmost national significance, the American people must not be deceived; and, even acting in the full light of knowledge, the narrow interests of particular congressional districts, or even of States cannot be included as factors of any importance whatever in the solution of the problem presented. For in dealing with the Philippines—as with Hawaii and Porto Rico—the United States must think and act as a nation, a closely federated nation with a forthright and dominant central authority, and not as a loose and impotent union of States seeking a practical compromise of their contrasting interests.

To do otherwise—that is to say, to consider what Nebraska, for example, or Colorado may wish as a beet-sugar community—would be to act along party lines and for party purposes, and not upon national lines, for national purposes. It must always be remembered that the Philippines are helpless in America's hands in all these matters: the whole, the absolute, control of the commerce of the Islands rests in the Congress of the United States. There is, therefore, no more complete responsibility exercised by the members of the Congress than that exercised in respect to the Philippines; and in considering the Philippines, the members are, most eminently, not mere representatives of their respective districts and States—and not that at all—but representatives of the nation, the United States, in Congress assembled. Going back to the basis of Philippine policy, McKinley's instructions to the Philippine Commission, that stable element upon which both the United States and the Philippines must rely, there are but two desiderata involved in any proposed legislation whatever, and in executive acts and decisions of courts, respecting the Philippines; and the first desideratum is, the welfare of the Philippine Islands; the other, always secondary, is the welfare of the United States—this always being sought, and always found, in the welfare of the Islands themselves.

In ten years more time, the Philippines, given free trade with the United States, will not be producing for sale in American markets more than a million tons or so of sugar annually; and this will not be on a parity with increasing consumption of sugar in the United States. Hence there will not be a time in all those ten years when Philippine sugar is menacing the home crop. But right now, and continuing so, Philippine sugar does affect, and will affect, Cuban sugar; and 'it affects the American investment in Cuban sugar, and will, as a plain matter of fact, compel, in time, a wider diversification of industries on that fertile island. It is an irony, and an unfounded one, for supporters of the Timberlake Resolution to excuse their attitude on the ground that it would force the Philippines to diversification of crops. Would it do the same for Cuba, who must sell her sugar in the United States or close shop? No, it would, on the contrary, intensify interest in Cuba's sugar industry, and cause men there to abandon diversification plans, and it would only affect the Philippines, ruinously, which already have well-diversified crops and are now, in contrast to Cuba, producing practically the whole of their principal food crop, rice.

Philippine policy can never be safely based upon the mere desire of lenders to collect a Cuban mortgage by having the American people

pay it when they fill their sugar bowl. The logic of the situation is that the whole national sugar industry, that in the South, that in the beet States, that in Hawaii and that in the Philippines, must be developed and must thrive as a single domestic unit. Essentially that is what it is.

Three years ago the Philippine Education company published a book on *Philippine Applesauce* by Commander Geo. H. Reed of the U. S. Navy. Now they have placed on sale a companion volume by the same author. In it Mr. Reed laughs good-naturedly at the foibles and vanities of some Americans in the Orient. Their lack of adaptability, their purchasing manias, their refusal to understand native ways and native pleasures and their secret love for the

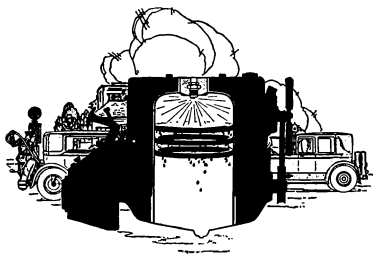
things of which they incessantly complain all provoke from him a sympathetic smile. He tells, too, a few Philippine folk tales in jingling verse that discloses a feeling for the fanciful that was surely never acquired at Annapolis.

The title of the book is *Bedtime Stories Folklore and More Applesauce*. Its art binding helps to make it attractive as a gift. The price is ₱2.

MONEY IN CIRCULATION

The insular auditor reported money in circulation in the islands October 20 as ₱140,332,001; coins ₱21,576,388; treasury certificates ₱96,266,388; banknotes ₱22,489,274.—Government reserves on the same date were ₱122,995,350; GSF (gold standard fund) in Manila ₱6,982,972; GSF in NEW YORK ₱19,646,000; TCF (treasury certificate fund) in Manila ₱22,141,281; TCF in NEW YORK ₱74,125,107.

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Gasoline thins out your oil, permits friction, causes wear and loss of power. An automobile operated with gasoline-diluted oil is being blindly and swiftly driven to the scrap heap.



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The Mambunung Blesses the Harvest

Little known, and that with small respect, since they are a pagan folk, the best agriculturists in the Philippines are the Igorots of Mountain province; and experts in the art and science of farming often have not been content to pronounce these hardy mountaineers the best farmers in the Philippines, but have declared them to be the best in the world. For they have converted sterile mountains into the most fertile fields, first terracing the slopes with walls and then building up the fields with loam from the valleys. They have perfected the art of making compost out of every superfluous straw, so that all but the very grain itself goes back into the soil. Finally, aside from seed selection, which they know well, they have devised for their terraced fields a most ingenious and fully adequate system of artificial irrigation and drainage.

All their farming is done by hand, women working with the men and a natural division of labor being practiced. The men build and repair the walls and tend the ditches, the women plant and tend the fields, and all, men, women and children, busy themselves with the harvesting.

These stocky Igorots have a religion strikingly like that of the North American Indian. Evil spirits are propitiated, good ones supplicated. There is special reliance upon Kamundian, the Great Spirit. Before the yellow grain is cut, an old medicine man blesses the fields.

"You, O Kabigat and Bugan!
You, O Kabigat!" so prayed he,
"Living in the sky, your dwelling—
You who feed us all, and give us
Rice and *abba* in abundance,
All we need for our existence.

"You, O Kabigat and Bugan!
Bless the cutting, bless the harvest!

"You are He who in your goodness
Long ago has made these paddies;
You have plowed them, you have worked them!
Bless them then. O bless the rice fields,
Planted here in endless paddies,
Sai gwara kai-igad-igadanyo—
So that we your name may honor!

"You, O Thunder, mighty Speaker!
From your heights above, don't harm us;
Don't lay waste our burthened rice fields!
—Iango! Here is good tapoi!
—Iango! Here's rice wine to please you!
Come, and let us drink together!
Come, protect us! Come and give us
Long and happy lives, and riches!"

So it is that Father Clerhoudt, a Belgian missionary priest, says the *mambunung* of the village of Bokod on the headwaters of the Agno river, blesses the fields before the ripened grain is cut. He describes the *mambunung*, whose office precisely corresponds to that of an Indian medicine man, as a man of great age, "a tall fellow, surpassing all the other tribesmen by at least a head," who was born in Bokod and learned in all its traditions. Also, the *mambunung* "knew about sickness and other evils; he knew not only the causes of such ills, but also their remedies. He possessed a valuable storehouse of exorcisms, mysterious and all-powerful; he conversed with Kabunian, the Divinity; with the ghosts on Mount Polak, and with the spirits that dwelt in the sky, the water, and the fire."

It is to the ancestral manes, the ghosts on Mount Polak, that the *mambunung* addresses his supplication—asking them not to speak angrily in the thunder and deluge the ripened fields with untimely rains, but to drink the tapoi; rice wine, and mingle with the people friendly. "All the women, about to help (in the cutting of the rice), were sitting in a circle round the flag, and one step farther on toward the field sat the thin *mambunung*, his tall body doubled over a jar of rice wine." Ending his prayer, he dipped up the wine in a coconut shell and held it high aloft, proffering it to the demigods, the people's ancestors, the ghosts of Mount Polak.

"The field first to be harvested must be blessed," the *mambunung* had told his flock. "The field first to be harvested must be exorcised!"

So, on the highest point on the wall round the field, the *mambunung* planted a warrior's spear from the head of which floated a taboo cloth; and none then could enter the field without incurring the wrath of the gods, save those who were of right to help with the cutting. These waited for the blessing of the field, the exorcism of evil spirits, and then got out their sickles. But the *mambunung*'s sorcery is not quite ended; do not enter yet!

"The *mambunung* kept silence for a moment, threw a few pebbles into the field, and proceeded:

"Sikajo ay makadaga—
You who founded all these fields here,
Bless our harvest, bless the cutting!
—Iango! Here is tapoi!
—Iango! Here is rice wine!"

"After which Pokchas (the owner of the field) took a swallow of the rice wine. Then the cup passed round from hip to lip, and the people began to cut the rice.

"At sunset Pokchas and the *mambunung* descended from the field and went to the village, followed by a long row of women bending under the enormous loads of their *kaibangs*, their heavy baskets full of golden rice."

The harvest festival resembles the primitive Grecian festival to Dionysius. In Pokchas's but the village maidens had boiled big pots of last year's rice "which they had pounded, sifted and cleaned." Dried pork was served for meat. With the harvesters gathered round, the *mambunung* squatted near the steaming rice and boiling meat and said a prayer:

"Kaladjo! Come ye all much nearer,
All who at bakak have feasted
Long ago and long before us!

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Teach us, pray, your supplication
For the bakak of the harvest:
Sikajo Bimaka mkaak—
The bakak of former ages!
You who prayed and celebrated,
Mandasakjo inaaan—
Please increase and make abundant
All the feast to you we offer!

"Tep iafigo y aduto—
Here is food, and food delightful,
You with us will eat this evening!
Give us fortune, vouchsafe riches,
That the mortals may more often
To the harvest home invite you!"

A somewhat astounding detail of the ceremony
Father Claerhoudt so poetically and vividly
describes is the blessing of the very utensils
in which the food was prepared:

"The *mambunung* smeared cooked rice over
the three stones on which the rice kettle had
stood a-boiling, and proceeded:

"Chakadan, because you carry
On your head the heavy kettle
Where our rice is put to boiling,
Eat you first, for you deserve it—
For you keep the embers glowing
And the boiling rice from burning!"

"Then the *mambunung* took another hand-
ful of rice and smeared it on the shelf that hangs
above the fire, on which the villagers lay their
rice bundles to dry," and once more he cried
out:

"Sikam soo oodan paang-anka—
You too, shelf, where dry the bundles,
Eat this food first! And your watching
Over fire and food neglect not."

In the same way he blessed the mortar in
which the rice is pounded free from the hulls,
and then the feast began; and wine, rice wine,
as straight from Mother Earth as wine may
come, passed freely round the circle. Next day
the village was deserted: "Each and all were
in the fields, excepting the emaciated old *mam-
bunung*. All day long he lay with his bony
body stretched out in the refreshing shade of a
mango tree near his hut. He alone was watch-
ing over the village, and his dim eyes longingly
followed the brown figures stooping in the
paddies, that from the summit of the mountain
descended to the river."

The moral laws of the Igorots are, of course,
very rigorous. To despoil a village while the
inhabitants were in the fields harrowing would
be a capital crime. It would mean a job for the
headhunters.

The Relation of Life Insurance to Economics

By SALVADOR LAGDAMEO, INSULAR TREASURER

All modern treatises on economics contain
chapters dealing with insurance. By this fact
alone, it seems obvious that it is the consensus
of opinion among economists that insurance is
intimately related to the economic life of man
which is subject to uncertainty. And it cannot
be otherwise, because insurance is so closely

terms of money, insurance plays an important
role in the world's economic development. We
insure against destruction by fire, earthquake,
storm, lightning, against breach of trust by
officials, marine accidents, theft, burglary, and
many other casualties. We insure our own lives
and against accidents and disability that may

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influence. It is a device which modern business
method considers essential for the proper develop-
ment of industry and business, for it removes
the economic consequences of uncertainty,
lessening thereby the social costs of risk. Thus,
it has been poetically designated as the "maiden
of commerce." Being a scientific scheme of
taxation based on the law of averages to replace
economic losses of almost every conceivable
kind in so far as such losses may be reckoned in

happen to us; we insure the education of our
children, our old age, illness and un-employment.
There is insurance against bad credit, loss of rent,
strike, and crop failure. And there are com-
panies which issue policies on the voice of a
prima-donna. A company in Russia has been
insuring individuals against economic conse-
quences of political persecution. And who can
tell what sundry risks will be insured in the
near future to keep pace with the continuous
and surprising progress the world is making in
industrial capitalism?

Already there has been a talk in England and
America of insurance against divorce and against
twins.

The tremendous influence life insurance alone
is exercising nowadays over the economic fabric
of the world!

An old adage says that "there is nothing sure
in life but death," and for an insurance company
to exist there must be the element of uncertainty.
This element is found, however, in the time of
the occurrence of death or in the magnitude of
deaths. What is, therefore, insured against is
the time or magnitude of deaths by offering
to remove the economic consequences of such
uncertainty or, in other words, by replacing the
monetary loss caused by the death of an individual.

Life insurance has developed from the stage of
fatalism when it was no more than an attempt to
reimburse individuals for losses incurred, to the
present modern one based on statistical data,
tables of mortality and scientific calculation
of premiums. In life insurance the net premium
is the joint product of the theory of probabilities,
the experience of vital statistics and a calculation
of rates of interest. (Seligman).

Modern life insurance with such scientific
basis was bound to grow, it has grown and will
continue growing. Its growth will naturally
increase the rôle it plays in economics.

A man who carries a life insurance commensurate
with his income, cannot but feel at ease.
He is not very much worried about his future
financial condition. If he carries an endowment
insurance he is providing for his old age, and for

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his family should he die while the policy is still in force. Many policies carry disability benefits. An insured person is sure that his family will not be a burden upon society. In case of extreme financial distress before the policy matures, he can pledge his policy and get a loan on that security. He is, therefore, placed in a position where he can look toward the future with more confidence than he could otherwise; he becomes an optimist rather than pessimist or one who is indifferent.

Such a man is obviously a valuable element in society because his tendency will necessarily be progressive, if not aggressive in the good sense of this term, and because he is more apt to be efficient in his undertakings. In fine, he becomes real force ready to join in the common task of producing wealth. The fact that he has to pay a premium or a tax at certain appointed periods makes of him a thrifty man and teaches him how to be punctual in meeting obligations. For life insurance is an agency for the assistance of the economically weak, an enterprise for the mutual good of the nation.

This moral effect is so obvious and the consequences that follow it are so clear that I need not speak at length about them.

As to the social implications of life insurance, they have been wonderful and far reaching. The preventive work the life insurance companies are now performing in order to meet social needs—their attempt to assist in the reduction of dependence and poverty caused by avoidable sickness, preventable accident and premature death.

They are attempting to apply existing scientific knowledge in the reduction of accidents and in the treatment of preventable diseases; they educate policy-holders in personal hygiene; they attempt to secure wise and sound health legislation; they work for the passage of laws appropriating funds for better housing, particularly for workmen's homes, for loans for the construction of adequate water supplies, sewerage plants, better means of transportation and other forms of public utilities and necessities.

Over forty-five insurance companies are offering periodic health examination to policy-holders. You can understand the value of such periodic health inventory. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York studied 6,000 policy-holders thus examined and found out that there was a saving of 18% in the expected mortality. Some industrial insurance companies offer nursing service to policy-holders; many have published health literature to educate policy-holders in personal hygiene. A Japanese company, among other activities, is making a special effort to combat tuberculosis.

The investments of life insurance companies consist of mortgage loans, stocks and bonds, policy loans, collateral loans and bank deposits.

The Peseta

By MRS. LYLE MARTNER

It was beggars' day in Malolos. The air was hot and steamy and the mendicants had been unusually insistent that morning, it seemed to me, as I sat on my shady veranda giving a centavo to each of them till I had exhausted my supply.

I never had the courage to give her the usual centavo, but just as one gives a larger tip when a haughty but efficient waiter serves one, so I always gave her an extra coin. She had so impressed the neighbors with her superiority that she had quite a rent roll where no other

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They had come by twos and by threes, in bunches and singly. First the old man who looked so comical with the short-legged stool strapped to him, ready for him to sit upon instead of upon his heels; then the old woman with the coconut spoons and dippers to sell, but who expected a pittance whether or not she sold anything; and the old man who played badly a few tunes on a rather good violin, while the little boy who accompanied him sang; and lastly the old woman who had been burned and wore padded tennis shoes tied upon her crippled feet—holding out her stumps of hands.

Somehow she was a little cleaner, a little more intelligent than the others, and so evidently considered herself an aristocrat of beggars that

beggars ever dared go.

I had just sent her away when Nell Westou came up the steps and exclaimed, "Why Edith! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You are encouraging them in begging from honest, hardworking people! Don't you know that many of them are gathering money for hale and hearty sons and daughters who could support them in comfort?"

It was so evident that she was quoting Mrs. Cadman that I could not suppress a smile, for Nell herself had been in the islands but a few weeks.

"Yes, I know," I answered, "but I don't know who are the really needy ones and I have been taught that it is better to give to ten worthy ones than to turn away one really hungry person. There are no homes or help provided by the government, and there's but little organized charity, so it seems to me the fairest way is for each to give a little. It isn't a very heavy tax after all."

"You are just encouraging them in laziness!" she snapped.

"Really, it seems to me a hard way for some of these frail and crippled ones to get a living; surely they would rather work if they could," I answered.

"Then why don't they work?"

I laughed.

"Sure enough! Will you give one of them work?"

"How absurd you are! They could find work if they wanted it. Now I'll go back to my work; for I don't believe you would provide for me if I should turn beggar, so I'll dig into those examination papers and earn my bread and butter."

"Just come around if you go in for begging and I'll give you a double portion of bread—but no butter. However, according to my neighbors, I'll be the one to go begging!"

"You will have to earn all I ever give you. You can make me a pan of your delectable rolls right now," she concluded, with a placating smile, and tripped down the road as peppy as the newly-arrived that she was.

I had given a few more centavos which I found tucked away in my sewing basket, and a

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few cups of rice to others, and turned away as many more—with a half-guilty feeling which ever I did—when upon looking toward the railroad station I saw old blind Julian and his emaciated wife, Felisa, wending their way down the path toward me.

They had always appealed to my sympathies. I never refused them, but that morning the sight of them irritated me.

I called the house boy to interpret for me, and told them that I would give them a peseta if they would never come again. They agreed, took the money and went away mumbling a blessing or an imprecation—I could not tell which.

It was a great relief to feel that they would bother me no more. "Why can't I buy them all off, one by one?" I asked myself. I resolved to do it.

A week went by, bringing another Friday, another beggars' day. I had again taken my work to the veranda, but was sitting idly watching the pink flowers of the cadena de amor falling in a shower to the floor, as a brisk breeze shook the vines. A few beggars had received their coins as usual when I saw Julian and Felisa coming toward the house.

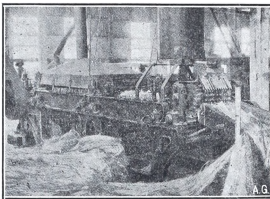
"Why did I expect them to keep a promise?" I asked myself. "I'll have Simeon tell them what I think of them!"

Nevertheless, I stepped into the house to get their customary allowance, but when I returned they had gone by without stopping. I sat down with a strange feeling of fatigue.

"The heat is becoming unbearable, I think I'll go to Baguio early this year," I said to myself.

I went to the kitchen to give the cook a forgotten order, but he had gone to market. I looked around and saw some dish towels that were turning gray. I pulled them down with more energy than the act required and put them into a pan of water ready for him when he should return. It seemed to me that I could not stand that cook another day.

Just then Tom and Nancy came up, asking me the old question, "What can we do, Mama?"



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"Play beggar!" I answered rather sharply. Nancy's chin began to quiver, but Tom cried, "Come on. That will be fun!" Off they went, coming back soon dressed in old clothes, each with a bag in one hand, holding out the other and whining the mendicant phrases they had learned in true beggar fashion.

Feeling somewhat ashamed of my impatience, I played with them awhile and then sent them to eat sugar cane, which is a delightful and prolonged occupation.

I saw the two old people going back toward the station, which seemed to be the place from which they appeared and disappeared as if by magic.

I tried to take a siesta, but their image haunted me.

"What is the matter with me?" I wondered. "Isn't it better to give them a peseta at one time, saving both them and me time and bother?" Still I felt discontented with myself. At last I thought to myself, "You are a lazy, moral coward. It is up to you to settle this matter once and for all. Either give cheerfully to all, or investigate and give only to those who are worthy, or else, take your neighbor's advice and turn all away."

I decided to do some investigating, and not try to buy my peace with a peseta.

On the following beggars' day, I called the two old people and questioned them. I found that they could speak Spanish and a little English, so that we could understand each other quite well. Their story of children who had all died when young, of brothers and sisters who had died, leaving their offspring to be brought up as servants in other people's houses, of illness, and of a small property, which had been fraudulently taken from them, was confirmed by people who had known them for many years.

Time went on. I gave them their portion with others whom I found were actually destitute, and some of whom I was not sure.

I soon learned to turn away without a qualm those who were impostors, such as the man who came three times asking for money to help

bury a child, but who gave a different name each time; also he had moved each time.

I often talked to different ones but oftenest to Felisa and Julian, as they frequently stopped to tell me that they were keeping the peseta to get something special, anything from a fish on fiesta day to a blanket.

One day Felisa came alone. Questioned about Julian, she told a sad story of a fall, a broken arm, and fever. I went to the house where they lived, in a dark, damp but rather clean corner of the lower part of a nipa house owned by some people from their town. There I found Julian, his arm crudely bound up, suffering from pneumonia. He had had no doctor because there wasn't money enough; neither was there any one to care for him while Felisa went to beg.

I provided some milk and broth, but he could drink but little of either; I also fetched a blanket to put over him, and then called upon the municipal health officer to look after him.

The next morning when I went back I found that he had died very early that morning, and a few neighbors were preparing him for burial. A carpenter was making a coffin from boards that had been given to them. Felisa was lamenting that she could not pay for musicians for the funeral, saying over and over that if she only had the money that those villains robbed them of she could have a very fine funeral for him.

She had a handful of small coins, that those who came in had given her for the funeral, but it wasn't enough to provide a band.

I looked up the leader of an orchestra who lived nearby, who had at one time been a pupil of mine. He agreed to come with three others for a very small sum. I slipped a few coins into Felisa's hand, to insure the needed amount, so the funeral was a very beautiful one after all.

I was careful to avoid telling my neighbors what I had done.

Felisa seemed very grateful, and almost gay when she learned about the orchestra and counted the money—finding a little more than enough.

On the following beggars' day I was surprised when Felisa took from the bag which she carried



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a bulky package and told me that it was in memory of Julian.

Upon opening it I found a brightly decorated cup and saucer with the word *Recuerdo* upon it.

She begged me to accept the poor gift! "I am ashamed," she repeated over and over again, "because it is so poor."

"The little piece out of the saucer will not show when you set it on the shelf," she said. I assured her that it was a very fine present, and thanked her as best as I could; but inadequately I felt, compared to her own fluency.

"It is so little, and the saucer is broken. There's a piece out of it, but that is the only reason why I could get such a nice one *muy barato*—for one peseta."

Ah, my peseta! Some day that cup shall adorn a home for the destitute in these islands.

Governor Stimson approved two bills October 25 which had been passed by the legislature the previous day. One provides that the insular tariff on imported sugars and tobaccos shall be automatically that of the United States. It had not been changed since 1909, and meanwhile somewhat higher duties had gone into effect in the homeland. From now on, whenever the American tariff respecting sugars and tobaccos is raised the insular tariff will conform to the change without further action of the legislature.

The other bill created positions for ten more judges of land courts in order that the lands bureau and registration offices may expedite action upon applications for public land, for the survey and registration of private lands, etc. There are about 115,000 applications for land pending in the lands bureau, and they concern some 2,600,000 hectares of the public domain. Out of 215,243 applications for land filed with the bureau in 24 years, 38,863 have been approved and patents have been issued to 23,363 applicants. Comparison will indicate how far the work is behind. From January 1 to September 30, the number of applications filed was 850.

Why Baseball Should Be Revived in the Schools

It is too bad that with the introduction of other outdoor games in the Philippine public and private schools, baseball, introduced by the American soldiers and sailors and popularized by the early American teachers, should have been allowed to decline. Unless the right sort of interest is taken in



Castmiro

less abandoned.

This paper will discuss baseball from the viewpoint of men of an elder generation who are, because of their position either in public life or in teaching, responsible for the training of Philippine youth. Their long neglect of baseball has deprived the game of recruits; though the islands can still muster a few good teams, the teams are made up of veterans; and though there is one first-baseman, Regis, whose skill is that of an American major-leaguer, he has been twenty years in the game and must soon give it up.

There aren't enough young pitchers, nor

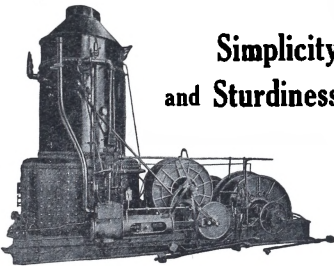
catchers, nor fielders; and league playing is confined to Manila.

Instead of this situation, that which ought to prevail is a league in Manila, an interprovincial league and an international league—this last playing scheduled games through the season in China, Japan and the Philippines. Baseball, properly encouraged, could be the means of encouraging inter-island travel; if Cebu, Iloilo, Leyte and Negros had the teams they could have and these league with Manila, when games were to be played in Cebu, Iloilo, Bakoled and Tacloban many fans would take advantage of the opportunity to go and see the games and tour the Bisayas. Nothing could be more efficacious in drawing the two regions, Luzon and the Bisayas, socially together than first rate baseball.

Out of such teams material could be culled to match against China, Japan and Hawaii and to tour the United States; and again, the social advantages would be tremendous. Prowess in baseball elicits the admiration of another element, and on the whole a better one, than prowess in boxing. It attracts no better element than tennis, but it does attract a larger element, while it is a less remarkable feat for an agile people, like the Filipinos are, to develop a star tennis player than it is for them to develop a star baseball team. In the past, baseball has done its part, and in the future it can do even more, in destroying the inferior complex that still affects the islands to their detriment. Tennis helps, boxing helps likewise, as do other sports and other activities, but baseball is first among them all.

There are obvious reasons for this. The Filipino can excel in baseball, in the orient, and

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Baseball is played on such a large field, often quite an open one, that many spectators can witness the games. Even at fields completely fenced there are bleacher seats cheap enough to be within the resources of the workingman, and baseball is eminently therefore a workingman's recreation. The principles of the various plays are simple, the vernacular is monosyllabic; both the principles of the plays and the nomenclature of the game are quickly grasped and understood. In the Philippines, when properly sponsored, baseball evokes the keenest interest even from women. The plays are, for the most part, open; the spectator sees clearly everything that transpires and the liveliest interest follows the whole course of a game. Teamwork there is, and of the best sort. But it is open teamwork; each spectator can follow his favorite player, marking his record game after game and season after season.

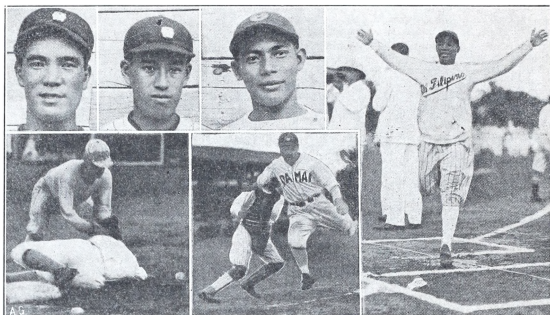
Thus should large crowds be entertained, in the healthful open air of baseball grounds, all summer long at least every provincial capital of the islands.

It is not too much to hope that the game receive the unstinted patronage of the government itself. It did have such patronage under Governor Forbes, who killed two sparrows with a single pebble by giving baseball outfits to schools excelling in the savings-bank competitions. It is a legitimate function of government to encourage the harmless wastage of physical energy. What more ready means has the Philippine government for this legitimate purpose than baseball? No baseball crowd ever did violence to anyone or anything but an umpire or a bleacher fence. The heroes of baseballdom are second to few whom youth may emulate, and it is well for youth to emulate them. In America, where baseball is the national sport, no less a personage than a Federal judge, Hon. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, thought fit to leave the bench and accept the post of supreme arbitrator of the game. In the entire history of the game, intense as its contests always are, with fortunes in the gate receipts of the national leagues, very few knaves have ever been players;

and as against these few, literally thousands of men of the cleanest and most rigid honor may be cited.

More scandal attaches in a single season to varsity football, than even to professional league baseball in a decade.

nothing counts in baseball, in the final analysis, in comparison with character and skill. In these islands baseball was the first influence, as for a long time to come it will be the only effective one, to bring together on common ground the aristocrat and the peasant.



Baseball Between Filipinos and Japanese in Manila—Left to right: Uwasa, Ikawa, Casimiro. Below, Daimon safe at third (left), and Daimon out at home plate.

There is absolutely no objection to a boy's aspiring to be a Ruth, a Walter Johnson or a McGraw; on the contrary, such aspirations are as worthy of encouragement as aspirations for the learned professions, in which, with all the centuries of tradition back of them, professional ethics are no higher than those of baseball. Baseball, as distinct from all other games, has been professionalized successfully; the son of wealth can pursue a career in any department of the game with no more loss of social repute than the son of the mendicant. Then, too,

In the old Nueva Ecija team, which the writer has in mind on this point, a team which furnished several Olympic players, the players were recruited from the highest and the humblest families of the province. A Bantug was the crack pitcher, and his catcher was a peasant; the shortstop was, like Bantug, an *ilustrado*, and his plays were mainly with the second-sacker, another peasant. Something of the subsequent history of these young men is known, including the fact that interclass marriages are traceable to friendships among the girls of the

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high school which the poorer boys could never have made save for the repute they gained on the ball field. Another desirable outcome was that poor boys remained longer in school and qualified for careers their books and baseball made them fit to follow.

It was even surprising to see provincial officials, imbued with the spirit of the game, willing to lend every legitimate assistance to the poorer boys in order to keep them in school and on the team. Under any other circumstances they would never have deigned to speak to these boys. In the future the boys had proved their worth.

fundamental rule and play of the game.

Thus, without the outlay of a centavo, any barrio school can promote interest in baseball and keep that interest alive.

But indoor baseball won't do this. Indoor baseball is played with a ball thrice the size of the regulation baseball—which won't do at all. Boys may safely begin baseball with a rag ball or a yarn ball, but it is requisite that such a ball be of the regulation size.

It is the right-sized ball that must be spat upon and gripped and given the coveted *english* that makes it curve. It is in part to indoor baseball that the decadence of baseball in the

It is one of the eminent virtues of baseball that it detracts nothing from skill in other games. It is properly and safely to be selected as the star game on the school ground, around which all other games and field sports may be grouped. The Journal is for its early and widespread revival throughout the Philippines; not, of course, to the detriment of other games, or field sports, but to their benefit. Give these games, however, all their points of excellence, and baseball will remain the particular game in which the Filipino youth en masse can match himself against the youth of the world, and bank on his wits and the law of self-preservation to make up for his slight physique. How pleasant would be that day when news of league baseball games played at Cebu between that port and Manila should command front-page space in Manila's newspapers and be covered by star reporters. Such a day ought to dawn within two years. Everyone with a spark of youth and civic interest left in his entrails should turn in and help toward it. School officials who fail of doing so might well be presented sets of indoor baseballs for earrings. No—that sentence is withdrawn. The purpose of this paper goes no farther than to try to get baseball viewed in the light it deserves, and reestablished on the basis where the soldiers, sailors and empire-days teachers placed it. That the Filipino boys of that period took to it so widely and learned so quickly to play it well, is proof enough that the potentialities are as great here, by comparison, as in America, the country of the great game's origin.

—W. R.

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That is the kind of influence which is lost when baseball, most democratic of all games, is permitted to decline in public esteem.

Endless illustrations of the merits of baseball in comparison with other outdoor school games present themselves. Take the mere matter of physique. Football, an excellent game, demands the biggest men available; every successful football team is so because of its avoidoipous, and the rule is almost equally applicable to the individual players. No good football team can have more than two or three physically small men, and even this slight deficiency must be made up in the weight of the other men. It is this fact, of course, which always tempts varsity faculties to enroll muckleheaded giants and let them slide through their fictitious courses. Basketball more nearly approaches baseball, on this point, but far from equals it.

In baseball, size does count, but skill counts more; a baseman, a fielder, a pitcher may be light or heavy, tall or short; the game offers not only wider opportunity to skill than other manly games in modern repute, but tries the mettle of every recruit and ultimately accepts or discards him upon this stubborn test alone. If a recruit has the right mettle in him, no matter how big or small he is, he has a good chance to make the squad. If he lacks mettle, there is no chance for him at all.

Most meritorious of all, however, for school purposes, are the gradations of baseball. Other games lack this attribute entirely; football is just football, always to be played in a certain way; and so with tennis, so with the others.

Baseball is different, to its infinite advantage. Three boys furnishing themselves with a rag ball and a bamboo club, can play baseball—and play it according to rule. They can play work-up, with the pitcher covering the plate and the field. Four boys can do a little better, and a larger number better still. But neither nine boys, with nine more to match them, nor the full diamond are essential for good practice in every

islands may be traced; neither pitcher, basemen, fielders nor catcher can handle the indoor baseball in the way the baseball must be handled to win games. The indoor baseball is neither caught nor thrown in the manner of the baseball. General Wood is said always to have resented seeing boys at school in the islands playing indoor baseball. If this is true, his resentment was justified.

If baseball and indoor baseball were played, then there would be less ground for criticism.

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The Lost Patrol

By P. L. STANGL

It was a beautiful spring morning in the year 1900. The commanding officer of a battalion of American infantry quarters in the town of Laguna, ordered the first sergeant of company D to get his command ready for a practice and reconnaissance march. Word had come in that the surrounding hills were alive with the enemy, under General Juan Cailles, and that there was danger of a raid on some of the barrios lying beyond easy reach of the garrison towns. The colonel of the regiment had mounted several companies, immediately dubbed *the horse marines*, on native ponies, to lead the enemy in the American advance on their lines. Company D, at this particular garrison, was one of the mounted companies, and the C. O. thought it a good idea to exercise the men and horses by sending them on patrol.

Hence the order.

But there seemed no use in sending out a commissioned officer, most of whom were either wounded or sick anyway; there was little danger of anything transpiring that would call for an officer of the line, so the C. O. put the sergeant in charge of the company and started them off, together with the medical steward and a couple of hospital corps men. The sergeant was Irish, a man of many years' service with the regulars, who provided his men with plenty of ammunition for an emergency. His orders merely covered the general route to be followed.

The hills were beautiful in their rich foliage; the many rills and streams that rushed musically along added to the attractiveness of the scenery; the soldiers, most of them youngsters, new to army life and discipline, were happy to get away from the camp and to go on a picnic, and treated the whole affair as a picnic. To the south of them lay Tayabas province, from which a complicated system of hills and mountains separated them, with small lakes embedded in the pockets of the hills and surrounded by coconut groves and other trees. Here and there nipa huts, which invariably were empty, peeped from among the verdure. The occupants had either fled long ago, were with the enemy in the mountains to the south, or in hiding from the Americans.

Before many miles had been passed, the guide had given the command the slip; the day was young yet, and the question was what to do next. A council of war, held by the sergeant, Doc, the steward, and the other sergeant, decided to push on notwithstanding, as they had a good map, which the sergeant had secured without the knowledge of his C. O., so the party gaily crossed ridge after ridge, rivulet after rivulet, till a halt was called beside a small lake to drink the milk of a lot of green coconuts knocked off the palms all about them, and to make a picnic of it with the rations carried along for the purpose. When about to order the troop to mount again, the first sergeant took out his map and studied it attentively for awhile, then called his cronies and said:

"Boys, just beyond here is the crossroad that leads to Tayabas (naming a town just beyond the border), and this other way goes to S. . . . (regiment's headquarters). Shall we go back or go on, and which way?"

Bill, the other sergeant and next in rank, opined they had better turn around, while Doc was in favor of going ahead. After much discussion, all thought it would be fun to *get lost*, ride toward the frontier, and then swing in a wide semicircle so as to get to S. . . . from the southeast, instead of west, as they were now, and give as their excuse that they had lost their guide and the way, and that the horses needed to be shod. In that way they could have a gorgeous picnic, get the *Old Man* to protect them from court martial by the C. O., and escape drill and guard duty for a couple of days at least.

This program was joyfully adopted. Remounting, they rode along like a lot of school boys let out of class, which they greatly resembled.

Dusk found them on the wrong side of the mountains from their starting point, and in a valley where the hasty abandonment by the occupants showed a barrio with rice just cook-

ing, and a number of chickens squawking around the trees where they roosted. But not a native to be seen. After a futile effort to get hold of somebody to explain that they were not out to capture or kill, the soldiers gleefully captured some of the unlucky fowl, which, with the rice and some fruit and *embalmed beef* of the ration, made an opulent meal to which all did justice. After which they proceeded to sleep in the shacks, first looking after their horses, posting a guard and making everything snug for the night.

Early next morning, after a hearty breakfast, all mounted and rode away, leaving a few cans of salmon and some coins to pay for the food commandeered, which no doubt surprised the natives on returning to their homes, full of wonder at finding nothing burned down or destroyed.

Meanwhile, at L. . . . , when neither man nor horse appeared, nor tidings as to their fate or whereabouts, no little uneasiness was beginning to be felt, and the military telephone and telegraph were busy seeking tidings of the lost patrol—the men who were having the time of their lives. As they neared a barrio or town, they were met by signs of submission in the shape of white flags, consisting of towels, sheets, petticoats or other domestic gear, tied to a piece of bamboo and stuck out of windows as they approached; but only old women or men could be seen, who claimed utter lack of comprehension of anything else than Tagalog, in which tongue some of the soldiers, who had not wasted their time in the islands, managed to extract the valuable information that they were all *arrigos* there, that no soldiers were within miles (presumably), and that they were *mucho pobres* and had nothing to give the Americans.

By noon a halt was made and the return journey planned.

As rations had long since been consumed, or swapped for other things, or left in payment of

supplies taken, and to feed so large a body of men was likely to become a problem, the first sergeant concluded that the shortest way to an army post—any army post—was the greatest need of the time, and hence it was decided to strike across country for S. . . . , as the nearest and safest place under the circumstances.

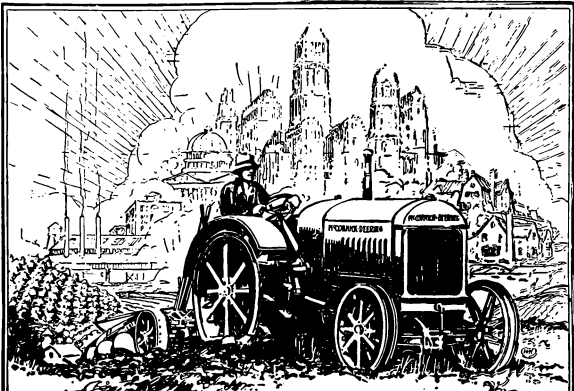
With the help of the map it was found that they were near a crossroad that would connect their present road with the main road to S. . . . from the south. So tightening belts and putting a little pep into their steeds, they galloped at top speed to cover the twenty odd miles between them and S. . . . , which they reached just as the colonel was returning from guard mount.

Riding up and reporting, the top sergeant stated that they had been lost, having first been abandoned by their native guide, and, fearing treachery and being unacquainted with the country, had got too far southeast, and that only late that day they had fallen in with people who could direct them, who had sent them on the road which landed them there.

Whether the colonel suspected something, or whether he wanted to keep the C. O. at L. . . . who was not a favorite of his, on nettles, the upshot was that the troop was ordered to remain at S. . . . and, after putting up their steeds, to quarter and mess with the company at the *conviento*, while the medical department men went joyfully to the post hospital, sure of good chow and quarters.

But the top sergeant was not done yet. He respectfully invited the attention of the colonel to the condition of the feet of the horses of his troop, and asked permission to have them shod next morning, which was granted, thereby insuring at one stroke that they would have nearly another day to loaf. Also, their whereabouts now being reported by wire to the C. O. at L. . . . , his resentment, calling for unpleasant explanations, was allowed time to cool. The orders of the colonel served at once as the men's protection, and an explanation of their prolonged absence.

To the great disgust of the troops at S. . . . while they had had to drill, stand guard and otherwise disport themselves, the *lost patrol*



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The Parable of the Mosquito Larvae

By ANNE MILTIMORE PENDELETON

And now, Dearly Beloved, shall I relate unto thee a parable, even though the telling of it be not pleasant to me, for that the lesson of the parable did hurt my pride, of which, forsooth, I have too much, as thou mayst or mayst not know.

Now it so happeneth that for some time there hath been a creature of venomous intent and stinging purpose who dwelleth among us quite against the wishes of the Community. And it hath been so ordained by the Authorities that such animals as the dog and the horse, yea, even the fowls of the barnyard, shall be awarded neither housing nor yarding privileges of College Hill, which Hill do be the place whereon the good Man of My House and I do have our Dwelling Place. And we do think that we who Dwell on this Hill do be of the Elite—ahem!

Howbeit, speaking of the order concerning the Domestic, I may say in strictest confidence

that this order be not at all enforced, hence by this token, am I constrained to believe that the Anopheles was emboldened to think that the restrictions against his taking up his abode among the Elite would be equally unenforced.

And to this end he abode among us for some time, making many of our servants to ache with agonizing pains and raging fevers in a most malignant form so that they could not so much as endure the thought of food or exertion of any kind, particularly the performance of their duties, though truth compels me to state that I think the nonperformance of their duties was the least of their grievances. And I must not forget to add that this strange and virulent form of malaria attacked naught but the servant and lower class Filipino, and did not once affect the upper stratum of Filipino society, nor yet any of the whites, that is to say, it did not affect

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loafed gloriously till late afternoon, as the one farrier and blacksmith at S..... was not able to finish shoeing all the horses until near sunset, whereupon the troop remounted, reviewed by the colonel and his staff, and at a smart trot made the five miles home, reaching there as the bright moon was silencing all the countryside with its unearthly beauty. After reporting to a C. O., who was so utterly disgusted by the orders wired from S..... as to be nearly speechless, the men gleefully rejoined their less fortunate brethren, after first vowing solemn silence on the exact manner of their being lost; so that when the non-coms of the patrol were lined up for a stiff cross-examination before the exasperated C. O. and his brother officers, the innocent faces and uniform testimony of all of them left no loophole for action, and while they were within short distance of a court martial, the fact that they, as their Irish sergeant put it, saw the colonel first, saved their bacon.

But for the rest of the time the battalion lay at L....., the horse marines were never sent on patrol duty; and it was not many weeks later that the quartermaster turned in all the horses to the corral at Manila, and the doughboys were again reduced to Shanks' mare for transportation.

For many years the legend of the flying column, which in time grew to the dimensions of a regiment, was current in that part of Laguna among the inhabitants, and their wild ride and wilder antics pictured in the colors of an exterminating and devastating horde like unto the Huns of Attila, notwithstanding the fact that the only gun fired was the pistol of the hospital steward, who shot a wild pig the last day out, which, being roasted with yams, made an excellent supper. And digging yams and splitting coconuts was the only use to which bayonets were put.

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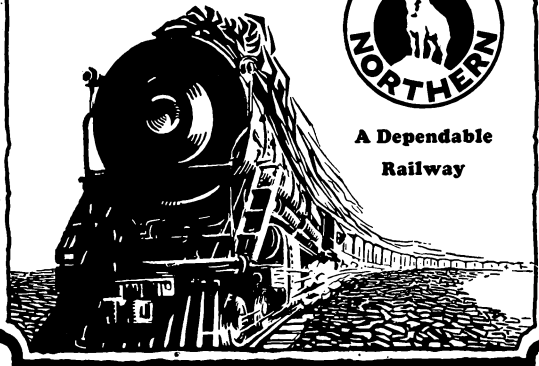
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us to the extent of making us ill, though the housewife did hate it a very great inconvenience to have the servants unable to perform their respective duties.

Thus it was that an unwanted guest came to dwell among us. Anon I did keep the cement water cups around the posts of the house well cleaned, and the clean water surfaced over with a coating of that oil that hath so many uses and so many virtues ascribed to it all throughout the Orient, namely, coal oil or kerosene. And I did be most assiduous in the performance of this duty though the Health Journals do say but once in ten days are such rites necessary, yet did I insist on the virtues of the oil by causing the ceremony to be performed twice a week, and most murderously did I search for the wrigglers in the cement troughs, and most vigilantly did I pounce upon the unsuspecting offspring of the vicious Anopheles, and moreover, every day did I stand the cook and the houseboy up before me, and myself did personally supervise their taking of copious draughts of quinine—that one and only malaria specific. And whether, because of their propensities to the natives of the medicine, or because of its efficacy, or because of a sudden access of zeal for labor, the servants were soon back on the job, and I did feel that I had done well.

Yet did I not cease my vigilant search for offending wrigglers, but kept up the good work continuously, and I did and do most firmly believe that the pestilent Anopheles that did sting me and cause me to assuage the irritations of their attentions by unseemly applications of my finger nails so that the good Man of My House did say more than once in a pained voice, "My DEAR I do wish you would's search your legs in Public!" did have their breeding places in OTHER people's houses, and in tree stalks and jungle debris which be all about us, and especially in the broad leaves of banana trees which do hold much water for some time, and I still do stoutly maintain this idea.

But lo, Dearly Beloved, and this be the whole sum and substance of my Parable, "Pride goeth before Destruction, and a Haughty Spirit before a Fall." The Health Officer did yesterday morning send a subordinate to the houses wherein do dwell the Man of My House and I, and the subordinate did speak in this wise, "Thou art the only people nearby who hath cement cups under thy house, and there be much malaria on the Hill and the Doctor thinketh mayhap the mosquitoes do breed in the places beneath thy house, and he hath sent me to investigate, and gaze into thy cement cups, and behold whether or not there be any wrigglers there, and if so be there be, then will the Doctor come and pour crude oil all round thy place."

Now I do loathe crude oil with a loathing unspeakable, and moreover, it maketh as thou well knowest, what the Man of My House doth vulgarly term, and that, too, quite inclegantly, a "bad stink," and I do apologize for the phrase. But I said to the Doctor's subordinate, "Go thou and look, and I will come take a look-see with thee." For, because of all my care of them I thought there would be naught of disgrace attached to my cement cups.

And Beloved, we looked, and lo, in several of the cups did we find one wriggler, and in one of the cups several wrigglers, and Dearly Beloved, I vow the grin on the face of the Doctor's subordinate was not sympathetic, nay, rather, to my sensitive eyes, it was fiendishly malicious. And a Wicked Thought did come into my head, for which, Dearly Beloved, I am not as yet properly repentant, but the thought was this:

The Doctor thinketh that because the cement cups beneath our house be so apparent, they do, therefore, be a place where wrigglers may very easily put in an appearance, for none of the houses nearby have this splendid arrangement for keeping pestiferous ants from entering the house, and moreover, in this damp, wet weather, it be much more easy to search my open cement cups, than to prow around searching for wrigglers in the dank jungle back of the houses, and in the crotches of trees, and in the broad cups of the banana leaves, and especially and particularly in a bad sewer that hath been leaking for so long that it hath become a renowned source of wrigglers, but it would be bad odor

to the Doctor to let it be known that a sewer hath been leaking for long, so because my house be nearby, and the cement cups easy to gaze into by the mere squatting down, and looking therein, he, because it be more convenient for him, maketh of me an example.

I did so faithfully try to carry out both the letter and the spirit of the law, and I did cause much time and energy and kerosene to be expended upon the project, and yet did these inconsiderate wrigglers most pertly show their presence, and so are they, even though their number be ever so few, held against me and my methods of sanitation.

And so am I fallen from grace, and my pride be forever wounded, and my "face" hath quite disappeared, and I can find it in my heart to wish that the Doctor's subordinate had not grinned such a fiendish grin, and taken such delight in my so small defection; but more, I think it most contemptible of those detestable Anopheles offspring so to betray me. And I am sitting in sackcloth and ashes and lamenting with Job that there are many unfair things in this world, Beloved, and this is one of them. But oh, Beloved, I have been many times more mosquito stung elsewhere than I have at my own home, indeed as I have, and now thou seest I am not yet properly humbled, and of a truth, the humbling process ever goeth hard with me, the more especially, in this instance, for that I did say to the Man of My House, but the night before, "Go thou and see if there be any wrigglers in the cement cups," and he did do my bidding, and did report that of the wrigglers he did not see any, no, not one.

Dearly Beloved, I do think there be more than one moral to this parable.

Truly, "Pride goeth before" Destruction, and a Haughty Spirit before a Fall," and also, Beloved, when we think we be most secure then is Temptation more certain to assail us, for Satan cometh in the night, or in one small hour, or yea, even in less time.



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OCTOBER SUGAR REVIEW

By **GEORGE H. FAIRCHILD**



New York Market:

The depression in the American sugar market continued during the month under review and prices declined further to 3.80 cents l. t. Insignificant sales of Cubas for present shipment were made during the first week of the month at prices ranging from 2-1 8 cents and f. (.390 cents l. t.) to 2-5 32 cents c. and f. (3.93 cents l. t.), but on the 8th the market developed a slight strength and sales of Cubas were reported for present shipment at 2-3, 16

cents c. and f. (3.96 cents l. t.). The market weakened on the 11th and prices declined to 2-5 32 cents c. and f. (3.93 cents l. t.) for Cubas present shipment, and did not show any disposition to operate until on the 18th when 25,000 tons of Cubas for present shipment were sold to refiners at 2-3, 16 cents c. and f. (3.96 cents l. t.). Immediately thereafter, however, throughout the latter part of the month, the market gradually developed weakness and prices sagged to 3.80 cents l. t., being the lowest level since 1925, apparently prompted by the rumor that there would be an increase in the European crop estimate by Licht, which rumor was confirmed on October 31 when Licht announced an increase of 215,000 tons over his previous estimate of the European beet crop.

Carnikov-Rionda Co. in their weekly circular for September 28 gave an analysis of the events leading up to the present depression in the following words:

"Its origin must be sought as far back as 1924-25, as the following figures will illustrate:

	1924-25	1925-26	Increase	1927-28	Dec. from
World production excluding India and Russia	16,433,367	20,715,271	4,282,904	20,370,762	244,509
Competitive sugars	1,910,000	2,637,000	727,000	2,073,000	564,000
Average Price January-September for—	1924	1925		1928	
Cubas c. and f. N. Y.	4.29 cents	2.68 cents		2.58 cents	

account of the exceptionally favorable weather, the crop that is now being harvested may exceed 200,000 tons or about 30 per cent in excess of the previous crop. On the islands of Panay, Mindoro and Cebu it will approximate that of the previous year. Barring unforeseen drought during the harvesting season, the total production for the 1928-29 centrifugal crop may reach a little over 600,000 tons to which is added the muscovado crop estimated at 30,000 or 25,000 tons less than last year.

Philippine Exports: Exports of sugar from the Philippines for the 1927-28 crop from November 1, 1927, to October 31, 1928, amounted to 566,077 tons, particulars of which follow:

(Metric tons of 2,204 lbs.)

1927	Cuts	Muscovado	Refined	Total
November	14,101	506	69	14,676
December	55,455	—	172	55,627
1928				
January	85,123	643	405	86,171
February	74,643	3,350	380	78,373
March	67,578	11,545	754	79,877
April	81,785	5,784	582	88,151
May	45,060	6,122	920	52,102
June	72,426	5,566	532	78,524
July	16,638	632	690	17,960
August	9,508	871	471	10,850
September	10,047	565	790	11,402
October (*)	16,473	93	569	17,125
Total	523,706	35,679	6,692	566,077

1924-25	1925-26	Increase	1927-28
World production excluding India and Russia	16,433,367	20,715,271	4,282,904
Competitive sugars	1,910,000	2,637,000	727,000

In 1924-25 the increase of sugar in open competition amounted to 727,000 tons, while at the same time home production and protected sugar increased 3,355,904 tons making the above total increase for the world of 4,282,904 tons.

It is remarkable to observe that this huge increase influenced prices less unfavorably in 1925 than has been the case in 1928, even with a subsequent decrease in world production and competitive sugars.

These decreases in the current year, however, were evidently not sufficient to offset the large accumulation of invisibles, resulting from the rapid absorption of the enormous 1924-25 increase.

Since that year protected sugar in the British Empire, at home and in the Colonies, further increased 366,103 tons, in the United States and possessions 164,730 tons, besides which, of competitive sugar, Java produced 381,560 tons and San Domingo 57,731 tons more.

These further increases, though not at all serious by themselves, came on top of an already satiated world demand, all of which nullified Cuba's great sacrifice in restricting.

Developments in the last few years show that Continental Europe was less of a menace to the stability of world markets than the above increases in protected sugars and Java. Continental Europe decreased 315,753 tons since 1924-25.

The weight of supplies causing the actual depression must then be traced to two main causes.

- (1) The heavy holdings of invisibles in 1925, 1926 and parts of 1927 all over the world as a result of an abnormally large increase in the 1924-25 production.
- (2) The further increase in protected crops and Java.

The first reason is by far the weightier, because it was in a much larger degree responsible for the loss in confidence experienced everywhere.

Visible stocks in the U. K., U. S., Cuba and European statistical countries at the end of October were 1,559,000 tons as compared with 1,548,000 tons at the same time last year and 1,585,000 tons in 1926.

Futures: Quotations for futures on the New York Exchange have fluctuated as follows:

	High	Low	Latest
December	2.09	1.94	1.94
January	2.10	1.95	1.96
March	2.14	2.00	2.01
May	2.22	2.07	2.09
July	2.30	2.15	2.17
September	2.39	2.22	2.25

Philippine Sales: During the month under review, 9,500 tons of Philippine centrifugal sugar—afloats, near arrivals and for future deliveries—were sold in the Atlantic coast at prices ranging from 3.80 cents and 3.93 cents duty paid landed terms. The total Philippine sales of the 1927-28 crop in the United States to date amounted to 507,700 tons, of which 447,700 tons were sold in the Atlantic coast and approximately 60,000 tons in the Pacific coast.

Local Market: In the local market for centrifugals, only insignificant parcels for local consumption exchanged hands at prices ranging from P9.00 to P9.75 per picul for the old crop and from P10.00 to P10.30 per picul for the new crop.

No transaction of muscovado sugar was reported during the month of October.

Crop Prospects: According to the reports received from the Centrals, the 1928-29 crop on Negroes will be about 400,000 tons as compared to 391,000 tons in 1927-28. On Luzon, on

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Java Market: Despite the depression in the American sugar market the Java market was quite active and considerable quantities of sugar have been sold to Europe and to Far Eastern countries. It is estimated that to date the total sales of Javas, west of Suez, amounted to 540,000 tons. Recent advices reported that the Trust has sold 400,000 tons Whites and 100,000 tons Browns for destination to India, China and other eastern countries.

Latest quotations for Superiors are as follows: Spot, Gs. 13-5; 8 = P7.34 per P. I. picul, F.O.B. Foward shipment, Gs. 13-3, 4 = P7.40 per P. I. picul, F.O.B.

ANOTHER "JOURNAL" FRIEND

Mr. George H. Fairchild has furnished the *Journal* the following letter from Mr. J. K. Butler of the Hawaiian-Philippine Company, written from their offices in Honolulu:

I always enjoy the American Chamber of Commerce Journal. There always appears in it some well written thing which is exceedingly gratifying from the standpoint of good English, a good tale told or a reasonable provision set forth.

I notice in the September issue the editorial on Drought. It is exceedingly well handled and very well written.

The Manila Adventure of the Mason by Percy A. Hill is likewise very well done.

I suspect that Walter Robb is responsible for a good deal of the high quality of the editorials and some of the tales told. The publication is very worthwhile and so much different from an ordinary Journal of a Chamber of Commerce that I thought it would be interesting to you to have me express my view.

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The Manila Stock Market During October

By W. P. G. ELLIOTT

Trade conditions have shown a slight increase during the month of October. The general trade prospects for the balance of 1928 continue to be favourably defined.

So far as ruling values of Philippine products are concerned there were no violent fluctuations from those obtainable in September, with the exception of rice, which soared suddenly and smartly.

Banks.—Bank of the Philippine Islands continue strong with buyers at P180, but sellers are not inclined to let go at less than P190. Hongkong Banks have been very active and closed firm at HK\$1335. Chartered Banks are steady at £21.7.6. China Banks are wanted at P83, and Mercantile Banks can be placed at P43. The bank shares at current prices offer attractive returns and public interest in them is increasing steadily.

Insurance.—Unions of Canton have been very active and heavy sales are reported. After opening at HK\$375, they have gradually declined to HK\$363 at the close. Compania Filipinas, Insular Life and Philippine Guarantee have remained firm and unchanged with no transaction recorded, closing quotation being P3150, P320 and P320 respectively.

Sugar.—Bacolod Murcias opened on small sales at P7.25 and later advanced to P7.60, a fairly large block changing hands at this figure. Bais are offered at P1050, and it is rumoured that the usual dividend of 20% will be paid in January next. Bais Sugar Central are planning extensions in the near future a total of 20 kilometers of new railway track will be laid. It is proposed to start milling on December 1st, and the crop is calculated at from 300,000 to 350,000 piculs. A small lot of Bogo Medallins are offered at P20. Cebus are still offered at P19 and Tarlac has buyers at P200 but sellers are holding off for P230. Central Luzons are in demand at P165 and Hawaiian Philippines have advanced to P57.50. Kabanankans are strong at P285 buyers, this central expects a particularly good crop this season, the estimate for totaling 170,000 piculs. Carlotas are offered at P270 with buyers at P260 which was the price at which last sales were made. Luzons are unchanged at P1000 and Malabons are nominal at P23.50. Mount Arayat's were placed at P110 and a fair sized parcel of Pasudcos were placed at P50. Pasudco expects a particularly good year and it would not be at all surprising if in addition to the usual dividend rate an extra might be declared. Pilars are unchanged at P450, San Pedro will be laid at \$33. There are buyers of Victorias common at P165 and the 9% preferred are steady at P110. Victorias will have their new sugar refinery, the largest in the islands, in operation early next month. We are pleased to report two new listings on the exchange, namely, the Talisay-Silay Central and Isabela Central. These two properties are in excellent physical shape and both report bumper crops of cane for the 1928-1929 milling season. There are buyers of Talisay-Silay at P22 but sellers are asking P25. Isabelas are wanted at P13.50 but we doubt if there are sellers below P15.

Plantations.—Pamplonas remained unchanged at P80 nominal. Polos have been done at P400, the first transaction reported in these shares for several months.

Mines.—Benguet Consolidated has been very active and have ruled very firm throughout the month, all offerings having been quickly absorbed. Opening at P2.15, they have steadily advanced to P2.40 at the close and further shares can be placed at this price. Balatoces are firm and are offered at P2.30 but no transactions were reported during the month. It is reported from an authentic source that No. 4 Lode on "B" level now shows a 6 foot vein which assays from \$50 to \$200 per ton. Development operations have been actively taken up again, now that the mill in process of installation for some months is nearing completion. "Balatoc with 15 years of development behind it, stands today a model of mining project," a mine man recently said. Itrogons were placed on fair sized transactions at P9.50. The mill operated 28-1/2 days during the month of September; 1700 tons of ore were treated, of an approximate value of \$12. The bullion production amounted to 2181.80 ounces valued at P33,936.79.

Industrial.—Philippine Educations are again the outstanding feature in this list with buyers offering P150 for common shares but sellers are holding off as the bid price failed to attract offers to sell. The preferred 10% shares were placed at P102 for a small lot and as these shares are in demand, we expect to see a further price increase.

Bonds.—San Beda 8% bonds were placed at 101-1/2. Lyric Theatre 7% bonds were done at par. A fair sized block of El Hogar 8% bonds were also placed at par. The bond market is very steady. There are far more inquiries for these securities than there are bonds to meet them, as this form of investment is extremely popular with the nonspeculative traders. The market closed steady with sales for the month aggregating 22,316 shares.

Dividends Declared and Paid.—Pasudco, 10% for half year; Victorias Preferred, 2-1/4% for 3rd quarter; Philippine Education Common, 6% interim; Philippine Education Preferred, 2-1/2% for 3rd quarter; and Hawaiian Philippine, 3% for 3rd quarter.

American military forces have operated in the Philippines since 1898. There are now some 4000 military pensioners of Uncle Sam in the islands, drawing altogether about \$150,000 a month; and applications are being approved at an average of fifty a month. Last month's first-payment checks were more than \$100,000; this aside from the regular payments on pensions previously approved. About 75% of the pensioners are native Scouts and their widows, and the other 25% are widows of Americans of the campaign days and the old veterans themselves—the dwindling few who have not yet gone west. F. E. Keith is special pension inspector assigned to the islands. He finds many widows who are illiterate being defrauded by shysters; he is fighting the claim of a lawyer for \$1000, out of a first-payment check of \$1450.

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THE RICE INDUSTRY

By PERCY A. HILL

of Muñoz, Nueva Ecija,
Director, Rice Producers' Association

The abnormal furries in the rice market due to dwindling supply and higher costs of importation during the month of September caused a great deal of uneconomic and needless discussion. During the first part of the month the producers desired to enhance the price, and during the latter part of the month a minority of the consumers desired a low fixation of price

by law. Neither of these are necessary as they would interfere with the higher law of supply and demand. As a matter of fact prices quoted then, and now, were still below those of 1925 and 1926, and it is presumed that consumers have also progressed as regards earnings rather than retrogressed in this short period.

Prices have remained pegged during the month with palay at P3.80 to P4.00 per cavan at the terminals and rice at from P8.50, P9.10 and P9.70 ranging from third class to superior. The small spread between the grades tends to show constriction of supply. Prices will remain pegged until something definite is known about the new crop, by the latter end of the month. The crop is expected to be slightly lower in volume than that of last year, which itself was about five millions net cavans less than the previous crop. However, the climatic conditions not amenable to any law are the factor which may spell a medium or a short crop. In addition, there is certain loss due from root rot, the reduction of 22,000 in hectareage due to inability to plant, and the locusts in the northern part of the rice district.

The status of the rice industry as regards locality, price, yield and distribution is constantly changing, a factor which is often lost sight of by those believing in the status quo. Ten years ago we produced not quite 36,000,000 cavans of palay. This has risen to over 50,000,000 (in 1926-27), the greatest crop ever produced in the islands, but low prices and adverse growing conditions have reduced this greatly. The five principal rice-producing province in Luzon with a population of less than two millions produce about two-thirds of all the supply, and the first twenty provinces in rank of rice production have a population of over six millions. It can be seen that any interference with the industry would profoundly affect supply.

The area ten years ago was 1,368,000 hectares. It is now not far from 1,810,000 hectares (1928) and seems to have reached its greatest extension for interprovincial export. It should not be forgotten that both supply and price of rice are a barometer of business prosperity or the reverse. Manila and its suburbs consume approximately some 5,000 sacks of rice daily, or about 10,000 cavans of palay. To show how the drift of interprovincial export is changing, we might say that ten years ago Iloilo and Capiz were a factor, but due to growing population and change of export trend they are not so today. Nueva Ecija is by far the most important factor in the industry as regards not only production but export. September rail shipments to Manila show this: Nueva Ecija 98,089 sacks; Pangasinan, 27,598; Bulacan, 21,813; Tarlac, 15,695; and Pampanga, 11,554; or a total of 174,749 sacks, a great reduction from the previous year, due to low supply.

Prices for rice in Saigon, or rather Cholon, have taken an upward trend and producers are unwilling to release stocks until they are assured of the status of their present crop. As far as can be ascertained these prices laid down in Manila per picul range from P9.20 to P9.45 all charges, including tariff, paid. As a consequence there is practically no carryover here at all,

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palay having been bought as high as P4.50 per cavan by the dealers from the producers this last month, and we are about thirty days in arrears of supply and must rely on the new crop. Importations will be required as a consequence, later in the year.

By the end of this month an approximate estimate of the present crop will be available, but hardly before. Upon this depends price, more or less, but it is not expected that these will register more than prices of 1925 and 1926. Reduction of rice areas is expected to ensue for the next few years, unprofitable areas being planted to other crops.

COPRA AND ITS PRODUCTS

By E. A. SEIDENSPINNER

Vice-President and Manager, Copra Milling Corporation



Notwithstanding continued heavy production, the local copra market has ruled steady to firm through the entire month of October due, in the main, to the willingness of Manila buyers to absorb all offerings. Although foreign advices during October would indicate a slightly steadier market in competing fats and oils, export bids for copra certainly do not justify the advance here. It seems, therefore, that, with little strength abroad and sustained heavy arrivals, local prices should ease off again. Total arrivals at Manila during the month of October were 530,579 bags. Latest cable advices follow:

London, F. M. M., £24/17/6 in bags; San Francisco, sundried, \$0.47-7/8; Manila, buen corriente, P10.50; arrival rescado, P11.625.

Coconut Oil.—The local market for coconut oil in drums is quiet with sellers asking 33-1/2 to 34 centavos per kilo. In the U. S. inquiry during October improved considerably during the first three weeks of the month but at the present time buyers are not active. The early October demand was sufficient to strengthen asking prices and a fair volume of tank car business was recorded at 7-7/8 cents f. o. b. coast. Competing fats and oils are reported steady. Latest cable advices follow:

San Francisco, \$0.7-7/8 f. o. b. tank cars; New York, \$0.8-1/8 c. i. f.—London, no quotation.

Copra Cake.—There was very little trading of importance in the local copra cake market during October due primarily to the small quantities available for shipment during 1928 and lack of buying interest for forward positions. Small trades were advised at £10/6/0 to £10/7/0 for afloat and nearby. Latest cables reported the market dull at the following prices:

Hamburg, afloat and nearby, £10/6/0 to £10/7/0; January/March shipment, £9/17/6 nominal; San Francisco, no quotation; Manila, P76.00 to P78.00 asked, January to March.

TOBACCO REVIEW

Alhambra Cigar and Cigarette Manufacturing Co.

Leaf: The local market continues very dull, with a heavy decrease in exports, as shown by the following figures:

Leaf and Scraps	Kilos
Algeria.....	56,300
Australia.....	577
China.....	20,449
Hongkong.....	41,260
Japan.....	271,043
North Atlantic (Europe).....	91,934
Straits Settlements.....	3,724
United States.....	245,164

Total..... 730,451

Cigar: Exports to the United States during a decline of 2,350,000 against the previous month, and 1,860,000 against the corresponding month of last year.

Comparative figures are as follows:

October 1928.....	16,110,715
September 1928.....	19,455,333
October 1927.....	17,972,202

Import Duty: On October 23, a bill was approved by the Philippine legislature, bringing the duty on tobacco and tobacco products to the same rates as applied by the United States. Up to the time being there existed a difference between the duty to be paid for tobacco imported into the Philippine Islands and tobacco imported into the United States, the latter being slightly higher. Much satisfaction is shown by both business and government circles, over this adjustment, as the existing discrepancy had given rise to frequent objections by interested parties, even endangering the free trade between the two countries.

The new rates will take effect upon approval by President Coolidge, probably within a month.

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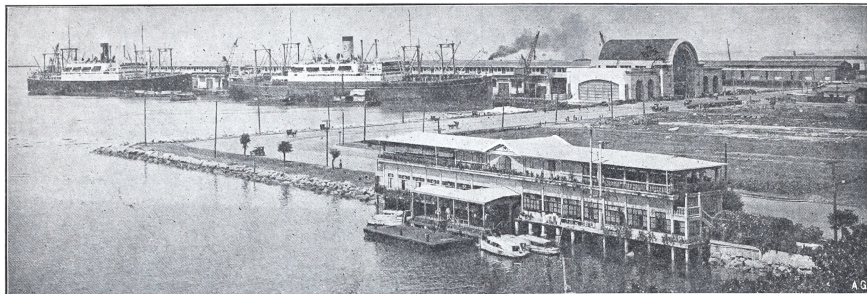
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SHIPPING REVIEW

By J. E. GARDNER, Jr.
Acting General Agent,
THE ROBERT DOLLAR COMPANY



There was a distinct increase in the amount of cargo exported from the Philippines during September as compared to the previous month. In August total exports amounted to 82,161 tons, whereas, in September the total was 106,775 tons. Cargo continues to move freely and there is strong demand for space on all routes.

The stevedore strike at Cebu died a natural death due to the active efforts of all concerned in opposing the strikers. Outside laborers were brought in and as soon as cargo was handled with reasonable dispatch the strikers lost heart and flocked back at their old wages.

Considerable interest was aroused in the announcement of W. F. Stevenson & Co., local agents for the New York Line of the Blue Funnel, that the service would be operated on a faster schedule. From New York to Manila their

vessels will make the run in 43 days and from Manila to New York in 48. This latter service will equal that of the Dollar Round-the-World ships, which have been operated for the last four and a half years on a regular schedule to New York in 48 days. These two services now have the distinction of making the fastest time to New York.

On October 30 the *Asama Maru*, the largest ship ever built for the Japanese merchant marine, was launched at the Mitsubishi dock yard. This is the first of the three motor ships being built for the N. Y. K. transpacific service. It is expected to make the first sailing in September 1929 and while no definite announcement has been made, it is believed these ships will call at Manila.

From statistics compiled by the Associated Steamship Lines there was exported from the Philippines during September: To China and Japan ports, 8,610 tons, with a total of 49 sailings, of which 6,053 tons were carried in American bottoms with 15 sailings; to Pacific coast for local delivery 27,532 tons with a total of 14 sailings, of which 26,662 tons were carried in American bottoms with 11 sailings; to Pacific coast for transshipments 3,400 tons with a total of 10 sailings, of which 3,378 tons were carried in American bottoms with 8 sailings; to Atlantic coast 36,764 tons with a total of 12 sailings, of which 18,655 tons were carried in American bottoms with 5 sailings; to European ports 29,523 tons with a total of 15 sailings, of which

American bottoms carried 463 tons with 2 sailings; to Australian ports 946 tons with a total of 3 sailings, of which American bottoms carried none; or a grand total of 106,775 tons with a total of 68 sailings, of which American bottoms carried 55,211 tons with 19 sailings.

Regular passenger traffic during the month of October showed a considerable decrease over that of September, there being a total of 1666 during October as against 2444 during September. Regular passengers departing during October were (first figure represents cabin passengers, second figure steerage) to China and Japan 171-336; to Honolulu 1-812; to Pacific coast 72-200; to Straits Settlements 49-6; to Mediterranean ports 18-1.

PERSONALS

J. F. Tomkins, shipping manager, Macleod & Co., left Manila on the s.s. *Empress of Asia*, accompanied by his family, for a short vacation in Shanghai. Mr. Tomkins has been ill for some time.

W. Schmidt, local agent for the Nord Deutscher Lloyd, returned to Manila November 2 on the s.s. *Ermland* after a six months vacation in Europe.

R. C. Morton, director for orient, United States Shipping Board, recently spent two weeks in Baguio for his health.

H. M. Cavender, local agent for The Robert Dollar Co., was delayed in San Francisco on business and is returning to Manila on the s.s. *President Grant*, arriving here November 22.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. HEATH BACK

Captain and Mrs. Herbert L. Heath returned to Manila Thursday, November 8, on the S. S. *President McKinley* from a long vacation in the United States which was extended into Cuba, where they visited Captain Heath's son, who is in charge of a large plantation project there. Landing back at Manila, Captain Heath told the reporters he was a Hoover Democrat. In a recent letter to the *Journal* he had predicted Hoover's election. But the election campaign took none of his attention; he was vacationing. "We traveled by auto," he wrote from San Francisco, "19,806 miles in 69 running days and averaged 267 miles per running day. Went east through Texas, returned west through Kansas, went east again through Nebraska, returned west through South Dakota—the Custer battlefield, etc.—I picked up the August number of the *Journal* and read it through this morning (September 24), and I thought so well of it that I want to tell you that it is a *cracker-jack*, the best issue I think you have made."

Captain Heath was for several years the president of the chamber of commerce, of which he remains a vice president.

Vice President C. M. Cotterman will soon be returning to Manila with Mrs. Cotterman from their vacation in the homeland, where Mr. Cotterman headed the Philippine delegation to the Kansas City convention.

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REVIEW OF THE EXCHANGE MARKET

By RICHARD E. SHAW

Manager International Banking Corporation



A distinct firmness, unusual for this period of the year, prevailed during the month of October. The selling rate for U. S. \$ TT held steady at 1-1/8% premium, while Banks which at the beginning of the month were buyers of TT at 3.4% premium for delivery within thirty days only, gradually extended their deliveries until by the middle of the month certain Banks were quoting

the same rate for October December deliveries. The small offerings of TT were promptly taken up. The market, at the close, showed indications of continued strength.

Purchases of telegraphic transfers from the Insular Treasurer since the last report have been as follows:

Week ending August 25th.....	Nil
Week ending September 1st.....	\$300,000
Week ending September 8th.....	Nil
Week ending September 15th.....	Nil
Week ending September 22nd.....	Nil
Week ending September 29th.....	Nil
Week ending October 6th.....	Nil
Week ending October 13th.....	\$400,000
Week ending October 20th.....	150,000

Except for minor fluctuations Sterling rates were maintained at the September levels, i. e., sellers at 2-7/16 and buyers at 2-9/16. Quietness prevailed in the market for the greater portion of the month.

The New York-London cross-rate closed at 484-21/32 on September 29th, rose to a high of 485-3/16 on October 10th and closed with a low of 484-27/32 on October 31st.

London Bar Silver was quoted at 26 9/16 spot and 26 5/8 forward on September 29th, touched a high of 27 spot and 27 1/16 forward on October 10th, and on the last day of the month closed at 26 3/4 spot and 26 13/16 forward.

New York Bar Silver closed at 57 3/8 on September 29th and did not go below that point during October. The high for the month was 58 3/4 on the 10th, while the closing rate was 58.

Telegraphic transfers on other points were quoted at the close as follows:

Paris, 12.40; Madrid, 164-1/4; Singapore, 116; Japan, 94-3/4; Shanghai, 76-5/8; Hongkong, 101-7/8; India, 134-3/4; and Java, 122-1/2.

Sealed proposals, indorsed *Proposals* will be received at the Public Works Office, Naval Station, Cavite, P. I., until 11:00 o'clock a. m., 6 December 1928, and then and there publicly opened for furnishing and installing boiler plant equipment at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Cañacao, P. I. Plans and specification No. 5537 may be obtained on application to the District Public Works Officer, U. S. Naval Station, Cavite, P. I. Deposit of a check or Post Office Money Order for \$10.00, payable to the Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., is required as security for the safe return of the plans and specification.

The December *Journal* will contain, among a number of other special features, a Christmas story by Percy A. Hill. This promising author needs no introduction to our readers, who applaud the universal excellence of his Philippines pieces. Other stories by the same author will continue to appear in our pages from time to time. Elsewhere in this issue is an historical one, *An Incident of the Inquisition*.

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RAIL COMMODITY MOVEMENTS

By M. D. ROVER

Traffic Manager, Manila Railroad Company

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

	1928	
	Oct.	Sept.
Rice, cavans	92,000	204,250
Sugar, piculs	4,816	1,232
Tobacco, bales	20,160	34,460
Copra, piculs	268,300	255,500
Coconuts	2,079,000	2,695,000
Lumber, B.F.	653,400	731,700
Desiccated coconuts, cases	21,812	20,746

LUMBER REVIEW

By ARTHUR F. FISCHER

Director of Forestry



Lumber export for the month of September amounted to 9,243,200 board feet valued at P737,945.00, as compared with 9,767,264 board feet valued at P684,840.00 for the month of August. The total export decreased by 324,064 board feet. This is principally due to decreased shipment of logs to Japan, and low grade lumber to China.

The United States on the other hand imported 1,422,944 board feet more for September than the preceding month. Lumber exported to the United States are of high grade, thus the total custom declared value for export is higher than that of August for less amount in board feet.

Local market for September was active. Prices were satisfactory. Heavy demands for future deliveries were noted, particularly for export grades. Mill operations, however, were not quite as active due to weather conditions in certain sections, and undoubtedly due to the uncertainty of the outcome of several bills now under consideration in the Legislature. There seems to be great anxiety on the part of the investing public as to the possible effect of those bills on lumber operators.

The following tables show the lumber export by country, as well as the lumber shipment and mill production for September 1928 and 1927:

The figures for September are as follows:

Destination	1928		1927	
	Board Feet	Value	Board Feet	Value
United States	5,347,488	P442,687	4,036,056	P356,509
Japan	1,884,360	85,352	3,731,200	183,334
China	1,113,424	92,964	286,524	17,583
Great Britain	776,768	64,001	680,944	41,272
Australia	373,120	28,629	1,016,752	80,640
Hongkong	213,696	18,464		
Africa	25,016	3,040		
Guam	9,328	2,808		
Belgium			47,912	4,000
Egypt			37,312	4,556
Total	9,243,200	P737,945	9,836,800	P693,893

FOR 34 MILLS

Lumber Shipment	Lumber Inventory
1928	1928
1927	1927
19,028,614	30,422,168
16,759,828	30,474,065

Mill Production

1928	1927
19,565,086	16,981,395

NOTE.—Board feet is used.

REVIEW OF THE HEMP MARKET

By L. L. SPELLMAN

Macleod and Company



This report covers the Manila Hemp (Abaca) market for the month of October with statistics to the 29th of the month.

U. S. Grades.—Buyers in the U. S. and Canada were out of the market during the first week of the month, except for a small quantity of low grade fiber, and prices sagged a little. During the last half of the month, prices continued to move upwards with steady buying and a firm market. Prices covered rather a wide range, but the market closed very firm with buyers asking the following: F, 12 cents; G, 8-1/2 cents; H, 7-1/2 cents; I, 11 cents; J, 9-3/8 cents; K, 11-3/4 cents; S2, 10-3/4 cents and S3, 9-3/8 cents.

The market here firmed up as soon as buying started in the U. S., and prices have advanced rapidly during the last two weeks. The first of the month exporters were buying at: E, P29; F, P21.50; G, P17.75; H, P13.75; I, P20.50; J, P17; S1, P21; S2, P20.50; and S3, P17.50. By the 15th, prices had moved up to: E, P30; F, P23; G, P17; H, P14; I, P22; J, P18; S1, P22.50; S2, P21.50 and S3, P18.50. At the close, buyers were taking all that was offered at: E, P33; F, P25; G, P18.25, H, P16; I, P24; J, P21; S1, P24.50, S2, P23.50, and S3, P21.00.

U. K. Grades.—The London market was dull at the first of the month and declined slightly the first week. Nominal prices were: J2, £32-10/; K, £29-10/; L1, £29; L2, £24; M1, £25; M2, £23; DL, £22-10/ and DM, £22. During the second week, dealers began covering short sales and prices advanced to: J2, £35-5/; K, £32-5/; L1, £31-10/; L2, £25-10/; M1, £26-10/; M2, £24-15/; DL, £24-15/; and DM, £22. There were several slight reactions, but on the whole prices continued to move upward and the market closed with buyers at: J2, £37-5/; K, £34-5/; L1, £33-15/; L2, £27-10/; M1, £28-10/; M2, £26-15/; DL, £25 and DM, £24.

In the local market, sellers have taken full advantage of the improvement in the consuming markets and prices have advanced beyond the selling equivalent. Nevertheless, all hemp offered by the dealers finds a ready market. The

market opened with exporters paying: J2, P15.00; K, P13.00; L1, P12.75; L2, P10.25; M1, P10.50; M2, P10.00; DL, P9.00; DM, P8.50. By the 15th, prices had advanced about one peso, and at the end of the month buyers here were paying the following: J2, P16.00; K, P14.50; L1, P14.25; L2, P11.00; M1, P11.50; M2, P10.75; DL, P10.25; and DM, P9.50.

Japan.—Buying for this market has been steady, but the quantity small. Consumers are reported to be well supplied to the end of the year. Exchange has advanced from 91 cents to 93-1/4 cents.

Freight Rates.—The rate on hemp to the United Kingdom and Europe has been advanced 10 SHILLINGS per TON, effective January, 1929.

Production.—Storms in S. E. Luzon and in Leyte have hindered production to some extent. A report from Davao states that 1,500,000 hemp plants were blown down during a heavy storm at the end of the month. This will no doubt increase production for the next two or three months, but the percentage of the higher grades will decrease. Hemp not cleaned quickly will be lost. The new plants should more than offset those destroyed and production should be normal next year.

Statistics.—The figures below are for the period ending October 29, 1928.

Manila Hemp	1928	1927
	By	By
On hand January 1st	139,624	112,382
Receipts to date	1,141,282	1,082,166
Supply to date	1,280,906	1,194,548
Shipments to—		
U. K.	291,851	270,959
Continent	173,388	122,728
U. S.	312,842	329,691
Japan	266,331	208,062
All Others	40,674	41,862
Local Consumption	48,000	44,000
Total Shipments	1,133,586	1,017,302

Stocks held by exporters in Philippine ports at the end of month amounted to 147,320 bales against 177,246 bales a year ago.

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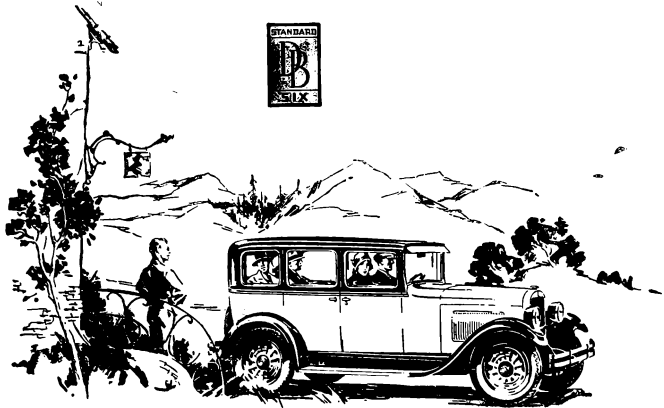
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