

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 dear 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. Nicolás 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 Viscaíno, 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.

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