

*Woman's*  
Home Journal

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# 1938 PHILIPPINE EXPOSITION

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## 1938 Philippine Exposition

# WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL

(Official Organ Of The National Federation Of Women's Clubs Of The Philippines)

**January, 1938**  
**Volume XII, No. 9**

**Minerva P. Guysayko**  
(Editor)

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(Adv. & Business Manager)

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### Cover

**His First Bicycle Ride**  
(Poed by the Martelino children)

### From Cover To Cover

The two boys who posed for the picture on our cover are the grandchildren of our own Doña Concha and sons of Lt. and Mrs. Leopoldo Martelino. For the present, the older boy's ambition seems to be to follow in the footsteps of his soldier-father, for his favorite toys are a drum and a pop-gun and he clicks his heels smartly and salutes when told to greet visitors.

The Federation is ready and willing to cooperate with the person or organization which will undertake to open a toy-lending shop here as is described on page 7. The idea is a very laudable one and easy to carry out.

Are you one of those very conscientious housewives who never think of themselves, who do not have any time for anything else except for their homes and families? We urge you to read the resolutions on page 9 and hope that they will arouse you into action—even to tinting your hair yellow, if this has always been your ambition. Many of us are too unselfish and self-sacrificing, without doing anybody any good.

A male friend of ours asked us one day: "What is the year of forgotten men?" We thought and thought but could not find the answer "1937!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Why?" we were mystified. "Because it was the women's year!" Which is true—as you can see from the article on page 10.

There are many well-intentioned people (women mostly) in this world who are always trying to do what they consider their "duty". They never let other people alone and at the end, do more harm than good, bring more sorrow than happiness. Our foreign short story on page 14 tells what happened to such a "good" woman. Let it be a warn-

We had a very difficult time "getting" Miss Mansfield (the most beautiful woman diver) when she arrived in Manila with Pete Desjardins, another diving champion. We knew that they were coming on the *Postdam*, so we hurried to the *Postdam*, only to be told that the two had just left for the *President Coolidge* on which they were leaving the next morning, but the officer of the *Coolidge* told us that they had left for he did not know where. We tried the Manila Hotel and found out that their reservations there had been cancelled. Dejected, we alighted at the Escolta to window-shop, (window-shopping always does our soul good at a time like this) and we met a couple who told us that they were going to buy tickets for the exhibition that evening. We went with them and what luck! We met the manager who tipped us that the diving champions were due to practice at the Rizal Natatorium in about twenty minutes, so off to the Natatorium we hurried in a taxi. At the Stadium, we lost our way many times. First we got into the basketball stadium where a movie company was shooting some scenes with Carlos Padilla. We finally found our way to the Natatorium and "got" our woman.

The designs for Filipino costumes that you see on our fashion pages have been sent to the Journal via airmail. Tito Hidalgo the author, who is now in the School of Fine Arts at Yale U., hopes to send us more.

The article on the importance of prevention in relation to beauty which appears on page 32 consists of excerpts from an address delivered by the author at the annual meeting of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs.

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LOCAL

A shortage of over P25,000 in the final report of the Benefit Festival for City Laborers and Unemployed submitted by Manila Board Member, Mateo Herrera, who was the general manager of the Festival, was discovered by City Auditor Santiago Ramos.

Five million pesos will be spent in Mindanao in connection with the initial establishment of modern agricultural colonies and to provide homesteaders with housing facilities, hospitals and farm equipment. One of the important features of this proposed colonization program will be the establishment of lumber mills. According to present plans, lands will be divided into lots of 10 hectares each to be worked by two men. During the first year of the colonization, one man will work in the lumber mill, while the other will work on the land.

In line with the policy of the national government, as authorized by the National Assembly, to restore the old salary schedule, all government-owned corporations have taken steps to provide gradually necessary increases in salaries of their officials and employees.

The introduction of the O'Malley resolution in U. S. Congress providing for the Philippines immediate and complete independence without trade preference, hastened the departure of the Filipino members of the Joint Preparatory Committee on Philippine Affairs for the United States. Floor Leader Jose Romero and Assemblyman Manuel Roxas sailed last January 6th to help combat this resolution and also to hasten the completion and submission of the committee's report to President Roosevelt before this congress adjourns.

A new deal in Philippine penal system was ushered in last Christmas when inmates of Bilibid Prison were allowed to mingle and eat with

their respective families and friends from seven in the morning to three in the afternoon. One hundred and twenty seven (127) insular prisoners were granted conditional pardon by President Quezon the day before last Christmas.

The U. S. Federal Tariff Commission, in a report on Philippine business, declared it was not certain whether the transition period of ten years provided in the independence act is sufficient to permit adaption of Philippine economy to the loss of duty free entry into the United States or certain major industries exporting chiefly to the United States. These industries may be obliged to discontinue or curtail operations after independence.

President Quezon has proclaimed Tagalog the basis of the national language of the Philippines which will go into effect on December 30, 1939. Tagalog, however, will not become the official language. English and Spanish will continue to be the official languages unless the National Assembly provides otherwise.

Carmen Planas, first woman member of the Manila Municipal Board, has proposed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of firecrackers in the city.

Authoritative government source reports that the administration is entertaining plans for the pensioning of Filipino veterans of the Philippine Revolution and may recommend to the National Assembly the appropriation of funds for that purpose.

It was also reported that the National Assembly will be requested to set aside a fund so that the government may enter into negotiations with any local motion picture company to make a historical pic-

# Monthly Briefs

(Important Events That Took Place From December 15, 1937 to January 15, 1938)



THE LATE PEDRO C. GUEVARA

ture of the Philippines.

The proposed transfer of the University of the Philippines will be placed before the members of the university faculty and the parents of the students, it was decided upon at the first meeting of the special committee appointed by Vice President Osmeña.

AN army force of one hundred soldiers attacked and captured Tinbay cotta in Lanao after an hour's skirmish under the command of Col. Luther E. Stevens. The outlaws, however, managed to escape. Lemolitio of the cotta was started immediately after capture.

The special committee on rate reduction of public utilities of the National Assembly of which Assemblyman Gregorio Perfecto is the chairman, has found the Manila Gas

Corporation to have apparently violated its franchise by charging its customers rates higher than those authorized by its franchise.

Close on the heels of President Roosevelt's statement concerning trade preferences for the Philippines until 1960, Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre indicated that U. S. Congress may be asked during the current session for new legislation on the Philippine question. Secretary Sayre said that the joint preparatory committee on Philippine affairs has been endeavoring to find the most satisfactory practical means of completing termination of trade preferences without undue dislocation of Philippine economy and in this connection has been considering a plan which would call for gradual elimination of the preferences remaining at the time independence becomes effective.

The 1938 budget of the national government provides for 2,000 new positions. The special committee on appropriations of the National Assembly is now studying ways of filling these positions.

A bitter political fight headed by special interests, particularly in the U. S. House of Representatives, is expected as a result of the announcement by President Roosevelt of a proposed amendment of the Tiddings-Macduffie Law to include a lengthy period of trade preference for the Philippines.

Personal

Pedro C. Guevara, lawyer, publicist and for a dozen years Philippine resident commissioner at Washington, died last January 19th while arguing a case before the supreme court. He was in the midst of an eloquent plea when a stroke seized him and ended his life a few minutes later. He was 58 years old, and was survived by his wife, Mrs. Isidra Baldomero Guevara, and by his only son, Pedro, Jr. The nation, led by President Quezon, mourned his untimely death.

Mons. Cesar Ma. Guerrero, first bishop of Lingayen, was appointed last December 16, auxiliary bishop (Continued on page 4)

## Freckles



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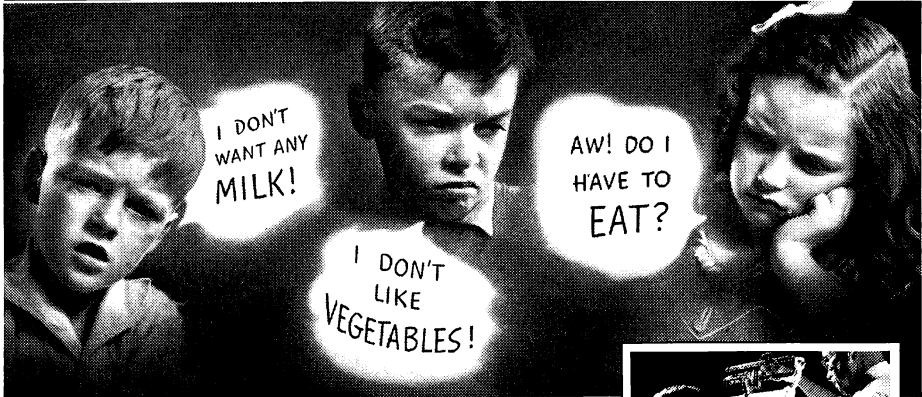
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# Stimulate their hunger-



*-help them to gain in weight and get over their nervousness...*

**H**ERE is important news for mothers whose children won't eat well. For mothers whose children are underweight and listless, or nervous.

The reason such children don't eat well and gain weight—and are so nervous—is often that they lack a normal degree of hunger!

Now a way is at hand to stimulate hunger, scientifically. Let us tell you what it is.

*Scientifically Stimulates Hunger*

When you give a child a drink of Ovaltine, you help to digest any starchy foods that may be in his stomach. Such foods as bread, potatoes and rice are digested more quickly. As a result, the stomach empties sooner and . . . *hunger can then return more quickly!*

Isn't it important to know about this property of Ovaltine? And, remember these additional facts:—

Ovaltine is not like an ordinary food. It is a special *food-concentrate*. It contains minerals, vitamins and other food elements which may not be present in sufficient quantities in the ordinary diet. It is a "protective" food. And it is extremely easy to digest.

So, don't confuse Ovaltine with ordinary foods or ordinary flavorings for milk. Ovaltine is far more than that.

It is widely approved by doctors. It is used by over 1,700 hospitals in the U. S. alone. And its use has spread to fifty-seven different countries, all over the world!

*Thousands have Written of its Benefits*

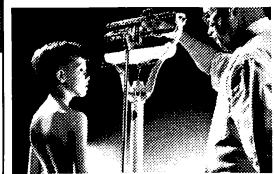
Literally thousands of mothers have testified, gratefully, to the benefits of Ovaltine to their children. We believe it will pay you to try it, too.

Just give it to your child often. See if his appetite doesn't pick up. See if he doesn't start to gain, and grow more energetic. See if he does not begin to lose his nervousness.

Give him a cupful at breakfast always, and often at other meals. Mix up two or three teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot or cold milk and serve this drink at meals or between them.

Do this regularly, for a month at least—then check up. Your child will not only like Ovaltine. It may be the biggest step you have ever taken to improve his energy and health!

You can get it at your own dealer's



Is your child skinny? Important gains in weight often follow the regular drinking of Ovaltine. You may be amazed at the results!

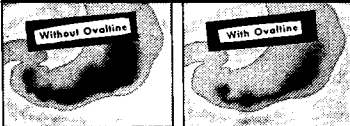


Is your son or daughter nervous? A decrease in nervousness often follows when a child adds normal weight. Energy usually increases, too!

*Special OFFER*

Try Ovaltine for your child. Get a sample tin by using the coupon below. Mail us P.10 to cover handling and mailing. There is no need to put off trying Ovaltine. See what it will do for your child.

**HOW OVALTINE HELPS STIMULATE NATURAL HUNGER...**



When a child eats starchy foods like bread, rice or cereals, Ovaltine helps digest them. This enables the stomach to empty sooner. Then, hunger can return sooner. Note, at left, how much sooner stomach emptied when Ovaltine was given with a starch meal. . . Remember that Ovaltine also contains Vitamin B and other food elements which aid appetite and digestion. So serve it often, either at or between meals.

(Drawn from X-rays of stomach—2½ hrs. after a starch meal)

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## MONTHLY BRIEF

(Continued from page 2)

of Manila, vice Mons. William Finneinan, prefect apostolic of Mindoro.

*Madame Chiang Kai-shek*, in a letter to the manager of the Philippine Red Cross, thanked the women of the Philippines for 556 cases of medical supplies, including full equipment for 500 beds and 47,000 front-line dressing packages.

*Frank Billings Kellogg*, American statesman and peace advocate and co-author of the famous Kellogg-Briand Pact, died of pneumonia at St. Paul, Minnesota, last December 21. He was 81 years old.

*Newton D. Baker*, U. S. secretary of war during the World War and an internationally known lawyer, died last Christmas day at the age of 66.

*Samuel F. Gaches*, president and general manager of the Heacock's

interests, was thrown from his horse last December 26 while taking his customary morning ride at Nichols Field, and suffered concussion in the head which rendered him unconscious for one day.

*James K. Steele*, better known as "Mabubay" Steele, former executive of the Philippine Tourist Association, died in Reno, Nevada, last December 26, a victim of heart disease.

*Captain Thomas F. McIntyre*, Manila's deputy fire chief, died December 27 at the age of 58. He was the victim of cerebral hemorrhage. He had been with the Manila Fire Department since 1905.

*Leopoldo Brias*, 24 year-old business executive and socialite, left Manila for Spain to join the army of General Franco. Mr. Brias is a Filipino citizen and a licensed pilot.

*Lo Poh Hong*, chairman of the standing committee of the newly

formed Civic Association of the Shanghai Municipality which was created by the Japanese army for the purpose of rehabilitating the Chinese areas around Shanghai, was shot at the French Concession while leaving a friend's house. He died two hours later. He was suspected of being pro-Japanese. He was a Manila visitor during the Eucharistic Congress, being one of the few Chinese Catholics.

*Hermenegildo Atienza* was elected president of the Manila Municipal Board at the first meeting of the newly elected board last January 3rd. He holds the distinction of being not only the youngest member of the Board (with the exception of Carmen Planas) but also of being the youngest president the Board has ever had. Atienza is only twenty-eight.

*Dr. Sixto de los Angeles*, head of the medico-legal department of the college of medicine, U.P., has ten-

dered his resignation as member of the medical college. This move is the off-shoot of a plan now afoot to fuse the medico-legal department with the G-men division. Dr. de los Angeles is opposed to the fusion, saying that the medico-legal unit should not be under the control of any government unit so that it would not lose its independence.

## Foreign

The English war office announced last December 22nd that the *British garrison at Hongkong would be strengthened*. This announcement, and a protest to Japan, followed a two and a half hour cabinet meeting at which the Oriental situation was discussed.

Wholesale arrests of *alleged radicals* were made throughout Japan last December 15 following the orders of the new House Minister. Among those arrested were two members of the cabinet, several university professors, a well-known author, a social critic and some pacifists.

In an effort to silence rumors that the United States would join Great Britain in adopting a strong action in the Orient, officials asserted in Washington last December 22nd that the United States government was still following an independent course of action and judgment regarding the Far East situation.

The Japanese army admitted that Americans were machine-gunned when the U. S. gunboat *Panay* was bombed and sunk in the Yangtze River, but did not mention firing on the *Panay* itself. Lt. Nishi, returning from his investigations of the incident, described the case in detail, emphasizing the humanitarianism of the Japanese soldiers when they discovered the victims were Americans. He stated positively the Japanese soldiers did not see identification flags of any kind.

The Japanese government today (December 25) acknowledged full responsibility for the sinking of the American gunboat *Panay* by Japanese war planes and announced that the commander of the flying squadron and "all others responsible" had been punished "according to law." Details of the punishment were not given.

Hundreds of *Aragonese women* helped in the nationalist defense of Teruel by hurling boiling water and oil on the loyalist attackers, rebel sources reported. Insurgents claimed many Spanish Amazons in General Franco's garrisons in Teruel were prepared to die rather than surrender.

A sharp warning to Italy that Great Britain is contemplating further measures unless the *anti-British propaganda* being openly disseminated by the Italian government in the Near and Middle East is discontinued, was voiced in the

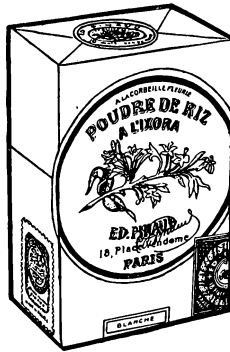
(Continued on page 34)

## IXORA

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

Manila, January, 1938

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## National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines

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Dear Friends,

The New Year brings on as always a fresh outlook of things. The blunders of the old year are erased by the resolutions for the new. We witness around us a renascence of ideals, a rebirth, so to speak, of plans and projects for social, physical, moral, intellectual betterment.

Do not let the disappointments of the past be a millstone around our necks, reminding us of defeat and counseling us to cautious inaction. Rather, let us have them be the goading cudgels, pushing us to do and dare brave deeds because we shall not err again in their direction.

Let us continue, therefore, with whatever worthwhile work we have begun, all the while keeping on the alert to push on into new fields of endeavour.

Last year has been benevolent to us, and the gifts which we received from it are precious. This year opens up for us then with a beautiful vista which we should fill up as the months unfold with useful undertakings.

Very sincerely yours,



Member, NWFC Board of Directors

# Among Ourselves...

**S**EVERAL months ago, Margaret Culkin-Banning, in a widely circularized article which appeared in the Readers' Digest wrote a very strong plea for chastity. In it she showed her young readers why it paid to be "pure in body as well as in heart." Wisely she did not put on that obnoxious, intolerable, holier-than-thou attitude which would have angered rather than convinced. She spoke, not from the religious point of view, not even from the strictly moral, but from the practical, the sociological, the psychological aspect of the matter.

We do not know how much or how little we need the solid enlightening advice of Mrs. Culkin Banning. We like to feel that our young girls and our young boys, as well as our older people, are too highly imbued with the strong, decent ideals of our forebears, for us to be badly in need of this distinguished lady's timely admonitions. However, a wise word here and there could never go amiss.

Big cities always offer big temptations, some seemingly innocent at first, rides, shows, dances, that later, however, take on dreadful proportions which young hearts and minds might find hard to overcome. There is obviously only one piece of advice that one could give: resist the little temptations. This advice we give to all the young people who come to Manila, big-eyed with wonder at the bright things the city has to offer. Their parents have entrusted them with taking care of themselves.—they should not betray that trust. "Trust men and they will be true to you, treat them greatly, and they will prove themselves great."

A special message to our young girls is this—upon you depends the strength or the weakness of the coming generations. All that you do now will redound to the benefit or the discredit of your future children. Be true to yourself now, and the great men and noble women who will grow up as your offspring will respect your name forever. No one else can look after you more than yourself. Be an honest guardian, brave, strict, unflinching. There will come a time when, suddenly you will discover that the one whom you have been reserving the lovely gift of yourself has come. There will be no regrets then.

\* \* \*

**I**T is distressing to hear about what is happening in Pampanga. The sit-down strike the tenants are making has gone several steps farther into harmful acts of terrorism and incendiarism. The versions are many as to what is the root of all these turmults. Some say it is discontent, pure and simple, on the part of the unjustly treated tenants, others that disgruntled politicians are back of the movement. Whatever the cause, it is up to the women to work to stop the havoc that is being wrought in these places and to prevent similar atrocities in other provinces. The Filipino woman, gentle and soft-spoken as she is, wields a great deal of influence on her men-folk. It is up to her now, in this crisis to use her gift of persuasion to convince the men that very little can be accomplished by force. Or has she given her consent to the angry movement? Or failed in giving timely advice?

The instrument called social justice is sometimes a slow moving machine, but that it moves steadily forward in our land is a fact not to be contested. Force cannot hasten its functioning rather, it may deter it. The ruthless burning down of canefields the brutal pulling up of crops can lead to nothing but destruction, misery and possible loss of life. Women of the Philippines, do not lie down on the job; tell your men that there are gentler, more civilized ways of settling even the bitterest scores. They will listen to you. They have always listened to you.



## Why Not Spread

# CHRISTMAS CHEER

Through The Whole Year?  
Here's How On This Page.

**W**AS it Washington Irving who said that he would consider a man really good only if he was a better Christian on week-days than he was on Sundays? Maxine Davis had that same idea when she suggested that we be better "humans" by spreading the Christmas spirit of generous giving throughout the whole year and not strait-jacketing it simply for the Christmas season. She was talking of a toy-lending shop in Los Angeles, California, which, operating like a lending library, loans toys to the children of poor parents who are ill able to afford the battleships and boxing-gloves which are the joy of Jimmie's little heart, or the Shirley Temple doll for which four-year old Anne has been yearning. Let her tell us herself how the system began:

"One day a small boy came excitedly into a community center and told the director that for the first time in his life he was going to the beach. Please, could he borrow a ball? The director was sincerely sorry, but playground equipment wasn't allowed off the premises. Against the rules. The next day the lad came in with his father, who promised to be responsible for the ball. The director explained again, and the child departed in tears.

"The director's heart was no harder than ciderdown; he was almost in tears too. But his head wasn't fuzzy. He began to think. There must be thousands of discarded beach balls and other toys lying around a rich city like

Los Angeles. Why not get hold of them, put them in shape, and lend them to children who had none?"

Enough for the idea. He soon carried it into effect with the help of councils, and neighborhood organizations for the prevention of delinquency—and the result is that at the present moment there are about 20,000 toys in various states of repair (and disrepair). Those in presentable shape are lent out to eager children, while those which need a nail here, a coat of paint there, tightening in this spot, loosening in that are sent to the repair department which puts them "in form". The children get the toys, which are indexed in cards and charged out to the borrower's name (the parents' names are also on the card). There is a definite length of time for borrowing; there are penalties for misuse of the toys and systematic rules for determining the degree of the sense of responsibility in each child as shown by his care and use of the borrowed toys.

Now so much for the Los Angeles idea. The thing that should interest us when we read of this novel (and noble, as well, isn't it?) idea, is: Can it be adapted here? We do not see why not. It's all a matter of a little initiative, a little cooperation, a little unselfish going out of one's way to bring "Christmas joy" to a host of eager, little hearts. Better-off families can gather the toys discarded by their children, paint-companies can afford to give a bucket or two of not-so-good

paint once every so often, lumber companies can contribute scraps of wood and nails for repair; women's clubs can help with little dresses for the dolls, as well as in contacting probation and juvenile organizations for their cooperation.

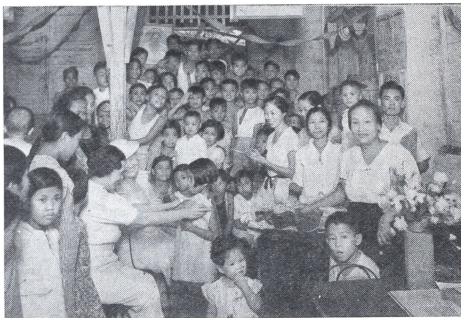
The idea is so constructive and so productive of good results that we should really "just itch" to try it. Little Mario has long been crying for a fire-engine which he has seen in a show-window at the Escolta. *Nanay* takes him to the toy-lending department and his joy knows no bounds. But the lady in charge gently but firmly tells Mario that for two weeks he must be on "probation". He is only allowed to borrow a ball which he is to return in good condition. Mario wants the fire-engine badly, so acquiesces eagerly to the "bargain". He gets the ball with which he plays very carefully. He likes to see what makes it bounce,

to tear it inside out—but he remembers what Miss Reyes had said. And the fire-engine looked so nice and red and shiny. At the end of the two weeks, *Nanay* takes Mario back to the shop, a proud little boy who knows he has been good and therefore deserves his prize—the bright little machine that stands at the corner which he could have for a whole two weeks!

It is not merely the happiness that the toys can give the Marios and the Ritas. More than the joy, which in itself is important enough (for a child can feel so touchingly happy with so little), there are the lessons in discipline and responsibility inculcated in the youngsters, lessons which will serve them in good stead as they grow older.

A happy childhood is something we owe our little boys and girls. And if, as we contribute to their happiness we

(Continued on page 44)



NFWC Board members played "Santa Claus" to poor children last Xmas. Upper photo shows Mrs. Cadwallader and Miss Dwyer and lower photo, Mrs. Rodriguez, distributing clothing.



Next to food and clothing, children need toys to play with. If we can't give or buy them toys, why not lend these toys like books?



To The Question: "What Do You Have To Be Thankful For During The Year 1937?" Asked At Random, Representative Women Give Their Answers — All Different.

"MY DEAR, you women of the Philippines do not realize how lucky you are. You ought to be grateful for so many things that are denied other women in many countries," and elderly American woman whom we interviewed when she and her distinguished husband made a stop-over in Manila while traveling around the world last year, told us.

"From what I have read and heard about you Filipino women, you enjoy a most enviable position not only in your homes but also in your communities. You enjoy the same educational opportunities as the men, all professions are open to you, and as I understand it, although you cannot vote, you exert a great deal of influence in politics," she continued. She pointed out to us many other things for which we Filipino women ought to be grateful. She made us feel to unappreciative of them all.

Yes, taken as a group, the Filipino women may be considered very lucky, especially last year. We were enfranchised (the women of Ecuador were in danger of losing their right to vote at the same time); our country was peaceful and comparatively speaking, prosperous, hence we women enjoyed a life of security and ease. We have only to think of the women in Spain and China and Japan to realize how lucky we were.

Individually, what have our women to be thankful for last year? We interviewed women in all walks

of life at random and the answers below which we have selected may be considered representative.

We always pass by Mrs. Eulogio Rodriguez's store on our way to the bus station and always see her at her desk—very busy with papers and customers. We dropped in at her store one day and before she could excuse herself, shot the question at her. She thought a little and then said that she was grateful for everything that happened to her and her family last year but mostly for these: business was good (-he is the proprietor of a firearms, munitions and sporting goods store and of a gasoline station); her eldest son was elected governor of the province of Rizal; and her children (she has seven) who had finished studying last year immediately found jobs.

Mrs. Rosenda Villaraman Ocampo, attorney for La Estrella del Norte, was looking very wan and weak when we went to see her, also unexpectedly, at her office. She had just recovered from an attack of the flu, she explained. "But I got laid up after new year, so let us not include this illness among the things I do not have to be thankful for last year." Among the numerous things last year, she is grateful for now, this one stands out: she did not get caught in the stock market "crash." She considers this a piece of real luck, and it came about this way: her friends and relatives had convinced her to invest some money in mining stocks

and play in the stock market as they were doing. However, before she became really interested, some trouble occurred in her department at La Estrella del Norte and it kept her very busy. Pressure of work made her sell all her stocks, with some profit, and give up her dabbling in the stock market. Then the "crash" came. Needless to say she was grateful for the trouble which arose in her office.

Mrs. Ocampo's case may be considered exceptional, considering the fact that too many women had been unable to sell before the stock market slump and therefore lost much, if not all, of their investments.

And this reminds us of a classmate we met on the Escolta to whom we shot the same question. "What do you have to be thankful for last year?" as soon as we got within her hearing. "Thankful? Nothing! In fact I have too many things not to be thankful for last year. I gave up a steady job in a well-established firm for a supposedly high-salaried one in a newly formed corporation which I thought was going to last, and now, after less than six months, here I am—jobless!" The newly formed corporation had gone pfft! like so many other corporations that sprung up like mushrooms after a thunder shower. She was lucky though, she said, that she got one half of the salary promised her while others got nothing at all.

Mrs. Lydia Villanueva Arguilla, being a writer, is articulate (in writing) and sent us this list:

"I've never been a good accountant, especially of time. So I can't be expected to turn in a complete balance sheet of the things Year 1937 brought me. However, I do remember a few and obvious things that came in for me last year:

365 days of added wisdom and experience (I hope), which included 52 Sundays, and extra holidays made rare and attractive for having been strategically sprinkled over 300 working days and more;

My fourth year of living with a tolerably pleasant man;

One new friendship, and one year's mellowing added to an old;

A playful puppy named Mr. Smith;

A year's crop of faint and fine little laugh and worry wrinkles that will show to better advantage

(Continued on page 35)



Mrs. Eulogio Rodriguez, wife, mother and business woman, gives three reasons to be thankful for last year.



Atty. Rosenda Villaraman Ocampo is thankful she was not caught in the stock market "crash."

**My Social Life**

To be firm about not entertaining uninvited visiting relatives and friends who bore me.

To teach my maid to lie with convincing charm so I can avoid dull callers and telephone conversations.

To keep a list of all books borrowed from me and send postcard reminders to all borrowers.

To leave a dull party early, even if my hostess is counting on me as a fourth at bridge. To yawn openly, start emptying ashtrays and, as a last resort, slip into a negligee, and appear in the doorway rubbing cold cream into my hands, if any guests linger on after midnight on weekday nights.

To spend my free evening seeing "Lovers Alone" (or its equivalent) at the movies if local culture club meetings put me to sleep. To denounce swing music as cacophonous tripe if I prefer sweet jazz and symphonies. To entertain to suit myself and my budget, no matter what the crowd does. To remember funny stories and repeat them only if I, too, can make them sound funny.

**My Man—If Any**

To let him walk off with the morning paper because I've ordered another copy for myself.

To flatter him to the point of believing he is a grand cook, so he can prepare the victuals when he invites ten people to dinner on the maid's night out.

To give him advance notice of anniversaries and birthdays, and subtly be hanged. To admit I hate prize-fights and cigar smoke.

To admire his hair-cut and his new suits, willy-nilly.

To be a veritable lamb and honey-child with women he's interested in, so they'll like me better than they like him.

To develop a few personal extravagances when he starts squandering the family income on stag dinners, green fees and fancy fishing tackle.

To encourage him to have his secretary buy gifts for me, so he won't pay outrageous prices in gift shops

# RESOLVED

## To Do Right By Myself



*New Year Resolutions,  
With a Dash of Enlight-  
ened Selfishness, That  
Will Make A New  
Woman Out Of You.*

(Reprinted From Delineator)

for things I never can use:

To make him stop talking about girth and baldness and do something about it.

To have for myself a hand-some doctor and a fascinating dentist.

To keep him waiting, occasionally, for the good of his soul.

To expect orchids (all right, gardenias then) and get them or else—

To agree with him, always, in company, but be reasonably firm about my convictions when we're alone.

**My Clothes**

To develop enough sales resistance to wave away that "too, too divine" feathery hat which will make me look like an Englishwoman on the Riviera. To own at least one dress or negligee which makes me feel feminine, clinging, luxurious and slightly wicked.

To wear good clothes, that fit, even if I have to learn to make them myself.

To be firm with myself at the first symptom of "doodad" disease (the yen to wear all my bracelets, earrings,

clips, etc., etc.—at one time).

To wear, always, the kind of underwear I'd be proud to claim as my own after the train wreck—if any.

To face myself critically in a long mirror before I leave the house and deal promptly with yawning plackets, undecided hemlines and skirts that bulge over the derriere.

To risk having runs in my stockings rather than crooked seams due to loose gartering.

To get a lift in time at the shoemaker's when my heels start to run down.

To get rid of shabby clothes before my economical streak convinces me they're "good enough to wear around mornings."

To tell neither my husband nor my friends what I spend on my clothes.

To buy six pairs of silk stockings at one time.

To pay real money for a foundation garment if my figger needs a lift.

To sew fasteners in my clothes to keep shoulder straps from slipping.

**My Looks**

To buy a fresh supply of cold cream, skin tonic and hand lotion before the old is exhausted.

To get myself the face powder I want, no matter what my mother-in-law gave me for Christmas.

To cancel all dates, neglect the family darning and go to to bed at sunset as soon as my mirror shows I'm getting a "death and taxes" expression.

To take enough exercise so I won't look like a marshmallow.

To get a good permanent, or none.

To replace the liquid polish on my nails at the first crack.

To try a new way of wearing my hair at least once a year, and dye it yellow if I feel like it.

**My Home**

To have two comfortable chairs, each with a good reading light.

To smash—of course it was an accident—the hand-painted rose jar his former flame gave us as a wedding present.

To have the furniture reupholstered, at least once in my lifetime, in the gay colors I adore instead of the drab stuff that won't show dirt.

To let the dust gather, occasionally if the alternative is all work and no play.

To insist on modern kitchen equipment even if his mother did make perfect biscuits on a coal range.

To have one large closet for myself alone.

**Me, Myself**

To try to see the good points in my face, my figure, my disposition, and quit worrying about the flaws I can't do anything about.

To confine my raptures about Robert Taylor to my girl friends.

To learn to drive like a man. To diet, if necessary, without talking about it.

To be aware of my high moments and give them all I've got without too much thought of tomorrow.

# "WOMEN of the YEAR"

THE year 1937 will go down in Philippine history as the "women's year" and as such will be unequalled in many years to come. Even without consulting our newspaper file or own scrapbook on women's activities, we can remember the events that made this a banner year for local womanhood.

First, of course, there was our enfranchisement automatically acquired a f t e r our overwhelming victory at the woman suffrage plebiscite which the "doubting Thomases" placed across our way as a barrier to political emancipation but which turned out to be our glorious vindication. This was followed by the election of numerous women to municipal councils and provincial boards barely n i n e months after the women were granted the right to vote. Most famous of all these newly elected municipal and provincial officers is pretty *Carmen Planas*, first woman to be elected to the Manila municipal board, who was said to have triumphed not on women's vote but on men's votes. Next to occupy the most newspaper space was *Mrs. Olga Vargas*, whose eligibility was questioned because she was an American citizen. However, she was allowed to take her oath when the office of the secretary of the interior gave the opinion that she has acquired Filipino citizenship because of her marriage to a Filipino.

*Cecilia Muñoz*, now Mrs. Rodolfo Palma, is not the first woman to cop the first place in the bar examination results, Attorney Tecla San Andres having done the same before, but the newspapers played up this item just the same because it seemed to fit in so nicely in the "women's year" and also seemed to be what was expected.

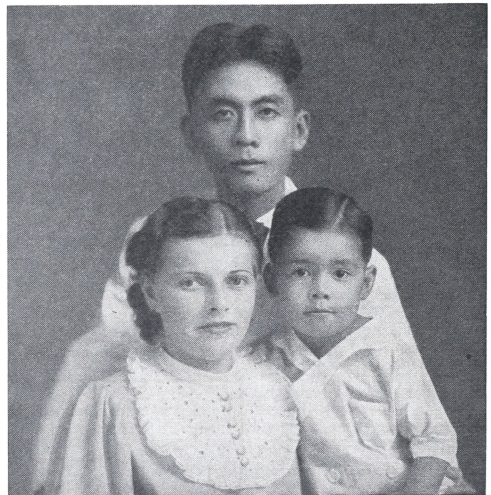
*Mrs. Salome Regidor de Lopez* had been occupying the position left vacant by the resignation of Charles A. Bauer, chief of the administrative division of the city engineer's office, for some time before the newspapers became aware of the fact and promptly gave it front page space. The position, we understand, is a responsible one, and the appointment of Mrs. Lopez to it is therefore an honor not only to herself but also to Filipino womanhood as a whole.

Another "first" woman is *Mrs. Angela A. Villa*, the first woman to bge appointed to the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners. Why a pointed to this board before the appointment of Mrs. Villa is beyond us, considering the fact that most of those who take the pharmaceutical examinations every year are women.

The efforts of the Manila Woman's Club, spokesman for the women of the city, for the formation of a policewomen squad for the protection of women a n d children was crowned with success when the *first Manila policewomen squad* was organized last month. There are twelve members, with Ambrosia Landicho as corporal. These women have been chosen very carefully, for their physical, mental and moral qualities. The great majority of them are college graduates. Three are lawyers, four are graduates of the college of education, one is a normal graduate, one is a nurse, one is a pharmacist, one a radio telegraphy graduate, and one an ex-newspaper woman. Mrs. *Rosalía Aguinaldo*, well-known as a writer of Tagalog stories, is the matron in charge of women detained at the Luneta Police Station de-

(Continued on page 47)

A few "firsts": *Carmen Planas* (right), first Woman to be elected to the Manila Municipal Board; *Marcelina Villanar* (directly below), first Woman detective chemist in the Philippines; *Mrs. Angela A. Villa* (below, right), first Woman to be appointed to a n y government examining board. She is a member of the Philippine Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners.



Mrs. Olga Vargas, with her husband and child.



**SILHOUETTES.** Of all sorts. Anywhere. Everywhere.

See that one close to the shrubs in Plaza Lawton? He is there today; he may be there again tonight. His impress? The peculiar odor belying the existence of dainty white flowers intended to gratify man's love of the beautiful, that makes you wonder if plants in public places are there to help purify the air or to help some perverted individuals vitiate it.

How about that man? And the other there? And the countless others who throng around waiting stands and sheds, push through the crowds and spit right and left — on streets, sidewalks and conveyances.

The nervous rigdriver! Oh — of course. He wants to show his physical force on the poor dumb beast. And — to let off some of his accumulating heat. What do we say? Nothing, of course. We dissuade him once in a while but — he pays no attention. What for; S. P. C. A. members come far and few between, anyway.

The employment of minors — this is theoretically illegal but it is a necessary evil (?) "Why not make the most of them?" the carreta-bus operator says. So there they are — lifting weights that bend their plant bones, shouting to attract fares and standing most of the time on the stirrups.

Do you remember your short-pants days or your pigtail time when more than Father and Mother, and more tangible than God Himself you worshipped a man or a woman

simply because he knew numbers, letters, songs and silly little rhymes?

What has become of the teacher all these years? Do you still see a halo round his head? Do you still believe in him as your ideal incarnate?

Or do you see him goaded to sixteen hours' work, barely able to make both ends meet and yet expected to be the living example of all civic and social virtues?

When the bargain ads draw you irresistibly to the swanky shops, or some dear one's birthday takes you to the exclusive stores, how did you react to the salesgirl's sudden change in behavior as soon as a white man or woman came in?

Or did you have to hear the big wall-clock tick the seconds before someone came to you to ask very casually just what you wanted, and involuntarily found yourself contrasting the enthusiasm and promptness

accorded a foreigner?

Are you by chance one of the thousands at college?

What, by way of criterion, distinguishes the varsity neophyte from the upperclass men?

Casting all frivolity aside — the Angel Bob, the arched eyebrows and the cherry lips — have you not osmotically taken the slangy expressions, the snobbing and the obtrusiveness as the marks of sophistication?

When you are about to finish university schooling, you come to appreciate more and better the correlative forces that shape a child's education, basing it all on your own experiences.

How inane or tragic the parent's remark: "Oh! why bother about my children. The school will take care of them. That's why I am a taxpayer; that's why there are teachers!" And he goes off to

enjoy what his personal taste calls good times; his wife contents herself with the routine duties to give their young the bare needs of an empty life.

Does your mouth water at the sight or mention of fruits? Invariably it does.

Well. Did you ever stand in reflection in front of the Sta. Cruz stalls or go to the famous markets where the season's harvest are temptingly displayed?

How often did you pay for what you saw were big, ripe luscious berries to see upon arrival at home that most of what was bagged for you were under-ripe, under-sized or half-rotten ones?

This is pre-election time. All things are called by that periodic name — even charity and men's stand on things.

Consider the big boss who temporarily develops that uncanny power of smelling the way the wind blows — whether he is to insure reappointment, lubricate his way to the common mass to be re-elected on the platform of social justice, or favor the influential few with the expectation of some grateful gesture in tangible form.

**HILL GARDEN**

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

*They are talking of fear and loss and how all must break  
How the days are blank of meaning and sure of pain...  
But my mother is moving in quiet beside her lake:  
She says, "My red rose died. I must plant again."  
The world is dark with the clashing of cries and creeds,  
Men cling and chatter of darkening death and care...  
My mother is looking East past her straining reeds:  
She says, "The storm is close. It will clear the air."  
They whisper, "The times are hopeless with struggle and dread.  
What is there good in work till the end of light?"...  
My mother has straightened herself by her garden-bed:  
She says, "I worked well today. I sleep well tonight."*

We also have NOVELTIES in BUCKLES and DISHES of genuine MOTHER OF PEARL.

Come and see them at our store No. 460 Calle Dasmariñas

**MANILA BUTTON FACTORY, INC.**

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**"The Hero Of The Filipinos"**  
By C. E. Russell & E. B. Rodriguez  
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# DEATH In the EVENING



A Short Story

By ADRIANO P. LAUDICO

THE night was young, but the town of San Antonio, forever sandwiched between the sea and the mountains, lay lifeless under the August stars. In this secluded, coastal town its rugged inhabitants worked in the fields under a burning sun and fished along the shore of a turbulent sea in the days and they were glad to crawl into their tiny homes by nightfall. Except for a few young men with the warm blood of youth coursing in their veins promenading in the silent, dark streets, the town of San Antonio had settled for the night. But inside the church of *Padre* Silvio, situated on a knoll overlooking the town, four people knelt in solemn prayer while the candles burned.

The big heart of *Padre* Silvio, who had been parish priest in this peaceful hamlet since the turn of the century and beloved by everyone, was gladdened at the sight that met his dimming eyes when he entered the churen direct from the convent to say his evening prayers. It had been many years since he had seen these four persons together in church. As he knelt beside the poorly lighted altar, his mind groped for the reason that brought them to this sanctuary.

The youngest among them was Marta, her head bowed in prayer. *Padre* Silvio knew her well; he had officiated at her baptism; he had seen her grow into a pretty girl, with a flock of swains following her even to church. Like the other girls in San Antonio, Marta was a regular attendant at the Mass he performed day after day. But two years ago something happened to this lovely girl that turned her into a bitter, wretched being.

Marta's parents, like most well-meaning parents, had meticulously planned to marry her off to a man with a substantial income. The parents' choice was a widower with three children and who was old enough to be her father. Although another girl might not have objected strenuously against the match, Marta's young heart was decidedly won over to the side of a stalwart man by the name of Lino. One night, underneath one of the coconut trees which grew abundantly in San Antonio and with the stars looking down upon them and the night wind whispering above their heads, Marta and Lino found happiness in each other's young arms. The night was far gone when they parted, decided to elope to fulfill their young hearts' desire.

Somehow, however, her parents got wind of the affair between Marta and Lino. Acting swiftly, they set the date of the marriage of Marta to Ciano, the widower. Elaborate plans were laid out and the wedding became the talk of the town.

On the eve of the marriage, young Lino, frustrated in his hopeless love, his young mind bewildered at the unhappy turn of events, rushed out to sea in his tiny *banca*. Early the next day his lifeless body was found on the sandy beach, even while the bells of the old church on the knoll were ringing, announcing to the town the wedding of Marta and Ciano.

Pigs were being roasted and a cow was being butchered in the home of the prospective bridegroom when the sad news of Lino's unexpected death broke into the expectant town like a typhoon. When it reached the ears of Marta, who was then being dressed in her bridal gown by a bevy of excited women, she fell into a swoon.

Like a bombshell the news spread to the town that the wedding would never take place. The district health

officer, who was one of the guests invited by Marta's parents, rushed to the side of the stricken girl and he learned the secret which the unhappy girl had been trying to keep to herself. Indignant and terrifyingly humiliated, Ciano walked out of his would-be wife, while *Padre* Silvio waited in vain for the coming of the pair.

The wrath of Marta's parents knew no bounds. They drove her out of their house. In the house of a friend Marta found refuge. There, months later, her child, hers and Lino's, was born—dead.

Something seemed to have snapped in the mind of Marta after the little one was buried in the town's lonely cemetery. She would walk the streets of the town, her eyes lowered as if counting the stones, unweary, uncompl. Marta had com-

pletely lost her wits, the people of San Antonio believed.

Tonight Marta, in her aimless walking, had stopped at the foot of the hill and her eyes had looked up to the silent church silhouetted against the clear sky. Light filtered out of the main portal of the church and this, like some powerful beacon, had drawn her to the sanctuary.

A few feet away from where she knelt, her eyes caught a figure sprawled on the aisle, an improvised crutch lying beside him. The prostrate figure was Berto, the town's paralytic. Like Marta, Berto had found no use for the church in a good many months. But tonight he was there mumbling the rosary all over again, a pitiful, tragic sight.

There was a time when Berto was strong-limbed like the rest of the men of San Antonio. There was a time when Berto was insolent with his strength and daring in his heart. Many were the stories of his escapades circulated in the town.

Berto was strong, stronger than the average young man of San Antonio. He gloried in his strength, this child of the fields. He fought those who questioned his self-imposed supremacy over the youth of San Antonio. And a time came when no one dared show his teeth in the presence of the bully of San Antonio.

Berto was quick with his fists as he was with his tongue in the presence of the town's lasses. There were many tales told of his nightly excursions in the homes of girls whose beauty attracted him. These tales were told and retold by the young men of the town over glasses of *tuba* in San Antonio's only *cantina*. They were stories of girls whose virtues were despoiled by the town's bully at the point of a poniard. So fearful were the parents of these outraged girls of the threat that lurked in the brawny muscles of Berto that they never quite managed to denounce him to the authorities.

Then one night, while Berto was returning home from one of his much talked of visitations, rain overtook him. The sky seemed to have opened up and let go off its load, drenching the whole countryside. Berto was caught in the midst of the torrent.

When Berto woke up the following morning, he was feverish and unable to move his limbs. Like the bully that he was, he tried to laugh off the ailment that had suddenly descended upon him. But when the day wore on and his condition had turned for the worse, fear, which he had never known before, gripped him.

His parents summoned the town's *albutarios* but they all shook their

(Continued on page 18)

Four People Took Refuge In The Little Church And Met Their Death In It Just At The Time When They Found God Again

**JANUARY** is the month of year when we look back and ahead. We review past achievements—look forward to greater heights. We call to mind past failures and work on how best to avoid them in the future.

With the turn of the year, many housewives sense an air of impending tragedy hanging low over their homes. They feel that somehow these homes are not the dream places they had planned for, and they are discouraged, miser-

Of all women, the efficient housewife who drives her husband, nevertheless, to night clubs and other places away from home, has the hardest puzzle to solve. Can it be possible that more than good and efficient housekeeping a husband demands something else?

The 1938 Filipino housewife is generally a good and efficient housekeeper. She uses labor-saving devices to render housework easy and to save her time for other things. She furnishes her house with an eye for comfort, convenience, and beauty. She prepares meals that make the mouth water and that supply the bodily needs of every member of the family. able.

The year 1937 had widened the world of Filipino women. Government positions have been opened to her. Of great import are the privileges attendant to their newly acquired rights. Significant also is their interest in causes, in clubs, and in making of her community a better place to live in. The danger of friction between husband and wife over public questions has been added to that arising from domestic problems.

And home is a place of rest, of refreshment. When there is friction in the home, there can be no rest for anybody. It loses its claim to being a place of security and safety. The air of menace is constantly felt by both wife and husband.

A maladjustment in the home is not an inevitable penalty of the increased participation and interest of women

# 1938 Husbands Demand

## More Than Efficient Housekeeping

By F. R. FERNANDO

in life. In fact, in many homes where both the husband and wife are actively engaged in promoting the well-being of their community, there is no maladjustment. There is still quietness and happiness.

It is only in homes where differences over a popular question of the hour lead to argument, sarcasm, stubbornness and bitterness that housewives feel unhappy. They are disheartened, and miserable.

But their misery is easy to remedy. Not only in controversies over politics but

also in home questions, must housewives develop tolerance and patience to a high degree. They must have the knack to agree rather than disagree.

Tolerance, patience and the tendency to agree unless one is hurt can be as much second nature as impatience, intolerance and the tendency to disagree. Many homes that are heading for the rocks can be saved if their housewives add to their asset of efficiency tolerance, patience and a disposition to adopt their husband's point of view.

There are wives whose disagreements with their hus-

bands produce fits of emotionalism. They try to live on their nerves' ends and on those of their husbands. They grow cold as ice. We know wives who won't talk with their husband for a whole day. Others grow as enigmatical as sphinxes. Still others won't eat or drink. Some would even go so far as to return to their mothers.

Wives of the above types as well as those allied to them should realize that husbands would a hundred times sooner forgive them for neglecting housework than for deliberately and brutally living on their husbands nerves. There are husbands who cheerfully do the housework for their wives. But we have yet to meet the husband who cheerfully lives with a perfect housekeeper that grows mad over trifles.

Women have progressed to keep equal pace with men. There are wives, nonetheless, who would go even farther and who actually develop domineering attitudes and tendencies. There are not many husbands who can stand bossing!

Some wives there are who are selfish materially to their husbands. Sooner or later, such wives find out that their husbands can be selfish too. Imagine the husband one pay day failing to hand his envelop of lovely bills. Housewives who know how to imagine their would-be-shock at such an event should be able to imagine also the shock that husbands have when money for their incidental expenses and legitimate hobbies are given with a grudge or even denied.

Husbands demand from their wives cooperation, kindness, generosity and sympathy. They look toward home as a haven from the outside world of negativism, struggle, conflict, even defeat. Wives should endeavor to be encouraging companions of their husbands particularly when the financial hazards and worries of their husbands are greatest. Yet it is then that most wives fail their partners in life.

(Continued on page 29)



## Her Happiness Envied

Other wives envied her romance—a lasting honeymoon courtship . . . told their husbands, often, how nice he was to her.

She had an understanding of the personal feminine daintiness that all husbands admire and expect.

Strangely enough, a woman is frequently unaware herself of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of "incompatibility" can be traced to this source.

For over 50 years discriminating women have found "Lysol" indispensable in their personal hygiene.

"Lysol" is non-caustic in proper solution—active even in the presence of organic matter—economical to use—of a cleanly odor which promptly vanishes after use—and of lasting full strength.

Remember its name of two syllables: Ly-sol.



\*\*\* Reject substitutes. Look for trade mark "Lysol". Insist upon the original package—an orange carton enclosing a brown bottle.

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant



To Be Opened In The  
Event Of My Death:  
Ralph Haueners, M. D.  
Rutler, Vt.

Dr. Carl Vender,  
Jenk's Maternity Hospital,  
Jenksville, Mass.

My dear Carl:

I have decided to carry certain facts with me to the grave, unless circumstances convince me of the advisability of revealing them. But it has occurred to me that those circumstances might arise after my death and that those facts should therefore be in the possession of somebody else, with discretionary power to use them.

Possibly you followed the hearings in connection with the hammer slaying of Elizabeth Perry Watts, whose husband, Tom Watts, was for a long time under suspicion. But the police were never able to establish the fact that he had been in Rutler that night. Also, no motive was found sufficiently strong to indicate murder.

I had known Elizabeth Per-

Pearson, my wife's niece was living with us. Jeanie had had a most unfortunate childhood in a semi-orphanage. She was a shy, grave little girl, who did not seem to make friends with other young people. I was pleased when she and Franklin found things in common and the haunted look began to leave her eyes. They were such babes in the woods and so in love that I could not refuse to help them. I broke the news of their marriage to Elizabeth, who was always a little afraid of me.

Franklin at once dropped medical school and found himself a job in the bank, for which he was better suited. Jeanie's very youth and helplessness seemed to bring out all the latent manhood in the boy. And I felt that in time she would be able to break Elizabeth's hold over him. I advised them to go house-keeping. But Elizabeth was having trouble with her mortgage and her roomers and Franklin hadn't the heart to walk out on her.

## This Is The Story Of A "Good" Woman Who Got What She Deserved

By Viola Brothers Shore

ry since her sixteenth year, when her father died, leaving her the house on Larch Street and the care of Franklin, then a boy of ten. That duty she faithfully discharged, renting out rooms, taking in boarders and giving the boy a mother's care. Franklin worked his way through school in order to lighten the burden on Elizabeth. And although I advised against it, he prepared himself for medical school because Elizabeth had set her heart on it. The bond between them was a very strong—and I was inclined to feel—an unfortunate one for Franklin.

I saw a great deal of Franklin during the years when Elizabeth believed he was pursuing his medical studies in my library. But he was spending little time among my books. Jeanie

For three years Jeanie lived in the shadow of Elizabeth. Jeanie never complained—even to me. But I knew, from the look in her eyes, that she was back in the bleakness of her childhood and that her love for Franklin was being undermined because he was too blind to see that Elizabeth hated her.

I had been feeling for some time that a baby was their only hope, when Jeanie came to see me. I was happy, knowing how much she wanted something that would be her own. The house was Elizabeth's and the garden was Elizabeth's—and even Franklin was more Elizabeth's than hers. All the love in her went out to that baby.

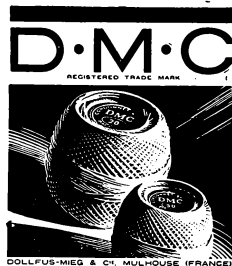
I made it clear to Franklin what it would mean to Jeanie now, and to him, too, to live alone. I did not mince words.

I think for the first time, he saw Elizabeth. He took a little four-room cottage on the other side of the town.

I believe it was pride which made Elizabeth decide to marry Tom Watts, one of her roomers. Tom Watts had been in and out of a dozen entanglements to my knowledge. But Elizabeth never took my advice. I was not surprised, a few months later, to hear gossip about Tom and a certain Mollie Day who boarded at Elizabeth's. Elizabeth eventually heard it too, and Mollie Day and her husband moved to another part of town.

I was called out one day to treat Elizabeth for severe contusions and bruises. She said she had fallen down the cellar steps. I did not believe her. I had passed the expressman carrying out a trunk initialed T. W. Tom and Elizabeth were reconciled in time. But Mollie Day had left town. And I heard that she had a hard time of it in New York before she finally jumped from the window of a cheap hotel. I mention this because it has a bearing on

(Continued on page 19)



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# With Us: Marian Mansfield, Called America's Most Beautiful Diving Champion



Mansfield would make a dive, with Pete Desjardins watching her. When she came out of the water, Pete would tell her what he thought of the dive and give her his suggestions. Miss Mansfield would repeat the dive, not only once but several times. Then Desjardins would make a dive and Marian would criticize him. "Practice makes perfect" was the rule observed by the two champions. Watching them we got bored with too many repetitions and we wondered if they themselves did not get tired repeating and repeating each dive. But we answered ourselves that if they did not have the patience to practice they would not be champions.

**L**ocal sports enthusiasts, especially swimming fans, had a real treat January 4th when two American diving champions, Miss Marian Mansfield and Pete Desjardins, arrived in Manila and gave an exhibition of their art in two performances at the Jose Rizal Natatorium.

from too much contact with the water. She does not. Strange as it may seem, she said, the water in swimming pools in different countries and climes has kept her skin soft.

She was practising with Pete Desjardins at the Jose

Rizal Natatorium when we interviewed her so we had a chance to see the stuff champions are made of, why champions are champions. The two practised diving for over two hours, repeating each dive many times until perfection was attained. Miss

Marian started swimming when she was only four years old. Her father who was not an unusually good swimmer nor a very keen one over the sport, taught her. But Marian took to the water as a duck does and swam for pleasure and exercise still she was fif-

(Continued on page 39)

Miss Mansfield, who is only twenty, is known as "America's Most Beautiful Diver" and "Northwestern University's Most Beautiful Coed". She was a member of the 1936 U.S. Olympics Team and winner of many low board and high board championships.

She looked younger and prettier in real life than in her pictures. We are sure that she can look more beautiful—when her hair is fluffed out, when she is clothed in dresses instead of in a tight-fitting bathing suit, and with proper make-up, for instance. Miss Mansfield confessed to wearing no make-up, except water-proof lip-stick. She wore a rubber one-piece bathing suit with no back at all; her exposed skin was beautifully tanned into a golden brown. We asked her if she used cream or any other preparation to protect her skin

AS

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A Novelette By Stephen Vincent Bennet

Lucinda, watching the green country slip past the windows of the train, felt a helpless sense of being drawn back into a vast, inexorable machine. She was still Lucy Crane—her clothes, her handbag, her lipstick—they were all still Lucy Crane's. Lucinda Charden used another shade of lipstick, and everything about her was different. Lucy had got sunburned, even, canoeing on the river, with John—not the smooth sunburn of the expensive beaches but sunburn that freckled the bridge of the nose and lightened the hair. For that matter, Lucy Crane's hair was lighter anyway, lacking Philippe's ministrations—and Lucy was eight pounds heavier than Lucinda had ever been. That was happiness and work and Mrs. Garry's dinners, Lucinda supposed. She felt a different person. And yet she would have to be drawn back into the net of Lucinda Charden. There was a fatality about it.

Well, she would just have to throw herself on Billy's mercy. He had been disturbing over the phone—disturbing and irritated. But he had finally snapped out of it and they had made their arrangements. As soon as she got to New York she was to register as Lucy Crane at a small hotel near Broadway—Billy had given her the name. Then she was to walk out of the hotel and go up to the penthouse. Meanwhile the stand-in was to leave the penthouse, go to the hotel and remain there as Lucy Crane, while Lucinda and Billy made plans.

For three weeks after the night by the river Lucinda had drifted, inhabiting the green Eden of all young, happy lovers. And yet even in Eden there were thorns and

briery patches. John was so good, so trusting—so unexpectedly boyish, now all his defenses were down. He was not only a lover but a gay and amusing playfellow. Planning for the future together should be one of the happiest times in their

**SYNOPSIS**

LUCINDA CHARDEN, one of the five richest girls in the world, is tired of all the publicity that her millions have brought her and decides to "get away from it all." With the aid of her trusted cousin, BILL SHALER, she assumes the name of LUCY CRANE and enrolls as a special student in chemistry in Merrimac University. Here she meets Professor JOHN HARVEY who falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. She is afraid to tell him that she is Lucinda Charden, the Platinum Princess, for she might lose him—and she loves him. She decides to tell Bill Shaler all about her professor and ask for his advice.

While Lucinda is away in college, a double, NORA MALLOY, who can easily pass as her twin sister, has taken her place, with great success. In the following installment, Lucinda discovers, to her great sorrow, that Nora Malloy's impersonation of her has been too perfect and that Bill Shaler has arranged everything too well.

lives, thought Lucinda, rebellious. But how could she join enthusiastically in plans for a future that could not exist, as planned?

Suddenly Lucinda felt afraid. She was unprepared, inexperienced, unready. Marriage couldn't work out, really, for either of them—they came from different worlds. Her one little dip into reality had been pleasant. Better creep back to the safety, the fortune, the soft, unchallenging life, and make an amusing story of her adventure. She hadn't hurt John really, yet; he'd forget her.

Lucinda, walking through the fa-

miliar lobby into the familiar elevator, felt shy, shy as she had been the first day at Merrimac. She was glad of the dark glasses, the veil and the low-brimmed, unfashionable hat—they made a shell around her. They were necessary, too—Lucinda Charden couldn't walk out of the building in one set of clothes and walk into it, half an hour later, in another.

The elevator rose smoothly, stopped, and the door slid open.

She was in the familiar foyer—funny to ring the bell and not have a key. It wasn't Rose or Margaret who opened the door—someone new. But Billy was supposed to open the door! Oh, well, what was the difference? She was tired of being two people; she wanted to get it over with. "Is Mr. Shaler in the living room?" she said, in her own voice.

"Yes, miss," said the maid and went away.

Lucinda took off her hat and veil in front of the little mirror in the hall, removed the glasses. "Yes, I've changed," she thought, looking at the mirror. "I'll have to spend weeks at Philippe's." She suddenly felt a stranger in her own house. And where was Billy?

She waited impatiently for a few moments. But Billy didn't come. She started for the living room, swung into it—and stopped dead.

There were five people sitting in the room. Lucinda felt the breath catch in her throat as she looked from face to face. Billy, Aunt Fol; a man with big shoes—and, incredibly, unbelievably, Nora Malloy—herself. They were all looking at her with blank, unrecognizing eyes.

"What is it?" she said. "A joke? What's the matter? Billy! Aunt Fol!"

The man with the iron-gray hair turned suddenly to Billy. "Do you mind if I take charge of this, Mr. Shaler?" he said in a pleasant voice.

"I'd be very glad if you did. We all would," said Billy seriously. Lucinda noticed that he looked through her and beyond her as if she were a ghost.

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**LITTLE PRICE**

By BETTY L. KNOWLES

*When I consider Love and its brief hour—  
A melody, flung to an evening star;  
A stab of sweetness deep enough to scar  
Its etching on the heart of every flower;  
A surge of beauty, fading as it glows;  
The sudden flame of meteoric light;  
A solitary echo in the night—  
I wonder that the power of love still grows.  
Can one dear hour be worth the bitter tears  
Of loneliness and everlasting pain?  
The answer surely must be no—and yet  
Brave Pyramus is smiling through the years,  
And Sappho's heart still sings its sweet refrain,  
And death seems little price to Juliet.*

The man with the iron-gray hair rose and approached her. A reputable man, the sort of man who sat on boards of directors and held public positions. She turned to him confidently.

"I don't understand this at all," she said, with dignity. "My cousin and my aunt do not seem to recognize me. Is my aunt ill? Are you a doctor?"

"Now, young lady," said the iron-gray man, "that's better. We don't want any unnecessary trouble about this—and there won't be any if you're sensible. But you see, we know who you are."

Lucinda stared into his hard eyes for a moment as the room swam beneath her feet and righted itself. "Then you know I'm Lucinda Charden," she said.

"Now, that's just the trouble," the iron-gray man said. "We hoped we wouldn't have to go into that."

"But you don't understand!" said Lucinda. "And I don't understand this—this horrible silence! Billy! Aunt Fol! Say it isn't true!" There was no reply. "But I am Lucinda Charden!" she said.

The iron-gray man sighed. "All right, young woman," he said. "We hoped to get through it without that. But if you ask for it, you'll get it. You realize, of course, that you're making a serious charge. I'm Colonel Babcock, Police Commissioner of New York City."

"It isn't a charge," said Lucinda indignantly. "It's the truth! I'm Lucinda—"

"Just a minute!" barked Colonel Babcock. He turned deferentially to Aunt Fol. "Miss Charden," he said soothingly, "do you recognize this young woman as your niece, Lucinda Charden?"

Aunt Fol's face was flushed. "Of course that—that person isn't my niece! My niece Lucinda is right beside me on this sofa. Yes, 'Cinda dear, and though it's all perfectly awful I'm glad it's happened really because I've kept telling you about impostors and you never would believe me, and now, thank goodness, I hope you're getting a little more sense."

"Thank you very much, Miss Charden," said Colonel Babcock. "Do you recognize this young woman as your cousin?"

Billy shook his head. "I do not." "Oh, oh, oh!" said Lucinda, her world crumbling around her.

Colonel Babcock jerked his head. "Mr. Wilcox?" he said to the man in the big shoes.

"I have seen Miss Charden eleven times in the past two years in the office of the Charden Estate," said Mr. Wilcox in the mechanical, businesslike voice of a dictagraph. "Cannot claim anything but a business acquaintance with Miss Charden but I certainly know her by sight. This young woman is not Miss Charden. There is a decided resemblance, though Miss Charden's hair and eyes are much darker than

this young woman's. However, there is an entire dissimilarity of personality. I am prepared to swear that this young woman is not Miss Charden."

Lucinda put up her hands as if to brush away a net of cobwebs, closing around her. For the first time since she had entered the room she felt afraid.

"I demand to see Mr. Janeway," she said stubbornly.

"Mr. Janeway is in bed with a cold or he would be here," said Colonel Babcock. "Of course you can see him if you want. But frankly, what is the use?"

"Oh, you'll be sorry for this!" said Lucinda, gasping.

"None of that, young woman!" said Colonel Babcock, with a rasp in his voice. He turned to Aunt Fol. "Miss Charden," he said gallantly, "you've been very brave, and

we all appreciate it. But we don't want to expose you to further unpleasantness. If you and Miss Lucinda Charden would like to retire—"

The terror tightened, gripping Lucinda's heart. It wasn't a joke; it wasn't even cobwebs, now. It was a net of invisible wires of steel that tightened while she struggled helplessly.

"Oh, Aunt Fol!" she said. "Dear Aunt Fol, don't leave me, please! You can have her, too, if you want her—I'm sure she's been kind to you. But don't leave me alone with them!"

As she stared at the older woman with desperate hope, she saw for a moment something wake in her eyes—puzzlement, confusion. Then it passed, and she was just a tired old woman who hated unpleasant experiences.

"I'm—tired," said Aunt Fol, in a queer, cracked voice. "'Cinda, take me to my room. I want to lie down."

"Yes, dear," said Nora Malloy, helping her to her feet. "There." She turned for a moment. "Thank you, Colonel Babcock—and you, too, Mr. Wilcox. I'm very grateful," she said earnestly, in Lucinda Charden's voice. "I'm sorry my aunt is upset," said Nora Malloy. "I'm not. It's just too divine. Having someone else say they're you. Don't hurt the poor thing," she said lightly. "I'd even like to talk to her afterward if you think... It's some kind of neurosis, I suppose."

"No, no, my dear Miss Charden," said Colonel Babcock gallantly. "You've already done more than your part."

Lucinda wanted to scream, to shout, to draw fingernails across that smooth face that was so like her own. But she mustn't do that. She must be dignified. They'd never believe her if she wasn't.

"By the way, there'll be highballs and things on the terrace when you gentlemen are through," said Nora Malloy. "And let me know if I'm wanted, Billy."

"All right, 'Cinda," said Billy. "Swell girl." Then the old woman and the younger one were gone.

"And now," said Lucinda, her heart shaking with terror, "may I ask the reason for this preposterous masquerade?"

"Oh, we'll give you all the rope you want," said Colonel Babcock jovially. "Sit down, if you like. I'd have had you arrested at the station, but both Mr. Shaler and Miss Charden made particular requests that the matter be handled as privately as possible."

"I suppose you really are the police commissioner?" said Lucinda suddenly.

Colonel Babcock laughed. "If you want to telephone headquarters—"

"Perhaps I'd better break in for a minute," said Billy Shaler. "As I told you, Colonel Babcock, when

(Continued on page 36)

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**“DON'T grin — smile.”** So says Emily Post in her code of behavior for women. But then she hadn't read “Gentlemen Prefer...” in a local magazine last month in which various obsequious gentlemen commented sagaciously on women in general.

My, how my funnybone tingled upon reading their fatuously flippant observations! Of course they spoke with their tongues in their cheeks as in the accepted custom among young men, particularly adolescents, when the subject is “Women.” Why do men seem to have an unconscious dread that people mistake their interest in the opposite sex as serious? Why not admit it? Why not admit it? Why hide behind a protective screen of wise-cracks and rib-tickling remarks?

I remember a young fellow who professed disinterest in girls in general. He took extreme pains by actions and words to proclaim his aloofness... his disregard. Yet he sprouted an elegant moustache.

“Why the moustache?” I asked him. “To strain soup?” We admire broad-minded

# The Contrariness of the Male Species

By HELEN MELIA

men. But not men with wide-open spaces between the ears. To judge from what gentlemen say nowadays about their preference in women, they seem to be magnanimous beyond belief. They speak, with convincing gestures and shining eyes. The liars! They admire modernity in a Miss. They offer her cigarettes and glasses brimming with gin. They tell her there's a drug-store in every corner and whisper, insinuatingly, “why not? You won't be a chicken all your life.” They profess eternal love until the poor girl's head is giddy from their ardent avowals and promises. Oh no! She mustn't be old-fashioned! Men don't like it! Yet they'd wallop their own sister if they caught her trying hard not to be old-fashioned. When

it's the girl next door who goes wrong, they go right after her—until church bells chime in the distance when they beat a hasty retreat.

The most popular and preferred girls in town are those that “gentlemen” won't be seen out with — in public. That is, if we are to believe what they say they prefer in women.

Some gentlemen generously allow us ladies to study their masculine souls, “if it does us any good.” But we tried that long ago when we wore ribbons in our hair and skirts that came above our dimpled knees. We've outgrown gentlemen of that type whose ego expands alarmingly under adolescent admiration. Then there's the virile male who “chases anything that wears a skirt.” A start-

ling statement but disarmingly frank. There's a rooster in my back-yard that chases anything that clucks and then crows magnificently and flaps his wings on his chest. Mr. Skirt-chaser, like the rooster, deems it necessary to prove his virility at repeated intervals. Why? Who doubts his masculinity?

What gentlemen seem to prefer these days makes for a rather confusing picture. We must be sophisticated yet basically simple and unaffected. We must be intelligent but not more so than our escorts — the hardest requisite of all! I could make a gag here about us girls going out in relays with intelligent escorts but what girl wants to step out only once a month! Never mind; let that pass. I don't want to leave an opening for gentlemen pugilists of the pen.

To boil it all down, if you wish to be preferred by the modern Manila male, you must be born charming, if not actually devastatingly beautiful. If you're intelligent as well... that's a handicap you'll have to struggle along with as well as you can.

## DEATH IN THE . . .

(Continued from page 12)

seemingly sapient heads in utter bafflement. They had never seen a case like this: of a strong-limbed youth suddenly stricken by an unknown malady. It was the district health officer, summoned by Berto's grief-stricken father, who put an end to the speculation of the townspeople on Berto's sickness. A vicious form of paralysis had gotten its relentless grip on the town's bully.

“He's being punished by God,” was the townspeople's verdict.

Poor as they were, Berto's unhappy parents did everything within their limited means to bring life to the dead limbs of Berto. But he remained partly dead for months and months. While he could move his arms with great effort, his legs were stiff and unmovable. Berto would be half dead all his life.

But tonight, inside the church of Padre Silvio, Berto, as he lay sprawled on the aisle, seemed to be suffused with a force that seemed to bring life to his useless legs. He had heard of miracles, of men and women whom the world gave up as dead but who were given new life because they had faith. He would go to the church of Padre

Silvio and pray as he had never prayed before.

With reluctance, his aged father fashioned a crude crutch and with this Berto started on his pilgrimage to the church on the hill. Still the bully at heart, he refused assistance from his father and relatives. He would go to the church alone, even if he had to crawl in going there. And crawl he did, dragging the crutch with him.

As he lay quivering on the cold aisle, a slight noise came from one of the corners of the church. It was a series of soft, dry coughs that came from the pain-racked body of a thin, prematurely old woman around whose drooping shoulders was wrapped a tattered shawl. It was Antonia, who was vainly trying to stop the procyonism that gripped her and filled the entire church with an eerie noise.

In her heart Antonia knew that

it would not be long before her diseased, wretched body would cease disturbing people. Way back in far Manila, in a hospital where ghosts of people move about with the white plague dogging their heels, the solemn-faced doctors had given her up as a hopeless case. Antonia had returned to San Antonio—to die.

The forlorn figure kneeling in a darkened corner of the church that night was a far cry from the vivacious woman of ten years ago who left San Antonio to find her “rightful place” in the city, the hunting ground of modern Cinderellas. She was not like the rest of San Antonio's female inhabitants who were born only to be married to ignorant, calloused men and raise armies of half-naked children. She was different.

Indeed, Manila has a place for women like Antonia. It welcomes with open hands women like her

who want to get somewhere and are not scrupulous about the weapons they use in attaining this end. Soon, Antonia became a familiar figure in Manila's high spots, a typical lady of the evening.

A few so-called fortunate residents of San Antonio who had stayed away and landed in Manila brought glowing tales of the activities of Antonia when they returned. They told of her costly clothes, of her sparkling jewels, of the people she ran around with. To the girls of San Antonio the name of Antonia was always spoken of with awe, almost reverence. But to the men, the stories about her brought a familiar leer in their eyes and huskiness in their voices.

Ten years is not a long, long time, but to Antonia she had lived to the full every day of this dizzy decade. So full that when the blow struck her, she was the only one who found it unbelievable. She could not reconcile herself to the fact that she had lost her youth and her strength. A terrible disease was the price of those ten mad years.

Her money, clothes, jewels and friends gone, Antonia found her-  
(Continued on page 31)

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Walking along the boulevard the other day, we saw quite a number of fashionable people promenading their dogs at the ends of handsome leashes which their well-dressed masters or mistresses tugged at once in a while to remind their pets that class and pedigree should show in good dog-manners. The sight brought us back to common-enough scenes in the parks and streets of America and Europe—in which at the end of the strong leather leashes were fats, squirming tots of one or two years. At the other end one might see a worried-looking mother thinking of her marketing to do, or a crisply-dressed maid fliring with the policeman. The children romp on with relative freedom and with absolutely no danger of getting run over by passing vehicles. Our first sight of children "so treated" shocked us—we are such sentimental fools, we Filipinos—but we soon saw the wisdom and usefulness of the practice. We would enjoy seeing the faces of the grandmas and the grandpas when we broach to them the subject of tying their grandchildren with leather straps—"just like dogs, bah!"

### Zippers Are Not New

Do you know, ladies, that zippers were invented long, long ago, back in 1893? They used to call them (more politely), "slide fasteners," and were employed only for more or less utilitarian purposes. Today they are used also for ornamental purposes. A huge factory in New York is manufacturing soft-colored, fragile, glamorous ladies' zippers: zippers in all the lovely shades of green, taupe, rose gray, some of them would go up the front part of a suit, some would go down the back of a dress, and some would go round and round the torso in a spiral. They are also used, of course, for high collars and form-fitting sleeves. This is all very well, of course, for zipper folk, (and mighty convenient when dressing in a hurry), but

## WOMEN ABROAD

By PIA MANCIA

what about the eye-and-hook, the button, and the pin trades? We should worry!

### Finger-Tips

Some department stores in New York are selling curious and faintly disturbing gadgets called—I give you three guesses—(I knew you'd fail!)—*Finger-tips*, which we feel we ought to tell you about, if only to prepare you for your first sight of them when they come to invade our stores in the Escolta. *Finger-tips* are more like thimbles than anything else—devices which fit on your fingers and have, attached to them, various useful implements like paint brushes, pencils, erasers, screwdrivers, manicuring files, orangewood sticks, eyelash brushes, eyebrow pencils, medicine droppers, rough puffs, powder-brush—a n y-thing, in fact, under the sun small enough to be lifted by the finger that has the gadget. They have been invented by Mrs. Lillian Greneker, whose ingenious idea is bringing her quite a bit of publicity,—not to mention income

in royalties and sales. Talking about her invention, she said that the idea came to her when one day she missed an important appointment because her manicurist was so slow in her work. It came over her all of a sudden that the reason the girl was so slow was that she had to spend a lot of time picking things up and setting them down, and that she would be ten times as quick if her instruments were fastened to her fingers. Mrs. Greneker rushed around to a patent lawyer, and two years later her patent went through. She now has her own company, *Finger-tips, Inc.* Quite a few professionals are using the gadget which is really helpful and handy. Several neurologists use *Finger-tips* pencils for their tests on patients, obviating thus, pauses which make the examination inaccurate. Etchers use *Finger-tips* with etching needles, others with feathers. Fashion artists use them with sets of paint-brushes. A dentist who has lately started using *Finger-tip* mirrors and picks, is enthusiastic about Mrs. Greneker's invention. He

says that one great advantage is that when patients bite, they bite the thimble instead of his fingers.

### Secret of Popularity Among Women

A certain senator from a Southern State revealed the secret of the unusual popularity which he enjoys among the ladies. He says: "Women are vain like men. They like to impress with their personality. I simply work on that trait." By way of illustration: Greeting two women he had met at the same party a year before, he said to one, "Yes, indeed, I remember you perfectly. You wore a stunning yellow dress." Turning to the other woman, he also complimented her by recalling exactly what she wore or said at the occasion. Very pleased, they asked him how he did it. He looked embarrassed, then apparently thinking that truth would out, he broke down and told all. "With note books," he said, "I keep notes on every one I met at lunches, dinners, and receptions, and parties. Where you ladies are concerned, I always jot down something about your clothes. Then when I meet you again I impress you with my marvelous memory."

It's a good trick. And the ladies might use it, too,—on the men. For women aren't the only creatures who like to be flattered with attention. No, indeed.

### Heroism

The Chinese woman is showing extraordinary valor during these harassing days of war. Performing deeds that one would barely associate with her frail body and her timid nature. For instance, there is Wang Hsiao-chieh, pretty almond-eyed Chinese girl nurse, who performed thirty surgical operations within two hours, all by herself, and then, totally exhausted from the terrible ordeal, collapsed as soon as other medical assistance arrived.

This courageous woman took complete charge of a field hospital on the Shanghai-Hangchow Railway when

(Continued on page 29)

## WANT A LOVELIER COMPLEXION?

THEN CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE... THE SOAP MADE WITH GENTLE OLIVE AND PALM OILS! IT KEEPS SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH



## BOOKS and AUTHORS

### New Books

**T**he *Golden Legend of Ethiopia*, by Post Wheeler, United States Minister to Albania. You must remember this distinguished author of delightful

volumes of folk tales; in this new book of his the great legend of the African Empire is beautifully told. Here is the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—as the Ethiopians tell it. It is delightful, if fanciful, reading, and will help pass the holidays in worthwhile pleasure.

It seems that in King Solomon's time the ruler of Ethiopia was a woman, chosen from the royal house. Her name was Maqueda (Queen Sheba to you and me), and she was extremely beautiful. According to the story, she heard of the great King of Judah and of his religion and great

temple, and decided to visit him. The resulting visit, with the love that sprang up between the King and Queen, and the son which was born to them, is the book's fascinating theme.

\* \* \*

Elliot Paul loved the Spanish people, and the inhabitants in the little country-town of Santa Eulalia. Therefore he wrote with feeling his *Life and Death of Santa Eulalia*. He said, "I believe it will interest my readers to know how fascist conquest and communist and anarchist invasion affect a peaceful town. By town I mean its people. I knew them all, their means

and aspirations, their ways of life and thought, their ties of blood, their friendships. I loved them and their animals and the shadows of the trees that fell upon their houses. They divided their lost *pesetas* and red wine and beans and gay spirit with me. I got away from their island, and they did not. This book is a debt I owe them."

The first part of the book dealt with happy, beautiful Santa Eulalia, where the women worked, healthy and joyous, in the fields with their men, loving the fragrance of alfalfa and understanding their wheat and their corn and their melons. Market-day was described in all its picturesque details, fishing-days and the care-free fishermen were painted with all the enthusiastic glow that only affection for a place and its people can incite. The characters of the story are also well chosen as to color and realistic touches. The church of Santa Eulalia, Sunday mornings, the congregations, were very picturesquely depicted. "The costumes of the women, always with a touch of gold, showed spots and flashes of red, blue, purple and orange which stirred to holiday vibrations the vivid greens of the trees, the buff of the wheat and the blue of the sky and sea." The setting was set for tragedy.

Communism, insidious, poisonous, crept into this little town. Elliot Paul says: "Ghosts and live men, for a moment take your places in the town as once it was . . . Parents, husbands, wives and children, what figure would you have considered as an offer to your island, the land that was yours and your fathers', the sea and sky and air?" And in the end: "As I stood alone in that frightful hall, I sadly thought that in Santa Eulalia now there was not a house that did not have its emptiness and death or slaughter and desolation in prospect." Elliot Paul has written a beautiful book.

\* \* \*

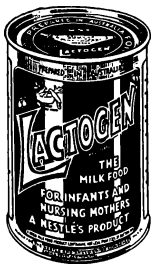
The older generation says that we are living in a shame-

(Continued on page 37)

## BETTER MILK FOR BETTER BABIES



**LACTOGEN**  
NOURISHES BABY QUICKLY BECAUSE  
IT IS EASILY DIGEST



Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream milk, with natural milk sugar added, made germ-free and dried by Lactogen processes which also preserve unchanged the valuable mineral and vitamin content of the raw fresh milk.

By these special manufacturing processes Lactogen is made, as nearly as possible, similar to mother's milk.

**"LACTOGEN"**  
THE NATURAL MILK FOOD



Most popular of English actresses; Jessie Matthews, shown above with Barry Mackay. (Courtesy, I-Star Film Exchange).

## They Make Movies Also In England

### Teaching French By Film

Six hundred and ninety London school children between the ages of twelve and seventeen thoroughly enjoyed and understood the equivalent of a French lesson at a London news-reel theatre when a new educational film programme was shown by Gaumont-British Instructional. Miss Margery Lockett, who sponsored the idea, is delighted with the success of the innovation. The programme consisted of two films, "La Gare" produced by Gaumont-British Instructional with the co-operation of Monsieur Stephan, the well-known B. B. C. lecturer on French, and "Merlusse" directed by Marcel Pagnol.

Occasional English subtitles appeared to be unnecessary, although the standard of French in both films was considerably higher than the "La plume de ma tante" grade of the older generation's French lessons.

### More Educational Film Matinees

Glasgow, Newcastle and Bristol are the important centres in which GBI matinees were given. The programme dealt with "Coasts and Country" (Glasgow), "Coal and Railways" (Newcastle) and "19th Century History" (Bristol).

Following the great success of the French programme at the London matinees similar language programmes are to be given in other cities, including the above, at an early date.

### British Actors, Also Superstitious

Superstition seems to be part of an actor's business. Noel Madison's lucky charm is his three-year-old battered trilby. He has done it, doffed it and been shot at in it in his last forty films. Now he refuses to be without it.

His current part as Jessie Matthews' press agent in "Sailing Along" allows him to wear his hat. In a recent

## Movie SECTION

part he could only get it in the picture by squaring the "prop" man to slip it in unostentatiously on a hat peg in someone's else's hall.

### Dance Without Music

A smartly-dressed crowd of two hundred and fifty extras swarmed on to Stage One in the Gainsborough Studios at Islington to appear in the ballroom sequence in "Bank Holiday" now in production under the direction of Carol Reed.

A group of these were instructed to take partners and proceed on to the parquet dance floor. A fourteen-piece orchestra led by the well-known West End conductor Lew Rose, sat alert on the rostrum with instruments ready.

Cameras were in position and all was prepared for the big scene.

"Action", cried Director Reed.

The dancers swirled round and round. The sound of gliding feet filled the air. Gaily coloured dresses and light summer suits flitted to and fro. All very grand. But where was the music?

The saxophonists were obviously blowing for all they were worth; the percussionist appeared to be thumping out a steady rhythm; the trumpeters' valves were being continually pressed and Lew Rose's conducting was decidedly impressive. But still no music was heard.

When "cut" was called, a little bewildered I made my

way across to Carol Reed.

"Why no music, Mr. Reed?" I questioned.

"What music?"

"The music those people were supposed to be dancing to."

"Oh!", he laughed. "We couldn't possibly have the band playing when we take a scene like that. You see," he explained, "Wally Patch and Kathleen Harrison have some dialogue in the sequence and it would never be heard if we had the orchestra playing dance music during the "take". When the film goes into the cutting room the music is synchronized with the action so that the dialogue is clear and precise while music provides a quietly effective background.

### "Barry, Get Your Hair Cut"

chant the members of the "Sailing Along" unit whenever Barry Mackay appears on the set nowadays. Long hair is part of the character he is playing. The picture (and the long hair) started as long ago as last August.

Barry is looking for the wit who stuck a hair tonic advertisement on his dressing-room door.

### Queen Mary To See "Secrets Of Life" Film

One of the popular Gaumont-British Instructional "Secrets of Life" films, entitled "Home Life on the Marshes", will be shown on Wednesday next when Queen Mary attends the charity premiere of "Doctor Syn", the

(Continued on page 38)

**BOTHERED WITH WORMS?**

Intestinal worms drain the children's health, result in loss of pep and energy. Expel them the quickest and the safest way. Use VERMICOL for both children and adults.

Sold by all druggists.  
Small size 20¢, Large 60¢.

**VERMICOL**

WATSONAL

Phot. 1/100 Santonia 2/100



Meeting of the Isabela Provincial Federation of Women's Clubs held at Naguilian, Isabela, with Mrs. Librada Firme, vice-president, presiding. The president is Miss Romula Gonzales.

## HEADQUARTERS NOTES

WE are pleased to report that we had quite a few pleasant visits to Headquarters during the holidays. We had, for instance, Misses Rosario Brondiol, Francisca Bonete, Asuncion B. Bonagua, all three clubwomen of Tabaco, Albay, whom we took around to all the NFWC projects in what we might call a profitable educational tour. We hope the ladies enjoyed the trips and the demonstrations. And,

all the way from Jolo, Sulu, Miss Rosario Alvarez came to Manila, as a representative of the Jolo Woman's Club, in order to observe the nursery classes and see the other projects of the Federation. She stayed here for almost a month and assured us before she left that she "got so much from just looking around." \* \* \*

The clubwomen will, we are sure, be glad to know that our float, the NFWC float, won the third prize in the last Philippine Charity Sweepstakes parade. \* \* \*

Speaking of Sweepstakes and prizes, we should like to announce that the NFWC is one of the Sweepstakes agents. As usual, those clubwomen who want their application contracts may procure them from Headquarters. \* \* \*

Some of the members "entered into the spirit of the occasion" and helped distribute gifts to the NFWC nursery children. Thus, Mrs. Rodriguez "played Sta. Claus" in Pandacan, Santa Ana and Puntá, Mrs. Ortigas in Gral. Geronimo and Don Quixote, and Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Dwyer in Tayabas and Bambang. \* \* \*

### Newly Elected Officers

THE New Year is breaking with bright auguries—women all over the archipelago are awakening more and more to the importance of their position in their community and new clubs are springing up everywhere. These clubs are the nuclei for useful community projects, and therefore we cannot say too much in their praise. To these new members as well as to the old ones, tried and true, a very Happy New Year, and a full measure of success in all your undertakings!

We shall begin from the *Enrile Woman's Club, Cagayan*, which recently held its inaugural ball with a great deal of fanfare and success. They say the inaugural speeches

were very good, indeed.

From *Sudipen, La Union*, the following report was sent us regarding their Woman's Club. The original club failing due to lack of interest among its members, the women decided to reorganize it with the following officers, forming the governing body: President, Miss Julia Maesui; Vice-President, Miss Macaria Maesui; Assistant Vice-President, Mrs. Cipriana B. Tolado; Secretary, Mrs. Martina D. Millares; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Elena G. Arrega; Treasurer, Mrs. Consuelo Visaya; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Filomena Mostoles.

These officers were elected for the *Palo Woman's Club, Leyte*: Miss Fabiana Cobacha, President; Mrs. Daniela V. Petilla, Vice-President; Mrs. Francisca S. Ortega, Secretary; Mrs. Thuminda M. Palencia, Sub-Secretary; Mrs. Valeriana Cardiola, Treasurer; Miguella Navarrosa, Sub-Treasurer; Mrs. Gregoria N. Capacio, Auditor.

While the *Rosario Woman's Club, Batangas*, has the following officers: President, Mrs. Inocencia Z. Luna; Vice-President, Mrs. Soledad Escano Recto; Secretary, Mrs. Crispina Jareño; Treasurer, Mrs. Maria J. Arguelles. Board of Directors, Mrs. Julia T. Fortus, Mrs. Josefa Buquir, Mrs. Maria D. Farol, Mrs. Eufemia Carreon. Reporter, Mrs. Genoveva S. Gualberto. Sergeants at arms, Mrs. Maria C. Pastor and Mrs. Modesta S. Barbosa.

All these new clubs are launching into worthwhile projects and campaigns. They bear watching—and encouraging.

But there are other new clubs which we must not overlook. There is the *Lipa Woman's Club, Batangas*, which elected the following officers: President, Dra. Victoria Saludo; Vice-President, Mrs. Maria Sales Katigbak; Secretary, Mrs. Rosario M. Afrin; Treasurer, Mrs. Mercedes R. Katigbak; Adviser, Mrs. Tarcila M. Katigbak. Board of Directors, Mrs. Eleuteria L. Lingo, President, and Mrs. Fe-

# CLUB NEWS

lina L. Dimayuga, Mrs. Mariquita G. Saludo, Dra. Mariquita L. Malabanan, and Mrs. Victoria R. Gamilas as members.

Then we have the *Sta. Ana Woman's Club, Manila*, with these ladies for officers: President, Mrs. Angela R. Lara; Vice-President, Mrs. Candelaria V. Leiva; Secretary, Mrs. Remedios Fernando; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Felipa del Callar; Treasurer, Mrs. Cristina Castañeda; Sub-Treasurers, Mrs. Salvacion Qeaño and Mrs. Natividad Santos. Board of Directors, Mrs. Jovita T. Batungbakal, Mrs. Anita J. Hernandez, Mrs. Nieves Padua, Mrs. Marina Cobangbang, Mrs. Ester Sunga, Mrs. Esperanza Talosig, and Mrs. Felisa Cajayan.

From *Cagayan*, the *Zbulug Woman's Club* has recently affiliated itself to the NFWC. The new officers elected were: President, Mrs. Amalia P. Maguadatu; Vice-President, Mrs. Cesarea M. Doran; Secretary, Mrs. Josefa D. Ganaden; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Tomasa B. Pacanuyuan; Sub-Treasurers, Mrs. Olimpia M. Daguna and Mrs. Martina Padua. Board of Directors, Mrs. Entulia Daguna, Mrs. Josefa Arnedo, Mrs. Alejandra Tapiru, Mrs. Felicina Mappala, Mrs. Asuncion Tabao, Mrs. Maria T. Mappala, and Mrs. Valentina Madela.

The *Faire Woman's Club* from the same province elected Mrs. Teo lista Singson de Reynante for President and Mrs. Juanita T. Baquiran for secretary. The Board of Directors consists of Mrs. Rosa Aquiluzan and Mrs. Alodia M. Pimeu-  
tel.

Also from *Cagayan* is the *Pamploha Woman's Club* with Mrs. Aycedia Y. Florentino for President and Mrs. Bienvenida Ifusung for secretary.

*Sta. Rosa, Nueva Ecija*, is also active. Recently the Woman's Club there reorganized with the following ladies elected to office: President, Mrs. Teofila H. Gonzales; Vice-President, Mrs. Rosa Y. Marcelo; Secretary, Miss Aurora C. Manubay; Treasurer, Mrs. Leonor L. Hernandez. Board of Directors, Mrs. Rosario A. Reyes, Mrs. Teresa C. Manubay, Mrs. Purificacion M. Soto, Mrs. Pilar B. Samson, Mrs. Natividad N. de Guzman, Mrs. Sol del Bario, Miss Felisa Adriano, Miss Angela de Leon, Miss Corazon Santos, Miss Escalastica Sult, Miss Sol Cajucoun. Adviser, Atty. Crispulo Manubay.

**Quick Relief from Eye Strain**

Sun-glare strains your eyes. Water irritates them. Wind and Dust reddens. Play safe and use *Murine*. It Soothes, Cleanses, and Retreshes. *Murine* has been safely used for over 40 years. Cleanse your eyes daily with...

**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

*Murine does not contain camphor or other irritating or injurious ingredients.*

FORMULA: — Boric acid, 12.6 grams; Potassium Bicarbonate, 5.78 grams; Tanninum Borate, 2.24 grams; Berberine Hydrochloride, 0.28 grams; Hydrastine Hydrochloride, 0.061 gram; Glycerine, 3.4 grams; Methylolite (Sodium Ethyl Mercuri Thioacetate), 0.01 gram; Sterilized Water to 1000 milliliters. (Made in U.S.A.)





Members of the Polangui (Albay) Junior Woman's Club.

From far-away Ilocos Sur, the Santa Maria Woman's Club is sending the following names of the newly-elected officers: President, Mrs. Anacleto A. Imperial; Vice-President, Mrs. Carmen B. Carreon; Secretary, Miss Rufina Brillantes; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Perfecta G. Macabeo; Treasurer, Mrs. Gavina A. Foronda; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Cirila B. Ismael. Board of Directors, Mr. Joaquin Escobar, Chairman, Mrs. Maria Encarnacion, Miss Juliana Morales, Mrs. Dolores C. Domingo, Mrs. Justa A. de la Cueva, and Mrs. Pineda, members.

The Capocan Woman's Club, Leyte, has also organized, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Corona Ovilaneta; Vice-President, Mrs. Feliciano Nicol; Secretary, Marciana Calda; Sub-Secretary, Miss Florentina Niegas; Treasurer, Mrs. Honorata M. Fallora; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Joaquina Siellana.

And not to be outdone, we also have the Badian Woman's Club, Cebu, requesting for affiliation to the NFWC, with the following officers to form the governing body: President, Mrs. Dativa Y. Ortiz; Vice-President, Miss Rosario Tumbada; Treasurer, Mrs. C. Y. Carrillo; Sub-Treasurer, Mr. Porfirio Visitation.

Sanchez-Mira Woman's Club, sent the following names of their officers: President, Mrs. Serapia Aragones; Vice-President, Mrs. Cristeta Caecian; Secretary, Mrs. Maxima Paclibon; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Victoria Fuertes; Treasurer, Mrs. Serapia Abrina; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Placida Cudanes.

The Manila clubs are not sleeping, by any means. The Sampaloc Woman's Club, for instance, recently organized with the following officers: Mrs. Victoria Villareal, Mrs. Dalmacia Castro, Mrs. Justina Arellano, Mrs. Salud A. Rillo, Mrs. Venancia Sullivan, Mrs. Carmen Bernal, Mrs. Josefa Tiangson, Miss Socorro Morales, Miss Julia Santa Ana, Mrs. Maria Fabella, Mrs. Candida Parro, Mrs. Maria Nicolas, Miss Clara Laranagan, Miss Natividad Villareal, and Mrs. Gloria Y. Abellanosa. The club has organized a literacy class in which the members are mostly co-

cheras, their wives, and other working people. We must not fail to congratulate Mrs. Remedios Roca, Mrs. Vitaliano Roca, Mr. Sabas Gogol, Miss Victorina Pizar, and Miss Pilar Villareal for the success of this class.

Languangan Woman's Club, Cagayan, elected the following officers for their newly organized club: President, Mrs. Eulogia N. Alan; Vice-President, Mrs. Beatriz A. de Antelo; Secretary, Miss Celerina G. Galwan; Sub-Secretary, Miss Dominga M. Sanchez; Treasurer, Miss Dionicia A. Aguirre; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Angeles G. de Vello.

Sta. Cruz, Ilocos Sur, is not tarrying behind at all. It also has its recently organized Woman's Club with the following officers: President, Mrs. Prudencia T. Jimeno; Vice-President, Mrs. Salome Y. Josue; Secretary, Mrs. Feliza Y. Galvan; Treasurer, Mrs. Anastacia V. Josue; Assistant-Treasurer, Mrs. Rita A. Pa-a; Sgt. at Arms, Mrs. Antonio C. Velasco. Business Managers are Mrs. Pastoral P. Pimentel, Miss Leoncia Jaramillo, Mrs. Catalina T. Mina, Mrs. Remedios A. Casia. Advisers, Mrs. Marín T. Sanchez, Mrs. Rosa V. Josue, and Miss Agapita Velasco.

To these clubs, one and sundry, congratulations! There is work to do, but with enterprise and courage which we know our clubwomen are not lacking in, the club projects will succeed. Here's hoping and wishing, anyway!

Before we ring "curtains down" on club organizations, we must not forget to mention the Isabela Provincial Federation formed at a convention held in Nagan and Nguilian. The officers are: President, Miss Romula Gonzales; Vice-President, Mrs. Librada N. Firme; Secretary, Miss Cabasal; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Mendoza; Treasurer, Mrs. Encarnacion Verzosa; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Guadalupe Alvarez. Board of Directors, Mrs. Nora Agravador, Miss Foz, Miss Dominga P. Bilan, Miss Fanny Sanchez, Mrs. Felisa Salvador Aleid.

After the election the delegates were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Florencio Firme and by Rev. F. Filemon Ver. They even went

sight-seeing in the two towns of Iligan and Nguilian, the cars for these tours being provided for by Assemblyman Mauro Verzosa, Mrs. Garrido, Mrs. Sotero Nuesa, and the Philippine Army.

**Junior Women's Clubs**

After the Senior Clubs, the Juniors now—

We shall start the list with the Polangui Junior Woman's Club, Albay. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Felicidad San Juan; Vice-President, Miss Matafraste Moralde; Secretary, Miss Aurora de la Paz; Treasurer, Miss Bliesilda Sarte.

Sorsogon, Sorsogon, is also planning to organize a Junior Women's Club through the initiative of two well-known, civic-minded ladies, Mrs. Lim and Mrs. Quintero. They sent the Federation a long list of the girls they are taking in as members. It seems that they have perfect material to work with. Let us await developments.

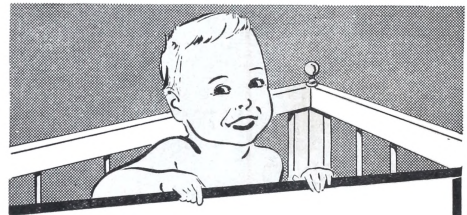
Now to shift to Manila — and watch the doings of some of the city's Junior Women's Clubs. The Sta. Ana Junior Woman's Club recently held a literary-musical program for its inauguration. The guest speaker was Mrs. Mariano de Joya.

Back to the provinces—this time to Cagayan. We are pleased to

report the organization of the Abing Junior Woman's Club with Miss Felisa P. Carrao for president, and Miss Rafaela It. Pazon for secretary.

**Puericulture Centers**

Speaking of clubs reminds us of Puericulture Centers. Mrs. Gertrudis O. Magabilin, President of the Bilar Woman's Club writes us, for instance, how her club is "now in active campaign to raise the necessary amount for a fine Puericulture Home". While the campaign is praiseworthy, we advise the Bilar clubwomen not to shoulder the responsibilities alone but to solicit also Municipal and Insular aids. There are so many projects which devolve upon the clubs alone that they should take advantage of (Continued on page 27)



"MY! BUT I FEEL COMFORTABLE!"



• "Do I feel good! I've just been dusted all over with Mennen Borate Powder! No more prickly heat—no more chafing now!"

"Mummy says that the best is none too good for me. That's why she uses Mennen Borated Powder. She dusts me all over with this silky soft powder every time she bathes, dresses or changes me. It keeps my skin smooth and soft—it keeps me cool and happy."

For baby's protection, insist on the non-refillable tin.

**MENNEN**  
BORATED TALCUM

PEPLUMS

LEFT: The lady in the foreground wears a camisa with a peplum and skirt made of metal cloth, trimmed with the material used for the camisa, pañuelo and peplum. which may be starched lace or one of those new tulle with extra large meshes. The second lady, looking at you and with her hand on her hip, shows a skirt with knee-length side peplums, forming a sort of tunic with the camisa. The embroidery which trims this ensemble is bold. The third lady turns her back to show off the back part of her skirt with the double-faced train. A black-and-white color scheme is suggested for this terno. The train may be made of any richly embroidered silk.



HAPPY COMBINATIONS

RIGHT: "Glitter" is the word suggested by the terno worn by the lady at the front left. Note the draped skirt in shiny light and dark colored satin, sprinkled with spangles... The skirt worn by the lady seated at right boasts of an over-skirt or exaggerated peplum that swings gracefully when she walks or dances. For the new debutante, we suggest this lace and organdy and net combination worn by the girl at the top. No other combination can be more charming.





LACE and SATIN

LEFT: Lace and satin have been happily combined by the designer in the skirt of this terno with its graceful drapery. The satin is used for the underskirt which the lace skirt, open at the front, reveals. Both sides of satin crepe are used in the skirt of this white and black ensemble. The satin side of the fabric is used for the upper part of the skirt while the crepe or dull side is used for the deep flounce and appliques.

DRAPERY

RIGHT: Drapery, now so much in vogue, is skillfully used in the three skirts roughly sketched at right. One has a sort of tapiz wrapped around the hips and held with a pin, then its ends allowed to fall gracefully. Another skirt (upper right) shows sides shirred to center panels, which are heavily embroidered. The third skirt is plain in front and printed at the back, plaid material being used here.



Designs by  
Tito Hidalgo

# Bringing Up CHILDREN

*To save children from the embarrassment of a refusal or a rebuke:* One mother exchanges notes with her fourteen-year-old daughter. Mother writes to Daughter about little or big things she does not want to speak about. Daughter writes to Mother when requesting for something. In this way the notes are read by themselves alone and the answer to each is given after some consideration. Teen-age children are often very sensitive and are easily hurt by a rebuke or a refusal given in front of the others.

Another mother did not want to lecture to her daughter on little niceties of deportment so she started a scrap book containing bits of advice and philosophy, which lose some weight in the telling but have a lasting impression when found again in the scrapbook. Other items found in this book are bits of humor, little social amenities, types of voices, poems to cherish, etc.

\* \* \*

*When Daughter starts craving for make-up:* A mother noticed that every morning before going to school her junior high school daughter, aged only thirteen, would slip in to her dressing table and apply lip rouge very lavishly. The mother went to the school one day and noticed that most of the junior high school girls did use lip rouge; she did not see any real harm in the use of the lip-stick, but she objected to the amount used. So one day she presented her daughter with a small-sized lip-stick of an expensive make and very soft shade, telling her that it was hers to use whenever she chose but that it made her look cheap and artificial when she used too much. This mother now very little, if any, but carries

**F**ROM time to time, we shall feature on this page problems which every parent is apt to meet in bringing up children and the solutions that other parents have found. Readers are invited to contribute to this page by sending us letters telling us how they have solved childhood and teenage problems of their own offsprings.

it with her all the time, having the feeling of great satisfaction that her daughter uses fact that it is hers to do with in any way she wants.

Among our own girls, the tendency is for them to want to have their hair curled at an early age, thus making them look sophisticated. Usually a mother gives in (if she is not the one who wants to have her daughter's hair curled) because her daughter reasons out that all her classmates or friends have their hair curled. Mother may promise Daughter that she could have her hair curled when she reaches a certain age, fifteen, for instance.

\* \* \*

*A cure for puppy love:* A boy who had never bothered with a girl before became very silly over one when he was fifteen years old. He spent all his spare moment with her and all his allowance on her. His parents forbade him to see her, but he sneaked out to see her whenever he could. Then one day he announced that he was going to

marry her. The family used another tactic. They began inviting the girl over for dinner and took her on picnics. She responded to the extent of being about the house most of the time. The boy soon began to tire of her and soon lost his infatuation. The old saw, *Familiarity breeds contempt*, proved true again.

\* \* \*

*The bookworm comes out of her shell:* Martha who was only thirteen years old, used to sit around at home, curled up in a chair, reading or studying. She had always been a bookworm even from childhood. Her mother noticed that she had very few friends and never played outside with other girls of her age. Her mother went to see her teacher and asked for the names of some of the pupils in Matha's class who were interested in reading good books and in writing themes. With the help of the teacher the mother formed a "literary club" that now meets once a week in the parlor and has been doing so for more than a year. Martha has come out of her shell and is developing like any other normal healthy child. The "literary club" attends a theater now and then; the members stage parties at their homes or the whole crowd goes on a picnic.

\* \* \*

*Take children into financial confidence:* There are five children in the Smith family, a boy, seventeen, twin girls, sixteen, a girl, fourteen, and a boy, thirteen. They used to annoy their parents almost beyond endurance, everlastingly asking them to buy this and to buy that. Because of necessity, the parents had to say no most of the time, which caused endless discontent. "You're just stingy," the youngsters would often remark. "I don't see why we can't have nice things like everybody else." The parents finally decided to take the boys and girls into their confidence, explaining exactly how income and outgo had to agree with one another, and how it was impossible to conjure funds out of nowhere.

(Continued on page 39)

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
 For your protection, is sold only in bottles with this famous trade mark blown into the glass and never in other containers. Accept only the genuine Scott's Emulsion.

FORMULA OF SCOTT'S EMULSION:—Cod Liver Oil, 29.032%; Glycerine, 12.097%; 1% Solution of Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, 55.937%; Emulsin, 1.796%; Flavonin, 1.38%. . . . . Assayed and Registered by the Board of Pharmacy.

**CLUB NEWS**

(Continued from page 23)

other sources of help whenever such are available.

In *Carmen, Cebu*, there is a very active Puericulture Center, but we are sorry to report that there is no Woman's Club. Mrs. Matilde R. Evangelista, the NFWC representative, reminded the Carmen women when she was visiting the town that "if there is only the Puericulture Center and no Woman's Club, the honor would fall upon the government and not upon the women."

Before we went to press we received another. The *Banguen Woman's Club, Ilocos Sur*, passed a very praiseworthy resolution regarding the establishment of a much-needed Puericulture Center in the town. The resolution runs: "Be it resolved, as it is hereby resolved, by the Woman's Club of Banguen, Ilocos Sur, in special session assembled, to appeal to the Honorable Provincial Board of Ilocos Sur, through the Municipal Council of Banguen, Ilocos Sur, for help, so that it may set aside a portion of the Provincial fund to defray part of the expenses incident to the establishment of a Puericulture Center." Here's to good luck and success, ladies!

**Manila Projects**

Leaving the Provincial Projects for a while, let us "chat" a bit about the projects we are following through in Manila. We shall begin with the *Factory Service*. The following figures will serve to give an idea as to the scope of the work—only in the nursery clinic.

Number of children under supervision . . . . .	63
Number of children with defects . . . . .	52
Number of children without defects . . . . .	11
Number of defects found . . . . .	99
Number of new defects . . . . .	3
Number of defects corrected . . . . .	7
Number of treatments given . . . . .	206

Miss J. Bactat, the NFWC worker in factory cases reports favorable and unfavorable findings. For instance, she writes: "The male workers in the factory have become my agents in selling health to the members of their families," a piece of encouraging news certainly; in the same report, however, she says: "I should like to touch on the excessive mortality rate among the children of the laborers who form an integral part of the community. Proven facts show that the children of the poor and destitute families die on a large scale due to lack of care."

**Nursery Classes**

Now, something about nursery classes. In *Banguen, Ilocos Sur*, we hear from Mrs. Monica T. Makil, President of the Woman's Club, that the nursery class which was started last June, thanks to the timely financial aid of Mr. Makil, is getting along very well. The

club is also planning to take up literacy classes for the adults.

We are sorry to have to report this news about *Bani, Pangasinan*. The nursery class there had to be closed because there is no volunteer teacher. Miss Agripina Abar, who has been handling the class, went to Mindanao and no one has as yet offered to take her place. But we are sure the Bani ladies would not let this situation drag on for long. The club President and the club women are too alert for them to "sleep on the job."

In connection with nursery classes, the NFWC wishes to acknowledge with a deep feeling of appreciation and gratitude the help which the **Manila Woman's Club extended to the Federation in the form of a 100-peso donation to the nursery fund.**

Back again to nursery projects—we are pleased to report the successful organization of Kindergarten classes in Tagudin, *Ilocos Sur*. We wish we could say the same thing of their literacy projects which, unfortunately up to the present time, have not yet taken tangible shape.

While we are in *Ilocos Sur* activities, it would not be amiss to list the clubs that have already organized Kindergarten classes. They are, besides those already named:

1. The Sta. Cruz Woman's Club
2. The Caoyan Woman's Club
3. The Magsingal Woman's Club
4. The Lapog Woman's Club
5. The Santiago Woman's Club.

As nursery campaigns always, somehow, suggest literacy campaign, the next subject in line is the work being done everywhere in the archipelago to reduce illiteracy. Miss Victoria Picar, Literary Supervisor of the NFWC, is very enthusiastic in her work. She says in a letter to Dr. Frank Laubach: "We hope to award diplomas to the members of our literacy classes and we hope you can be with us."

Mrs. Francisca R. Iballo, a nurse in *Baguio*, is also working hard "for my illiterates." We wish there were more like her.

From *Bunger, Lu Union*, we hear this piece of gratifying news: they will begin the New Year with an inauguration of their literacy projects.

Still reverberations of the Girls' Week celebrations! *Bautista Woman's Club* has Miss Maxima Francisco the president, for its spokeswoman. An active clubworker and nursery teacher, one of her chief prides is in the children—both the boys and the girls. She writes that the club celebrated Girls' Week in her town with great success.

*Tivi, Albay*, reports a very suc-

cessful Girls' Week program also. And so does *Polangui, Albay*. Congratulations, Albay ladies!

A little something about that splendid spirit of giving which pervaded this last Christmas, as it had all past Christmases. Did you know that the *Pasey Junior Woman's Club* gave to the poor wards of the Settlement House under the auspices of the Asociaion de Damas Pilipinas, a huge Christmas package containing dresses, books and toys? The distribution was made on Social Service Day—but the Christmas atmosphere was there just the same.

Well, the NFWC also contributed in its own modest way to the success of this day—and the contribution was in the form of copies of the *Woman's Home Journal* distributed to the wards.

While we are on the topic of publications and journals, we should like to tell you about a letter we got from the Intentional Archief Voor de Vrouwenbeweging (exact spelling reproduced), Amsterdam. The secretary, Mrs. Charlotte A. Matthes, writes: "We strive for getting together a collection as complete as possible of foreign magazines which are concerned with any kind of activity about women." So, from now on, our own **WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** will be on the exchange of the I. V. A.

Let us pause a while here to give deserved praise to *Miss Ivisitacion Cajilog of Valencia, Bohol*, who worked very hard during the Boy Scout Drive. She labored against handicaps which did not daunt her. Miss Cajilog is responsible also for the circularization of the NFWC Peace-Prayer Link which she had written in her local dialect for the people in her community to read.

The best for the last—We want to quote part of Mrs. Lim's letter to Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt on December 14th, Election Day: "The acquisition of our right of citizenship is one in a great way to the encouragement and help that you, Mrs. Catt, have so lavishly given us. Please, accept, therefore, this little plaque made of Philip pine silver and mounted on the wood of our symbolic Philippine tree, the narra, in token of the most sincere and everlasting gratitude of the Filipino women to the American women."

**IN MEMORIAM**

In the name of the NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS, we extend to Miss Donata Gueron, Sta. Maria, Ilocos Sur, and to the rest of her family, our sincerest sympathy and condolence for the death of a beloved member of their household, Miss Julia Gueron. We mourn her early demise and pray that her family would be brave in their sorrow.

**MORE BREAST-MILK FOR BABY**

Often—a simple addition to mother's diet is all that's needed to increase supply



"BREAST-FED is best-fed." You are handicapping your baby if you don't feed him as Nature intended. Read why breast-milk often runs low.

Enriches quality of mothers' milk, too! TRY IT—

THE reason many mothers cannot nurse their babies is this: They are not getting enough of the particular things they need in their diet to give them a full, rich milk supply.

As a result of this, you don't have enough milk and your milk is of inferior quality. Baby suffers. He does not thrive and gain as he should.

Many mothers, however, have found that taking Ovaltine helps to correct the lack in their diet. It thus helps to give them more and better milk.

Ovaltine not only often increases the quantity of mothers' milk. It also improves its quality—enriching it for instance in Vitamin D, needed for strong bones and teeth.

And it supplies Vitamins A, B and C, and minerals (such as iron and calcium) and other factors which you and your baby need.

In all, it supplies 31 different food factors!

Get a tin and start adding it to your diet today. Take it all through the nursing period. It is also advised during pregnancy.

It is very easy to digest, and helps certain other foods digest, too!



(At left) Cow's milk forms cough, large curds in your stomach. When Ovaltine is mixed with it forms small, easily digested curds, as at right. Ovaltine also helps in the digestion of starches.



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Cooking**CROQUETTES**

*Are Easy To Make; The Secret  
Is Told On This Page*

**C**roquettes when properly made, are golden brown and crisp on the outside and creamy and well seasoned inside. They can be formed into any shape and made from any kind of food.

Croquettes may be served, with a sauce, as a main course at luncheon, or as an accompaniment to a meat course at dinner. A cook who has an active imagination, a sensitive understanding of flavor and a tender, light touch of the fingers can make croquettes of real delicacy from simple foods: macaroni and cheese served with tomato sauce; hard-cooked eggs and olives with mushroom stems; rice croquettes with jelly, to mention only a few.

Because croquettes are made from cooked foods, this dish is a "made" one. Croquettes are made by binding cooked food materials together with a thick, well-seasoned white sauce that has been thoroughly cooked. If the mixture is spread out on a platter and put in the refrigerator or in a cool place, a soft mixture that is easily handled will be the result, and the croquettes will be tender and creamy, not stiff and pasty when served.

The most fastidious cooks use only white crumbs for croquettes so they will not become too brown in cooking. In this case no crust of the bread is used in making the crumbs, and the drier the crumbs are the better. The crumbs must be fine.

Crumb, egg and crumb again before frying to form a nice brown coating to keep the inside moist. Add a tablespoon of water for each egg used and beat the eggs only until the yolks and the white are blended.

In order to have croquettes always of the same size, measure the material for each one. An easy way is to round one tablespoonful off with another spoon of the same size, pressing the edges of the spoons together to cut away any extra mixture, then shape the pieces in any way you may favor.

One of the best ways of shaping a croquette is to pat or roll it into shape on the fingers of one hand, with those of the other, handling the soft material lightly. An easy way to make a nicely shaped cone is to roll first into cylindrical shape on the

finger and then toss onto a board and swing one end around in an arc, using the other as a pivot. This should be done very quickly. Remember to crumb and egg to help round out the shape. An ice-cream scoop is often very helpful in fitting irregular pieces into shape, as when making macaroni-and-cheese croquettes, or ones of eggs, lobster and so forth.

One of the advantages of croquettes is that they can be made up and shaped for frying, even to putting them in the wire basket, quite a little time before they are to be used, but they must be fried the last minute and served piping hot.

A frying basket that just fits in the kettle is a great convenience in frying croquettes. A number of croquettes may be fried at the same time, thus insuring uniformity in color. When fried in a basket, they also hold their shape better as they are "handled" less.

If the fat is of the correct temperature for frying and

the croquettes are properly egged and crumbed, they absorb very little fat during the frying. They should always be drained, however, on several sheets of paper towelling on a cake cooler.

Now for some recipes.

**QUICK CHICKEN CROQUETTES**

**3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca**  
**1 cup milk or part milk and part stock**  
**½ teaspoon salt**  
**A pinch of pepper**  
**2 tablespoons chopped pimiento**  
**1½ cups cooked chicken, chopped fine**  
**Currant jelly**

Add tapioca to milk in the upper part of a double boiler. Bring to scalding point and continue to cook for 5 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Add pepper, salt, pimiento and chicken and mix well. Chill. Shape into nests. Coat with egg and crumbs and fry. Fill centers with jelly.

**CHEESE CROQUETTES**

**2 tablespoons fat**  
**4 tablespoons flour**  
**¼ cup milk**  
**2 egg yolks**  
**1½ cups mild cheese, cut into small pieces**  
**½ teaspoon paprika**  
**¼ teaspoon mustard**  
**Salt and pepper**

Make a thick white sauce of the fat, flour and milk. Add the egg yolks, slightly beaten, paprika and mustard. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Stir in the cheese. Spread on a plate to cool. Shape into 12 small balls or cones; coat with egg and crumbs and fry.

**SALMON CROQUETTES**

**2 tablespoons fat**  
**4 tablespoons flour**  
**1 cup milk**  
**½ teaspoon salt**  
**Pepper**  
**Few grains of cayenne**  
**2 cups cooked salmon**  
**1 teaspoon lemon juice**

Make a very thick white sauce with the fat, flour and milk. Season with salt and pepper and cayenne; and the flaked salmon which has been

**WATSONAL**  
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**10 FAMOUS flavors**  
**EXTRACTS**

Ros M. CHANCO

moistened with lemon juice. Cool the mixture. Shape into croquettes, coat with egg and crumbs and fry.

Any cooked fish may be used instead of salmon.

**SURPRISE CROQUETTES**

- 2 cups mashed or riced potatoes
- 1 tablespoon cream
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Salt and pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- Yolk of 2 eggs

Put freshly boiled potatoes through the ricer or mash until free from lumps. Add the butter, cream, well-beaten egg yolks, salt and pepper to taste and paprika. Beat with fork or wire whisk until light and fluffy. Let stand until cool, then shape in small nests. Into each hollow put a teaspoon of the "surprise" mixture and cover with more potato.

The "surprise" may be a highly seasoned meat paste such as potted ham, minced tongue or deviled ham; creamed chicken, peas or mushrooms; or it may be simply well-seasoned grated cheese.

**LIMA BEAN CROQUETTES**

- 1½ cups lima beans, canned or dried
- ¾ cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 3 tablespoons minced parsley

**Cream to moisten**  
**Chopped onion to taste**  
**Salt and pepper**

Drain the beans and mash or run through the food-chopper. Add the crumbs, seasonings and beaten egg yolks. Mix well and add enough milk to moisten. Form into croquettes, roll in the whites of the eggs which have been slightly beaten with a tablespoon of water, then roll in bread crumbs. Fry in deep, hot fat and drain on unglazed paper. Serve with tomato sauce.

**WOMAN ABROAD**

*(Continued from page 19)*

the only doctor there fled in terror of his life—the Japanese had just bombed a refugee train killing three hundred peasants and wounding

four hundred. Miss Wang fearlessly took charge of the situation. Finding herself the only person in the whole region with any medical training (she studied in a Christian Hospital), she very efficiently separated the dead and fatally wounded from those others whose lives might be saved by emergency operation. Using the surgeon's scapel, she performed her thirty operations, after having administered first aid treatment to scores of the suffering. Chinese and foreigners who are loud in their praises of this valiant girl say that more than two hun-

dred persons owe their lives to her courage, cool-headed resourcefulness, and skill with the knife.

When news of the bombing reached other hospitals, doctors, nurses, stretcher-bearers, hospital attendants and boy scouts were rushed to the scene of disaster. They arrived in time to find Miss Wang amputating a mangled leg. She finished the operation silently and, it seemed, with grim determination; then just as quietly she collapsed in the arms of a servant.

They call her China's Florence Nightingale.

**1938 HUSBAND . . .**  
*(Continued from page 13)*

Every afternoon or early evening when a husband returns home, he is entitled not only to physical recuperation but to spiritual recuperation as well. Not only housekeeping efficiency but spiritual efficiency is in demand. Every wife needs to be checked whether or not she is a fountain for renewed strength not only for her husband's physical but for his spiritual being as well. Faith, hope, courage, incentive should be renewed and strengthened in the husband daily if the wife is to live to her husband's needs.

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## Household Hints

## GOOD NEWS and SUGGESTIONS

We have so many plans for this section that we simply don't know where to begin in telling you about them. We want this department to be really useful to the average housewife—one who does not have money, to burn, as the expression goes, but just the same wants her home to be modern, attractive and comfortable. So we have thought of a series of articles on curtain-making (curtains not for the mansion, which is usually decorated by a professional, but for the average home), on remodeling (such as putting in a new bathroom or doing over one bedroom into two), kitchen planning, furniture arrangement. We cannot promise illustrations, but we shall do our best.

We hope that our readers will have enough curiosity to try out our suggestions. We wish all people were like ourselves; we can not read a suggestion on making a room more attractive or comfortable or reading a recipe without itching to try it and see how it will come out. Beauty hints affect us the way. And—please, if you do try these suggestions, we hope you will write to us and tell us how they will work in your own particular case, how you have adapted it to suit your needs.

Now for some timely hints:

### Take An Inventory Of Your Household Goods

As this article is being written, all stores in the city bear this notice: Closed for inventory. This is done at the end of each year. A good idea for the housewife to follow. Make a list of your china, silver, and glassware and paste this list somewhere in the china cabinet. Whenever a piece

is broken, lost or added, note it down. Never lend out your things without making a list of the pieces borrowed, and check them up carefully when they are returned. Also make a list of your house linens.

The offshoot of this taking-an-inventory business will be order. You will gather together all pieces of the same kind and allot a place for them. In all probability you will find pieces of silver you have given up as lost. With your things in order—the silverware in its box, the china neatly stacked on the shelves of the china cabinet, the linens neatly folded in the wardrobe, you will discover that there seems to be more spaces in places that were crowded before. Before putting back things on them, we are sure that you will clean first the shelves in the china cabinet and wardrobe.

### A Place For Everything

We found one rule very useful in keeping the house neat: *Have a place for everything and keep everything in its own place.* This rule will also save your temper. When a certain thing is always kept in a certain place, there is no need to look for it when it is needed. There are three things that are so difficult to find when they are most needed: the scissors or the needle, the pen or pencil, and the can-opener. These should have permanent places in the house and should be returned there after they have been used. The sewing materials should be kept in a box which should in turn be kept on a shelf or in a corner in a particular room; the writing materials should be kept on top of the writing table or in a drawer of the writing desk

Children should be trained

early in life to put away things, to return them to their proper places. Mother should assign to each child a place for her or his belongings—clothing, toys, books, and she should make the child put them back there before going to bed at night or when she or he is through using them.

### A Well-stocked Pantry

Resolve to have a well-stocked pantry or food cabinet during this year. Do your marketing of household supplies every two weeks or monthly. If you do not know how much your family consumes in two weeks or one month, make a list of the things that are used daily—laundry soap, toilet soap, dentrifice, toilet paper, milk, coffee or chocolate, salt, vinegar, *patis* or *toyo*, sugar, rice, etc., etc., and opposite each item write down how much a certain quantity is consumed by the family after a period of time.

Buying household supplies in quantities will enable you to save money and you or your servant many trips to the corner store or to the market. There is nothing more exasperating than to need a thing and find out that none is available in the house, then to have to wait for it while it is bought. If it is something to eat, the appetite for it disappears before it arrives.

### Plan Your Work

Resolve to follow a schedule or plan of work daily. Many housewives work hard but accomplish little because they work without order. They tire themselves out unnecessarily. If you have a servant, teach her to do her work without waiting for instructions from you. She must do this at a certain time, and that at another time. The children should be told not to ask the servant to do something for them while she is doing something. They must either run their own errands or wait till the maid is free. Interruptions play havoc with a schedule.

### The Modern Housewife

Are you one of those housewives who reserve their best china, silver and linen for visitors, who sometimes do not come even once in a year? Or clean and tidy their homes only when visitors are expected? Or keep their salas spick and span and leave their bathrooms and kitchen dirty? The modern housewife is never surprised by unexpected visits. A visitor may drop in at her house at any time of the day and she will show her around, even to the bathroom, without fear of embarrassment. Her house always looks as if visitors were coming every day, every hour. If it is disorderly, it is not the kind of disorderliness she is ashamed of; it indicates that the house is lived in and that orderliness is not a god blindly worshipped. There are bedspreads or coverlets on the bed, to protect the beddings from dust; there is a cloth on the dining table and a cover (place plate, knife, spoon and fork and glass) for each member of the family when the family sits down to meals; there are fresh flowers in the vases, if there is a garden. There are no company manners, china, silver or linen. What the family uses are of good quality; when visitors come, the extras ones are brought out. Or, there may be company china, silver and linen, but these are not so far removed from the quality that the family daily uses that the children hardly notice the difference.

The point we want to bring out is this: what is the use of buying fine things when you and your family do not enjoy them? Are you afraid that the dishes may get broken, the silver tarnished, the linen worn out? You have only to be careful not to break them, use them properly and take care of them properly.

### Clear up Pimples

with this proven treatment. Stillman's Actone by laboratory tests kills most common pimple germ. Write one thankful young lady: "Actone has cleared my face of pimples after having them for four years. I tried everything with little result, but now my face is practically clear."

Ask your druggist today about this new relief, Stillman's Actone. He has a free folder for you. Remove the Pimples.

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**DEATH IN THE . . .**  
(Continued from page 18)

self in the city's haven of lost souls. For months the hospital's physicians fought to piece together what the years had destroyed, but in the end they gave up the struggle. Already reconciled to the end that awaited her, Antonia had begged one of the doctors to send her home, which was sandwiched between the sea and the mountains. And thus, ten years later, Antonia came home to die.

Inside the church, Antonia found a peace that she had not known for years. In her heart she knew that it would not be so hard to die, feeling this way. But if there was peace in the heart of this dying woman, there was only turmoil inside the man praying close to her, the fourth devotee in the church that night. Dressed in expensive clothes, Don Basilio, the town's *tesorero*, knew only the despair of the damned.

He had gone to church that night, seeking solution to the dilemma that confronted him. Once a powerful political figure, who had served two terms as the town's *presidente* and who was considered a bulwark of wealth and prestige, Don Basilio had thrown away his fortune in pleasures of the flesh. His wife, unfortunate woman that she was, died a broken creature.

Don Basilio turned to gambling with the collapse of his fortune, hoping that he could win back what he had thoughtlessly squandered. With his children, all grown-ups, studying in exclusive colleges in Manila, he contracted huge debts in his last desperate stand against poverty. Himself a vicious usurer once upon a time, he turned to the town's money lenders in his despair, hoping that he could recover his losses and pay back the money vultures.

But the cards were all stacked against him. He had reached the crossroads and he was completely bewildered. Only that morning the tax collections had come in from the *barrios* and the old iron safe in his office at the municipal building was filled with money that could save him from the threats of the loan sharks. Should he disregard the threats of these persons who once borrowed from him, the scandal that would ensue would certainly bring disgrace to him and his children. But should he lay his hands on the money in his safe, this duplicity would unquestionably leak out and it would bring dishonor to him and his children. There did not seem to be a way out.

Like a blind man groping in utter darkness, Don Basilio stumbled into the church on the hill that night. God would show him the way, he thought. But even while his mouth mouthed prayers, his fevered mind was trying to seek the easiest way

out. His mind clung to the money in the safe in his office. A three-day *pintakasi* was going to start on the morrow and he might yet win enough to pay off all his debts. Then everything would turn out all right.

Outside the church the town of San Antonio lay in a stupor. The streets were practically deserted and lay ghostly white under the starlight. The church bells had just tolled the hour of eight.

Inside the church Padre Silvio had finished his evening prayers from where he knelt at the altar. He stood up slowly, his dimming eyes taking up the four forms engrossed in prayer. The good father's heart was ringing with joy. These stray members of the flock had come back.

But the happiness of Padre Silvio was short-lived. Even while he stood there at the altar, an inspir-

ing figure, he heard an ominous, rumbling sound that seemed to fill the entire church. Underneath his sandaled feet, he could feel the ground moving. Before him the startled devotees, except the paralytic, had stood up, with fear written in their faces and trembling as if stricken with palsy.

Padre Silvio fell down on his knees. The chandelier above was swinging to and fro, as if some strong, hidden hand was viciously toying with it. The age-old stone pillars, which supported the roof of the church, groaned under their weight. In his heart Padre Silvio knew that there was an earthquake going on, the intensity of which he had not felt before in all his years.

"Father, Father, save us!" wailed the terror-stricken devotees, who had run to the foot of the altar, with the paralytic behind them.

"My children, be brave!" coun-

seled the good priest. "Pray, pray!"

But the trembling of the chandelier persisted, the groaning of the pillars intensified the deafening roar that was welling inside the House of God and outside. Suddenly, there came a terrific noise as the pillars gave way and the roof came tumbling down.

When the violent tremor had subsided and the startled inhabitants of San Antonio had mustered enough courage to venture near the church on the hill, they found Padre Silvio standing over the ruins with the altar behind him intact. In the hands of the priest, his black robes whitened by the dust of centuries, was tightly grasped the crucifix. Over these ruins, where lay the bodies of the four devotees, would rise a new church built by the hands of men with renewed faith.

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HE'S NERVOUS AND CONSTIPATED- NEEDS MORE VITAMIN B

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muscles. Its precious Vitamin B content curbs constipation, offsets nervousness, creates sound appetite. It's delicious too. Economical, easy to prepare. Cooks in 2½ minutes.

# Your BEAUTY and PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

**B**EAUTY is that quality in nature or art that produces or gratifies aesthetic feelings and forms the basis of aesthetic judgements. Our ultra-modern theory announces that the three elements of human beauty are anatomical (material), physiological, and spiritual. In the realm of the material reside form, outline, proportion, and perfection and order of anatomical contents. Physiology is "The science of the workings of the healthy human body." Therefore with material beauty must be combined beauty of expression in countenance, color, muscular action, and healthy specialized functions, all inspired, supervised and controlled by a healthy brain. Over all dominates the spirit, that exclusive individual expression of soul, which we call personality.

Referring, therefore, only to the scientific aspects of this theory that beauty is dependent upon the material (or anatomical), upon physiology (or the workings of material parts, including brain), and upon personality (wherever and however originating), it becomes evident at once that these are all dependent in varying degrees upon Health. Health is that state in which the body performs all functions freely without modification, pain, or disease.

Preventive Medicine is that type of medical service which aims to safeguard us from disease, substituting a large degree of insurance against a larger degree of otherwise inevitable disease. The field of preventive medicine is so vast that we could use an entire session of days picturing it in words. Welfare in maternity by prenatal and post natal care belongs here.

We have a few specific preventive vaccines or sera, as in small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid and paratyphoid, yellow fever, tetanus, scarlet fever. Universal use of the first three is necessary—of the others when indicated by region or exposure. The diseases which these can prevent can spoil beauty in many different ways. Small-pox leaves pits and scars not only on the face. Diphtheria can paralyze muscles—even the heart muscle and cause incurable kidney disease with loss of color, vitality and the power to move with graceful vigor. Typhoid has too many possible sequelae to detail here—all preventable by use of preventive vaccine. Scarlet fever also leaves damaged hearts and kidneys in its wake—

likewise yellow fever. In a long series of cases the prevention of these diseases defends beautiful persons from ghastly hopeless alterations in form, color, grace, mental health and personality.

If we plunged now into the consideration of the balance of preventive medicine we should only confuse you with myriads of details. Rather let us take a central position in this vast field, seat ourselves comfortably upon the broad pivot about which it all revolves, and while "viewing the landscape o'er" select a few examples which prove that the existence and the maintenance of human beauty is dependent upon normal construction and normal workings of the body and mind together.

This pivot about which Preventive Medicine revolves is the *Periodic Health Examination*, a complete physical review annually or semi-annually, while the examinee is presumptively in good health. There may have been slight discomforts in the past few months or

*An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Do not wait for pains or symptoms! Have a Periodic Health Examination regularly!*

By DR. CHARLES H. GOODRICH  
(President, Medical Society of the State of New York)

Other symptoms of slight degree, disregarded because the individual is a "good sport" and hates to complain. As the examiner starts his inquiry he questions you, not only about symptoms you may remember but also about many symptoms of common occurrence with which you have not charged your mind, but which are easily recalled as he questions. All of your answers are accurately recorded. Then you are examined carefully from top to toes after being measured and weighed.

### Enlarged Thyroid

You have acknowledged that your life is abnormally busy; that due to conscientious care of the children, your many social duties and zest for the enjoyment of life, you are a little tired; that you average six to seven hours of sleep, are more nervously irritable than

formerly, although you try not to show it; and that you feel driven all the time. Also, although your appetite is good you have lost some weight (for which you are glad), but you perhaps perspire unreasonably and are a little short of breath on the stairs. Then the examination proves that your beautiful neck contains a slightly enlarged thyroid, your chest a rapid heart. A little tremor of the outstretched hands and other test evidences reveal a thyroid gland so overactive as to be constantly urging you to unwise degrees of physical and mental activity. A proper regulation of your life by increased rest, diminished drive, proper diet equally distributed, a calmer view of life and duty and perhaps a little medicine, can restore your graceful curves, your color, your easy breathing, and prevent the promised advance of an otherwise inevitable cataplexy ending in the necessity for surgery or a long intolerable disability which would destroy the beauty of which you had long been so proud. Such examinations with beneficent results are too few because not applied for—but we have seen them and rejoiced in the restoration of efficiency and beauty. Too often these patients do not appreciate what has been done by the discovery and their cooperation. One of them told her friends, "You know, I really think I had nothing the matter with me." Then back to the old seething life—renewed trouble—operation—and yet too late for she had damaged her heart irrevocably by the long years of thyroid drive.

### Cancer

Perhaps you are forty, hale and hearty, no symptoms even on alert questioning by the examiner. A small lump in one breast is discovered, the only blot in a perfect physical record. Through a small incision so placed as to make the scar invisible whenever you are in the most daring evening costume, the lump is removed. While you are asleep and sweetly dreaming an expert pathologist makes a microscopic examination and pronounces it a benign or non-malignant growth but of such a nature that later it would probably become malignant. The surgeon neatly closes the wound—and lo! you



Your most outstanding charm is a well-cared-for skin. Constant care will amply repay you if you use

**HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**

The cream that protects and beautifies. Hinds softens, whitens and refines the texture of the skin in any weather.

Ask for it wherever toilet goods are sold.

have prevented cancer and your beauty and peace of mind maintained. What if you had never presented yourself for this examination and eight or ten years later had consulted your physician. "How long have you had this lump?" "Only about six months." "Why did you not come before?" "It was nothing — there was no pain." *Do not wait for pain! Do not even wait for lumps! Have a Periodic Health Examination regularly!* Even such late cases are often saved with the sacrifice of the breast — but remember that the painless lump anywhere deserves expert examination.

Twelve years ago in a well-known Hospital a general order was issued that in every examination of a woman the breast must be carefully included. In the first seven hundred cases twenty-one unsuspected growths were discovered all of which were removed. Seven proved to be cancer and seven lives were saved by early removal — before the patients realized they were there! More than seven were unquestionably saved by the removal of the fourteen then benign growths.

**Obesity**

A happy round lady presents herself to the periodic examiner. Yes, she loves to eat! She is very active! She enjoys everything! Her friends say she is the life of the party! Yes, she loves sweets, cakes, candy, ice-cream and butter, and mayonnaise, Russian dressing and pastry. That is best of all! She weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, at least thirty pounds more than is average for her age and height. The examiner perceives that she is a swollen beauty beginning to fade. A proper diet is prescribed with earnest exhortations. She returns once or twice a month for weight record and more exhortations. Each time she "feels better, walks better and glories in her lightness." In a year she loses her thirty pounds — her beauty restored, and concludes: "How I ever carried that other ton around I do not know! And I did not feel as fine as I pretended."

Another plump one — sad and tired and sleepy but perfectly well! Tests show that her thyroid activity is below normal. She lacks that normal driving force that someone has said "Makes the world go around." She is fed with a little thyroid gland extract every day — loses her excess weight, her weariness and her somnolence, and is cheerful again.

Had fat lady number one taken thyroid upon advice of her friends she would have ruined herself for she was travelling too fast already! Had No. 2 dieted on advice of friends she would have grown more sad and tired.

Nutritional variations demand the

skill and judgment of expert examiners!

**Diabetes**

Here is Mrs. Plumpity Number Three! She is also tired and a little out of breath. This is her first periodic examination! She has no other symptoms except that for the last year has had a larger appetite than usual and considerable thirst, briefly relieved by drinking water. She has been fond of sweets but they seem to give her a bad breath now. She has always been overweight and a splendid eater! Examination shows that she has worn out the islands in the Pancreas which govern the usefulness of sugar and starches. Diabetes! Perhaps early! If so, regulated diet and reduction in weight can control it. If later, it can be controlled by insulin. Her beauty may be restored in a measure, but she could have avoided it all by health examinations start-

ed years ago — for obesity is a fifty percent cause of diabetes — and her islands might have been able to manage a moderated diet for many years to come.

Thus these three with resembling contours of excess are quite different in present conditions. Number one might easily become number three in time. Number three might have shared the luck of number one some years ago if —. All profit by Periodic Health Examinations.

**Tuberculosis**

Now comes a bachelor maid in the late twenties, long, lean, agile with haunting eyes and a worried look. She reduced long since on bananas and skimmed milk prescribed by a friend. Now toast and clear coffee for breakfast, two leaves of lettuce and clear coffee for lunch, and a little dinner with coffee preceded by a cocktail or two. Oh, Yes! She smokes a pack

of cigarettes each day—to keep down appetite and weight. Never ill—Oh no! She loves cards, dancing, reading discussions and social life in general. Plays golf a little in summer but enjoys cards and dancing at the country club better than golf which tires her. Her shoulder droop as she stands or sits. She is vivacious—and oh! so proud of her slenderizing success! Her appetite is well under control. In fact she has almost lost it. Loss of color would be evident to all but for rouge. Curves are lost—only angles left—and although she denies it she seems tired when she relaxes to tell her story. These losses of appetite, color, curves, and vigor excite the examiners inquisitiveness. Skin test positive! X-Ray films of her chest show early tuberculosis. If it is early enough, rest, plentiful food, fresh air and sunshine, corrected posture and later exercises will restore her health and beauty.

*BE SURE of quality  
in your milk supply—buy*

**Carnation  
Evaporated Milk**



**Y**OUR milk supply is a matter of importance to your family's health and welfare. Carnation Evaporated Milk Brings you quality in every tin. Behind the Carnation label are America's finest dairy herds. A trained corps of Carnation field men guard Carnation quality at its source—insist on clean cows, clean milking, proper cooling and swift transportation to the evaporating plant. The Carnation process at the condenseries, supervised by experts according to highest standards of scientific knowledge and hygienic care, is further insurance of quality. The result is the finest milk that money can buy—Carnation Evaporated Milk —for use in cooking, for baby's bottle, for creaming coffee and cereals.

To get Carnation quality  
Look for the Carnation label

*Two sizes of tins at all dealers*

**FREE PREMIUMS!** Carnation Labels may be exchanged for free premiums any time before Dec. 31, 1938, at Pacific Commercial Company's premium dept., in Manila (125 Escolta), in Cebu and in Iloilo. Write for the Carnation free Catalog.



# SHOPPING GUIDE

**PRACTICAL** things have taken the place of glamorous and "useless" gifts in the show windows of the shops on the Escolta. Gone are the cut glasses, the bottles of perfume, the silver boxes. We have come back to earth and shop for egg-beaters and can-openers and kitchen knives.

Leading in this return to practicability is the American Hardware with its annual January sale on kitchen utensils. The gown salons or dress shops follow with their clearance sales. Other stores have their inventory sales.

"Just looking" at the American Hardware, we spotted the following as new (at least to us): *Soap Saver* which consists of a small wire basket attached to a handle. You place a piece of soap in the wire basket, fasten the cover, then beat the basket with the soap in it in the water, to make suds. This gadget saves soap as well as your hands. Now you don't have to rub the soap between your hands when making suds.

*Infant feeding bottle sterilizer* which consists of a round wire deep tray with seven compartments and a handle in the center. After cleaning the feeding bottles, you place them, upside down, in the compartments (one bottle in each), then lower the sterilizer into a kettle of boiling water. The long handle makes lifting the sterilizer out of the hot water an easy job. No more tongs and burned fingers for you. The bottles are filled with milk for one day feeding, placed in the compartments (this time mouths up) and stored in the ice-box or refrigerator.

A set of *kitchen knives* in different sizes and for different purposes, with their own rack, made of wood, which may be nailed to the kitchen wall.

This reminds us of the very *serviceable rack*, made of metal, which may be used in the kitchen (for kitchen knives, forks and spoons), in the bathroom (for toothbrushes) or in the bedroom (for shoerush, scissors, hairbrush, etc.).

Colored china glassware and linen are now used on the dining table. The latest to take to colors is the silverware. There are now knives and forks and spoons with colored handles, thus completing the color scheme that you may wish to adapt for your table.

We saw, at the Cooperative Sales store, *gaily decorated beverage sets* (each consisting of six glasses with "stirrers" and pitcher and tray) which will make cold drinks this summer doubly welcome. (Right now the mere mention of cold drinks makes us shiver. B-r-u-r-r-r!)

One girl we know says that no matter how cold the mornings are she does not wear a coat or a jacket or a sweater. She wears instead a woolen vest or "camiseta" under her chemise. This keeps her warm enough. These vestees may be bought in Bombay or Japanese bazaars. There are cotton and silk ones if woolen ones are too warm for you.

If you have a porch, you may be interested in the fern baskets that are most suitable for hanging or aerial plants as well. There are also earthen pots that are especially constructed for ferns and other plants that require constant watering.

When you buy your husband's or your boys' socks, beware of imitations. We had a very sad experience last Christmas. Shopping late in the afternoon after all the shops on the Escolta had closed, we entered a bazaar and asked for a certain brand of men's socks. We examined them and they looked like the real McCoy—latex top, designs, and trademark. We scolded ourselves for paying about twenty centavos more for each pair from the other stores. Upon arriving home, we compared our new purchases with the old ones and then saw the difference—in texture and elasticity of the gartered top. Whether they were imitations or of the same trade-mark but of inferior quality, we do not know and we will not say. The trade-mark was identical.

Have you noticed those very clever imitations of certain well-known brands of toothbrushes? The first three letters of the trade-mark imitations are the same as those of the real ones. You will never think that they are imitations when you glance at them.

Imitations, especially in the cosmetic line, have become so widespread that manufacturers of well-known goods take elaborate precautions to protect their own products as well as the customers. The manufacturers of a certain talcum powder, for instance, have adopted the non-refillable cans for their powder when they discovered that their old cans (with removable top) were bought when empty and refilled with a very inferior

powder and sold as their own and at lower prices. Other manufacturers spend a lot of money advertising their products and giving their respective distinguishing marks.

If you read always the advertisements in newspapers and magazines you have probably come across the advertisement of a local bank which informs the reader that with a deposit of one peso and five centavos (P1.05) with them, a customer will be given a safe or box into which to drop their loose coins. The bank keeps the key so the box cannot be opened except by the bank. When the box is filled with coins, it is taken to the bank and its contents credited to the owner's savings account. The slot is so constructed that it is impossible to draw out a coin with a hairpin or with a toothpick.

## MONTHLY BRIEFS

(Continued from page 4)

House of Commons last December 23rd by Viscount Cranbourne, the under-secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The Japanese nation was pleased and relieved when the American government accepted the *Japanese apologies* for the bombing and sinking of *Panay*. The American press, in general, welcomed the closing of the case.

The United States eagerly awaited the first public exhibition of the bombing of the *Panay*. Norman Alley, Universal cameraman who took the pictures, arrived in the United States aboard the *China Clipper* and revealed that attempts to steal or destroy his film were made, presumably by the Japanese. Armed guards carried the pictures from the *China Clipper* to an armored car with a motorcycle escort.

The British embassy informed the Japanese foreign office last December 29 that Great Britain could not accept the Nippon military version of the attacks on the British warships *Lady Bird* and *Bea*, fired at them. These attacks occurred shortly before the Japanese airmen bombed and sank the *Panay*.

President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, warned the American nation today (January 3) to prepare for defense against "future hazards."

The United States Senate approved last January 6th and sent to President Roosevelt for his signature, the bill prohibiting the making of photographs, sketches or maps of military and naval defenses of the United States and possessions, including the Philippines.

Four hundred *Formosans* revolted and waged a four hour battle with the Japanese garrison at Ilan. The motive behind the revolt was the *Formosans'* refusal to fight in China.

The announcement in Rome by Premier Mussolini of *Italy's naval building program* caused the French officials to declare that France must increase her warship building. At present, France is building two large battleships to match the two launched by Italy some time ago.

Thirst, cold and hunger forced the *surrender of one of the last insurgent strongholds* in Teruel. Many of the insurgents who surrendered

were wounded and ill.

Great Britain declared her opposition to any permanent administrative changes that Japan demanded in the International Settlement in Shanghai. She is, however, ready to agree to some demands for increased powers.

The sum of 7,792 yens which was collected from the public by Tokyo newspapers for the *Panay* sufferers was handed to U. S. Ambassador Grew, who did not accept it saying that the United States government believed no American nationals should directly benefit from the donation. This sum represented nine tenths of the amount collected. One tenth was given to the Italian Ambassador for the relatives of the Italian press correspondent, Sandro Sandri, who was fatally injured while aboard the *Panay*.

It was definitely established that the *Samson Clipper* (formerly the *Hongkong Clipper*) of the Pan American Airways, caught fire while she was in the air and crashed into the sea, killing all its crew including the famous commander, Captain Edwin C. Musick.

A new bill to strengthen the U. S. navy authorizing the construction of all types of naval vessels was announced by Carl Vinson, chairman of the naval committee of the U. S. House of Representatives.

## Sino-Japanese

Emperor Hirohito has approved the government's *New China policy*, which provided for the continuation of the hostilities in China until the Nanking government reconsiders its "Anti-Japanese attitude."

Climaxing their occupation of Nanking ten days ago, the Japanese militarists today (December 23) announced an *autonomous government* had been formed in the

## Use Mergolized Wax The Face Cream of Beautiful Women

Millions of women are today using Mergolized Wax to bring out the hidden beauty of their skin and keep it young looking. Mergolized Wax sloughs off the thin outer layer of surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Then you see the fresh-looking under-skin clear and smooth. Mergolized Wax is a chivalry beauty buy, too. You need so little for each application and it lasts so long that you can well afford to use Mergolized Wax on your neck, arms, upper arms, elbows and legs for all-over skin loveliness. Get a jar from your favorite beauty counter today! Start your beauty campaign at once. Let Mergolized Wax bring out the hidden beauty of YOUR skin.

former capital of Nationalist China, supplanting the Chiang Kai-shek regime. The "Autonomous Commission" is under the chairmanship of Tao Hsi-shan, a philanthropist, aged 61 years. The commission includes two vice-chairmen and eight members.

A Chinese official statement from Hankow confirmed reports from reliable sources in Nanking that mass killings of civilians took place after the Japanese occupation of Nanking, including an invasion of so-called "safety-zones" for refugees.

Christmas found no peace in China. Belligerents on all fronts continued tearing at one another's throat. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his wife who are Christians, spent Christmas day at army headquarters at an undisclosed place in the Yangtze valley.

The new year began with the Chinese air force staging a comeback in Nanking. Chinese planes roared into action against the Japanese, destroying two grounded Nipponese planes. Five days later, twenty Japanese planes, in-

cluding giant bombers and small pursuit ships, dropped 200 bombs over Hankow. Most of the bombs were aimed at the military field but did little damage. Only two old Chinese planes were bombed while aground.

Japanese officials commenced last January 7th strict censorship of all radio and cable messages flowing in and out of Shanghai. The Nipponese embassy spokesman said the regulation was directed primarily at private messages, but press dispatches are also being censored.

Premier Konoye of Japan sought an understanding with the cabinet to continue the Sino-Japanese war for 4 years more. A four-year replenishment plan is being prepared for presentation to parliament. The program demands the closest co-operation from industrial, financial and economic interests and stresses development of heavy industries.

A Chinese government spokesman sharply denied the official Tokyo intimations that China had prepared peace terms for submission to Japan.

The Japanese announced on January 10 the capture of the historic city of Tsingtau without any resistance.

The Imperial conference held in the presence of Emperor Hirohito drafted a China policy which was held in the strictest secrecy. It was, however, believed in authoritative quarters that Japan is bent on smashing the Chiang Kai-shek regime in China.

THANKS . . .

(Continued from page 8)

in my later years; A box and a fan of sandalwood, a love letter, and a thin wrist chain with an agate heart being chased around by a tiny wire-haired terrier;

A bad case of indigestion that set in well toward the last days of last year and is being carried on in the new;

A nice new bankbook showing the initial, solitary, munificent entry of P10;

And a fresh batch of good intentions for 1938.

How did an ordinary (we mean, typical) housewife fare last year? A mother of three children whose husband is a government employee is grateful that her husband's salary which was cut about two years ago was restored last year to its former level; her three children, her husband and herself were all in good health, and therefore, saved money which would have been spent on doctor's fees and medicines; that all the needs of her family were taken care of without her having to stretch her husband's income too much.

The pretty salesgirl at the Philippine Education (second floor) who was serving us confided to us

that she was grateful for the following: that in spite of difficulties she encountered in her job, she was able to perform her work to the satisfaction of the manager who took her in as an extra during the Christmas rush a year ago (now she is a regular employee); that her companions in the office had been good to her—helping her when she was new, that all her brothers and sisters found jobs—one in the army, one in an attorney's office, one in a drugstore, so that their parents need no longer support them; that she was in good health.

A lady physician was too busy to think of any particular thing she is grateful for—she is grateful for everything that happened last year, even for little accidents and misfortunes, which might have been fatal. She supposed she ought to be grateful for the illnesses of her patients but she was not, even if these people could afford to be sick.

Lola, who celebrated, with her over-seventy-year-old husband, the golden anniversary of their wedding, was very vocal about her gratefulness to God Almighty who had granted her one more year of grace on this earth. "Yes, I am very glad to have lived last year. I voted at the plebiscite for woman suffrage and then again at the last election. I never thought I would live long enough to witness the day when we women would vote," she said. We wish you could hear Lola express herself in the picturesque language of the old. We found one more reason why Lola was glad she lived through last year. It seems that somebody had told her that couples who celebrate the golden anniversary of their weddings and then have their pictures taken always die during the year when the anniversary is celebrated. Lola did not believe in this superstition and went ahead with the celebration and the picture-taking. And now she is still alive to tell that "scarec", "I told you so. . . ."

We wish also you could hear lavender when we put the question of gratefulness to her. "Ay, naku, po! God was merciful enough in His Heaven to protect us humble sinners during the last typhoon. It not for His infinite mercy, the winds would have blown away our humble dwelling of nipa and bamboo. In spite of the strong winds and the heavy rains which penetrated into the house, wetting us all, we refused to leave our rocking dwelling but remained in it, praying. Now I come to Manila every Friday and light a candle in Quiapo church out of thankfulness to the Nazarene. And because of God's mercy, we never lacked work last year. . . . " she went on and on enumerating all the mercies (which to this humble person were great) last year for which she is so thankful now.

Thus, no matter what her station

in life, every woman has something to be thankful for last year. Even the girl who lost her job; she is much wiser now. All we interviewed, were thankful for enjoying good health—this being always the first they mentioned.

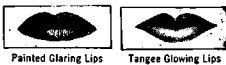
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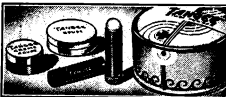
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Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm bluish-rose. Paris says, "No painted look with the new model!" Tangee isn't paint. Its cream base keeps lips soft and smooth and Tangee doesn't rub off. Tangee Rouge, and Face Powder match Tangee lipstick perfectly.

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4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET P. O. Box 1345 Manila P. I. Send Miracle Make-Up set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. Enclose (25 ctvs.) stamps or coin. Name Address City Country

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THE wholesome, natural food properties in STAR MARGARINE bring that glow of HEALTH to your children. Nourishing and delightful STAR is truly the ideal "Centerpiece" for any table

The Star that shines, 3 times a day

## PRINCESS...

(Continued from page 17)

we had our first meeting three weeks ago..."

Lucinda sat in her chair and heard his voice go on. She was suddenly very tired. She ought to fight, but she couldn't summon the strength. She didn't hate Billy; she felt something too cold and quiet for hate. Funny, never to have suspected that all this lay under the charm.

"I didn't pay much attention to the first letters," said Billy. "I get so many goofy ones. I wish I'd kept them now, or turned them over to you. But I didn't want to worry Lucinda—and if the papers had got hold of it—"

"I appreciate that," said Colonel Babcock. "But—"

"Then she started calling me up. At that time," said Billy, "she claimed to be Lucinda's sister, by a secret marriage. Now, the story seems to be changed."

"Of course I'm not my own sister. I'm Lucinda Charden," said Lucinda. Then she caught Billy's pitying look, and rage flared up in her. "If you don't believe me," she said, "why don't you let me write my own name?"

She had expected Billy to look stunned, defeated. Instead, his mouth wore a slight smile.

"Told you so," he said to Colonel Babcock. "Remember the other letters?"

"Yes," said the colonel. "Well, we're giving you a lot of rope, young woman. But go ahead—write your name."

Lucinda sat down at the desk. Her hand was shaking violently, but she gritted her teeth and wrote "Lucinda Charden" as firmly as she could.

Colonel Babcock tore the sheet of paper from the pad, took another sheet from his pocket and held them both up to the light. Then he passed them to Mr. Wilcox, without comment.

"Very naturally," said Mr. Wilcox, "no one but Miss Charden know of the private mark. We only put that into effect the first of this year—it seemed a wise precaution. But even so..."

"Well?" said Colonel Babcock.

"Well," said Mr. Wilcox, "if this signature were on a check of Miss Charden's and had her private mark, I might accept it. But I think I would call up Miss Charden. In the case of any sizable sum—I should certainly call up Miss Charden and have her verify the entire transaction."

## Advice To Girls

**WHETHER** you are a little girl or a big girl; whether you are a daughter of the poor or a daughter of the rich; whether you are a freshman or a sophomore, a junior or a senior—you are all alike. Each of you is important. Each of you counts for something. Each of you has the possibilities of goodness, of worth and of usefulness. Everyone has a corner to fill in this world.

**GIRLS' WEEK** points the way to how you can be at your best wherever you may be — at home, at school, at work, on the playground, or in your neighborhood. Make this week a week of discovery — discovery of your own strengths and weaknesses, your abilities and your needs. Make it a discovery of your best opportunities for being of service to others, not only during the Girls' Week but during the 52 weeks of every year. May the Week release in every one of you ambition, enthusiasm and determination to make of our Philippines a more fit place in which every Filipino child may live and where there may be a more satisfying life for all our people. Let your motto be, **"TO FIND AND GIVE THE BEST"**.

—JOSEFA JARA MARTINEZ  
(Secretary, Y. W. C. A.)

"And I may warn you, young woman," thundered Colonel Babcock, "that forgery carries a severe penalty in New York State. Well? Anything further to say?"

Lucinda stared at him defiantly. She had a great deal to say. She would tell them, clearly and coldly, how she, Lucinda Charden, had got bored with being rich. And how, with Billy Shaler's assistance, she had hired a double to take her place in her world, while she went off to study biochemistry at a university. But even as she opened her mouth to speak, she saw how incredible it sounded. It needed facts, dates, witnesses, a hundred small corroborations to be convincing.

"No," said Lucinda. "You don't believe me. I have nothing further to say."

"Well, that's fine," said Colonel Babcock. "Now we can talk turkey. We — For heaven's sake, Shaler, what are you doing?"

Billy looked up, startled, and Lucinda noticed now that he had been tearing up the slips of paper with the signatures into small pieces and setting a match to them. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said innocently. "Were they important?"

"Important?" said the colonel heavily. "They're evidence, man!"

"Goof Shaler again!" said Billy penitently. "But—oh, well, look, Colonel—does it matter? After all, if it ever comes to trial, she'll have to do it again. And unless she

practices—well, rather more successfully than she's done so far—" He left the sentence in the air.

"Well," said the colonel, "I don't suppose it does really matter, at this point. We have plenty on her already. But never tamper with evidence young man."

"I'll remember," said Billy, and Lucinda thought she caught a twinkle in his eye. It was the last straw. She rose. The floor swam under her feet, but that didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more except getting away.

"All right," she said breathlessly. "You don't believe me, so I'll be going."

"Not in such a hurry, young woman," said Colonel Babcock. "This party's only beginning, and you and I are going to have a nice little chat."

\* \* \*

Lucinda Charden, staring at the wall-paper of her cheap hotel bedroom in the Fifties, wondered which of them she hated most. Not Aunt Fol—Aunt Fol was just old and stupid and rather pathetic. She didn't care which niece she had so long as the niece listened to her and petted her a little. "If she'd ever really loved me," thought Lucinda forlornly, "she'd have known right away, but she never has. And that's as much my fault as hers."

She didn't really hate Mr. Wilcox. She didn't hate Billy—it was something other than late—a central disgust, a cold quietness. And

oddy enough, she didn't hate Nora Malloy. She had a small, unwilling admiration for her. The girl had played her part so perfectly. "I wonder how Billy got to do it," thought Lucinda. "Oh, well, what's the use wondering?"

After careful reflection she decided that the person she really hated was Colonel Babcock. He had been so heavily paternal, so menacingly bland. If it were left to him, she gathered, she would at this very moment be in the Tombs. But the Chardens had decided—perhaps unwisely—not to press the charge.

"We'd rather think of it this way," he had said: "that a little girl brought up in a small country town in meager circumstances—oh, you needn't look startled! We have all the information about that. An ambitious and brainily little girl, by the way, for she makes a good school and college record, in spite of the fact that she's all alone in the world."

He had smiled, thought Lucinda, like a compassionate shark. "Yes, a good record. But she's ambitious. And she has daydreams of being, perhaps, a Platinum Princess. And then she finds out that there is a Platinum Princess—and the picture in the newspapers looks rather like her. So she starts cutting out those pictures; she starts reading all she can find about this—ahem—more fortunately circumstanced other girl. And that was the way it started, wasn't it?"

Thank goodness, thought Lucinda, he had given her no chance to reply.

"But then," he had proceeded, "things get more serious. She actually begins to think that she is the girl in question. She builds an illusion about it and acts on that illusion. And so there's trouble—serious trouble. Something that might wreck that young girl's life. Well, we don't want that young girl to wreck her life. We want her to go back to her studies. But naturally we want some satisfactory guarantee that this—this absurd delusion won't go on."

Lucinda had listened. She'd said "Yes" when she could. No, she wasn't under arrest—she was being taken back to her hotel, to think things over for a while. She had better not leave the hotel without permission—in fact, there would be little use trying. And phone calls, especially to newspapers, would be highly inadvisable. Just a good night's sleep, perhaps, and think things over.

She was free to go down to—  
(Continued on page 43)

For Cough Take

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Quick relief and sure cure

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**BOOKS AND . . .**

(Continued from page 20)

less age; they decry the frankness of today's youth, the lack of modesty of modern young people. We have this to say, however, against present-day shamelessness—its utter honesty. W. Somerset Maugham's *Theatre* breathes that honesty in every brazen line of it. The author has tried, as he said he would, "to worm myself into a woman's soul and see life through her eyes." He succeeded almost perfectly—the *almost* is simply an afterthought to combat any possible contradictions. The analysis of Julia Gosselyn's character, her genuine kindness showing ever so faintly in every act of hers, be it a capricious whim, or an act of infidelity to her self-satisfied husband, is remarkably realistic and sympathetic. We follow her life, her falling passionately in love with her husband, and suddenly out of love; her glamorous career as an actress, her hopelessly carnal love for a boy twenty-five years younger than she, and the near-tragedy that the havoc almost wrought in her life, her indifferent motherhood, the vague questionings in her mind regarding the whys and the wherefores of her existence. Maugham makes up for the smutty passages in his book—of which there are many—by exquisite descriptions which leave the reader breathless, and makes his work literature. He has a wonderful knack for depicting emotions to their finest, most meticulous detail, so that one vibrates in delicate, almost painful sympathy with feelings of his personages. In parts recalling *Lily Mars* whose acting was as blended

with her living that she did not divorce one from the other, Julia Gosselyn is the more vibrant, more powerful, more intense character of the two. At the close of the book, Julia was also close to the solution of life. She says: "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." But there's the illusion, through that archway, it's we, the actors who are the reality. . . . We are the meaning of people's lives. We take their silly little emotions and turn them into art, out of them we create beauty, and their significance is that they form the audience we must have to fulfill ourselves. . . . We are the symbols of all this confused, aimless struggling that they call life, and it's only make-believe. That make-believe is the only reality." Viewed in that Platonic light, this illusion which is life, might be easier to sustain.

\* \* \*

A psychological novel is very often easy reading. And, we imagine, not easy writing either. *Dangerous Corner*, by Ruth Holden (who adopted her story from a play by Joseph Priestly), is a psychological novel. Tense with feeling from beginning to end the book asks the reader throughout its whole length—must truth really be told all the time? Or is it better to let "lying dogs lie" as the saying goes? The story is woven around a rather charming group of young people who, seemingly led by an outside force stronger than themselves, start telling the truth about themselves, and about one another. Ugly facts are unearthed, which end in the suicide of one of them, and the complete disruption of the group. Then, an epilogue—supposing the truth hadn't been let out? And an imaginary situation is brought up in which the charming company goes on in their apparent friendship, playing with one another, working with one another—in really sincere harmony. Truth broke their illusions, their ideals, shattered their beliefs. Is truth, therefore, worthwhile? It is an extremely teasing question.

—Pia Manca

# PROBLEM



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Sodium Bicarbonate . . . . . ½ gr.

**THEY MAKE MOVIES...***(Continued from page 21)*

new George Arliss picture, at the New Gallery Kinema.

Swans, crested grebes, bitterns (among the rarest of English birds), harrier hawks, yellow wagtails and tawny owls all appear in beautiful scenes photographed by Oliver Pyke.

**Soaked In Beer**

Rene Ray had an uncomfortable session at the Gainsborough Studios the other day when a scene in which she is appearing in Gainsborough's current production "Bank Holiday" was being shot.

Carol Reed was directing the American Bar scene in which Hugh Williams and Rene appear.

Hugh "accidentally" knocks over a glass of beer with his elbow, thereby soaking Rene Ray who is clad in a very smart and very scanty sun suit; whereupon Rene lets out a piercing scream.

Four times the scene had to be shot; four times Rene had a half-point of lager drenched over her.

Wet through and beer-stained Rene afterwards asked me: "Did that last scream sound realistic?" I assured her that it did.

"It ought to have done," she replied. "It was well and truly meant!"

But Hugh Williams, with a thirsty look about him, said "It hurt me more than it hurt you!"

**Hollywood In London**

A visitor strolling on to Stage One of the Gainsborough Studios yesterday thought he saw Mary Brian, Gary Cooper, H.B. Warner and—yes, surely that is Gracie Fields.

"Doubles", all of them—not there because of their likeness to the stars, but as participants in an ordinary crowd scene with some two hundred and forty-five other extras.

Ann Boulton, who bears a striking resemblance in both face and figure to Mary Brian, was my first victim of inquiry. She finds most embarrassing to be continually

**SUMMER SONG**

By JOSE LAVILLA TIERRA

*When things go right or when things go wrong,  
I'll face the world with a smile and a song;  
I'll labor and wait though the waiting be long—  
And forget that I in silence have sorrowed.*

*I'll hold up my chin in the face of despair,  
Forget that yesterday there were anguish and care;  
I'll abide in faith through dark days and fair—  
And forget that I in silence have sorrowed.*

*There will be no sadness and no sighs for me,  
For life with its laughter, its song, and its glee,  
Will tune to the music of summer on the sea—  
And I'll forget that I in silence have sorrowed.*

taken for Mary. "Why only last week", she exclaimed, "I was in Selfridge's restaurant and the waitress asked for my autograph instead of my order! I protested that I was not the Hollywood star but the girl refused to believe me. And then, of course, people started looking round and pointing at me."

The likeness Blair bears to Gary Cooper is amazing—and uncomfortable. "I'm always being taken for Gary", he told me. "When Adolf Zukor visited England recently, I impersonated Cooper in a tableaux cabaret in a London hotel. But I'd rather be myself, thank you!"

Lean, moustached Major Keer-Smiley admitted his facial resemblance to H.B. Warner. "We both have to grin and bear it!" he said.

I approached Zetta Moren to. "Oh, yes", she confessed,

"I know I'm like Gracie. As a matter of fact I was standing in her for three years. Once I went up North with a unit during the making of a film featuring Miss Fields, and I was besieged by no less than five hundred of Gracie's fans who nearly ripped the dress off my lack."

So you see, it's not all fun being like a film star.

**Taking The Dive**

In "Bank Holiday", Gainsborough's latest picture, Garry Marsh is playing yet another of those villainous roles with which he is usually identified. This time he is an absconding cinema manager with a crooked little smile on the corner of his crooked mouth.

In real life Garry's smile is by no means crooked. He is a hearty laughter, and a

hearty laughter-maker. This is a story tells:

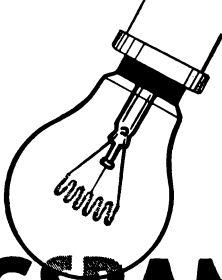
"I was on location in the South of France about a year ago, and we had in our company a very beautiful young lady who had been engaged to perform an extremely high dive in a swimming pool scene. She was being paid a fabulous amount for her services which for some five weeks were never utilized. It was during the last days of our stay that it was decided to film her brief sequence, and everything was accordingly prepared. A long line of swimmers were to plunge into the water at the moment she left the diving board. The director omitted all rehearsals but detailed instructions were given to the young lady and the others appearing in the scene. When the diver reached the top board which was about forty feet up, the cameras started rolling. "Let's go!" called the director.

"Well", continued Garry, "all the swimmers on the side of the pool plunged in at this signal. All but the girl on the high diving board. She just stood perilously up there shivering and crying.

"Naturally the director asked her why she didn't follow his instructions and dive.

"Dive?" cried the frightened girl, "I can't dive; I'm a singer!"

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**BRINGING UP...**

*(Continued from page 26)*

When the children understood what it cost to pay for taxes, coal, food and other fundamentals, they realized what folly it was to expect their parents to give them bicycles, trips and fancy clothes. Being treated like adults, they acted like adults in business matters, and so, when they wanted extras, they went out and earned their own money.

*How to keep child dry at night:* Sonny was just over two years old and although perfectly trustworthy in the day time, generally failed to keep dry at night. Finally, his mother resolved on the following changes. She took him out of diapers with their "psychology of wetness" and gave him pyjamas made exactly like his father's. He was told that he was no longer a baby wearing diapers but a man who would someday grow to be a big man "like Daddy." To be so, he would have to learn to act like a grown-up and keep his bed and new pyjamas dry all night long. He was much impressed both by the importance of the aim and the masculine splendor of the pyjamas. His mother kept up the normal program of getting him up at ten and two o'clock. Immediately there was a decided improvement and within three weeks the habit was conquered.

(Adapted from the PARENTS' MAGAZINE).

**WITH US**

*(Continued from page 15)*

teen when she started diving and entering competitions.

She turned professional last June and started a diving tour around the world with Pete. They crossed the United States for England where they remained for four months, giving exhibitions to capacity houses. From England they passed through Europe to Egypt, Colombo, India (they stayed here for one month and a half), Rangoon, Singapore and Manila. From Manila they sailed straight to the United States where Miss Mansfield will resume her studies at North-

western University where she is a junior. She is taking a course in philosophy and is majoring in English literature and sociology. After her graduation next year, she plans to do social service work and take up tennis which she used to play much before she entered competitions and horseback riding which she likes very much.

Diving, she said, is more strenuous than swimming for it requires much twisting and bending. It tends to develop hard muscles, particularly in the legs which are tensed when springing, while swimming develops soft muscles.

Diving, even from a high altitude, does not involve any

risk if one knows how to do it properly. Beginners, she advised, should not attempt to dive from a high altitude nor try to do new turns and twists without having competent instruction first. As in anything else, practice makes perfect in diving.

Miss Mansfield thinks that all one needs to be proficient in diving are plenty of nerves, infinite patience to practice and an excellent sense of timing. She confessed to feeling nervous before making dives when she was just starting. She would be so nervous at times that she had to stand on the springboard for about five minutes trying to collect herself. She

considers herself fortunate that she has never had a single accident since she started diving. Accidents will not happen, she says, when one is careful and does not take risks.

Those who see Miss Mansfield only at her performances marvel at her grace and at her mastery of the difficult twists and turns. But those who know of the endless and tiresome hours of practice, of having to give up little pleasures that are so dear to the hearts of girls, marvel at her patience, her capacity to take great pains in perfecting even a small detail.





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## DUTY

(Continued from page 14)

what comes later.

No baby was ever more eagerly awaited than the one I brought into the world in the little four-room cottage. Jeanie had refused to go to a hospital. Institutions terrified her. She wanted her baby born in her own home. It was a delicate little thing, and Jeanie herself did not rally very well from the effort of giving birth to it. For a time I doubted whether she would survive. My own nurse, Mary Kelly, pulled her through. But even Mary Kelly could not save the baby—and on the third day it died. Jeanie was in no condition to be told.

We managed to make her believe the baby was sleeping—or feeding—or that Mary Kelly had him outdoors in the sun. But that night, when I came into the room, Jeanie looked up at me and said, "Uncle Ralph... my baby... is... dead..." I tried to comfort her, to lie to her, until I realized that she was not hearing what I said. We worked over her all that night, Mary Kelly and I, but you know how it is when you feel them slipping through your fingers....

Franklin followed me into the living room. I was never more sorry for anyone in my life. "Jeanie's going to die," he said, "I know it. She doesn't want to live without her baby."

Elizabeth tried to console him. Franklin in trouble was once more her little boy. But I doubt whether he was even aware of her—or of Tom Watts or of any of us. "What am I going to do?" he demanded over and over. "Doctor, we've got to do something for Jeanie." I tried to tell him there was nothing he or any of us could do. But he was not listening. "There must be something...."

Towards morning he suddenly stopped pacing the floor. "I'm going to find a baby for Jeanie," he said. "There must be babies that people don't want."

That was when I called



Pictures taken at the celebration of the success of the last Manila Girls' Week. Upper photo: Chairmen of committees with some members of the NFWC Board.

you and you told me about a baby just born. And we drove out to Jenksville and we carried it back and put it in Jeanie's arms. And nobody knew that it was not Jeanie's own baby that brought her back to life.

When Franklin was transferred to Manchester, I agreed that it might be wiser to wait until Jeanie was stronger, before telling her the truth. Jeanie wrote me every week—she was well, and Franklin was doing nicely—but the burden of her letters was always little Ralph. I felt that she was very happy.

Elizabeth was not. I learned from Tom Watts that she was full of bitterness against Jeanie, feeling that she had deliberately robbed her of Franklin. The next Sunday I drove over to Manchester. The baby was a fine little fellow. Jeanie still looked delicate but it was a new Jeanie—a proud, sure, happy Jeanie who said: "Isn't it wonderful, Uncle Ralph? At last I've got someone who's my own—my own family! Sometimes I can't believe it. I know I'm a fool, Uncle Ralph, but aren't people

always afraid when they've been too lucky."

"Why should I tell her?" Franklin demanded, when we were alone. "Why does she have to know?"

I pointed out that the truth was always best—for everybody. But he shook his head stubbornly. "You don't know how much that baby means to Jeanie."

"But you won't be depriving her of the baby," I argued. "You'll just be telling her the truth."

"I'd rather take a knife and stab her. This is the only real happiness she's ever known."

"But lies always lead to trouble," I insisted. "Learning it from strangers will be worse."

"Nobody knows except Tom and Elizabeth and Mary Kelly and Dr. Vender and you."

"Are you sure of Tom?" I asked. "He's drinking a lot."

"Tom's not bad at heart," Franklin said. "Only Elizabeth brings out the worst in people. I can see it, now that I'm away from her. You've been right about everything, doctor, but you're wrong

about this. I know what I'm doing. She's my wife, and I'll take the responsibility. Please keep out."

And so, of course, I kept out....

Tom Watts claimed to have spent the night in Manchester with Franklin. And Franklin swore they had been together at dinner—and all evening. But they were both lying.

Elizabeth's house showed signs of a violent quarrel... And Elizabeth would hardly have opened her door, in her nightgown, to admit a stranger. Elizabeth was killed between ten o'clock and twelve.

At eight o'clock I had passed Tom Watt's car parked on a side road, gotten out and taken a half empty bottle away from him.

"I'm on my way to Manchester," he told me. "I've got to see Franklin."

"You go home," I advised him.

"I can't. You don't know what she wants to do."

"Elizabeth is a good woman," I began. But he broke in violently:

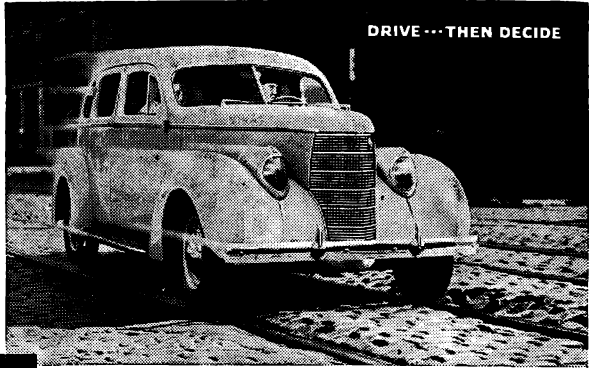
"She is not! She's bad, You don't now how bad—she killed Mollie Day. Even after she promised it was all over and Molly got her husband to move to another part of town, Elizabeth wouldn't leave Molly alone. She told me duty demanded that she tell everything to Luther. I begged Elizabeth on my knees not to—Mollie was a good kid and it was all my fault—but Elizabeth wouldn't listen to me. She kept saying it was her duty—her duty. I had never hit a woman in my life—but I couldn't keep her quiet. She told Molly's husband and ruined their marriage and then Molly killed herself.

"And now she's starting in again. It's her duty to tell Jeanie they've deceived her about the baby. Her duty. I like those kids and I've got to get to Manchester to warn Franklin...."

But I persuaded him to turn around and go back to Larch Street.

End

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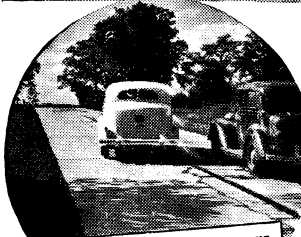
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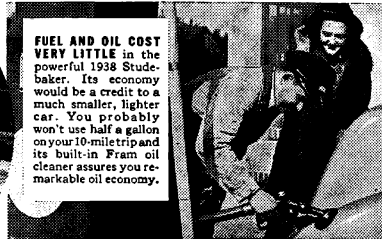
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**E**VER since civilized man began to work regular hours he has been inventing holidays. The so-called savage does not need them, for he works only to satisfy some immediate need and stops as soon as he has enough to fill his stomach or protect him from the weather. Some of his work, such as hunting, fishing and making tools and weapons, is probably fun. He doesn't draw the sharp line that his civilized brethren do between work and fun.

The more complicated and the more highly organized a human society becomes the more quickly that line is drawn. The distinction is easy to make. Work is something we get paid for. Fun is what we do for nothing. The holiday usually has a religious or patriotic significance, but all the world over it is an excuse for letting off steam, easing tensions, giving tired nerves a rest.

Nobody except a few old-fashioned people who firmly believe that Satan will find mischief still for idle hands to do can possibly object to the multiplication of holidays. Indeed, the increasing use of labor-saving machinery makes it inevitable that there should be a growing amount of leisure for every one. But in such a small world as this is coming to be, a haphazard and irrational arrangement of holidays can create an enormous degree of confusion. A little study of the situation will indicate that a re-arrangement and stabilizing of the world's holidays is almost as essential as an international postal system. When one country's banks and places of business are closed on days when another country's are open, and vice versa, it is difficult for those two countries to do business conveniently together.

Let us suppose that we are in some kind of business which may require us, at one time or another, to buy, sell, borrow or lend in any one of fifty or more countries. We look into the matter of holidays, using, perhaps, the excellent booklet on "Bank and Public Holidays throughout the World" which is issued annually by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

We find that, counting Sundays, there are just 57 days in the year, 1937, that are not holidays somewhere. Of the 57, eighteen are Saturdays, which has long been a half holiday for banks nearly everywhere and which shows signs of becoming a whole holiday for many occupations during all or part of the year. Because holidays falling on Sunday are likely to be observed on the following Monday, and because there is a tendency to stretch the Christmas and New Year's holidays, especially in the Anglo-Saxon countries, we should probably deduct a dozen more days this year on which we shall not be able to transact business with all our correspondents.

# STABILIZING Our HOLIDAYS

*There Are Only 27 Days In The Year  
When There Are No Holidays Anywhere*

By R. L. DUFFUS

That leaves us with 27 days on which we can reasonably count on finding offices open everywhere—about one day out of every 13 or 14. If every holiday were universal we should work those 27 days and rest the other 339 days.

The chances are that few who read this will have direct business connections all over the world. Yet all of us who live in civilized countries do have such connections indirectly. We are all dependent to some extent on foreign trade, for our prosperity is linked up with what our country sells abroad. We undoubtedly pay for the confusion of holidays in lower profits on what we sell and higher prices on what we buy.

There would be less confusion if every holiday had a fixed place in the calendar, or if every holiday fell each year on the same day of the week. But neither of these things is true. A holiday which is tied to a calendar date—December 25, for instance—travels through the week at the rate of a day a year and two days in Leap Years. A holiday which is tied to a day of the week will necessarily fall on a different day of the month. Thus, Christmas fall on Saturday this year (1937) but will fall on Sunday in 1938; the Fourth of July fell on Sunday this year (1937) but will fall on Monday in 1938; Thanksgiving Day this year

is November 25 but next year it will be November 24. Less familiar holidays in this and other countries slip around in the same way.

Now, it is quite clear that we can't abolish other people's holidays and that we cannot permit them to abolish ours. Wars have been fought for lesser causes. Holidays are loaded with sentiment and warm associations. They link past and present in a way that is singularly pleasing to the dizzy dwellers on this whirling earth.

Let us hop around in an imaginary airplane and consider a few of these annual days off. Alaska celebrates Seward's Day on March 30—it was Seward who bought the Territory from Russia. Argentina celebrates its independence on July 9. In Austria May 1st is not a holiday for revolutionary labor or a day to go fishing—it is Constitution Day. In the Azores January 1st is dedicated to Universal Brotherhood. Ethiopia, prior to the Italian conquest, chose September 11 as its New Year's Day; the Chinese New Year falls on February 11; the Jewish New Year is observed on September 6, although the Jewish people also make a holiday of January 1 like the rest us; in a number of North European countries Mid-Summer Day is celebrated; Palestine, with three major religions, has a plethora of religious holidays; India has so many holidays that a

special functionary has to devote his entire attention to calculating the days on which the movable ones will fall.

In our own country we have quite a number of state and sectional holidays: Admission Day, celebrated in California on September 9; Lee's Birthday and Jefferson Davis' Birthday, observed in several Southern states (Kentucky, by the way, has made both Lee's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday legal holidays, thus commemorating its historic split during the Civil War); in New Orleans and several other Louisiana communities the Mardi Gras is officially designated; in New Hampshire a Fast Day is usually declared on the fourth Monday of April; Tennessee sets aside a day to honor Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Confederate cavalry leader; Texas commemorates its freedom from Mexico on March 2; Utah honors its pioneers on July 24; Vermont stops work on August 16 to remember the Battle of Bennington, in which a detachment of the British General Burgoyne's troops was defeated.

People who have holidays like these don't want to lose them, but it does seem that something might be done to keep them from piling up and down the calendar the way they now do. Well, then, somebody suggests, why not organize first a National, then an International Holiday Association? Why not utilize the facilities of the League of Nations, which, though it has not been able to put an end to war, has been very useful in handling a number of international undertakings? The idea is not a bad one, but we will probably have to be a little more fundamental. We will have to decide what we want to do with our holidays.

Mr. Henry Morton Robinson, writing in *The Reader's Digest*, has advanced or revived an ingenious plan. Mr. Robinson points out that at present "when a legal holiday falls on a Sunday it is customary to transfer it to the next day, Monday," and proposes that "when certain holidays fall on any other day than Monday we shall take a full day off the following Monday." In that way every one who got a holiday at all would have a two-day or maybe a three-day vacation. In a similar way business men could adjust themselves to having the mid-week free from interruptions.

It will be at once evident that when there are so many holidays in the world no World Calendar can be so arranged that all holidays will fall on Monday. Yet a godly number of them do link up with the week-end; December 25 or 31 follows Saturday, January 1 falls on Sunday, Leap-Year Day, or June 1 or 31 follows Saturday, Labor Day may easily be Monday, September 4, and Christmas Day falls on Monday. If other holidays

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were retained in their present positions in respect to The World Calendar—for instance, Wednesday, July 4—a business man would at least know where to find them. He would not be confronted with the problems which arise as a major holiday advances, during a series of years, past the week-end—falling on a Thursday, let us say, and thus making Friday a bad business day, or falling on a Tuesday and making Monday a bad business day.

But there could easily be a general agreement, under The World Calendar, that the important holidays in every country—those which really cause a general cessation of work—should be assigned to Monday. Holidays are usually either seasonal or anniversaries. If they are seasonal—for example, if they mark the beginning of any one of the four solstices—they can be shifted a day or two. June 18 or June 25 feels as much like summer as does June 21.

As to anniversaries we must remember that there is and can be no such thing as an exact anniversary. Under our present calendar we celebrate a day which we call December 25, but actually we begin each celebration (between Leap Years) about six hours too soon. This is because it takes the earth not 365 but 365.2422 days to get around the sun. When we throw in a Leap Year we catch up or drop back, whichever way one looks at it but the interval is 366 days. An exact anniversary would have to begin at a certain fixed spot in the earth's orbit regardless of what time the clock said it was. The exactness would hardly compensate for the confusion.

In dealing with holidays, of course, we must never forget the emotions and habits which attach to them. Independence Day has intangible values for Americans. Bastille Day for the Frenchman, Boxing Day (the Monday after Christmas) for the Englishman, and a long list of religious holidays for those adhering to the great sects—and for many who are far from devout. How much of the pure joy of spring, there is, for instance, in a lovely Easter Sunday, how much of the pleasure of Christmas comes from the sense of the returning sun!

We don't want to destroy any of the poetry of holidays, nor do we need to. Let the holidays continue to stand for different things to different people in different countries. Let them be religious or patriotic, as they are now—or let them be merely jolly, as one supposes December Y or June L will be under The World Calendar. Let Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians, Taoists, Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, French, Italians, Germans, read their own meaning and their own traditions into the days they commemorate. The hun-

an race must reach back into time and remember. It is good for it to do so, especially in these days of fierce and rapid change. There is a comfort in feeling the kinship between oneself and one's ancestors.

Moreover, we can afford now holidays but to make good use of them. The use which a man makes of his leisure hours and days may come to be as important as the use he makes of his working periods—even more important. The schools will educate as much for hobbies and avocations as they do for trades and professions. Libraries, theaters, radio and motion picture programs, amateur athletics, parks, playgrounds, laboratories to which the layman may resort, all sorts of commercial recreation, are likely to take on even more significance than now.

The culture of a nation may come to be judged by what it does with its holidays—whether its diversions are on the whole general, wholesome and one might even say *creative* as well as *recreative*, or whether they take the form which results in a headache the next morning.

We may come to speak of the play-week with just as much seriousness as we do of the work-week and we may do quite as much to adjust it to human needs, comfort and convenience. But it will need some thought and experiment to make it come right. The combina-

tion of Mr. Robinson's Monday-holiday plan with The World Calendar plan would seem to the present commentator an excellent beginning.

The World is, after all, linked by the intangibles—by sentiment, by customs which can be made to have a universal appeal, by attitudes which are human rather than national or racial. If we were more rational these intangibles might outweigh some of the tangibles which make trouble—the economic rivalries, the pressure of populations on frontiers, the armies and the navies. The present writer is not so naive as to believe that a World Calendar or a world agreement as to the incidence of holidays would end war and bring in the millennium. Yet there is something gained when there is international agreement about anything, no matter how small. And there could be agreement about a calendar and about the placing of at least a few holidays.

The imagination jumps ahead a little. May not the time some day come when there will be holidays that belong to the whole human race and are celebrated with equal zest at the same periods in every land on the face of the earth? These might be linked with the changing seasons but they might commemorate victories and great occasions which are human, not na-

**PRINCESS . . .**

(Continued from page 36)

ner in the hotel dining room—that had been specified. But she didn't want food. She wanted John Harvey; she wanted the comfort of his arms and his trust. Or even if he didn't trust her any more, she wanted him. He *must* understand; they fight things through together. But John Harvey was two hundred-odd miles away—and she had been warned not to make telephone calls.

The first thing to do was to get out of this place; get away where Colonel Babcock would not find her. She counted the money in her purse, feverishly—twelve dollars and some change. Twelve dollars wouldn't take her very far. But it would take her somewhere where she could think in peace.

Could she bribe a chambermaid to change clothes with her for twelve dollars? But then she would have no money. She held her head in her hands, trying feverishly to think.

For Billy and the Malloy woman mustn't get away with it, not while she had a drop of blood or a breath of life. John would see it her way when she explained it to him—he must. It would take lawyers and money—a lot of money. It would mean trying to find old servants who'd know her when she was a child, and hiring hand-writing experts and taking journeys.

It was disgraceful not to have an identity stamp, a birthmark, some absolute identification. When John and she had children, she would insist upon that. Fingerprints! She stiffened for a moment, and then slumped back. No use. She had never had her fingerprints taken. And Nora Malloy's, not hers, would be on the things in her bedroom.

It would be a long fight—years, possibly—but it must be fought. She would buy those years from John's life—pay him richly for them. Later on, he could have the best laboratory in the world. If he failed her, even so she would have to fight. But he mustn't fail her. And she knew that he wouldn't.

Meanwhile, there was something at the back of her mind—something that had flashed and gone again when she thought of fingerprints. Some quick solution that would make the fight half won. What was it? She pressed her hands to her temples.

[To Be Concluded Next Month.]

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tional—some great epoch in the conquest of disease, some great liberating invention, the first steps toward the abolition of war.

Time and holidays are both, in a way, human devices, of interest and concern the world over. They might be made of real service as a means of breaking down the barriers between peoples.

### "MAKE A WISH"

First we introduce WISIL-ING GAME. All that is needed are slips of paper (two to each person) and pencils or pens. A slip is given to each of the guests who desire to join the game and he or she writes his or her name on it, then folds the paper and drops it into a hat or box. Then a second slip is given to each guest. On the inside he or she writes a wish or resolution and his or her name on the outside. This slip is also folded and dropped into another hat or box. The hostess may start with any guest, asking him or her to draw a slip from the first hat or box. The person whose name appears on this slip becomes the *Questioner*. A slip is drawn from the other box or hat; the person whose name appears on the outside of this slip becomes the *Questioned*. The *Questioner* tries to guess the content of the folded slip of the *Questioned* by asking him or her only 10 questions. If the *Questioner* guesses the wish or resolution, he or she is in line for a prize. If the wish is not guessed, the paper is not unfolded, but is kept by the *Questioned*. After all slips have been drawn, anyone who thinks that he or she can guess any of the wishes left unguessed may volunteer to try and is allowed 5 questions. If he or she fails, another may volunteer and is allowed 3 questions. If the wish is still unguessed, a fourth volunteer may ask two questions, and a fifth may ask one. Those whose wishes were not guessed draw a prize each—and then tell their unguessed wishes or resolutions. The *Questioner* who guessed a wish by asking the least number of questions is also given a prize. The hostess acts as a scorer.

### GRAB

This is a modern version of the well-known "pares-pares".

Small objects, such as buttons, clips, matches, safety pins, are placed in the center of the table around which the players sit. The cards are shuffled and equal number of them are dealt to each player.

The first person chosen exchanges a card with the person to his or her right or in turn exchanges a card with the person next to him or her, and so on around the table. The first person to have a pair of matched cards grabs an object from the pile in the center of the table. The player who has grabbed the highest number of objects is the winner and is awarded a prize. Pieces of candy or coins may be used instead of objects and serve as prizes at the same time. Needless to say, the player who pairs the highest number of matched

hat at equal distances from it. Ten cards are allowed to each player. The one who has the highest number of cards in the hat is the winner.

This game may sound easy, but try it.

### MATCH STICKS on BOTTLE

This game used to be a craze in the United States. The equipment needed for each player is a bottle (for soft drink, for instance) and match sticks. The player starts with 4 sticks, arranging them in a square, the ends crossed, on the open mouth

a pencil. The guests, one after the other, writes what he or she thinks of the "victim". After a player has written his or her opinion, the top of the sheet of paper is folded over the writing before it is given to another player. When all have given their opinions, the victim reads what the others have written about him or her and guesses the author of each. Then another "victim" is chosen.

Another way: As many sheets of paper as there are players are produced by the hostess and the names of the players written on top (one name on each sheet) for identification. A sheet (not bearing his or her name) is given to each guest who proceeds to write down what he or she thinks of the person whose name appears at the top. This sheet is passed on to the next person. When all the sheets are filled, the hostess or the leader reads them one by one.

### SLOGANS

This is our favorite game. Only those who are regular readers of advertisements in the newspapers and magazines can participate in this game successfully.

The leader starts the ball rolling by giving a slogan of a n y product — automobile, food, movie, cigarette, etc., then the others guess the product advertised with this slogan. For instance: *The y Satisfy*, which of course refers to Chesterfield cigarettes, *Best by Test* (Apo Cement), *I'd Walk A Mile For a—* (the guessers supply the missing word). The player whose slogan is not guessed is the winner. Needless to say slogans must be authentic and not just made up. Any doubtful one should be looked up.

## Games To Play

WHEN YOU ARE BORED OR WHEN FRIENDS DROP IN AT YOUR HOUSE

cards gets the most candy or money.

### CARDS into HAT

Here is another game to be played with a pack of cards. Only men may participate (to show how good their aim is) but ladies may also try their hands at it.

The players may take turns, one at a time, or play together. In the first case, the player sits on a chair, leaning forward a bit, his right elbow on his right knee, at any agreed distance from a hat (brim up) placed on the floor. He tosses the cards one by one into the hat. The player who succeeds in making the highest number of cards fall into the hat is the winner.

When several players play together, they sit around the

of the bottle. Then one by one sticks are arranged on top of this foundation until you have a pyramid or a ball. When the pyramid or the ball topples over, the number of sticks are counted. Known record: 200 sticks. One needs a very steady hand in this game.

When several persons play at the same time, staging a marathon, the first one to finish using a specified number of sticks or the one whose pyramid or ball lasts the longest, is declared the winner.

### THE AWFUL TRUTH

Those who are sensitive are requested not to join this game.

One way: A person is chosen the victim. The hostess produces a sheet of paper and

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### WHY NOT SPREAD

(Continued from page 7)

also train them in virtues which will be useful to them in their later life, our parenthood will be worthier the name.

And this — if we follow Maxine Davis' idea, and adopt it among our children, will be a "merry christmas" for the little tots the whole year round.

**I**F people could be made to realize that flowers are living, breathing things thriving under proper care and fading and dying with neglect, the problem of how to keep flowers fresh for a reasonably long period would be solved.

Like human beings, they respond to attention, and through the observance of some simple fundamental rules paralleling those of human health, they can be made to live longer than if permitted to shift for themselves like neglected children.

Thought should be given to the method of cutting them from the plants if you have a garden. Different kinds of flowers have their own requirements and should be cut at the stage of their development: gladiolus when the fist bud opens; peonies as the outer petals unfold; roses when the buds are fairly soft; poppies the night before they open; asters when about half open; and most other flowers just before reaching full bloom. Cut the stems with a sharp knife, not with dull scissors; many blossoms do not last well when broken from the plants. Flowers which are susceptible to wilting should be cut in the morning or evening, when the tissues are filled with sap.

Having cut a flower and thereby wounded the stem, treat the wound as you would that of a human—but with a difference. When you cut your hand, nature begins to heal the wound or bruise, by sealing it. A cut flower, permitted to have its stem exposed to the air even for a few minutes, might almost as well never be placed in water, for the healing or sealing action of nature begins to work at once. Therefore, plunge the stems into water almost to the base of the blossoms immediately after they are cut. Do not attempt to arrange flowers for at least two hours. Certain flowers, like poinsettia, “bleeds”. In this case, it is well to sear the ends by passing them through a flame or dipping them in boiling water for a moment before putting them in water.

## How To Treat Cut Flowers

In placing flowers in a container be sure that it is spacious enough to permit circulation of air and proper absorption of water. Jamming them into a narrow vase “chokes” the flowers and shortens their life.

Flowers should not be kept in the draught of an open window or door, or an electric fan. Nor should they be exposed to bright sunlight.

Water in vases or other containers should be changed daily to prevent accumulation of bacteria making the water foul. It can be kept pure by adding a bit of charcoal or three drops of formalin to every quart of water. When changing the water, cut half an inch or so from the ends of the stems with a clean, slanting cut. This reopens the water absorbing vessels and enables the flowers to take in a new supply. Stems cut squarely are likely to rest flat on the bottom of the container and defeat this objective.

Leaves which would be submerged should be removed

from stems, especially in the case of such flowers as dahlias, which become foul quickly.

If low, broad vases or containers are used, fresh water should be added frequently to make up for the increased evaporation.

If it is possible to place the vase in a refrigerator over night, do so, for the low temperature will keep the flowers from opening too quickly and thereby prolong their life.

Many times flowers which have been kept out of water longer than usual and which, as a result, show signs of wilting, can be revived by a simple method. Place the stems in water in a broad receptacle such as a pail or the sink, and cut the stems an inch or so back under water and with a sharp knife; then do not remove them from the water until they have revived. Another method is to plunge the stems into deep, cold water, almost up to the blossoms but not so as to wet the

flowers. Then place the container in a cool, dark draughtless room for several hours.

Corsages, bouquets and other made up flower arrangements to be worn or carried should be left in the florist's box as received until time to use them. The box should be kept in a cool place or, if possible, in the ice box.

### Mango's Taste, To a Foreigner

**WHENEVER** I ate a mango I racked my brain to define the flavor of the fruit. At last I came to the conclusion that the yellow, very juicy and rather slimy pulp has a flavor of gherkin, apricot, and egg, with the addition of just a dash of turpentine. After eating mangoes one must not drink milk or alcohol, or serious illness may result. It is best to be cautious in eating all tropical fruits, and the newcomer will do well to acclimatize himself for six months before eating mangoes, or jacas, or abacaxis—as the pineapple is called in Brazil. Further it is important that both the fruit and the eater be cool. It is dangerous to eat fruit hot from the sun on the tree. The Brazilians prefer to eat fruit in the morning, even in their bath: a custom which has its advantages, for then the juice of the fruit cannot spoil their clothes. The juice of the cashew-fruit, a relative of the mango, leaves an indelible stain.

—Konrad Guenther

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Blanche E. Welling Describes

## A SIMPLE BUDGET

That Will Enable You To Run Your Home On A Business Basis

**A**FTER years of experience I learned that any budget plan to be a success in my home over any appreciable length of time must be kept as simple as possible. Gradually I have worked out a simple plan which has been very easy to use, yet entirely practical over a period of more than ten years. Its operation is even simpler than the explanation sounds, and this is how it works:

Each year I take a fresh notebook (one that opens out flat like a book is the best), and I write the date on the first page.

On the next page I make a list of all the big occasional bills to be paid during the coming twelve months. This includes such major items as various kinds of insurance, taxes, vacations, expensive items of clothing and any other big expenses not easily paid out of one month's income.

After I have completed this list of annual expenditures, I add up the figures and divide the total amount by the number of months in the year. The resulting amount is deposited every payday in a special savings account which I keep only for the specific purpose of paying these big expenses. Of course if our paydays are weekly or semimonthly I base my figures accordingly. This amount is always the first item on the budget plan I make out each month.

### Each Month Is Different

The next step in my budgeting is to plan for a proper division of our income each month, so on the following page of my budget booklet I make out a plan for one month's expenditures. Each month is different, so I make out a new plan each month in the year. I do not list every minor detail, because

experience taught me that this was one of the things that made my former budget systems burdensome or even failures. Moreover, my figures are usually only approximate amounts, and I do not worry if the actual bills are a few cents more or less than the amounts I estimate.

I allow a certain sum to miscellaneous: this item covers small emergencies and differences that are bound to come up during the month. The plan also allows a reasonable amount for my husband and me for personal expenses, and out of this amount each of us takes care of dozens of small expenditures each month, and thus we avoid another large and troublesome amount of detail.

On the page opposite my monthly budget plan, I record the payment of most of the important expenditures. I sometimes even make note of names and addresses of business firms, and these memorandums which may

prove beneficial for future reference. Often I jot down the number of miles covered as well as the money spent while on a certain trip. In fact, looking back over my old budget memorandum pages is very much like reading a diary.

### Where Do We Stand?

The items listed on my monthly plan are crossed out as they are paid. I insert the date and state the exact amount only when I think it necessary; but I keep all canceled checks and receipted bills for a certain length of time, usually until the next bill from the same firm has been received. This simple method of recording

expenditures has proved itself entirely satisfactory over a period of many years. Furthermore, by avoiding unnecessary detail, the keeping of a household budget book has become a pleasure to me instead of a burden.

Finally once a year I make out a financial statement showing the condition of money affairs in our home on that date. This usually occupies the last page in my budget notebook. In our case as in the majority of cases, I imagine, this is a very simple thing to do. I merely make out a list of our assets and then another list of our liabilities. I subtract the one from the other, and then I have in black and white the figures that tell how much we are worth financially year after year.

The natural time to start using a budget plan in the home seems to be around the first of the year, but there is no reason why one cannot be started at any time. Business concerns, clubs, churches and government departments start their at a time best suited to their needs. Why shouldn't a home, the most important business on earth, do the same thing?

More and more men and women are realizing they should run their home finances on a business basis, and the secret of making a success of this important undertaking is to keep the budget plan as simple as possible and then stick to it. Take time to plan today and you will avoid a great many of tomorrow's worries.

## BARTER

By Sara Teasdale

*Life has loveliness to sell—  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Climbing fire that sways and sings,  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.*

*Life has loveliness to sell—  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,  
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star in the night.*

*Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count for cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost.  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have or could be.*

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**"WOMEN OF THE . . ."**  
(Continued from page 10)

tention cell.

We must not forget *Paciencia Latuja*, who occupied much space in the metropolitan newspapers when she stabbed to death (with a mere sharpening knife) a masher who had been bothering her with his unwelcomed attentions. She was accused of homicide but was released when the judge ruled that she acted in self-defense. Chief of Police Torres took advantage of the publicity given to this case to warn girls and women to give mashers who abound in Manila their "due," as *Paciencia Latuja* did.

**CANDON: First In War, First In Peace**

**M**ANILA may very well sing praises to her sweetheart, *Miss Carmen Planas*, Cavite may justly applaud her *Mrs. Cristina Aguinaldo-Suntay*, and San Jose, Mindoro, may point with pride to *Mrs. Olga Vargas* and *Mrs. Juanita R. Punzalan* who sit in the town council. But Candon, Ilocos Sur, has a better reason to be proud of. She has three women in her Municipal Council, one of them, *Mrs. Agripina L. Gacusan*, obtaining the greatest number of votes ever cast for a Municipal Councilor in the history of Candon elections, Police and Treasury department reports both certifying to the same, and all adding machines functioning smoothly without a hitch. The other two women elected are *Mrs. Potenciana Valdez* and *Mrs. Fulceda Abaya-Gray*.

*Mrs. Gacusan* is a vernacular writer of no mean repute and a prominent social worker and suffragette. She contributes poems, stories, and plays to the *Bannaway*, biggest Ilocano weekly, and her plays have been very successful. *Mrs. Valdez* is a former school teacher and an out and out suffragette. She is at present a retail merchant. *Mrs. Gray* is not a novice in the game of politics. Her husband is *Salvador Gray*, former Member of the Provincial Board of Ilocos

**Teaching Adult Illiterates**

Is a Full-time Job, Says Mr. Paterno Villanueva of the U.P. College of Education.

**"B**UT I like the work", he continued musingly, so much so that I am thinking of doing more on it if I get a chance abroad." We were immediately interested particularly since we had heard that the Yale University was offering fellowships specially on that line of education. But Mr. Villanueva would not open up willingly on the subject, so that we had to keep a discreet silence. We looked questioningly at the letter of Yale catalogues and official-looking documents with Yale letterheads. "Yes," he answered our unspoken query. "Yale does offer a good graduate course in Adult Education. But their requirements are pretty stiff. Good undergraduate grades (we were sure Mr. Villanueva could handle that requirement) and a reading knowledge of French and German". And he added, "I must begin working on my French," giving himself away.

The Yale University, it appears, is interested in encouraging students to work on Adult Education projects, and is welcoming students on

Sur and three times elected Municipal President of Candon.

That Candon should choose to elect three women to her council is not in the least surprising. For Candon is used to lead in many things. Just as the First Cry of the Revolution was made at Balintawak for the Tagalog region, so was the first cry for freedom made at Candon for the Ilocano region. The municipality of Candon ranks

fellowships, particularly those coming from countries whose illiteracy percentage is conspicuously high. "China, for instance." Mr. Villanueva continued, "show illiteracy figures that the Westerners feel should be improved. In this connection, many foreigners, sometimes, just naturally assume that the Chinese are a stupid race. But they fail to see that the Chinese who can't read usually have had no opportunity to learn." We remarked that the same thing may be true of the Filipino illiterates. "Exactly!" he returned enthusiastically. "Now if a Chinese student is accepted in Yale for this fellowship, all he can really learn would be general ways and means of approach which he could adopt for teaching his illiterate people, for, of course, their alphabet is so different from ours."

He wanted to talk about the "methods of attacks" used in the U. P. campaign against illiteracy. "We are maintaining projects in several localities, in Pateros, in Stanta Cruz, Laguna, Pasig, Tondo, Paco, Ermita, Polo, Cabuyao, and in Sta. Maria, Laguna. In these places, U.P.

first in the amount of income, in the production of sugar and coconuts for the entire province of Ilocos Sur. The only second class municipality and the only town with women councilors in the whole province of Ilocos Sur, it is the first and only municipality in the entire Commonwealth with three women councilors. Such is Candon, first in war and first in peace.

—By Teodoro Ayson.

personnel actually make the trips to do the teaching. Other places like Cardona, Bifang, Baguio, Isabela, Antique, Masbate, Tarlac, and Pangasinan have to depend upon volunteers to whom are provided literacy and citizenship materials." We wanted to know about the projects which we vaguely surmised might be complimentary to, if not identical with, the Federation projects along the same line. "Well, we have reading and writing, citizenship training, character education, current events, dress-making, flower-making, fabric and glass-painting, knitting, cooking, horticulture, poultry, shoe-making, and making of useful articles out of coconut shell and husks." An ambitious program, we thought, but Mr. Villanueva assured us that it was making headway everywhere. "You see, the people who are in this work are volunteers and put a great deal of enthusiasm and good will into their self-appointed tasks. There are many problems, however, which come up every and then," he sighed almost wearily. "Such as attendance. We have to do a lot of coaxing. Many of our pupils are quite mature, and have to be reasoned with to persuade them to come to the classes. They make all sorts of excuses, such as their work, the seeming uselessness of learning how to read and write. We even have to fight off odd suspicious beliefs and superstitions regarding excess knowledge!" But they go on, these modern knights who battle not against infidels, but against ignorance. "You know why we like the work? It takes us out of the routine of our school teaching and brings us face to face with real, actual living. We get to know every interesting people, and interesting stories. We start, for instance, by teaching a man to read and end up by helping him to combat the insect pests in his crops. They also have many useful, practical suggestions about farming or fishing that are worth while taking note of. And then, of

(Continued on next page)

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### Official Candidates For Miss Philippines

Conchita Yulo: *Woman's Home Journal*; Alicia Dreyfus: *La Vanguardia*; Marina T. Lopez: *Philippine Collegian*; Amada de Leon: *Manila Daily Bulletin*; Alicia Villareal: *Woman's World*; Guia Balmori: *Philippine Herald*; Conchita Sotelo: *Philippine Reader's Digest*; Virtudes Guinto: *Motor Review*; Glorin Mijares: *Agricultural Life*; Nemesia Magno: *Cultura*; Lydia Velasco: *Ilocos Times*; Lydia Unson: *Far Eastern Advocate*; Evelina Kalaw: *Panorama*; Lydia Varona: *Campus Leader*; Carmencita Chuidian: *Baguio Magazine*; Rosario Calvo: *Nueva Era*; Amparo Sotelo: *Liwayway*; Amparo Hernandez: *Hiwaga*; Remedios Kipping: *El Comercio*; Dolores Hernandez: *Monday Mail*; Nena Ampil: *Orient Digest*; Alicia Villanueva: *La Union*; Amelia Reyes: *Philippines Progress*; Milagros Lebunfael: *Biaya*; Felina G. Mapa: *Guiwang Silangan*; Lina Obieta: *Excelsior*; Maxima Carmelo: *Promenade*; Rosario Ferrio: *Taliba*; Girlie Martinez: *Songs and Shows*; Natty Angeles: *Literary Song Movie*; Fe Lacon: *Commonwealth Magazine*; Ofelia Lizares: *El Tiempo*; Natty Osorio: *El Debate*; Mena Escudero: *Pahnan*; Gloria Tescon: *Luanang*; Corazon Paras: *Ing Katipunang*; Lilia de Jesus: *Philippines*; Lily Mendaros: *Insular Courier*; Remedios Araneta: *Iloilo Times*; Inocencia Kasilag: *Mindanao Herald*; Julieta Ledesma: *Photo News*; Amparing Gutierrez: *The Builder*; Jean Maria Urquico: *Business and Finance*; Celia Teodoro: *Mabuhay*; Elisea Laperal: *Pioneer Herald*; Pilar Taddy: *Philippine Women's Magazine*; Josefina Cuaycong: *The Riteer*; Natividad Pardo: *Perlas ng Silangan*; Daisy Hontiveros: *Cinema Magazine*; Arsenia Francisco: *Extra Liwayway*; Helen Dosser: *Khaki and Red*; Felicidad Santos: *Bandila*; Georgina Escamilla: *Informacion*.

### Balls

Saturday, February 5—Candidates' Ball  
 Saturday, February 12—Exposition Ball  
 Sunday, February 13—Cadets' Ball  
 Monday, February 14—Vogue's Night (Fashion Ball)  
 Tuesday, February 15—Proclamation Ball  
 Wednesday, February 16—Prosperity Ball  
 Thursday, February 17—Coronation Ball  
 Friday, February 18—Cooperation Ball  
 Saturday, February 19—Intercollegiate Ball  
 Sunday Afternoon, February 20—Children's Fancy Dress Ball  
 Sunday Evening, February 20—

## 1938 Philippines Exposition Notes

New Deal Ball  
 Monday, February 21—Visitors' Ball  
 Tuesday, February 22—U. P. Night  
 Wednesday, February 23—Exhibition of Rhumba and Tango  
 Thursday, February 24—Comparas Ball  
 Friday, February 25—Bohemian Night  
 Saturday, February 26—Varsity Night  
 Sunday, February 27—"Miss Philippines" Night

### Coronation Of Miss Philippines Or 1938 Legend

THE QUEEN MOTHER, Regent of the Kingdom of Baroxia, widow of the ill-fated King Augustus, announces to the court her abdication of the throne in favor of her daughter, the Princess.

It has been the traditional custom of the ancient sovereigns that in the process of the coronation of a royal princess as queen, the Queen Regent had to order by proclamation the appearance before Her Majesty of one thousand of the most beautiful young ladies of the kingdom. These thousand beautiful young ladies had to go into the forests on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year and collect the most beautiful spiders depositing them later in a huge glass case which was placed in the great reception hall as a means of foretelling the future of the kingdom.

On the morning of the eighth day, the Queen Mother, surrounded by her court in gala attire has to open the glass case, and if the spiders have built their cobwebs without flaw during the previous night, the Queen Mother selects the most beautiful and most perfect cobweb, places it on a platter to be delivered to the Royal Princess as a relic and an omen of a brilliant future for the kingdom. However, if during the night the spiders have built their cobwebs imperfectly, it was considered a bad omen for the kingdom. In this case, the spiritual adviser of the Royal Palace delivers the Royal Princess to an executioner who conducts her to a cave where for centuries a giant spider, the most poisonous known in the world, has lived. In this cave the Princess is locked to be eaten up by the giant spider.

When the much awaited eighth day comes, the Queen Mother accompanied by her entire court proceeds to the Great Hall and, after the usual ceremonies, she personally opens the glass case. With great rejoicing of the members of

the court, the Queen finds that all the cobwebs had been perfectly built. The Queen Mother immediately selects the most beautiful one and places it on a platter to be delivered to the future Queen of Baroxia, while the great tydings are being broadcast through the kingdom.

### Provincial Participation

Plans for the provincial participation in the Commercial and Industrial Fair of the 1938 Philippine Exposition are progressing satisfactorily, according to a preliminary report sent in by Rufino Luna, under-secretary of the interior who is directly in charge of the work of the department in connection with the fair. According to Mr. Luna, fourteen provinces have definitely advised the department of their decision to take part in the 1938 Exposition and a score more are expected to send their replies to the department's invitation to send exhibits to Manila in the next few days.

The list of participants so far includes Davao, Lanao, Mountain Province, Nueva Ecija, Laguna, Nueva Vizcaya, Sulu, Zamboanga, Bulacan, Rizal, La Union and Ilocos Sur. In addition to these provinces, some of the chartered cities, like Baguio, Davao and Zamboanga are expected to take part independently of the provinces in which they are located. Baguio has never failed to participate in commercial fairs as an independent unit and its exhibits have been among the greatest attractions of the fair every year.

The provincial participation this year will be as representative and as interesting as those of previous years, according to the department of the interior. The exhibits will give Exposition patrons a comprehensive idea of what is being done in the provinces in the way of promoting agriculture, trade and industries. The products of home industries, such as weaving, wood carving and other, promise to be of special interest both to Philippine residents and tourists.

### University Of The Philippines Exhibits

THE participation of the University of the Philippines in the Philippine Exposition this year will have as its principal theme the contribution of the state university to the agricultural development of the country. Progress in the development of new Philippine crops will be given special emphasis.

Practically all the colleges and

schools of the University are participating, their exhibits being intended to enhance the central idea above.

There will also be other exhibits from the several units of the institution. Among the important ones are the following: (1) Local products used in the manufacture of vaccines and sera for the prevention of diseases; (2) a model showing the management of marginal lands for the production of firewood; (3) role of fundamental researches in the actual manufacture of finished industrial products; (4) different methods of standardizing tiki-tiki and the various uses of forensic chemistry and its application in the solution of crimes; (5) the organization, functions, and usefulness of the Eterinary Science Clinics; and (6) food preparation of Philippine products.

### COUNT and Countess Keigo

Kiyoura, prominent members of the Japanese nobility, have arranged a total of seventy marriages during the sixty years of their own married life. Count Kiyoura, who is a former Premier, has a distinguished record as a statesman, but the figures show that his success in matchmaking has been even greater. Not a single marriage he arranged has yet ended in divorce, possibly because the couples abide by his wise counsels which he never modifies: "Be loyal and tolerant, respectful and loving to each other, and mind the end as much as the beginning."

### TEACHING ADULT...

(Continued from page 47)

course, the trips in the joggling U. P. jitney is good exercise,—for the bones."

The next moment he was very serious. "The government has allowed a P100,000 appropriation for the Office of Adult Education to use in its projects. The University of the Philippines is doing its level best to help in the work. I hear that the Federation of Women's Clubs has been doing a great deal also for the education of the masses. But our united forces are so inadequate. There is work to do, there is the will to do it, but do we have all the means necessary?" We did not need to answer his question.

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### Few Facts About the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL

1. It is the only magazine of its kind in the Philippines that has lived longest, having rendered successful, uninterrupted, recognized service for the last 13 years;
2. It is the official publication of an influential organization, the National Federation of Women's Clubs. The women all over the Philippines read it avidly in order to keep in touch with their leaders and other women in other provinces for the sake of their cause.
3. It reaches over 900 affiliated Women's Clubs scattered all over the country. Each Club has an average membership of from 60 to 70 women;
4. It is the mouthpiece of the women voters. A moulder of women public opinion, it will continue to play this role so that the women of this country may continue forging ahead, under one common banner, for greater progress;
5. The *Woman's Home Journal* played no little part in awakening the enthusiasm of the women voters, and is responsible in a large measure for the success of the Plebiscite.
6. It stands for the highest ideals of Filipino womanhood. It is included in the approved official list of publications for use in the Public Schools of the country;
7. Since its inception it has enjoyed the support of all classes of men and women, among whom are women leaders, business men and women, professionals, teachers, students, employees, merchants, nurses, housekeepers etc.;
8. Its regular advertisers are commercial firms, recognized for their progressiveness and leadership.

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Woman's Home Journal—January, 1938