

## The Children's Party

It was a little girl's birthday party, in Manila, in April, indoors and outdoors, and the two score tots attending it seemed to be having the best of times. The hostess, at least, was very happy, seeing that Mother's cakes and icecream were so much in demand and every white-frocked little guest was alive with appetite and enjoyment. Daddy came home from the office when games were in full swing, after the feast of cake, icecream and punch was over, after the peanuts and sandwiches had been devoured and the lollypops distributed; and he sat in a corner of the porch with his pipe and the evening paper. But at any rate he was home, he was taking it all in; and the little hostess, nine years old, did not fail of connecting him remotely with the management. From time to time she got away from the games for the moment necessary to balance herself over the arm of his chair and peck his bristled cheek with an affectionate kiss.

"Oh Daddy! They're having a lovely time. I'm sure! But I put away a piece of angelfood for you. It's in the kitchen!"

Then back to her duties and the games.

But whenever Mother appeared, necessarily very often—first to see to the tables, then to look after the serving, then to clear away and then to get the games started—the little hostess would cuddle into the folds of her skirts and squeeze her busy hands. They were not unlovely hands. They were never done with their work, since woman's work is never done, but they were never put to bed with the stains of work upon them: they were always taken care of, for Mother, no less than Daddy, had no relish for growing old. But beautiful as her hands still were, they had stitched every seam in the little hostess's party dress, puckered every demure tuck in it and wrought all the exquisite hemstitching.

They were hands of many uses, but not lined with any waning zest of life or wrinkled with despair. Daddy thought he had a remedy for hands, patting them, and in this the children helped him out immeasurably. If affection made so many demands, obviously all lesser

eighteen. As it seemed only yesterday that she was impatiently pouting baby lips at a cake with one candle, then it was logical to assume that it would only seem another day until she would be vigorously blowing at eighteen candles, in the full blush of womanhood. And then it would not be a party of little girls, or of big girls

Daddy wondered what he could do about these suitors, if anything. Could he do anything to switch some of them gracefully on to sidings, or open the main line to others? He knew he could do little in a positive way; the girl, like Mother had, would have her own way about that. His aid, if any, would have to be indirect. As between rich men and poor men he certainly would have no choice; to his mind, all depended upon character; he would like the fellow to have genuine character, should he be

Telephone  
2-21-86

# A. A. U.

FIRE-MARINE-LIFE-AUTOMOBILE  
INSURANCE

CENTRAL AGENTS AND ATTORNEYS:

United States Fire Insurance Company of New York  
Agricultural Insurance Company of Watertown, N. Y.  
North River Insurance Company  
National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh, Pa.  
National Union Indemnity Company of Pittsburg, Pa.  
Asia Life Insurance Company of Wilmington, Delaware

AMERICAN ASIATIC UNDERWRITERS, INC.

China Bank Bldg.  
Manila, P. I.

only, but of big girls and big young men; and some of the young men, possibly, might be proposing altar ceremonies and a wedding. Daddy didn't take kindly to the thought, but he thought it inevitable, so he would not put it out of his mind. He was willing, he even desired, that she should do as Mother had done: that she should marry early, if at all, a man not too much her senior, each bringing to the other the rarest thing in life, wholesome, hopeful youth.

There are gains for all our losses.  
Pleasures for all our pain;  
But when youth and its dreams depart,  
It takes something from the heart,  
And it never comes again!

Daddy didn't know that he quoted the poet just right, but he felt, as his paper slid off his lap

rich or poor. Could he do anything to bring such fellows forward and push their rivals back? Alas, no suitor could expect much beyond the girl herself: Daddy was no millionaire, nor in the way of becoming one. Daughter would not be penniless, but neither would she be dowered.

Daddy ruminated. The shouting and the laughter died, the party ending in a scurry of goodbyes, thank-yous, and high-treble repetitions of *I've had a lovely time*. For other daddies came at dusk and took their daughters home—daughters of nine, daughters who were babies yesterday, daughters who would be young women tomorrow. Daddy's quandary was common to them all. He wondered vaguely if they all realized it. He supposed they did, since they were all honest folk like himself. Some would do one way, he supposed, some another; and some would be luckier than he in the matter of making money, some perhaps not so lucky.

They were all going along, conscientiously, as married folk will, finding their greatest pleasures in the welfare of their families. Daddy thought, quizzically, that every daddy is an animated edition of the preamble of the Constitution—"to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity"—and that the nation was just the whole mass of daddies and mothers grouped together precisely with these ends in view, as much for the families individually as for the people collectively.

"One for all," he quoted to himself, "all for one." What a coincidence, he thought—or was it?—that in New York just now *The Musketeers* had caught on as one of the six most popular songs. Romanticism, the world would never live it down; or, if it ever did, then the world would no longer live. "In the last day, it will not be what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others."

Well, sentiment should not be allowed to run away with one, sentiment should take practical turns. Why, sentiment, come to look at it squarely, is as tangible as salt. Daddy thought: sentiment is the very salt of our days. And if the salt hath lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? Sentiment is at the very bottom of the enjoyment of a favorite pipe, a favorite chair, a favorite corner of the reading room; and it is sentiment that endures, like bands of steel, when years have flitted away the beauty of a beloved face and the spring from a familiar step. Sentiment keeps the *old acquaintance* from being forgotten, and no matter that the old acquaintance be the good helpmeet of life. Surely sentiment should be practical.

But how many people made it so? How many seemed to delight in being impractical about

## The West Coast Life Insurance Company

offers

A full line of modern life insurance contracts designed to meet every need of business or personal protection.

For particulars and quotations consult the

## Philippine Branch Office

West Coast Life Insurance Co.

Kneidler Building

Telephone 2-36-74

Manila, P. I.

things like needles and scissors and ready-up must give way. But Mother was the one who most grasped the present, she was always adequate to that; and Daddy, letting the details of the present go, looked more to the future.

Today, for instance, he thought, Daughter is nine; and nine years from today she will be

and he touched a match to his pipe again, that he had the essentials of it; he knew that it was true. It takes something, . . . and it never comes again!

In nine years the little hostess would have that elusive treasure in its maximum. If she kept on as she now was, suitors would come seeking the treasure.

**LIFE INSURANCE**  
is

**To the Young Man - THRIFT**  
It enables him to lay a foundation for after years.

**To the Family Man - PEACE OF MIND**  
It satisfies his desire to provide for his dependents.

**To the Business Man - PROTECTION**  
It provides a sinking fund - an asset to any business.

**To the Widow - MAINTENANCE**  
It maintains the home in comfort, and provides an education for the children.

**What Is it to You?**

The  
**Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.**  
E. E. ELSNER, General Agent  
405 Kneeder Building, Manila  
P. O. Box 598 Phone 2-24-29

## The Insular Life Assurance Co., Ltd.

MANILA, P. I.

**L**ow rates  
liberal conditions  
ocean investments  
pays on real estates repayable monthly instalments, at  
low interest

If a mindful man with a fixed salary dies, he will only leave a small saving to his family

### For about ₱31.00 annually

our company guarantees the payment of ₱1,000 to your wife or sons in case of death, or to the insured himself if he survives the policy.

Call or write for particulars to:

<b>HOME OFFICE</b>	<b>C. S. SALMON</b>
4th Floor, Filipinas Bldg.	3rd Floor, Gaches Bldg.
Plaza Moraga, Manila, P. I.	Escolta cor. T. Pinpin 115
P. O. Box 128	P. O. Box 734, Manila

V. SINGSON ENCARNACION, President

J. McMICKING, Manager

things. The trouble was, perhaps, Daddy now thought, that customs and traditions, studied as they do finally fruits, are of such slow growth: haphazard in starting, they pine away and die by thousands. Well, it is a winnowing, remorseless, like the processes of nature, like life. Then the older a people is, the more winnowed its customs; and this could be observed in the Philippines, where the bride is dowered with a property settlement by the bridegroom's family.

But Daddy reflected now upon the marriage customs of his own people, Americans, a youngish people as the peoples of the world go. Not so long ago, it was a pioneer people; marriage entailed going out to new lands, in a new settlement. There was the neighboring raising of the roof-tree, the placing of the backlog, an endowment of pots and pans—the essentials of pioneering. The groom broke the glebe with his new plow, the team a parental wedding present; and the bride kept the simple house in order, boiling soap and canning fruits in the same new copper kettle. And nowadays, Daddy thought, the wedding gifts had changed in form, but not in character. Silver instead of copper kettles, electric toasters instead of backlogs and bricked-in fireplaces. But where was the plow, where the young team?

Perhaps in the early period of the Hebrews, their gifts had been similar; when they were a pastoral people. But long centuries had passed, circumstances had made them a city-dwelling folk. Had anything taken the place of Laban's mottled lambs, his son-in-law's start of a goodly flock? Thinking of the Hebrew weddings he had attended, which he had always enjoyed, Daddy thought something had taken the place of the lambs, and quite rightly. At one wedding, he remembered, an envelope was opened: it had contained a check for \$500. Among the gifts were other checks in goodly sums. Others were orders on stores, and all were simply adaptations of old customs to new times; the young couple had, in forms suiting the times, their flock of lambs and their pasturage. Or, to think of America, their roof-tree and their team.

And Daddy thought it was good for them to have this.

Then he got back to Daughter, who just then came running up to peck his bristled cheek again.

"Do you know what you're going to have from Daddy ten years from today, or thereabouts?"

"No, what? A new dress, I'll bet!"

"Well, surely a new dress for your wedding. But Mother will manage that. It's something else."

"What?"

"A team of horses!"

"Oh, Daddy! What could I do with a team of horses? I'll probably live in town, even if I do ever marry, and there wouldn't be a place to keep 'em."

"But it's a different team of horses, Miss Inquisitive."

"Different? How?"

"Never you mind how. It's just a different team, and I'm going to buy it tomorrow!"

Then she went skipping back to her little guests, the ones whose daddies hadn't come for them yet, carried away with the fancy.

"Daddy's going to give me a team of horses!" she said, quite to the round-eyed astonishment of all.

"Oh-h! A team of horses! When?"

"When . . . . well, when I'm grown up. But he's going to buy 'em tomorrow!"

"Gee! Buy 'em tomorrow? Then you'll have 'em here to ride!"

But the horses began taking a more practical turn at this suggestion. Daddy hadn't talked like he was going to start a livery stable.

"No," said Daughter. "You see, they're a different kind of horses. It's a secret."

Then the last of the tots were soon going home with their own daddies, and thinking more of supper than of horses, like Daughter herself.

But the next day Daddy brought the horses home, in his pocket.

"Daughter, Daughter!" he called. "Here's the team of horses!"

That brought her quickly, but she couldn't see the horses anywhere. They were not on the porch, not in the yard, not standing in front of the yard.

"Come," said Daddy, "get up into my lap, you eager one."

Then he pulled out the horses. They were in a big envelope, tied with tape, and they were folded over and over; but when they were spread out they were just the right kind of a plow-team for a town-dwelling couple to have—they were a ten-payment life insurance policy for Two Thousand Dollars. Mother came up, and Daddy explained it all. He told of old times in Canaan and old times in England and America and new times in the world today; and how, if it had been a parental obligation to give lambs in Canaan and a team of horses in pioneer America,

## CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

Capital and Reserve Fund . . . . . £8,000,000  
Reserve Liability of Proprietors . . . . . 3,000,000

MANILA BRANCH ESTABLISHED 1872  
SUB-BRANCHES AT CEBU, ILOILO AND ZAMBOANGA

Every description of banking business transacted. Branches in every important town throughout India, China, Japan, Java, Straits Settlements, Federated Malay States, French Indo-China, Siam, and Borneo; also in New York.

Head Office: 38 Bishopsgate, London, E. C.

T. H. FRASER, Manager.  
Manila.

then, if lambs and horses were nowadays impractical, the obligation still remained and the aid to happiness had to be given in some way. Daddy believed he had found the right way, and when they had all agreed, and learned to what purpose he had been thinking—trying to do in this generation what his father had done in his—gathered up the insurance policy and locked it into the family safe.

"That's that," he said, twirling the combination and turning to his smoking table. And so it was.

### The Month in Sports: Can Baseball Come Back?

By CARROLL D. ALCOTT

A prominent local fan, Miguel Cuaderno, told the writer not long ago that in his opinion athletics of all descriptions are visibly fading in the Philippines, with the exception of golf and a few of the amateur sports. Mike said: "A dozen years ago, baseball was being played throughout the provinces. One could not take a Sunday motor ride without passing through barrio after barrio without finding baseball games in progress. Today, one can motor for hours without hearing the whack of a bat."

Mike had no concrete reason to offer for this apparently deplorable state of affairs. He chose to regard it as something unavoidable and let the matter drop. Others questioned presented varied opinions as to what is wrong. They were principally interested in baseball and boxing and the amateur sports held little attraction for them. Most of them dispatched the matter with the belief that "folks are more interested in tea parties than in athletics, so why bother if both causes one to lose sleep?"

Not having lived in the Philippines ten or twelve years ago, it is impossible for the writer to ascertain accurately whether or not the moans one in the sport writing profession listens to every day are merely pipe dreams, hang-over ravings or well-meaning wails.

It is true that baseball needs some sort of a severe jolt to awaken it, but what it requires more than anything else is new faces. Unless something is done to develop the talent in the Philippines on a wholesale basis, the national pastime of the United States as concerns these islands will remain much as it is. An effort is now being made to place the amateur league on a permanent foundation and a step has been made in the right direction by entering a team composed of American youths.

If the amateur league is successful, it may produce an ivory mart in the Philippines that will improve the professional game. After all, baseball is fundamentally a professional sport. But it will be two or three years at least before the amateurs can be expected to produce another Birtulfo or a youth with the promise of a Regis.

The success with which the Philippine Baseball League was conducted this year indicates that it will not be a difficult problem to reorganize in November for the 1928-1929 season.

last half of the scheduled will be endured by all public spirited persons who attend the contests.

The series held last month between the Daimai and selections from the Philippine league proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the game can be placed on a paying basis almost overnight when new competition and new faces are brought to town. It is the same on any other spot of the globe. The first three games of the series were witnessed by crowds that filled Nozalela park to overflowing. Even after the Daimai



All-Filipino Team Which Outplayed the Daimai

The army this year, as in 1927, has proved the backbone of the loop with one of the four teams flying the banner of Fort McKinley, and another, the Eagles, largely composed of army men. Of all the Filipino talent in the city, which is good, what there is of it has been able to produce but one good club, viz., Meralco. It would have

been discovered to be below the standard of the local teams, large crowds continued to turn out until the fatal eighth game, when the All-Stars fell victims to the jingle of silver and then failed to realize their ambition of playing before a packed grand-stand on the last day. The Daimai won that hectic encounter, 9 to 5. Regis mis-

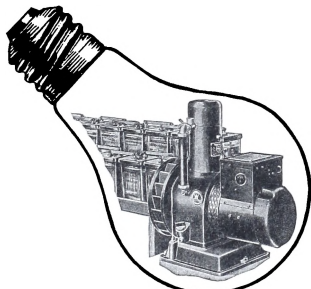


The Daimai (Japanese) Team: Good Players and Lots of Sportsmanship

been an impossibility to find another local group of players outside of Bilibid of equal ability, when Judge Ingersoll and Colonel Gambrell were organizing the loop last year. It will be the same way at the start of the coming season. In brief, the fans will watch the same men, with but one or two exceptions, play ball against the same competition they faced this year, and the usual agony that starts about the middle of the

judged a pop fly over first for the first time in months, and complained that the sun was too strong for his eyes. Bernales muffed four, Cruz bungled two, and the Daimai won handily. Even the umpires, after not rendering a break decision in favor of the Daimai during the seven previous games, caught the spirit of the party and acted accordingly.

In spite of the few unconventional events of the series, it might be profitable in more ways



## MACLEOD AND COMPANY

154 M. DE COMILLAS, MANILA

ILOILO

CEBU

VIGAN

DAVAO

## Electricity

anywhere  
from your own  
Electric Plant

The WESTINGHOUSE  
Electric Light and  
Power Plant is a supply  
station entirely  
within itself.

## The Philippine Guaranty Company,

Incorporated

(Accepted by all the Bureaus of the  
Insular Government)

Executes bonds of all kinds for  
Customs, Immigration and  
Internal Revenue.

DOCUMENTS SURETYSHIPS

For Executors, Administrators,  
Receivers, Guardians, etc.

We also write Fire and Marine Insurance

**L**ow rates  
liberal conditions  
local investments  
plans on real estate repayable  
by monthly or quarterly instal-  
ments at low interest

Call or write for particulars

Room 403, Filipinas Bldg.

P. O. Box 128

Manila, P. I.