

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

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

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

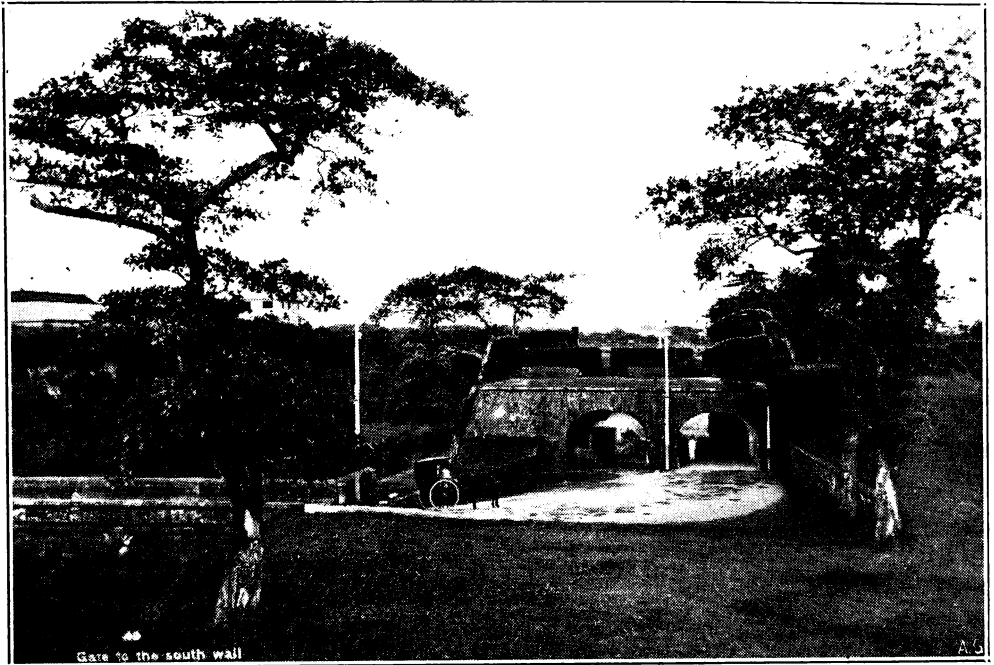
At present there are combinations controlled abroad in nine raw materials needed and imported by American industries, and other virtual monopolies influenced through benevolent policies of interested governments. There are also some thirty additional commodities imported by the United States which are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

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

**Weather You Like It or Not!**

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

—A. R. E.



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


**The Prodigal**

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

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

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

—GILBERT S. PEREZ.



## EFFICIENCY


**T**ODAY efficiency is the password to success, and efficiency and poor vision are incompatible.

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