

is not tobacco, but a pungent ground root whose smoke smells to heaven.

"Even my makhorika is better than that," he sadly complained, picking up the still glowing embers and stuffing them back in his pipe.

At 9 o'clock, lights were out in the houses but the village soviet was still in session. We walked over and it adjourned, everybody being invited to the president's for tea. That we should not freeze on the ride was the chief topic of discussion. The Lapp driver appeared with three pairs of hip-length reindeer boots and three malitza. A malitza is a hooded, buttonless coat with the fur outside. Arctic explorers usually are photographed in them. They are worn over all other overcoats and caps and are the most uncomfortable garment ever invented.

The entire village was assembled to assist in the departure. All gave advice, and a novice needed considerable, as more adjustments were necessary than merely sitting on the sled. The teacher as secretary of the soviet quoted the bottom prices for sledding. The reindeer with a night's hard pulling ahead of them stood dejectedly uninterested, the Lapp driver agreed.

Holding the twenty-foot pole which serves both as whip and reins, aloft like a medieval knight charging into battle, the squat driver stepped nimbly to the front sled, chirped like a bird, prodded the lead deer, the leather traces jerked taut and we were off. We bumped over the railroad tracks, two lines of black in the snow, swang in a circle toward the east and quicker than it can be told were in a silent, trackless, empty world of white.

On the front sled was a young communist from Murmansk, a pleasant earnest youth, sent to carry the party gospel to the younger generation in the little arctic village which was our destination. So, in other ages and in other climes, many have rode forth as missionaries to spread other gospels.

In time even the rough, hard floor of the sled became softer. Lulled by the cold, the soft crunch of runners on the snow and the rhythmic click-click-click of reindeer feet, I dozed. Perhaps it was for a minute, or perhaps for an hour. I suddenly awoke to find myself buried in four feet of snow. My half-conscious shout as I rolled off had reached the driver and the sleds had stopped. Evidently Lapland sleds are not built for sleeping.

been delay in bringing the young people together. Rumor had it that she looked with favor on the son of one of the Bago chieftains who possessed large fisheries there, but neither he nor his father dared to make proposals for the hand of the girl refused to so many, and so their romance had come to an impasse.

As the month of April began, Manuel decided not to wait longer, and set off with his ward carrying her down the coast to be married to the son of his friend, regardless of her wishes. It had never been customary to secure a girl's consent to marriage, so why should he not carry out his plans?

The moon half shadowed by clouds dimly lighted the way of the barangay. In the center of the craft a negro slave played a plaintive air on his nose flute, and now and then the rowers broke into the sad refrain of Malay paddlers, a song as old as the race. Streaks of vivid phosphorescence marked the trail of a shark in pursuit of prey. The barangay was about half way between Bago and Ilo, which they expected to reach at dawn. Underneath the thatched roof the women reclined, among them the girl Martina brooding mournfully, clad like the others in a short jacket and skirt of Chinese silk, with the ornaments of her rank. Suddenly, as if she had made a decision, she rose and, silently passing the paddlers, approached the stern of the boat where she poised herself a moment, then dived into the sea.

Instantly confusion reigned. As the paddlers stopped the boat, the cries of the girl's mother mingled with the datu's commands. Several of the crew were ordered overboard to attempt a rescue, but Martina had completely disappeared, and the proximity of sharks together with the semi-obscure of the night rendered prolonged search hopeless, for the girl's body did not come to the surface. After some time had passed, and the swimmers were on board again, it was decided that nothing could be done, and the barangay turned back in the direction of Bago.

On the melancholy return there was considerable talk of the tragedy. The women quite audibly expressed their grief, and the men,

The Lost Martina—A Legend of Negros

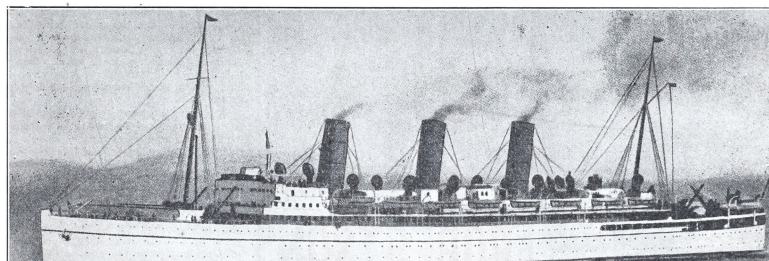
By PERCY A. HILL

Some time prior to the year 1668 Datu Manuel, baptized a Christian by sandalled friars, emigrated from the well-populated island of Cebu to Bago on the island now called Negros, in those days still largely peopled by woolly-haired aborigines ruled by Horean chieftains. To the scattered coastal settlement of Bago, Manuel brought his *barangay*, consisting of his wife and married children, a large number of relatives, his servants and slaves, increasing considerably the original population of seven hundred.

In the datu's household, as the legend goes, was a handsome girl, baptized Martina, whose mother was Manuel's niece, and whose father

was reputed to be a Spaniard of Cebu. One glance at her was sufficient to confirm the fact that the blood and beauty of both races were her birthright. She was modest and retiring, with a sweet low voice, which virtues brought many suitors for her hand to the old man's doorstep. However eligible the young men were, their suits were unsuccessful, for Manuel had long cherished the plan of marrying her to the son of an old comrade, who like himself had emigrated from Cebu to Ilo not far from Bago. Since Martina showed not the least inclination for the datu's choice, and after each visit to his old friend had returned sad and downcast, there had

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including the datu, asked each other innumerable questions. They were bewildered by the suddenness and completeness of the disappearance. They had been close to some very small uninhabited islands and some declared she might have swam there for refuge; others thought that if she had been seized by a shark she might have vanished into those jaws of death; while a few others stoutly maintained that some sutor had decoyed her from the barangay and made off with her. As the discussion grew more heated, the incident became more of a mystery.

Arrived in Bago they related so many different versions of the incident that the disappointed suitors, who were numerous, claimed the datu had made away with the girl because of her disobedience to his wishes. Despite the old man's protests he was imprisoned by the Bornean chief, Matalas, upon the young men's complaints. A few days later, shocked by the charges and saddened by Martina's disappearance, the aged datu Manuel died. Thereupon his wife who was convinced of her husband's innocence, undertook the task of clearing his good name by solving the mystery.

Together with the distracted mother of the lost girl and a small retinue, the datu's wife,

Maria, set out down the coast for the settlement of the Mamaylaos (now called Himamaylan), where a kindly Spanish friar labored among the natives. She related the occurrence to the good father who comforted her with assurances of her husband's innocence, saying that the girl preferred death to an unsought marriage.

Maria was not content merely with the friar's declaration that innocence would prevail over calumny, but wished a more direct sign which would convince the people of Bago. She decided to consult an old native whom she had heard the Mamaylaos, with whom she lodged, mention. They told her that back in the hills there lived an old *batlan* or *kataloman*, a wizard, named Ino, who had the gift of second sight and had solved many mysteries for others. Accompanied by her slaves, bearing gifts, she sought old Ino in his rude shelter on the edge of an abandoned forest *cingin*, or clearing. It was a hot, dank place, with only the chirp of birds and the hum of insect life breaking the silence. The ancient *kataloman*'s grizzled locks bore witness to his aboriginal blood, and his false switches of yellow abaca, the rice-straw fan, and his carved bamboo proclaimed him a priest of the primitive Malay religion.

The datu's wife told her story, and the wizard ruminated a few moments, then gravely informed her that he would try to discover the fate of the girl, though nothing could be done until the full moon appeared. Maria and Martina's mother waited while the old native went about his preparations for the incantation. From the jungle he collected shrubs and plants, among them the *tee-toe*, which when treated with the oil of certain insects he claimed had the power to attract sharks and other large fish. He also filled a bamboo basket with small aromatic flowers of a jungle tree, which wilted as soon as they were touched. He declared that when these flowers were submerged they would freshen if the corpse was found. A bundle of dried shrubs was taken along, as a last resort, the old man said, in case everything else failed.

Guided by a *namaylaos*, a young man, returned to Bago over the forest trails, and equipping a light barangay, sailed down the coast to the spot where the tragedy had taken place. They were accompanied by Martina's mother's two younger brothers, skillful and determined men.

At a point below the town of Bago they were joined by the wizard Ino, who paddled out on a raft of logs to meet them.

They arrived at the spot where the girl had been lost about sunset, but Ino told them that nothing could be done until the exact hour of Martina's disappearance. They threw out an anchor and waited in silence. The water was clear, and only about thirty or forty feet deep, the sea calm, the skies unclouded, and the rising moon clear and brilliant.

At last it was the hour they had awaited. The wizard threw overboard the prepared shrubs of *tee-toe* to attract the sharks in the vicinity, at the same time intoning a low monotonous incantation. At first nothing happened, but in half an hour the waters close by were agitated by the swimming of large fish; phosphorescent streaks were visible and air bubbles rose to the surface.

"Some of these are man-eating sharks," whispered the wizard. "I will give the order to kill the first that approaches near enough, so prepare your harpoon-spears and be ready."

But in spite of the magical *tee-toe* shrubs none of the sharks came close enough to be harpooned, and in an hour they all had disappeared, leaving the sea's surface as calm as when they had first appeared.

Martina's young uncles were disappointed at having missed the shark, but at least this much of the mystery had been cleared up: the ancient opined that the girl had not been seized by a shark.

Ino then took up the basket of wilted white flowers, covered the top with a bamboo mesh-work, and tying a stone to it, lowered it overboard, holding fast to a stout cord of abaca, as the basket disappeared in the water's depths. After a half hour's submersion, the old man drew the flowers up into the boat. The entire company examined the basket's contents curiously, and the old wizard shook his head. Only a few of the flowers exhibited any sign of freshness, the rest remaining as wilted as before, a sign which baffled him.

"There must be something down there," he said. "I suggest that one of the young divers go below and investigate. The task is difficult and dangerous, but to convince ourselves and the mother of the girl, it should be undertaken."

He was demanding no small risk of the diver who would go deep into the sea, perhaps to encounter one of the *kalinos*, or men of the sea. Then there was the danger from sharks, saw-fish and the octopus. It was a young warrior named *Kibol*, one of Martina's uncles, who offered himself. He proudly threw off his garments and stood ready to plunge into the water. Old Ino handed him a piece of crude copper, saying that as long as he possessed it no shark would attack him. This he fastened about his neck with a hemp cord, then balancing himself at a moment on the gunwale of the craft, dived into the sea's depths. Anxious minutes dromed by. No word was spoken until at last *Kibol*'s black hair appeared on the surface and he climbed aboard amid rejoicings. But this was strange!

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America's naval standard is supposed to be on an equality with Great Britain's, and forty per cent stronger than Japan's. The facts as they stand to-day are that all of England's capital ships can outshoot and outspeed America's eight deficient battleships.

By 1928 Great Britain will have fifty-seven fast cruisers, Japan twenty-eight, and the United States only twenty-two. Evidently, under the Arms Limitation Agreement to preserve peace, and overlooking the part played by secondary warships, the United States has slipped way behind in her ratio. Congress has just passed an appropriation of one hundred million dollars for the construction of ten light cruisers in an effort to maintain our footing on the seas.

Instead of facing the hard facts of world politics and the continuous fight for empire, Americans persist in comparing the size of their fleets with those of Japan, pointing to Japan's building programme as a reason why their own navy should be strengthened. In fact, Japan has been more than once accused of violating the Washington Agreement by secretly making up her deficiency in capital ships by an increase in secondary armaments. Let us look at the other side of the question.

Add to the British naval quota the present and future Australian tonnage, every ship placed in commission by the Indian Government, throw in the fortifications at Singapore, the huge Jamshedpur Steel Works,—the key of British Imperial defense in Asia,—and Americans will begin to realize that if Japan is not to be eliminated as a first-class Power and her influence in Asia undermined her Government must make every sacrifice to maintain in a high state of preparedness and efficiency the full

What did he have in his left hand? They were the clothes of the unfortunate Martini, which she had worn at the time of her disappearance. All that Kibol could tell them was that after a short search he found the clothes entangled in a mass of coral branches, but that he had found no body, nor in fact any other sign of the girl.

The wizard meditated while conversation and conjecture buzzed about him. How could the clothes have become attached to the coral without a rent, unless the girl herself had removed them? Certainly no fiendish denizen of the sea could have taken them off. Finally Ino raised his head and addressed the girl's mother:

"Your daughter cannot have died here from the signs we have; nor was she destroyed by the sharks. There remains a last resort, the smoke finger. We will follow it and see whether we can solve the mystery."

The moon shed a brilliant light over the sea, upon whose bosom the barangay rocked lightly. Standing upright in the boat, the old native stretched out his arms to the heavens and three times invoked the aid of the great Laan. A soft breeze blew from the east bringing with it the nameless perfumes of the jungle. Far away in its sylvan depths a jungle fowl crew its challenge to the dawn. At a command from Ino one of the crew blew on the coals in the kaban until they began to burn brightly and when the wizard placed on the fire the bundle of dried shrubs which he had brought along.

The smoke from the burning shrubs rose on the air in heavy spiral scrolls, was wafted by the breeze down to the level of the boat, and like a ghostly finger moved in the direction of some rocky islets to the northeast. They lifted the sea-anchor and the boat followed the trail of smoke toward the shore, and as they drew until it touched a sandbank lying between the main-land and weed-covered rocks. The tide was at ebb and there was a wide stretch of shallow pools, sandbanks and coral ridges.

The grey finger still beckoned towards the shore. Scarcely had the craft beached on the sandbank before everyone on board had slipped into the shallow water, following their corse guide. They waded along the shore, and the seaweed until they were arrested by the sound of low singing which seemed to come from behind a rock covered with marine growths, ordinarily submerged at high tide. They did not know

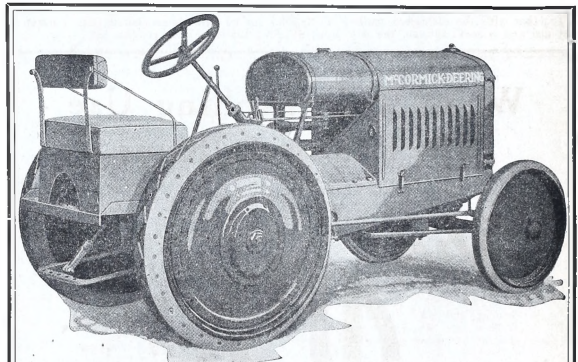
naval quota assigned to her under the Washington treaties.

By dint of subsidies, the Indian Government is developing the greatest steel works in Asia. If this subsidy be withdrawn, the Indian Army Board will operate and maintain its own steel plant from its own funds. Protected by the subsidy, the Indian iron and steel makers have captured the Japanese pig-iron market compelling the Japanese manufacturer to contribute to the cost of creating a military weapon designed in part for their undoing. By the time the Singapore Base is completed, the Jamshedpur Steel Works will be placed on a permanent and profitable working basis. An Indian navy will be in the process of development outside the restrictions of the Washington treaties, and patrolling the waters between Singapore and Suez. A British battleship division detached from the main fleet in the North S. A., with its swift cruisers, torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines, air-carriers, and flying squadrons, co-operating with the Australian and Indian navies,

will make Singapore its home station. The docking facilities of Hongkong, superior even to those of Singapore, provide Great Britain with a secondary and almost impregnable base within striking distance of Formosa and the Philippines. Slowly but surely Great Britain is strengthening her strategical position in Asia. Watching only what Japan is doing, seeing in her modest activities a menace to their own security, the only people who remain blind to the writing on the wall are the Americans.

In fairness it must be said that Great Britain is preparing in a purely defensive manner. In this she is fully justified. Japan, with the lessons of Europe before her, labors under no delusions. The fear that these defensive preparations may at any moment be turned into weapons of offense justifies Japan in taking measures to defend herself. It is the same old vicious combination of circumstances which brought on the Great War. Britain fears Japan's expansion. She fears the menace of her

(Please turn to page 34, col. 3.)



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powered roadster, and turns to help his wife out of the rumble seat. Then begins the mystery. He discovers that she is dead, murdered. Suspicion is immediately cast upon Garnett. Jean was his third wife, and inquiry reveals that his first wife died suddenly from an unexplained fall from a roof. His second wife also disappeared suddenly when no one but her husband was present. Her dead body was later found in a lily pond. The finger of guilt points unmistakably at Garnett, but his brother steps forward in the role of an eager, helpful, would-be unswearer of the mystery and engages the services of the great detective, Fleming Stone, who happens to be vacationing at the club. This gentleman proceeds to apply psychology to the solution of the crime, much to the disgust of the local chief of police, and eventually uncovers the real murderer, who, of course, is the least suspected person.

Triple Murder, if you like mystery stories, will hold your interest.

The Lost Martina

(Continued from page 29)

what or whom they expected to find, but they were drawn to the rock now by more than the smoke spell.

They were now on the other side of the rock, and there before their eyes only a few feet in front of them was the lost Martina, seated on a low promontory of the jagged rock. They had surprised her as she was combing her long brown hair with slim fingers, abundant tresses which were her only garment. With a cry of delight, the girl's mother rushed forward, her arms outstretched and eyes streaming with tears. In her haste she stumbled and slipped on a submerged rock and fell into a deep pool, becoming entangled in seaweed from which she struggled to extricate herself. She ceased her frantic struggle moment and looked up as her daughter's voice came to her:

"Mother, do not come nearer. I was your daughter but am no more of your world. Here I live with the kindly katacos who rescued me from the cruelties and temptations of men. Seek not to disturb me. I am happy till Fate shall release me."

In vain the mother tried to reach Martina. She was caught in the pool as in a vice. Behind her stood the others, the datu's wife, the crew of the barangay, and her brothers, grouped around the old wizard, rooted to the spot with mouths agape. Then quite suddenly the first rays of dawn fell in rosy shafts across the water, and when the mother and the others looked again the girl had vanished in the morning mists, again lost to them forever.

When the barangay returned to Bago the story was taken down by old chroniclers of folk tales. Though for some generations the tale was handed down from father to son, it has now almost been forgotten—a fading legend of olden time when superstition and credulity were more prevalent than now.

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Origins of the Roman

(Continued from page 22)

should naturally conclude that the doctrines of excommunication and penance formed the most essential part of religion; and that it was much less dangerous for the disciples of Christ to neglect the observance of the moral duties, than to despise the censures and authority of their bishops. Sometimes we might imagine that we were listening to the words of Jesus, when he commanded the earth to open, and to swallow up, in consuming flames, the rebellious race which refused obedience to the priesthood of Aaron; and we should sometimes suppose that we heard a Roman consul asserting the majesty of the republic, and declaring his inflexible resolution to enforce the rigor of the laws. "If such irregularities are suffered with impunity" (it is thus that the bishop of Carthage chided the lenity of his colleague), "if such irregularities are suffered, there is an end of EPISCOPAL VIGOR; an end of the sublime and divine power of governing the Church, an end of Christianity itself." Cyprian had renounced those temporal honors which it is probable he would never have obtained; but the acquisition of such absolute command over the consciences and understanding of a congregation, however obscure, despised by the world, is more truly grateful to the pride of the human heart than the possession of the most despotic power, imposed by arms and conquest on a reluctant people.

In the course of this important, though perhaps tedious inquiry, I have tetatively perceived the secondary causes which so efficaciously assisted the truth of the Christian religion. If among these causes we have discovered any artificial ornaments, any accidental circumstances, or any mixture of error and superstition, it cannot appear surprising that mankind should be the most sensibly affected by such motives as were suited to their imperfect nature. It was by the exclusion of all such causes, and the immediate expectation of another world, the claim of miracles, the practice of rigid virtue, and the constitution of the primitive church, that Christianity spread itself with so much success in the Roman empire. To the first of these, the Christians were indebted for their invincible valor, which disdained to capitulate, with the enemy whom they were resolved to vanquish. The three succeeding causes supplied their valor with the most formidable arms. The less these causes united their courage, directed their arms, and gave their efforts that irresistible weight, which even a small band of well-trained and intrepid volunteers has so often possessed over an undisciplined multitude, ignorant of the subject and careless of the event of the war. In the various religions of Polytheism, some wandering fanatics of Egypt and Syria, who addressed themselves to the credulous superstition of the populace, were perhaps the only order of priests that derived their whole support and credit from their sacerdotal profession, and were very deeply affected by a personal concern for the safety or prosperity of their tutelar deities. The ministers of Polytheism, both in Rome and in the provinces, were, for the most part, men of a noble birth, and of an affluent fortune, who received, in an honorable distinction, the care of a celebrated temple, or of a public sacrifice, exhibited, very frequently by their own expense, the sacred games, and with cold indifference performed the ancient rites, according to the


laws and fashion of their country. As they were engaged in the ordinary occupations of life, their zeal and devotion were seldom animated by a sense of interest, or by the habits of an ecclesiastical character. Confined to their respective temples and cities, they remained without any connection of discipline or government; and whilst they acknowledged the supreme jurisdiction of the senate, of the college of pontiffs, and of the emperor, those civil magistrates contented themselves with the easy task of maintaining in peace and dignity the general worship of mankind. We have already seen how various, how loose, and how uncertain were the religious sentiments of Polytheists. They were abandoned, almost without control, to the natural workings of a superstitious fancy. The accidental circumstances of their life and situation determined the object as well as the degree of their devotion; and as long as their adoration was successively prostituted to a thousand deities, it was scarcely possible that their hearts could be susceptible of a very sincere or lively passion for any of them.

(To be continued)

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