

# Woman's HOME JOURNAL



V. 13, No. 1

May, 1938

20 Centavos

# Appetizing— Refreshing—



with the fragrance of the fresh fruit and pulp  
from which it is made—

That is the delicious refreshment and health  
beverage—delightful

**ROYAL TRU ORANGE**

It brings to you all the natural goodness and  
healthful benefits of sun-ripened golden oranges  
from California—

A product of the

## SAN MIGUEL BREWERY

# Libby's

## Cooked Corned Beef

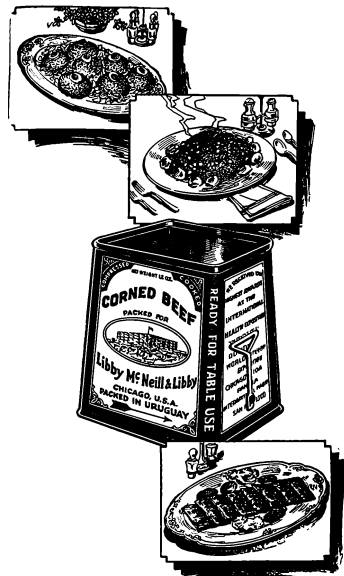
*Brings variety to every-day meals*

**THERE** are so many ways to serve Libby's Corned Beef—so many attractive dishes that may be prepared from it—that it has become a great favorite in homes throughout the Philippines. Slice it just as it comes from the tin—use it to make savory corned beef hash—in omelets—or warmed up with rice and vegetables.

## So convenient---easy to prepare

LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF is cooked, ready to serve right from the tin. It can be heated quickly, or used in any recipe for the preparation of meat. Look for the Libby label when you buy corned beef—one of the best food values your dealer offers.

*To get quality corned beef—always  
ask for "Libby's"*



# WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS OF THE PHILIPPINES

Vol. XIII, No. 1  
May, 1938

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### News, Views and Reviews

Minerva P. Guysayko  
(Editor)

Mrs. Geronima T. Pecson  
(Advt. and Business Manager)

Journal of Events .....	2
Message from Mrs. Pilar H. Lim .....	3
Among Ourselves .....	4
With Us ("Mother of Filipinos in California") .....	11
"Dear Mrs. Lim" .....	17
Women Abroad .....	22
Books and Authors by Pia Mancaia .....	23
Movie Section .....	24 & 25
Club News .....	26 & 27

### FROM COVER TO COVER

THIS month, we celebrate our twelfth birthday. (My, but we feel old; not many periodicals in the Philippines have lived this long.) Hence the new cover, the increased pages, and the special contents of the magazine this issue. We hope our thirteenth year will be a lucky one.

First our cover: The design was inspired by a pretty Christmas card that the editor received last December. To acquaint women abroad (yes, we do send the JOURNAL A L. abroad—to several large women's organizations in the United States and England) as well as our own readers of the different changes in our native costume, we have decided to show on our cover pictures of costumes worn by our women at different periods of our history, and in different sections of the country. Thus, this month we show a picture of Mrs. Victoria Araneta wearing the costume in vogue during the eighteenth century. This is now known as the Maria Clara costume and is characterized by its striped *sayo* (skirt) which falls in broad folds and has a short, wide train; the narrow, soft sleeves almost reaching the wrists; and the small *pañuelo* that almost covers the neck. Mrs. Araneta's costume is a genuine antique, the *camisa* and *pañuelo* of very fine *jusi* covered with fine hand embroidery. The antique jewelry is worth a small fortune. This photograph was taken by Murillo Studio.

The story FROM LOVE TO MOURNING is based on a real incident. One day the local papers carried a news item that a young man had committed suicide, for no apparent reason; he had a bright future, being a high-salaried employee in one of the Manila large business concerns. Those who were close to him, however, knew that he killed himself because of a woman,  
(Continued on page 52)

### Special Features

"We Look Before And After" by Pura Santillan-Castrenc .....	5
May Traditions .....	6
Early Days Of Club Work in the Philippines by Mrs. Pura Villanueva Kalaw .....	8
Still True To The Tradition .....	10
"A Home Away From Home" .....	14
Wings Over The Garden by Iris Brown .....	15
We're Twelve Years Old .....	16
Rain by Amelia Earheart .....	17
Tranquility by William Lyon Phelps .....	18
White Angel of Crimea by Herminia Ancheta .....	50

### Fiction

From Love To Mourning by Fidel de Castro .....	7
The Daring Young Man Of The Flying Trapeze by William Saroyan ..	9
Other Tomorrows (Playlet) by Julia Palarca .....	13
Children's Corner .....	19
Three Together (Serial) by Mary Hastings Bradley .....	20

### Fashion

Two Balintawak Costumes, Designed by Tito .....	28
The Bride's Bouquet .....	29

### Home Institute

How To Cook Vegetables .....	30
Favorite Foods of Movie Stars .....	31
Clean, Mend and Paint Your House Now .....	32
Bringing Up Children .....	34
Look To Your Carriage .....	36
Insects vs. Health .....	38
Shopping Guide .....	54

### Poems

All You Have Loved by Elaine V. Emans .....	37
Bear Me No Grudge by Herminio S. Ramirez .....	40
Loveliness by Eleanor Graham .....	46
This Is The Tragedy by Helen Frazee-Bower .....	44

WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL is published monthly by the **Woman's Home Journal, Inc.**, with editorial and business offices at **1132 California, Manila**. Entered as second class matter at the Manila Post Office. The subscription rates are: P2.00 for 1 year, P1.10 for 6 months, in the Philippines; \$1.50 for one year, \$.80 for 6 months, in the United States; \$2.00 for 1 year, \$1.10 for 6 months, in foreign countries. **Subscribers:** Report change of address or incorrect address direct to **Woman's Home Journal, Inc., P. O. Box 30, Manila**, two weeks before the change is to take effect, giving both the NEW and the OLD addresses. Missing copies should be reported to us not later than the end of the month of issue, otherwise orders for substitutes will not be filled.—Address all Correspondence to **Woman's Home Journal, Inc.**

## THE 1990 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IS ON



Manila's Martelino boys, rival candidates for the presidency in 1990, seem to have a little argument about the merits of their respective campaign promises.

**Says:—"Free IVORY SOAP for all babies will sweep me into office."**

**Says:—"Babies can't vote. My plan will be a trade with all the mothers—one bar of IVORY for one vote."**

**Says friend IVORY SOAP:—"Go to it, boys—regardless of the outcome, I can't lose. When you are sworn into office in 1990, I'll be right there with you."**



## Journal Of Events

**April 16:** The chamber of deputies (Mexico) today approved President Cardenas' project for issuance of a twenty-four million dollar internal loan of national redemption to pay the 17 foreign oil companies for their properties in Mexico expropriated by the government.... President Roosevelt today put the New Deal's second recovery program into high gear in the face of impending assault from Republicans. His gigantic relief program provided for the expenditure of seven billion dollars.... Pope Pius today canonized three new saints in the most elaborate Easter service in St. Peter's church. The new saints are Salvador de Horta, a Spanish lay Franciscan, Andrea Bohola, a Polish jesuit, and Giovanni Leonardi, an Italian priest.

**April 17:** Europe rejoiced over the approval of a treaty between Italy and England. Both English and Italians believed their friendship protocol, ending three years of constant bickering, was one of the most important moves in years. It was understood that France also desired an agreement with Italy similar to the Anglo-Italian pact... The Roumanian ministry of interior today announced the discovery of a nation-wide plot against the government by the Nazi-inclined Iron Guard... A Chinese Joan of Arc was reported leading ten thousand men in battle against the Japanese forces on the southern Tientzen-Pukow railway front. The woman not identified by name but described as a stern woman of about thirty years, was formerly a handit leader. Some of her present troops are former members of the "Red Spears" and the "Yellow Dragon Society" both of which consisted one hundred years ago of powerful groups of armed peasants organized into self-defense societies. The woman leader was described as an excellent marksman, who shoots with both hands, on horseback or afoot.

**April 18:** The National Assembly approved the four-year public works program with a total appropriation of P97,126,800. This huge sum will be taken out of the proceeds of the excise tax collected on coconut oil shipments to the United States, now on deposit in the United States treasury to the credit of the Philippine government. Each assemblyman is allowed in this bill P100,000 for public improvements in his district—such as roads, bridges, public buildings and water supply projects. Among the most important national projects is the construction of a network of inter-provincial roads in Mindanao which will make the interior of the Island easily accessible to travelers and home-seekers

from other parts of the Philippines.

**April 19:** Insurgent General Franco declared today in a speech broadcast throughout Spain that the insurgents had already won the civil war. The general appealed to the government to abandon its struggle. However, heavy fighting continues along the Mediterranean coast.

**April 20:** Severe earthquakes which shook Turkey rendered 50,000 homeless and 800 dead. Refugees fled from suddenly opened crevices in the earth which emitted boiling water. Eighteen villages were obliterated and twenty-two others badly damaged. Whole families, most of them women and children, were buried in the debris... Dictator Josef Stalin of Russia today signed an order stopping mass expulsions of peasants from their farms for trivial reasons in the pretext of purging the farms of elements hostile to the government.

**April 21:** Davao's mysterious fleet of 22 destroyers were 17 Japanese whaling ships, Captain Kantaro Okamoto, master of an oceanic whaling company depot ship, revealed... Spanish loyalists in Catalonia, making a last stand defense against advancing nationalist columns, ordered all young men of 18 to shoulder arms and enter military service before April 27... The Quezon Preventorium of the White Cross, Inc. which is located on Santolan, opened its doors, admitting 20 children of tubercular parents. Mrs. Victoria Lopez Araneta is the founder and president of the White Cross. The preventorium has an initial capacity of 300. The children will be allowed to stay here for 3 years.

**April 22:** Great Britain formally informed the League of Nations today that she is constructing battleships exceeding the London Naval Treaty's 35,000-ton limit because of Japan's reported construction of super-warships.

**April 23:** The recent report of the presence of another mystery flotilla off the coast of Curimao, Iloos Sur, was confirmed at the bureau of customs by a telegram from a customs agent at that port, stating that about 20 warships were sighted off Curimao.

**April 26:** Commissioner of Public Safety Leon Guinto announced the establishment of a state police training center in each province for the training of national police forces in law enforcement and crime detection.... The Philippine Army announced the existence of an alleged subversive organization known as "It Is Come" which consists of 3,000 members in the friar owned Hacienda Buenavista in San Jose, Bulacan.

(Continued on page 48)



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

HEADQUARTERS: 1132 CALIFORNIA CORNER SAN MARCELINO  
P. O. Box 80 MANILA TEL. 5-77-81

### OFFICERS

Mrs. PILAR H. LIM  
*President*

Mrs. SOPIA R. DE VEYRA  
*1st Vice-President*

Mrs. F. O. CADWALLADER  
*2nd Vice-President*

Mrs. JOSEFA LL. ESCODA  
*Secretary*

Mrs. GERONIMA T. PECSON  
*Treasurer*

Mrs. JULIA V. ORTIGAS  
*Asst. Treasurer*

### MEMBERS

#### Board of Directors

Miss BESSIE A. DWYER

Mrs. N. ALMEDA-LOPEZ

Miss ROSARIO OCAMPO

Mrs. LAURA SHUMAN

Miss ALICIA QUIRINO

Mrs. ROSA SEVILLA ALVERO

Mrs. PURA V. KALAV

Mrs. JOSEFA JARA MARTINEZ

Mrs. CONCEPCION P. RODRIGUEZ

Dear Friends,

We are extremely grateful for the support which the women all over the Philippines are giving to the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL. The Board of Directors want to take this opportunity to thank them for their cooperation and to assure them that their magazine, in turn, will try its very best to be of maximum service to them by striving to disseminate all the available useful information of social, cultural, or political interest.

We are all conscious, of course, of the need of such timely information, not only that we women might keep abreast of the times, but also so that we may use whatever influence we have to safeguard community interests, to promulgate civic-mindedness among our people, and to act as "peace-makers" in this period of social unrest. The Philippines, relatively speaking, is a haven of peace and prosperity. And yet it is not entirely untouched by the tumult and unrest sweeping the rest of the world. It would be a backward country were it to remain completely passive to outside movements. Yet, whether or not these nervous social upheavals which we are feeling around us are a sign of progress, it is up to the women to see that they do not produce disastrous results. Again they must act as the "brake", as the "shock-absorber" between whatever clashing forces are at work. Our magazine stands for all this—and for more, as it helps to educate, by informing the women of progressive movements abroad as well as about our own strides towards improvement in our club projects.

The WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL can better serve this purpose if all women will cultivate the habit of reading. Our list of readers has steadily grown during this twelve years of our existence. And, you will make us very happy by asking more and more of your friends to be among our regular readers.

Cordially yours,

*Pilar H. Lim*  
President

## Among Ourselves...

*THE Triennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America was held from May 10 to May 17 of this year in Kansas City. The keynote of the Convention "Education for Living" was carried on throughout the series of addresses, forums, lecture, and general discussions of the Federation in which some of the most brilliant and well-known women and men of America and of the Continent took part. Among the important measures passed was a list of nice well thought-out resolutions whose subjects included Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws, National Parks, Hull Reciprocal Trade Treaties, Sanctity of Treaty Obligations, Tax Revision, Indian Welfare, Syphilis Control, Uniform State Narcotic Legislation, and Fiber Organization. These resolutions, while having a direct bearing only upon America's problems are significant in this fact: the important place that the American women's opinions have in the civic life of the country. Our problems may be different, —are, in fact, different,—but our women's attitude towards them should be the same, that of intelligent and whole-hearted cooperation in their solution.*

\* \* \*

*GENEVA'S decision on the Abyssinian question should be an eye-opener to all small nations. The League of Nations has definitely eschewed its prerogatives of standing for right rather than might, and has clearly shown the world its powerlessness to stand as a fair arbiter in protecting weak countries. What is a little nation like ours to do, therefore? Be prepared for contingencies. Be watchful and alert and keep up with world events so that we would not wake up to such an unwelcome surprise as an unprepared-for attack by a foreign power.*

*There is no doubt that the world's sympathy goes with the underdog, the weak people being crushed ruthlessly by the stronger one, but sympathy, while beautiful and wholesome, does not make up for the loss of one's country. Ethiopia has found that out. We cannot afford to learn our lesson the same way. Every nation, big or small, is counselling PREPAREDNESS. We must follow suit — it is the only way. And it is up to us women to back up our men in laying out this program of preparedness. And it is only the women who should be responsible for a sturdy and upright manhood and womanhood in this country.*

\* \* \*

*WE cannot let an anniversary go without congratulating ourselves on the progress the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL has been making. While this sounds too much like patting ourselves on the back, we should like to have our readers know that "people who count" have generously thrown bouquets our way — and gullible beings that we are, we cannot help but feel grateful all over, and very much encouraged. After all there is nothing like approval to bring the best out of any man. Or magazine.*

THE other day I lost an unfinished article. As soon as I was sure I could never find it again I also began to have the feeling that it must have been the best article I had ever written. I couldn't for the life of me reproduce it, for I had written it on the spur of the moment on a piece of wrapping paper which I must have thrown away afterwards. I cannot even remember which of the many subjects coursing continually in my mind had caught my fancy at the moment and made me take up my pencil and whatever piece of paper I could get hold of at once so that I would not lose the thread of my thoughts. Obviously, I must have been interrupted in my task, for I did not finish it—and now the thing I created so impulsively, so spontaneously, was lost. And it was still imperfect, incomplete, yet I felt that it must have been rather beautiful.

The poet said that we always "pine for what is not". Why, indeed, do we? Why must we, when it seems so much easier and simpler if we could enjoy wholeheartedly and without longings what we have, and can see and can hear around us? As a child, I had always dreamed that I should like to see other lands, and other peoples, live for a while where there was snow and hail, and where girls wore hats and bonnets. All my plans as I grew older were centered towards that supreme goal—one day I was going far away to lovely, strange places. My country was not enough for me; I looked about me and was dissatisfied. For the places beyond the seas were beckoning—...there was a fairyland peopled by wonderful beings who knew so much, and had fine, sensitive noses and a skin as fair as dawn. One day I was told that at last I was to go. My excitement knew no bounds—but already there was sadness in everything I did, for I was leaving home for the first time. One morning I woke up and everything that I saw was tinged with a beauty which I never was conscious of before—I was to part from this old trellis-covered verandah, and that lovely hen-coop which my mother had built, from this faded pink curtain through which I had so often looked at the ashen-grayness or the clear-blueness of the sky—and my heart grew heavy inside me.

But the lure of distant shores was inevitable, inexorable, and there it was, fascinating, cruel, ruthless. I followed, I came upon a land of wonderful promise, youthful, active, exuberant. For a time I was caught by its wonderfully swift-moving tempo — this was the life. The timelessness of Eternity which had seemed to be the keynote of my former existence was swept away in the rhythmic cadence of energetic spurts which characterized the life in this

## "We Look Before and After"

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thought.

From *To A Skylark*  
By Percy Bysshe Shelly

strange land. It was movement every minute of the day, restless, unreasonable, interminable movement which knew no respite. It seemed, indeed, that in this great country of unbounded spirits and opportunities the people even thought in ceaseless tireless action. Then one day the futility of it all broke in upon my consciousness, and I began to be critical of my surroundings. The quiet, peaceful serenity of my home-land began to take on a significance it never had before. The laziness and indolence which I used to note with such disdain assumed the dignified cloak of calm passiveness and meditative inclination. How one can fool oneself! I contrasted the jittery laughter of my new friends, the shrill, excited note of their conversation with the slow, measured, musical drawl of my relatives in the *barrios*; I visualized perfection in everything that my people did or thought or said, and gradually worked myself up into a veritable frenzy of homesickness. Nothing the strange land could offer quite came up to the idealized conception I had of home.

To other shores I went—to countries whose civilizations date back

this time there could be no flaw in existence. It did no take long to disillusion even such a credulous, fatuous foreigner as I was. I soon found out that the calm, the peace, even the poise, was only a cloak, a coat of veneer, so to speak, to hide a dreadful nervousness which was shaking the people. The dignified, gracious manner was a studied pose intended to cover suspicion, and fear, and anxiety. I was caught in this sinister atmosphere of feverish distrust and dread, dread of one's neighbors, dread of spies, dread of foreigners. I longed to get away. Even to get back to that land of perpetual, crazy motion was Heaven.

And now it is my native land again. The tiny roots that had grown into the soil of my foreign lands in spite of myself had to be wrenched loose, and covered at once with the soil of my country. The wrenching was painful; so was the transplanting. But, happily, the rootlets have taken firm hold again. Of nights, however, when the cold haze of the moon or the lazy straits of some foreign music remind me of distant evenings spent near a fireside of crackling logs and mysterious embers—there is a curious twist inside me that clutches and hurts, an inarticulate longing for Autumn colors and the sharp twang of crisp Spring air, a surging desire to see once more friends of a different hue and stature and language, clasp their hands and tell them once again: "Our friendship makes us alike. And the distance between us is nothing, for our thoughts of one another travel constantly and meet somewhere in the void where all is sweet and deep and precious understanding."

With these musings there are  
(Continued on page 52)



MRS. PURA SANTILLAN-CASTRENCE, the author of this charming essay.

from the earliest times, where the poise and calm of living seemed to be in harmony with the dignity and the serious mien of the people. That was the first impression. Again, for a while I thought that this was, indeed, the life. Music, art, sculpture, architecture in the highest order, culture with every sweep of the eyes—charm, graceful and majestic charm,—surely,

Everyone Is Buying The New

# ROYAL

## VEGETIZED

### MACARONI AND NOODLES

They contain all the vitamins of a fresh vegetable salad and the three assorted colors in each box will lend an added attractiveness to your menus. Give your family the benefit of this grand food improvement today.

Listen, Mother—

Sales Agents

## Getz Bros. & Co.

MANILA

**E**VEN the year has a favorite child, and who would contradict us when we say this is May? There are so many signs that show up May as the most favored month of the year. Nature does her part in this happy conspiracy, filling her evenings with the fragrance of flowers and her days with glorious sunshine. The very mood of May is mellow with romance, replete with festivity and charm. And because this is so, the most pleasant traditions are gathered about May, traditions that were founded on beauty and joy and the exhilarating spell of blooming things.

#### *Santa Cruz de Mayo*

Perhaps the most popular May tradition in the Philippines is the *Santa Cruz de Mayo*. For those who are young, May seems to exist just for the *Santa Cruz de Mayo*. This is especially true in the Tagalog regions where children look at the celebration as an evening continuation of their vacation play. The celebration also gives them a chance to take part in what approaches a costume pageantry held nightly under the sponsorship of prominent individuals in the community. Usually, for a start, the *Santa Cruz de Mayo* features small *sagalas*, who, with flowers in their hair and carrying miniature flags, swords, diplomas, and other objects with religious symbolism, walk self-consciously inside a trail of candles to the gay tune of the *Ave Maria*. The



One of the *aMy* traditions is the wearing of the Balintawak dress when making a pilgrimage to Antipolo. Left: Chita Zaragoza; right: Sonia Gamboa (Photo by Lyric Studio).

## MAY TRADITIONS

*Santa Elena*, the most important of *sagala* of all, holds a crucifix in her hand—the symbol by which the *Santa Cruz de Mayo* gains significance—which she later leaves at the house of one who will sponsor the next night of the *novena*.

Often, there are more than one *Santa Cruz de Mayo* celebration at a time. Vows

made in time of need inspire a great number of *Santa Cruz* celebrations, and the more there are, the merrier is the town. Some of these start from the games of children, who, in their innocence, divest the celebration of all solemnity and convert it into a pleasant game. The game, however, follows the same serious rituals so close-

ly that older people, intrigued by the beginning, take up the management in their own hands and continue the *novena*. They deck the pretty girls out in fragrant *sampaguitas*, buy numerous small candles, then with their own eyes, watch the marching of the procession, mumbling prayers the while to the crucifix in the hands of a young *Santa Elena*.

Some *Santa Cruz* celebrations start and end with a bang, literally bouyed up to exciting heights by the sound of music. The first night becomes the starting point of nine, eighteen, or even twenty-seven nights of merry-making. Games of skill and courage are enacted near the home of the *Hermana Mayor* whose turn it is to carry on the celebration. The procession is a gala affair, with imported beauties vying with local ones in gaining the admiration of crowds. The red-clad *banderada* is there, the somber *sentenciada*, the valiant Judith, the radiant Queen of Flowers, the beautiful *Santa Elena* and hosts of other splendidly turned out girls who represent historical or religious figures in the colorful pageant.

#### *The Pabitin*

But a word about the *balag* or *pabitin*. No discussion of the *Santa Cruz de Mayo* will be complete without mention of it. The *pabitin* is dedicated to fun pure and simple, unrelated to the ce-

(Continued on page 48)

**INDIAN HEAD**  
WHITE and FAST COLOR  
**CLOTH**

LOOK FOR —  
**INDIAN HEAD**  
ON EVERY YARD  
OF THE SELVAGE

**LYRIC STUDIO**

341 Dasmariñas, Manila  
Tel. 2-11-53

**MARIANO ANG, Prop.**

The Most Modern and Completely Equipped  
Studio — With Beauty Parlor — In Town.

*Day and Night Service*

# From LOVE



A Short Story

By FIDEL DE CASTRO

THE day the morning papers carried the news that Rico Moreno, poet and journalist, committed suicide in his apartment in Quia-po where he lived alone, those who knew him wondered what might have been the cause. He was a

quiet, young man who lived simply and rightly. He went to work on ordinary days and went to church on Sundays.

He never had any enemies. This was the reason why the police never suspected that he might have been murdered. There was no letter in his own handwriting explaining his act however, but the morning when the bootblack on the corner came to shine his shoes as he did everyday, he saw Rico Moreno sprawled on his bed with his mouth frothing and his face black all over, and under his bed, caught between his abaca slippers was a dark empty vial.

I was in the province when the news reached me. And what I felt then was not only intense sorrow for the loss of a good friend but a vast settling loneliness clapping down upon my heart like a huge thick cloud.

In college we chummed around much together not so much because it was a natural friendship that sprang between us but it was more of an intellectual affinity that bound us together resulting from the intenseness of our curiosity and the search for truth. We were students in philosophy and in our conversations we tore things, ideas and theories apart in the hope of understanding the natural order of things and Life. One who knew Rico Moreno like I did and aware of his sensitiveness for things metaphysical would have sweepingly averred that he might have ended his life to know the meaning of Death.

After college we worked together in the same Magazine which he edited. From the office at five we would loaf up and down the Escolta and then spend the early hours of the evening at the park,

talking about the arts, Life and Love.

Walking down along the Escolta on a quiet evening sparkling with a light drizzle, he pointed with his well-chiselled nose with the fierce sensitive nostrils, across the street to a very inconsequential closed wooden door whose top was burdened with shingles of practitioners and businessmen.

"There's the door," he said, casually but withal profound with feeling, "through which my love passes every day."

Such stray bits of conversation which were virtually lyrics of incomparable beauty were evidently expressions of his poetic temperament.

On another warm evening walking under the trees with his coat folded across the crook of his arm and his shirt wet with perspiration he made inspired incursions into the metaphysics of love.

"What is love?" he queried as though to himself. "Nobody knows what love is. Love cannot be known. And yet I feel that I love her. I am sure I love her. What is love?"

Such unmitigated questionings hinted of the bird-wingedness of the spirit within him.

But all these phenomenal upheavals of his soul took place after the day the artist in him discovered a rare specimen of feminine beauty and loveliness in Alicia Gomez' thumbs and nails. This was the day when love seeped into his heart like a turbid river and while he listened to her voice as she talked into the telephone and he sat there at his desk apparently reading, his whole being experienced a regeneration under the miracle of that soft tender voice. The lover in him rose like a Sam-

# to MOURNING



son wrecking down the walls of "a directionless existence" that had hitherto been atrophying his soul.

He was editing a manuscript for his magazine when the young secretary from the lawyer's office next to us came in thru the open door and stopped. "May I use the telephone?" she asked with a little shyness lurking somewhere about her. "Ours is out of order."

Alicia Gomez was a lovely young girl, with tender, innocent eyes and short hair gleaming like a halo. Her skin was fresh and delicate like the texture of a tear-rose after the rain. Rather small of stature, but perfectly formed, supple and full of grace, her body looked like the stalk of a flower.

But the flowering of her loveliness, the artist in him found, was in her shapely hands and lovely thumbs. In her nails was a lyrical exquisiteness and perfection of shape and form.

Rico Gomez became the great lover.

He sent Alicia flowers every Saturday, love poems every two days and drawings done in the surrealist manner once a month.

But when she was with him, he became the Sphinx. He became shy but his feelings were nice and good. His thoughts were beautiful and divine. If he could only

(Continued on page 41)

## THRILLING NEW LIP COLOURS FROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

Glamorous!... Exciting!... Irresistible!



Here are lip colours that really enchant. They're South Sea colours... the tropical enchantress' own secret reds found only in TATTOO. No, others are not like them! They are not only pulse-stirring reds, but they're beautifully transparent too. On you, they look like part of your lips. Captivating! Enhancing! And they really stay on your lips too... and keep them soft... smooth... luscious. TATTOO your lips today. See the five glamorous shades at your favourite store. Various sizes of TATTOO at prices that suit every purse. CORAL... EXOTIC... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAWAIIAN



**TATTOO**  
YOUR LIPS for romance!

## NEW CREAM DEODORANT

CHECKS PERSPIRATION INSTANTLY

Now, at last, here is a cream deodorant that is neither greasy nor sticky. Odo-ro-no Ice, just what women have been waiting for. Pat it on the underarm with your finger-tips; it is absorbed completely and quickly, leaving no stickiness, grease, or musty odour to spoil your clothes. Its own fresh odour of pure alcohol disappears at once.

Used according to directions, Odo-ro-no Ice frees you from perspiration odour and dampness. This means you need never worry about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll save on both clothes and cleaners' bills. Try it, you will be delighted with Odo-ro-no Ice. At all good chemists and stores.

Agents:

MULLER & PHIPPS (Manila) LTD.

National City Bank Bldg. Manila



ODO-RO-NO

Ice



# FIRST DAYS of LOCAL CLUB WORK

By PURA VILLANUEVA DE KALAW

WHEN President Woodrow Wilson, appearing before Congress, asked the American nation to join the Allies in the fight for Democracy, the nation's response was a solid backing of the President's stand. The Amer-



Mrs. Leonard Wood (center) with the 1921 NFWC board of directors: Mrs. Rosario Delgado, Mrs. Pura V. Kalaw, Miss Trinidad Fernandez (now Mrs. Benito Legarda), Maria Valdes (later Mrs. Ventura) and Miss Selim.

ican women too responded and took their duties side by side with their men. Not to be outdone, we, the Filipino women, also cooperated and showed our loyalty to America.

I remember well how we filled the rooms of the Manila Hotel and took turns at different tables, preparing bandages which were later sent to Europe by the thousands of packages. At my own table, then, were Mrs. Galicano Apaible, Mrs. Jorge Bocobo, Mrs. Rafael Palma and Miss Natividad Almada. I was so enthusiastic over the Americans that Mrs. Bocobo gave me an American flag as a souvenir of our work. The flag cost her P1.50.

We also sold Liberty Bonds. We offered prizes for the most collections to organized women groups and individuals. Somewhere I still keep the medal they gave me for selling the most Liberty Bonds, and the then Secretary of War even sent me a letter of thanks. I still have this letter, one of my few boasts.

Although we were already doing much for the cause of America, we still decided to secure the help of women in the provinces. Early in 1918, led by Mrs. Margaret Wrenmore, Mrs. Laura Shuman, Miss Bessie Dwyer, and Mrs. Horace B. Pond among the American ladies, we toured the provinces, from north to south, forming women's clubs. Our aim was to make the women feel their responsibility to stand by the side of America in her hour of need. On my part, I remember going as far as San Joaquin, in Iloilo, which is already on the border line between Antique and Iloilo. The women responded very nobly, although some in Talisay, Negros Occidental, remarked that after the organizing committee would leave, she was positive no one would come to the

meeting any more.

The next step we took was to make a campaign for the use of more home products. Today, this is called the NEPA movement. Our idea then was to avoid the consumption of foreign foodstuffs so that all the food produced in America could be sent over to Europe to feed the soldiers in the fighting front. As a member of the food committee, I was asked to prepare an elementary cookbook wherein ingredients used in the recipes would be limited to Filipino products. This I did, but with much difficulty, since I had no texts to consult except verbal instructions from women who were recognized cooks in their own localities. In its own way, these recipes were "tested". Mrs. Pond, president of the food campaign committee, cooperated in having the book printed. And so, the little cookbook, about three by five inches, was really the first printed matter distributed for use of club women of the Philippines.

As I have said before, the organizing committee of women's clubs was everywhere met with enthusiastic response. The women in the provinces were active and progressive, once they were organized. By 1919, around 300 clubs were formed, most of them active in welfare work. Then, during the Carnival season of 1919, the Ma-

nila Woman's Club called a convention. Representative women from each provincial club were sent as delegates. Mrs. Margaret C. Wrenmore was elected president of the first convention, and Miss Trinidad Fernandez, now Mrs. Benito Legarda, was elected secretary. These two were exceedingly capable and rendered real service to the organization in its early life. In 1921, during the third convention, it was decided that a permanent organization, entirely separate from that of the Manila Woman's Club, which was composed mostly of American women residents of the Philippines, was needed. Many new activities in the provinces called for the formation of a body that would lead and coordinate the work of the hundreds of women's clubs now organized. That was how the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines was formed. Mrs. Francisco Delgado was elected the first president. She presided over the Federation for two consecutive terms.

Aiming to unify the activities of the women's clubs and to awaken the ambitions of our women, we decided to publish a magazine as an organ of the Federation. The first number came out in October, 1922. *"The Woman's Outlook"* was edited in both English and (Continued on page 56)

## FOR LIPS THAT Allure



Use Tangee... watch the blush-rose of youth appear

Tangee with its magic Color-Change Principle changes from orange in the stick to blush-rose on your lips—the most youthful, appealing shade for you. Its cream base keeps lips soft and smooth and Tangee won't rub off.

Use Tangee Rouge and Face Powder for complete color harmony in make-up. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening ask for Tangee Theatrical.



Painted Glaring Lips Tangee Glowing Lips

# TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

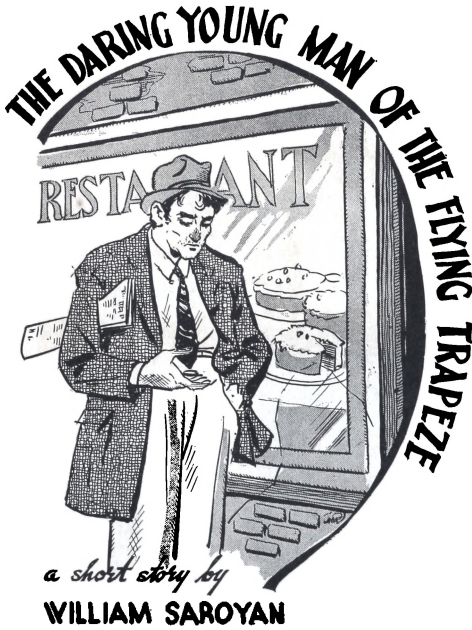


\* 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET  
P. O. Box 1345  
Manila  
Send Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature  
Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact,  
Crème Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose  
(25 cents.) stamps or coin.  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Country .....




**PICTURES ARE KNOWN BY!  
THE FRAMES THEY KEEP!**

**PICTURE FRAMING DEPT. PHILIPPINE EDUCATION CO.**



**I. SLEEP**  
**H**ORIZONTALLY wakeful amid universal widths, practising laughter and mirth, satire, the end of all, of Rome and yes of Babylon, clenched teeth, remembrance, much warmth volcanic, the streets of Paris, the plains of Jericho, much gliding as of reptile in abstraction, a gallery of watercolors, the sea and the fish with eyes, symphony, a table in the corner of the Eiffel Tower, jazz at the opera house, alarm clock and the tap-dancing of doom, conversation with a tree, the river Nile, Cadillac coupe to Kansas, the roar of Dostoyevsky, and the dark sun.

This earth, the face of one who lived, the form without the weight, weeping upon snow, white music, the magnified flower twice the size of the universe, black clouds, the caged panther staring, deathless space, Mr. Eliot with rolled sleeves baking bread, Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant, a Wordless rhyme of early meaning, Finlandia, mathematics highly polished and slick as a green onion to the teeth, Jerusalem, the path to paradox.

The deep song of man, the shy whisper of someone unseen but vaguely known, hurricane in the cornfield, a game of chess, hush the queen, the king, Karl Franz, black Titanic, Mr. Chaplin weeping, Stalin, Hitler, a multitude of Jews, tomorrow is Monday, no

dancing in the streets.

O swift moment of life: it is ended, the earth is again new.

**II. WAKEFULNESS**

**H**E (the living) dressed and shaved, grinning at himself in the mirror. Very unhandsome, he said; where is my tie? (He had but one.) Coffee and a gray sky, Pacific Ocean fog, the drone of a passing streetcar, people going to the city, time again, the day, prose and poetry. He moved swiftly down the stairs to the street and began to walk, thinking suddenly. *It is only in sleep that we may know that we live. There only, in that living death, do we meet ourselves and the far earth, God and the saints, the names of our fathers, the substance for remote moments; it is there that the centuries merge in the moment, that the vast becomes the tiny, tangible atom of eternity.*

He walked into the day as alertly as might be, making a definite noise with his heels, perceiving with his eyes the superficial truth of streets and structures, the trivial truth of reality. Helpless his mind sang, *He flies through the air with the greatest of ease; the daring young man on the flying trapeze; then laughed with all the might of his being. It was really a splendid morning: gray,*

cold, and cheerless, a morning of inward vigor; ah, Edgar Guest, he said, how I long for your music.

In the gutter he saw a coin which proved to be a penny dated 1923, and placing it in the palm of his hand he examined it closely, remembering that year and thinking of Lincoln whose profile was stamped upon the coin. There was almost nothing a man could do with a penny. I will purchase a motorcar, he thought. I will dress myself in the fashion of a fop, visit the hotel strumpets, drink and dine, and then return to the quiet. Or I will drop the coin into a slot and weigh myself.

It was good to be poor, and the Communists—but it was dreadful to be hungry. What appetites they had, how fond they were of food! Empty stomachs. He remembered how greatly he needed food. Every meal was bread and coffee and cigarettes, and now he had no more bread. Coffee without bread could never honestly serve as supper, and there were no weeds in the park that could be cooked as spinach is cooked.

It the truth were known, he was half starved, and yet there was still no end of books he ought to read before he died. He remembered the young Italian in a Brooklyn hospital, a small sick clerk named Mollie, who had said desperately, I would like to see California once before I die. And he thought earnestly, I ought at least to read *Hamlet* once again; or perhaps *Huckleberry Finn*.

It was then that he became thoroughly awake: at the thought of dying. Now wakefulness was a state in the nature of a sustained shock. A young man could perish rather unostentatiously, he thought; and already he was very nearly starved. Water and prose were fine, they filled much inorganic space, but they were inadequate. If there were only some work he might do for money, some trivial labor in the name of commerce. If they would only allow him to sit at a desk all day and add trade figures, subtract and multiply and divide, then perhaps he would not die. He would buy food, all sorts of it: untasted delicacies from Norway, Italy, and France; all manner of beef, lamb, fish, cheese; grapes, figs, apples, melons, which he would worship when he had satisfied his hunger. He would place a bunch of red grapes on a dish beside two black figs, a large yellow pear, and a green apple. He would hold a cut melon to his nostrils for hours. He would buy great brown loaves of French bread, vegetables of all sorts, meat; he would buy life.

From a hill he saw the city standing majestically in the east, great towers dense with his kind, and there he was suddenly outside of it all, almost definitely certain that he should never gain admittance, almost positive that somehow he had ventured upon the wrong earth, or

perhaps into the wrong age, and now a young man of twenty-two was to be permanently ejected from it. This thought was not saddening. He said to himself, sometime soon I must write *An Application for Permission to Live*. He accepted the thought of dying without pity for himself or for man, believing that he would at least sleep another night. His rent for another day was paid; and there was yet another tomorrow. And after that he might go where other homeless men went. He might even visit the Salvation Army—sing to God and Jesus (salvager of my soul), he saved, eat and sleep. But he knew that he would not. His life was a private life. He did not wish to destroy this fact. Any other alternative would be better.

*Through the air on the flying trapeze,* his mind hummed. Amusing it was, astoundingly funny. A trapeze to God, or to nothing, a flying trapeze to some sort of eternity; he prayed objectively for strength to make the flight with grace.

I have one cent, he said. It is an American coin. In the evening I shall polish it until it glows like a sun and I shall study the words.

He was now walking in the city itself, among living men. There were one or two places to go. He saw his reflection in the plate-glass windows of stores and was disappointed with his appearance. He seemed not at all as strong as he felt; he seemed, in fact, a trifle infirm in every part of his body, in his neck, his shoulders, arms, trunk, and knees. This will never do, he said, and with an effort he assembled all his disjointed parts and became tensely, artificially erect and solid.

He passed numerous restaurants  
*(Continued on page 49)*

**Freckles**



**Secretly and Quickly Removed!**

*Sullivan's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 27 years thousands of women have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.*

**CREMA  
 BELLA AURORA**  
 Remove White  
 Freckles! The Skin

For sale at all good drug stores  
 Stillman Co., Manufacturers,  
 Aurora, Ill. U. S. A.



Left: Cashier and sales woman at the Philippine Education Co., who always wear the Filipino dress to work. Standing is Mrs. Hernandez and seated is Mrs. Aurora Gonzales.

cially when she is quite young and beautifully turned out.

Still rare is the sight of a Filipino woman dressed in her native costume in business offices and in stores. We have gone in and out of these stores and offices in Manila, but we have seen



MRS. A. M. LOPEZ of  
La Estrella del Norte

cashier, Mrs. D. Hernandez, thinks that the *mestiza* dress is more expensive than the European dress (both for office wear) because the laundry for the first is expensive (the charge for an ordinary *camisa* alone being thirty-five centavos, which is the lowest) and a decent *terno* (the *suc-suc* kind) costs at least three pesos. Then there is the underwear to consider. Mrs. Hernandez buys at least one *terno* a month or twelve a year, and although each lasts for at least two years, the upkeep amounts to something.

Mrs. Aurora C. Gonzales, who is in charge of the Pen and Pencil counter near the door, on the other hand, says that the Filipino dress is less expensive, judging from her



MRS. DE SANTOS of the  
National Library.

## There Are A Few Filipino Women Who Are STILL TRUE TO THE TRADITION Of Wearing The Mestiza Dress Even To Work

FOREIGN women who come to our shores immediately fall in love with our *mestiza* dress and admonish us to see to it that it does not entirely disappear from use. But we are afraid that in spite of foreigners' admonitions, the time will come when it will be regarded as a costume to be worn only on very special occa-

sions. Already this is being done, not only by the younger generation of Filipino womanhood who were born to the "vestido" but even by the members of the older generation (as we choose to call those who were born before the coming of the Americans) who have discarded it for the more comfortable European dress.

The exigencies of modern life make the daily wearing of it impractical; but there are still a few souls who loyally wear it whenever they appear in public—when shopping, when visiting, to church, to the theaters, and to parties. Whenever we encounter one of these few on the crowded Escolta or in a movie house, we look at her twice as if she were some rare bird with strange plumage, espe-

only five women in Filipino dress: two at the Philippine Education, one at Beck's, one at La Estrella del Norte, and one at the Pacific Commercial Company. If there are more in other offices, we have not seen them.

All five, when asked how long it took them to get dressed in the morning, gave the time as from ten to twenty minutes, no longer than for putting on the European dress. They get everything—*camisa*, *panuelo*, *underskirt*—ready the night before so that all they have to do in the morning is to put them on. The *panuelo* is already made up and is ready to slip on before leaving the house.

As to whether the Filipino dress is more expensive than the European dress, they do not agree and each give a different reason. The two women at the Philippine Education differ in opinion. The

own experience. She sews her skirts and *camisas* and launders them herself. She buys few *ternos* in a year but she chooses good ones and takes care of them very well.

Mrs. Teotico of the Pacific Commercial Company finds the Filipino dress less expensive than European dress. She buys only from four to six *ternos* a year; these *ternos* accumulate and as they do not get out of style as quickly as European dresses do, they can be worn for more than two years. If she were to wear European dress to office, she would choose the more expensive materials. As she does not know how to sew

(Continued on page 51)

### Easier Skin Care Now With Merciolized Wax Home Facial Treatment

Merciolized Wax is a help for the skin that has become marred by superficial discolorations, and blemishes of external origin. Begin at once to clear your skin this simple, easy way. Put Merciolized Wax on your skin regularly like cold cream. Watch your skin gradually appear smoother, softer and younger-looking. Merciolized Wax sloughs off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. With your under-skin renewed clear and beautiful, how much more attractive you will look. Bring out this hidden beauty in your skin with Merciolized Wax, the Face Cream of Beautiful Women all over the world. At drug and department stores.



# With Us

**A** SIXTY-year-old American woman who has mothered thousands of Filipinos in California and Hawaii for over thirty years—guiding them along the right path, ministering to them when they are sick, cheering them up when they are despondent, getting them out of troubles and jails, and giving them shelter and food in her own home in Dinuba when they are homeless and penniless—this is Mrs. Reulura Harness, better known as "Mother Harness" among her spiritual wards. She came to the Philippines last November and stayed for six months, visiting with the mothers, sisters, wives and children of the Filipinos who have been and still are under her spiritual care and bringing to them news of their menfolk in America.

Asked how she happened to become interested in Filipinos, she told that her father had come to the Philippines during the early years of American occupation and when he returned home, he told many fascinating stories about the Islands and its people. These stories aroused her curiosity and she dreamed of some day seeing the country for herself. Once she read an article in a missionary magazine calling for volunteer teachers and missionaries to teach in the Philippines. She wanted to answer the call, but something or other prevented her from doing so. She got married, settled down and brought up four sons. In the meantime, Filipinos began pouring into the United States, most of them in search of fortune. Through her work as a social worker, she came in contact with many of them—in trouble or stranded. She thought: I need not go to the Philippines to help the Filipinos or become friends with them; I can do this right here at home. And this is how her thirty-year-old work began.



"MOTHER HARNESS"

She does not believe that Filipinos in America want to make trouble, as many believe. They are peace-loving and law-abiding. If they do make trouble, they are almost in all cases, provoked unduly. For one thing, they are not treated fairly, she said. One of her jobs is securing a fair dealing for her boys. In the matter of justice, in salary.

When any of her boys gets into trouble, she tries her best:

to get him out of it. She counsels him and makes him promise her not to get into trouble again, and in every case he fulfills his promise. She has taken many Filipinos out of jail on parole and not one of them had to go back. They can be trusted if you trust them implicitly, she has discovered.

Filipinos in California (and even from other States) go to Mother Harness or write to her when they are in trouble or when they need help or comfort or encouragement, for they know that she will help them. She has never failed them. She does not expect anything in return except love and trust and obedience of her teachings.

One of the complaints of the families of the Pinoys she visited here is that many of them do not write, not a few for many years so that their families give them up for dead. This is very sad indeed, and Mother Harness explained to them why. In the first place, many of the Filipinos in the United States are either sailors in the Navy or laborers who pick fruits. They are always in the move and do not have permanent

addresses. Another reason is the families themselves. These folks back home expect too much from the boys in America—they believe they are rich or receive high wages and write to them always asking for money, clothes or gifts. Instead of disappointing their folks or letting them know that they are hard-up, they choose not to answer the letters at all.

Mrs. Harness remembered a boy—a hard-working lad—who used to show her letters from his sisters. Each letter always asked for gifts—wristwatches, shoes, dresses, etc., which he could not afford. On the same boat on which she came to the Philippines was a Filipino young man returning home after an absence of several years. His family thought that he had accumulated a fortune in America and had asked him to send them four thousand pesos with which to build a house. He was coming back home because jobs in the States were getting more scarce everyday. All that he brought with him were some clothes and about four hundred pesos. He was afraid

(Continued on page 49)

AS

# Cooling

AS A MOUNTAIN STREAM



**THAT IS** how cooling you will find a sprinkle of COLGATE TALCUM POWDERS on your body after bathing, or just before going out. They absorb excess perspiration—banish its odour—leaving your skin fresh, cool, perfumed.

Keep your complexion smooth and lovely, too. Colgate Talcums are so fine—so fragrant—that you will want to use them freely on your face.

There is a variety of Colgate Talcums, each with a delightful scent. Choose your favourite today:



**COLGATE'S TALCUM POWDERS**

521 BL

## CAST

**PAZ:** a servant girl of about 15 years of age, but looking much older than her years.

**PILAR:** another maid, probably in her late twenties.

**DOÑA CARMEN:** the typical comfortably well-off matron; talks too much and accomplishes little.

## SCENE

(It opens on the ante-sala of a fairly wealthy home. Landscape paintings are hung on the walls. Upper left is a sofa, chairs tastefully arranged on each side. Center is a table on top of which is a vase with flowers. Windows on the upper left and upper right. There is a door at the right which leads to the sala. It is flanked in both sides by two tall pedestals with green plants on top.)

(As the curtain goes up, Paz is discovered in a kneeling position beside the table wiping one of its legs, with a soft cloth. She starts to whistle then breaks forth into a song.)

**PAZ:** "I was poorly born on the top of a mountain,  
Carressed by the motherly love of the thunder...  
Tra...la...la...tra...la...la...  
Thrilling, thrilling kiss of love  
Is always mine!"

**PILAR** (enters bearing an armful of table runners, center pieces and chair-covers): Pretty gay this morning, huh! It is a long time since I heard you singing while at work. You always complained of an aching head and bones and back—I thought you would break down someday without warning. (Lays down her burden on the sofa.)

**PAZ:** (excitedly happy): Oh, don't you know!

**PILAR:** Know what! (Goes near the other girl with a center piece in her hand).

**PAZ:** That I am going home tomorrow! Tomorrow, do you hear? (Gets up and squeezes Pilar's arms happily.) I'm going home to Father and Mother and Ben and Flora and... and to a new, baby sister. Mother said she has soft curly hair and large eyes like mine. No more washing and scrubbing in the kitchen....

**PILAR** (smiling): I heard something about your going away last week. Doña Carmen said that it was a pity to lose a fine girl like you.

**PAZ** (pleased): Did she say that?

**PILAR:** Uh-huh. (She removes the flowers from the vase on top of the table and throws them briskly out of the window, then proceeds to change the center piece.) She said that the house is so much cleaner now, the furniture, much more shiny, and that it would be hard to find another servant as capable as you are even if....

**PAZ** (stiffening perceptibly): Even if I grumble too much, is that it?



### A Play In One Act By JULIA PALARCA

**PILAR:** Uh-huh.

**PAZ** (sitting gingerly on one of the chairs with the rag dangling from her hand): I couldn't help it. (hostilely) It doesn't seem quite fair to let me work so for a whole year to pay a debt of thirty pesos. to...to pay its interest rather, which kept piling up every month till I lost count of the whole thing. Everything was one long weary stretch of years filled with work that made you want to cry in the evenings but couldn't because you were too tired to mind at all.

**PILAR:** But I thought you merely borrowed thirty pesos! You told me...

**PAZ** (sarcastically): Oh, yes! but you are supposed to pay an amount every month as long as the debt is not paid in full—and with the poor harvest and exceedingly low price of crops...the debt never seemed to diminish, somehow.

**PILAR** (curiously): Did you have to borrow that much? Surely, you did not need such a great sum as thirty pesos! Why, I never held as much as an entire ten-peso bill in my hand. Oh, no! If I did, I would...well, I would die in peace.

**PAZ** (seriously): We needed more than that. Father was very sick, I told you. When we brought him to the Tarlac provincial hospital, moaning and complaining about pains on his right breast, I thought I...

**PILAR** (gently): Yes, I know.

**PAZ:** They said that he could stay in the hospital but that we would have to place him in a huge room with so many other people who could not pay for their stay too. We had to give a fearful lot to the doctor who opened Father's breast and then sewed it up once more. He showed us something round and red in a bottle afterwards: Flesh—it looked like a huge jack-fruit seed which he had taken from Father's body.

**PILAR** (eyes wide-opened): Did you see them cut your father up?

**PAZ** (bitterly): Oh, no! Father's case was strange, they said. The first of its kind. It was an outgrowth that is only found in women and all the other doctors flocked to the room where they cut people up and watched. Mother and I stayed outside. Mother's hands were so cold, I felt weak and lost all at once. I could not

go near Father and tell him everything was all right: Mother and I were there—he would be on his feet in no time.

**PILAR** (patting cushions on the chairs): He got well didn't he?

**PAZ:** Hm... There was a funny scar on his breast, when you pushed it, a small indentation was formed and only after a minute would the flesh resume its natural shape again. Dr. Santos said we only had to pay twenty pesos to pay for extracting the flesh that hurt Father. Only that small sum, he said, because we were poor.

**PILAR:** It was Doña Carmen who gave you the money, of course.

**PAZ:** (nodding): Mother offered my services for half a year. You see we needed the money terribly.

**PILAR:** And it took you all this long to pay the debt?

**PAZ** (dully): Yes. Mother thought I could go back home after that time but when she came to fetch me, Doña Carmen said I owed something else besides. Interest she told Mother—and I stayed some more. There were other things too! You remember the vase I broke once?

**PILAR:** The rare earthen jar with the wonderful figure carvings?

**PAZ** (bitterly): It cost me a month and a half of work to pay for that. Oh, it was going to be like that always, I thought. The days loomed ahead without any promise. Work, work, work! Dreamless sleep and endless waiting for something you were slowly becoming unfamiliar with.

**PILAR** (awkwardly patting Paz' shoulders): Ah, but you are going home, after all.

**PAZ:** It is going to be fun, it will be fun! You see, I will be just in time for Mother's birthday—I haven't forgotten.

**PILAR:** Birthday!

**PAZ:** And I have the prettiest gift for her too!

**PILAR** (dropping the chair covers and almost upsets the chair nearest her): Show me! Quick! Show it to me, will you?

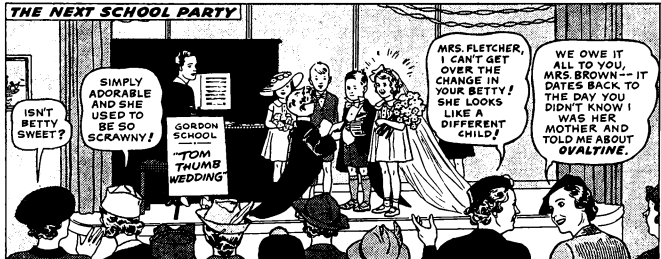
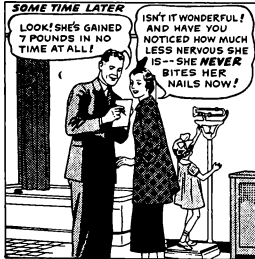
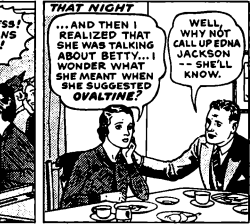
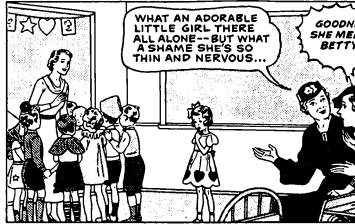
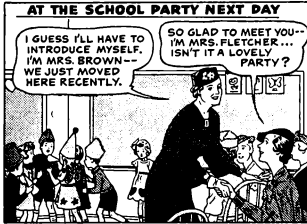
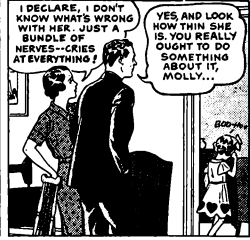
**PAZ:** Careful now, woman. Don't get all upset and nervous. Finish your work or the Doña....

**PILAR** (still eagerly, like a child): Just a peep, Paz. Come on, just a little glance. You need not unwrap the whole present if you don't want to.

**PAZ** (perversely): It is just the thing I would wish Mother to have.

**PILAR:** Shoes? Earrings? Comb? Dress?

**PAZ** (shaking her head at every question then laughing out loud after she hears "dress"): Right! A plaid gingham skirt in black and white. There was a pretty print—white background splashed all over by gay, red flowers, so huge. But Mother hates red things. She says gay  
(Continued on page 54)



## How Ovaltine Helps To Curb Nervousness In Children..

Ovaltine is a pure food-concentrate widely approved by doctors. It is highly valued because of the noticeable improvements in weight and lessening of nervousness which often follow when it is added to the child's daily fare.

Ovaltine benefits a child in many ways. It is extremely easy to digest. It contains Vitamin B for appetite. And it helps digest starchy foods in the stomach--so the stomach can empty sooner and hunger come back more quickly.

It also contains Vitamins A, D and G and other elements needed by children.

Thus it helps to build up a child to normal weight and it has been found that, as a result of this, the child's nervousness often disappears... The vicious circle of underweight and resulting nervousness is broken.

Everywhere mothers are noting remarkable gains in weight and lessening of nervousness when Ovaltine is given to their youngsters regularly.

We believe you owe it a trial. Get a tin at your dealer's and start to serve it today.

Just add it to milk--hot or cold. Your child will love its taste.

**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 purchase Ovaltine. See what it will do for your child.

### MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

Ed. A. Keller & Co., Ltd., Dept. 9-2  
178 Juan Luna, Manila.

I enclose P.10 to cover handling and mailing. Please send me the trial tin of Ovaltine.

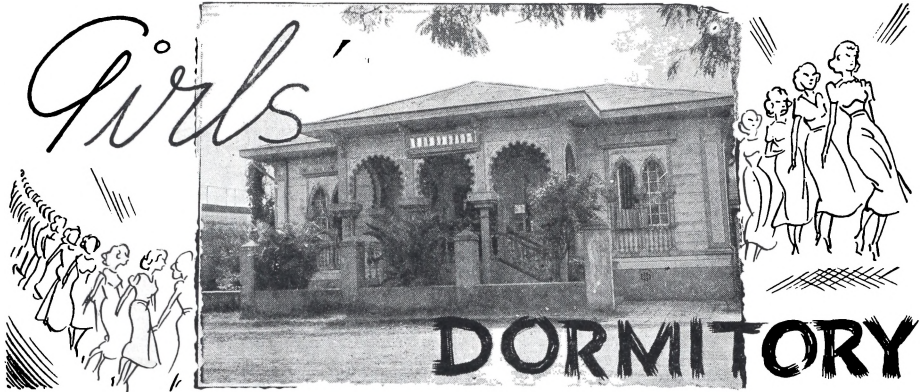
Name .....

Address .....

Town .....

**OVALTINE**

Swiss food-drink... now made in U. S. A.



**HUNDREDS** of girls and young women all over the Philippines will leave their homes this June to attend high school or college. The majority of them will live in dormitories or boarding houses, a few fortunate ones in homes of relatives or acquaintances. The parents of these few will not have to worry much because at least they know the people with whom their daughters will live for nine months in the year. However, we think these daughters will not be so fortunate, for they will have the disadvantage of not mingling and getting acquainted with girls of their own age group from various parts of the province or country and they will miss the fun of living in a dormitory. For living in a dormitory is fun, and it develops

### 'A HOME AWAY FROM HOME' WHICH SHOULD BE CHOSEN CAREFULLY FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

a young girl's independence as she has to look out for herself. It is an education in itself.

Parents should choose very carefully the dormitory where their daughter will live while she is away in school or college for it is going to be her home for the most part of the year. So many so-called dormitories that have sprung up like mushrooms in Manila during the past few years are not so particular about the type of boarders that they admit and so lax in their discipline (if any) that people have reason to suspect their real nature. Fortunately for parents, the creditable ones are so well-known that it is not difficult to single them out. As a rule, the older and the larger the dormitory, the more reputable it is.

The University of the Philippines has during the past years made it its business to look after the welfare of the students enrolled in it and inspects the dormitories and boarding houses around its campus to check up on their sanitary conditions, safety, meals served, and even formulated rules to be enforced in them. It has classified the dormitories and boarding houses into different types according to its findings and has also prepared a list of approved ones. This list is sent free upon request by the office of the registrar.

Dormitories are better than boarding houses, for as a rule, the former are under the management of experienced and competent matrons. Some boarding houses, usually managed by married couples, admit boarders of both sexes. In the provinces, dormitories run by religious organizations and those by the government are the best.

If it is possible for you to do so, go and inspect the dormitory you

have tentatively chosen or that has been recommended to you, and don't rely on the information given to you. If it is your daughter who has chosen it, it may be because her friends had told her that it is "not so strict," although she is careful not to let you know about this.

What do you have to look for in a dormitory? Comfort, cleanliness, safety from fire hazards, location, rate, the kind of food served, regulations, attractiveness, etc.

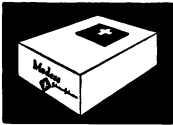
The dormitory should be within walking distance to school or college. This location will not only save your daughter the expense of transportation but will also enable her to go home between classes instead of waiting in the stuffy Ladies' Room or in the crowded Library, or worse, loitering in the campus or hanging around cafeterias. Note the outside appearance which should look decent, if not attractive, so that your daughter will not be ashamed to point to it to her friends. Remember it is going to be her

home. It should be clean and neat. Note also if there is a suitable fire escape if the building is tall and a playground. The playground may not be necessary, but still it is nice to have.

Although dormitories make it their business to appear clean and neat at the start of the school year to make a good impression on new comers, yet it is easy to tell if they are clean and neat every day. The bathrooms and the kitchen, the dining room, the corners, the stairs will tell. See if the receiving hall is adequately furnished and cheerful; the bedrooms, well-ventilated and well-lighted, with windows that are protected so that they need not be closed even if it rains or when the hot sunlight enters through them; if there are enough bathrooms and toilets and wash bowls; if the bedrooms are provided with hooks on which the boarders can hang their kimonos and towels.

There are conveniences that should be required of every dormitory: an infirmary that is properly isolated; a well-lighted and well-ventilated study hall (boarders should not study in the bedrooms); this prevents others from

(Continued on page 17)



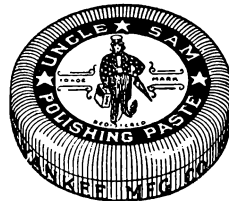
## Modess

**DOES NOT CHAFE**  
even when exercising

To feel free and natural, one must be comfortable. Modess gives lasting comfort and freedom. Modess has a new filler that floats in cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. The sides are rounded and gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton. For comfort use MODESS.

**Johnson & Johnson**

Sold by all Drug-stores  
**BOTICA BOIE**  
Distributors



# WINGS Over the GARDEN

By IRIS BROWN

THE afternoon sun made a golden haze in the school library, as it sifted through the lofty windows, and upon the smooth shining curls of the girl who sat at the table, sorting well-cared-for books from those that had been roughly handled during the school year. Jane was a Senior, and with graduation just around the corner, she had volunteered to help Miss Nelson put everything in order before the closing of school.

And this had reminded Jane; there were so many books that were strangers to her yet—and they might have been friends and counsellors to guide her through the maze that is Life. That book there, for instance, so beautifully bound! A golden book, its cover decorated with a lacy scroll that said: GEORGICS, by Virgil.

As Jane stared at it, the lacy filigree became a wrought-iron gate before a garden basking in the sun.

Jane pushed against the gate, and silently it opened. She entered, and her feet were upon a velvet-smooth sward that sloped gently toward a tree-shaded brook. Sweet flowers dotted the meadow, and the pleasant odor of mint came up from the herbs that were crushed by her feet as she strolled toward the brook. Violets coddled among the dew-wet grasses and moss at the water's edge.

And then Jane saw a tall Roman gentleman approaching her through the grove of olive trees. She knew he was a Roman, by his costume, and knew that he was a soldier, by his fine military bearing and carriage. His eyes were keen as the eyes of the Roman eagle, under his shock of white hair and heavy eyebrows, but his smile was warm with welcome.

"I am Marcus, once a legionario in the service of our Augustus Caesar, and now a happy farmer here among the olives and the roses, mine by grant of Caesar, for faithful service."

"I am happy to meet you,

Sir Marcus," Jane said respectfully. "It is very lovely here in your garden. But I am curious about those small structures there, close by the stream, under the trees—"

"Those are the palaces I built for my winged friends, the bees. They wander through the skies, to skim over the meadows and sip the purple flowers."

Jane examined the hives, and found that they were made of woven willow twigs. Soon, however, an ominous murmur arose within the

hives. "Come away," said the old man. "When they go forth to battle, my bees are more dangerous than all the fierce barbarians — Britons, Gauls and all the rest. Let us seat ourselves, and I will relate the miraculous manner in which I gained the services of these willing slaves."

They strolled away from the bees to a little arbor, where roses mingled with grape-vines to make dappled shade for them. There was a stone bench for them to sit

(Continued on page 53)

The finest refreshment in **SUMMER DAYS:**

& 4711  
Tosca

Perfume alluring, mysterious, charmingly feminine.

Eau de Cologne—the fragrance of "Tosca" with the cooling touch of a pedigree Cologne.

Lotion gives to your coiffure that perfumed silkiness.



3535



Sold by all leading Perfumery stores

Sole Agents: MENZI & CO., INC.—Manila



# We're Twelve

# Years Old

**THE WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL** is twelve years old this month.

We are proud of this fact for it makes us the oldest women's magazine and one of the oldest publications in the Philippines. We hope to live longer and record more and grater accomplishments of Filipino women for posterity.

And now let us talk of the changes, for the better, that were accomplished in the *JOURNAL* during the past year. We shall begin with our cover because it attracted the most favorable comments. Perhaps our readers do not realize that each year we have a cover scheme. The year before last it consisted of fruits and the year before that, of native flowers. Last year, we were fortunate in that our scheme was not interrupted. We featured children posed in typical activities, using a pair, a sister and brother, whenever possible, and chose those in that age when they are not yet self-conscious. For June, we had the two bright Escoda children, "shot" in action while they were going to school. To add to the naturalness of the picture, their dog Queenie was included. The next month we had Laling and Pat Lim, shown pointing at a frog in the pond in the garden of the attractive Lim residence. The *JOURNAL* coming out after the celebration of Child Health Day in September 7, we decided to feature the subject of child health a month in advance, so carried a picture of the two very healthy and active children of Mr. and Mrs. Dominador Ambrosio on our August cover. The photograph of the Quirino (Elpidio) girls, dressed in their Sunday best, attracted the attention of an advertising agent in the United States. He wrote to us to inquire if he could use photos of Filipino children, posed in the way he wanted, to advertise certain products. Another very natural picture, because it was shot in action, which appeared on our cover was that of the Limjap (Pedro) children (two girls and a boy), for the month of October. They were shown walking in the garden, the boy leading two lambs. For November, when Thanksgiving is celebrated, we showed a boy (Marito Balmori Moreno) and a

*Right are shown the children's photographs which appeared on our cover from June, 1937 to April, 1938. Our May (1937) issue was a victory Number and showed a Filipino woman holding a laurel wreath.*



girl (Citang Balmori Villegas) in an attitude of prayer. This was one of our most appealing pictures. The Nakpil children (two girls) posed near a Christmas tree appeared in our cover photo for December. A year-old boy, having his first ride on a tricycle, with the help of his older brother was the subject of the picture on our January cover. The children are Mauricio and Alberto Martelino grandchildren of our own Mrs. Concepcion Rodriguez. A local advertising agency wanted to use another pose of these same children in the advertisement of a brand of soap. (*Ivory*, which you will find in this issue). Fortunately for us our February number came out earlier than the arrival of *Better Homes and Gardens Magazine* in the Philippines. Otherwise the public would have accused us of copying the picture on the cover of the *American* magazine, which showed a girl leaning out of a window. Our own cover showed the children of Dr. and Mrs. Manuel Tuason looking out of one of the windows of their beautiful home on Taft Avenue. The boy was the oldest of all the children we had so far used and he balked at the idea of having his picture appear on the cover (no less!) of a woman's magazine. The Napuleon and Josephine that you saw on our March cover first appeared during the Children's Fancy Dress Ball held during the Philippine Exposition. Carlitos Preysler and Vida Araneta made a very convincing Napoleon and Josephine, respectively, everybody remarked. The last picture on our cover scheme of children showed the two Barredo (Jose) boys playing with two large dogs. This is another "natural" picture.

To bring closer together the officers of the Federation and the club women all over the Philippines through the *Woman's Home Journal*, we introduced an innovation in the July issue. The letter which contained the monthly message to the club women was heretofore written by the president, Mrs. Lim. Beginning with July, the officers of the Federation took turns in giving the message and each was given the opportunity to address the club women on this page. So far only the following have given the message: Mrs. Escoda, Mrs. Cadwalader, Mrs. Peeson, Miss Duver, Miss Ocampo, Mrs. Rosa Sevilla Alvero, Mrs. Kalaw and Mrs. Rodriguez. We expect yet to hear (rather read) from these: Mrs. de

(Continued on page 56)

# DEAR MRS. LIM:

It will always be my aim to dedicate the best I can for the public welfare just as I have always faithfully complied with my clubwork.

GLORIA AVILA DE VEYRA  
*Councilor, Tausacan, Leyte*

\* \* \*

No obstante mi nuevo cargo, continuo siendo miembro y actualmente soy Tesorera del Club de Mujeres que es el que sostiene el Centro de Puericultura y casa Maternal de esta localidad. . . . Desearia rogario se sirva informarnos ó convocarnos, con un mes de anticipación, por lo menos cuando haya otra convencion de los clubs de mujeres, pues procuraremos que una delegada de nuestro Club nos represente en la misma.

JOSEFINA OPPUS ZIALCITA  
*Consejal, Maasin, Leyte*

\* \* \*

I am thanking you for all the materials and suggestions that you sent us for our guidance. We have now started to make our plans and we will write to you again about them later. I look forward to meeting you and the other officials of the Federation when we come to the headquarters for a visit.

LEONILA SALVOSA  
*President, Woman's Club  
 Calabanga, Camarines Sur*

I pledge that whenever I may be able to do as a public official, I will always do something that will help the Club. If I find anything that I cannot do I will consult you right away.

FAUSTINA ENTIA  
*Councilor, Zamboanguita, Or. Negros*

\* \* \*

The club requires the exertion of all your efforts for the literacy. The club requires the exertion of all our efforts for the literacy obstacle which may come in our way.

SALYACION S. CUACHON  
*Vice-President, Junior Woman's Club  
 Binalbagan, Negros Occidental*

\* \* \*

He recibido con suma satisfaccion vuestra felicitacion por mi eleccion como Concejal del Municipio de Culasi, Antique, por lo que estoy altamente enorgulleida, pues creiamos que estandonos muy alejadas de la Capital, nuestras hermanas no tendrian tiempo para fijarse en este pobre rincón de la Isla de Panay. Sin embargo por vuestra carta que con placer la hemos recibido y que esperamos que en el futuro nos ayudarian grandemente para el progreso del Femenismo en esta region de Visayas y en la defensa de sus intereses é ideales segun las modernas tendencias del progreso mundial, que mas tarde ó mas temprano tendriamos que acudir suplicando ayuda a nuestras hermanas de Manila especialmente de la Federacion Nacional de Mujeres de Filipinas.

ROSA YDA. DE JAPIER  
*Concejal, Culasi, Antique*

## GIRLS DORMITORY

(Continued from page 14)

sleeping well); a recreation and reading room (dormitories should provide newspapers for their boarders); a sewing and ironing room (boarders may be charged for the use of the machine and iron); a place where wet things washed by the boarders can be hung (wet things should not be allowed to hang in the rooms); a refrigerator where boarders can store perishable foods; a large bodega or store-room where all trunks and maletas and baskets should be kept (they should not be allowed in the rooms — to make the rooms look tidy and to make the job of cleaning them easier for the boys). Many dormitories in Manila have these conveniences and gave them as reasons for not reducing their rates.

And speaking of rates, we have found out that the average is twenty pesos a month. One large dormitory charges twenty-five, has been doing so even during the past years of acute depression, but it is always filled up to capacity. Instead of reducing its rate, it has improved the meals that it serves and has installed more lavatories. Wherever the rates are low (around fifteen pesos) the cleanliness and comfort are below par and the meals poor. Dormitories always economize on food first, then on lights and service.

Ask to be shown sample menus, and see if vegetables and fresh fruits are included every day, if cereals are served for breakfast, and how often meat (especially chicken) is served every week, and extras, every month. Some dormitory deans are also nurses who know about dietities and they plan menus intelligently; large dormitories employ a dietician to make their menus for them. Find out also what is done to food of late comers—whether they are kept hot and covered or heated before serving.

Has the dormitory a physician

## RAIN

By AMELIA EARHART

(This lovely essay was written just before she started on her flight around the world. It is one of the last things she ever wrote.)

**AIN slants against the land. Horizontally, distant views are blotted out; vertically, clouds drop to shroud the shoulders of tall city buildings. How many of the earth-bound throng on the street beneath my window give a thought to the relative nearness of sunlight above them?**

**I have just called the airport weather bureau, so I know if I fly upward for only three thousand feet my plane will emerge over a billowy, sunlit sea of clouds stretching away into blue infinity.**

**Sometimes the climb is greater — sometimes the airplane cannot top the towering formation of a storm. But no matter whether separated by ice or snow or rain or cold gray mist, the pilot knows the wall-card motto is meteorologically true, "Behind the clouds the sun's still shining."**

**Now and again it illumines mystic caves and rearing fortresses, or shows giant cloud creatures mocking with lumpy paws the tiny man-made bird among them. But the airman's pleasantest sight is probably glimpses of the earth through openings in a cloudy floor beneath his wings. Town and country, lake and meadow, the immobile sea— vivid are these earthly scenes when framed by clouds.**

who can be available any time and who give the boarders immunization injections? Is a resident nurse employed to take care of minor illnesses and attend to sick boarders confined in the infirmary? Is there a well-stocked medicine cupboard and an emergency kit?

The physical well-being of your daughter assured, how about her moral safety? Take a look at the regulations and find out if these are enforced. Many dormitories have printed regulations hung in a conspicuous place but do not enforce these regulations. The rule con-

cerning going out is on your mind. While you realize that it will be impossible for the dormitory to check up every movement of your daughter or to prevent her from going out alone, still you believe that there should be rules that will make going out alone difficult if not impossible. For instance, find out what method of checking up the whereabouts of every boarder is used. Is everybody required to write on a permission book such information as to where she is going, with whom, when she expects to return? Even if there should be

such a permission book, it is useless if there is not always anybody at the door who will see to it that every boarder going out does write in it. We went to four dormitories one day and in every one of them the dean was out. There was nobody at the table marked "Information" in one, the assistant deans were out in the others. We wondered then from whom the boarders asked permission to go out. Supposing some one should come looking for an absent boarder, how could the dean or the girl at the "Information" table tell where she is if she has not written in the permission book? The best thing to do, we think, is to get the class hours or working hours of every boarder: these are noted on a card and the card filed away. Then somebody responsible must always be at the "Information" table and see to it that every boarder who goes out—not to her class or office—writes down in it before she leaves and when she comes in. Then when somebody comes to see her, or calls her up, it is easy to tell where she is, and there is a record to show.

There should be a limit to the hour when boarders may be out at night, not only for their safety but also for the sake of the reputation of the dormitory. Special occasions, such as dances, are exceptions but even then those who attend these should return at a certain hour, say, two o'clock. The dormitory should close at nine o'clock or earlier. Those who came in later will have to ring the bell or knock. This always discourages staying out late, especially when it is the dean who opens the door.

It is useless to restrict a girl who lives in a dormitory. She may go out straight from her classes, thus fooling the dean, or go out from the dormitory with some believable excuse. It is better to impress upon her the fact that it is up to her to take care of herself since there is nobody to take of her.

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.**

**T**RANQUILITY of mind, so absolutely necessary for one's happiness and equally necessary for the accomplishment of good work, can be acquired. Everyone who has ever seen Helen Wills play tennis marvels at her calm demeanor: she is utterly unruffled by opponents, by her own mistakes, by bad decisions. As a matter of fact, she has naturally a turbulent heart, seething with ambition and excitement. But she believed it was as necessary to acquire self-control as to acquire a good stroke.

I knew a banker who for years had to face terrific problems and as I never saw

him fidgety, I asked him if it were natural for him to be calm or whether it were the result of training. He said that when he was young somebody swindled him out of all his accumulated earnings. He did not sleep for two nights. Then he made up his mind that it was necessary to do the next piece of work without thinking of what had hurt him so; and gradually he acquired complete control.

People are all alike in having some cares, some sorrows, some fears, some anxieties, the real difference between persons is the way they bear these.

Now the only way to live in a world like this is to live at one and the same time two lives—the outer life and the inner life. The Gospels say two things — "Give us this day our daily bread" and "Man cannot live by bread alone." The former is an absolute necessity for the outer life; and the latter is equally necessary for the real life, the life of the spirit, the inner life.

It is a good thing sometimes to consider just where we are, what we are doing, and why. Every day at noon on the open ocean, the navigator takes the sun. He wishes to know his latitude and longitude. But even while he is taking it, the ship is moving. Thus, it is not necessary to cease activities, but it is a good idea occasionally to take our spiritual latitude and longitude.

It is a mistake to wait for this knowledge until it is too late. It is from the inner life, the buried life, that our true happiness comes. It is the source of all our actions but it is also a place of retreat, a secure refuge. Here is what Matthew Arnold says in his poem:

But often, in the world's  
most crowded streets,  
But often, in the din of  
strife,  
There rises an unspeakable  
desire  
After the knowledge of  
our buried life:  
A thirst to spend our fire  
and restless force  
In tracking out our true,  
original course;

turbed at trifles or at accidents common or unavoidable." If we could really keep that resolution six months—most men will not keep it three days—we should increase our stock of happiness and our ability to work.

Franklin was able to accomplish an enormous amount of work because he gave his entire attention to the matter in hand. He was like a great specialist who, although his waiting-room is filled with patients, devotes all his attention to the one patient in front of him. It is a rare gift, and comes only by training.

I believe that women are less disturbed, annoyed, irritated by trifles than are men. There are two reasons for this. Women are more accustomed to the inner life; they have resources that are often uncultivated by men. The other is that they are accustomed to have children around them, from whom they must expect noise and confusion.



## TRANQUILITY

By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

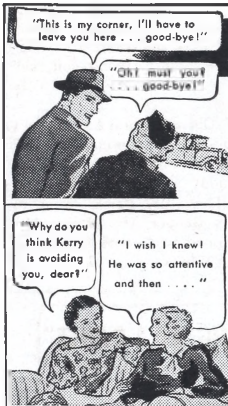
A longing to inquire  
Into the mystery of this  
heart which beats  
So wild, so deep in us—to  
know  
Whence our lives come,  
and where they go . . .  
And there arrives a lull in  
the hot race  
Wherein he doth forever  
chase  
The flying and elusive  
shadow—rest.  
An air of coolness plays  
upon his face,  
And an unwonted calm  
pervades his breast;  
And then he thinks he  
knows  
The hills where his life  
rose,  
And the sea where it goes.

One of the wisest men was Benjamin Franklin. He wrote a brief list of resolutions, in which he was like other men; but he kept them all, in which he was unlike others. He wrote:

"Tranquility. Be not dis-

The Reverend Doctor James G. Gilkey, in his book with the significant title, "Managing One's Self," tells a story that thousands will immediately verify. A young husband and father, happily married, was accustomed to go to business after breakfast and return only in the evening; on Saturday afternoons he played golf. He seldom had anything to do with the management of the three children. But one Saturday morning his wife informed him there were certain things in town she had to attend to that afternoon, and would he just for once mind the children? He consented. When she returned to the house about five o'clock, her husband seemed on the verge of insanity. He had drawn up a memorandum something like this:

(Continued on page 42)



### MEN THOUGHT HER LOVELY—BUT . . . . .

That was only until they learned she was careless about such an important thing as personal daintiness! Nothing will disillusion a man quicker than the odour of stale perspiration.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don't expect friends to tell you . . . don't count on detecting it yourself. Use ODORONO regularly to check perspiration . . . prevent odour . . . save your dresses.



**ODO·RO·NO**



THE child often forgot to wash his face. There were two children at his house, younger than he, who had to have their faces washed for them, so the mother could not always attend to him. He had a fine little washcloth of his own that his grandmother had knitted, but he often forgot to use it, which made his grandmother sad.

This special morning the child ate jam on his toast for breakfast. Oh, he was very untidy indeed, for there was jam on his blouse and on the tip of his nose and on his mouth when he finished breakfast! But he did not use his washcloth, and he jumped down from the table and ran outdoors to play.

Just outside the door, on a tree in the garden, hung the child's yellow canary in a pretty gilt cage. The bird was very tame. When the child whistled and put his finger in the cage, the yellow canary would light on it and sing. But this morning it paid not the slightest attention when the child called. The yellow canary was taking a bath. It had a white saucer full of crystal water, and it dipped its little body in and lifted up its head with the drops shining on its feathers like diamonds in a gold setting.

So the child went farther on, until he came to his pussy cat sitting in the path. She nearly always followed the child, running after a string and ball which he carried in his pocket for her to play with. This morning, though, the pussy cat would not so much as look at the child. She was very busy indeed, washing the milk from her whiskers with one velvet paw and her little velvet tongue. She did not even purr when the child stroked her furry back.

So the child went on still farther, until he came to the pond at the end of the garden where the ducks lived. His pockets were full of bits of bread for the ducks. He often tossed their breakfast out into the water, and the ducks swam to him and gob-



The ducks were taking their morning baths.

"I wonder why no one will play with me," thought the child.

Then he looked down in the mirror of the pond, and he saw that he had not washed his face.

"Why perhaps it is because I am dirty," he said.

And the child ran home to use his washcloth.

—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey.

## The Child Who Forgot To Wash His Face

bled up the crumbs in their bills and quacked, "Thank you."

Today, though, the ducks did not seem to see their breakfast. At the other end of the pond they were dipping their green bodies down in the water, until all he child could see was the tips of their pointed tails. Then they lifted themselves out of the water and shook a shower of drops from their green feathers.

### MR. PRICK'S WALK

"What a fine sunny morning!" said Mr. Pricks, the Hedgehog. "I should like to go for a nice walk. But it's dull walking alone; I will call on my friends and neighbors, and see if any of them will come along too."

So first of all he called on the snail, and said: "Good morning, Mr. Shellover-Crawley! Will you take a walk with me?"

But Mr. Shellover-Crawley was busy moving house, and couldn't come.

So Mr. Pricks went on to Mr. Wrigley, the caterpillar, who was enjoying his breakfast. He was having salad, which was his favorite dish. He would never eat anything else.

"Oh, dear no!" said Mr. Wrigley, when Mr. Pricks had asked him. "I really haven't time to go for walks! I'm having my breakfast, you see, and as soon as I've finished that, I have lunch. When lunch is over, it's tea-time; and by the time I've had tea, supper is ready—so, you see what a busy life I lead!"

So Mr. Pricks went to the house where Mr. Wiggle-Waggle, the centipede, lived.

"Good morning, Mr. Wiggle-Waggle! Won't you take a walk with me this lovely day?"

"Oh, no!" said he, "I can't go—it's my bootcleaning day—and going for walks does muddy one's boots so!"

Then Mr. Pricks went to Mr. Groper, the Mole. Mr. Groper was working in his

(Continued on page 35)

"BAD BREATH IS SO ANNOYING AT A DANCE"

 <p style="font-size: 0.8em; font-weight: bold;">THEY WON'T DANCE WITH ME. I WONDER IF I HAVE BAD BREATH?</p>	 <p style="font-size: 0.8em; font-weight: bold;">NEXT DAY—IN THE NEWSPAPER</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">H.-M.-M., HERE IT SAYS, COLGATE'S REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH." I'LL TRY IT!</p>	 <p style="font-size: 0.8em; font-weight: bold;">COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM MAKES MY MOUTH FEEL SO FRESH AND CLEAN, AND HOW IT POLISHES MY TEETH.</p>
 <p style="font-size: 0.8em; font-weight: bold;">NOW—No Bad Breath Behind His Sparkling Smile</p>	<p style="font-size: 0.8em;">Yes, popularity and charm are destroyed by unpleasant breath caused by decaying food particles lodged between the teeth. Be safe! Do this, morning and night:</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">Using Colgate's, brush your upper teeth from the gums down—your lower teeth from the gums up. Rinse. Take a bit of Colgate's on</p>	
		<p style="font-size: 0.8em;">your tongue, a sip of water and—wash out your mouth! Rinse again.</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">Thus you combat bad breath—your teeth are really clean—gleaming with new beauty.</p> <p style="font-size: 0.8em;">Colgate's, besides, stimulates your gums—keeps them healthy. And what a delightful, refreshing flavor!</p>
 <p style="font-weight: bold; font-size: 1.1em;">SUCCESSFUL MEN AND LOVELY WOMEN PREFER COLGATE'S</p>		

## SYNOPSIS



**CAN A SECOND WIFE START A NEW PATTERN OF LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND—IGNORING HIS OLD FRIENDSHIPS AND ASSOCIATIONS? KAY HANVY FOUND THIS DIFFICULT, ESPECIALLY WHEN HER HUSBAND'S FIRST WIFE WAS STILL LIVING.**

EVE knew what was in the letter. She was sure of it. There had been none for a long time, then this had come, addressed in longhand. If it had been about business, he would have dictated it.

She wondered if he dictated her business letters to Kay Hanvy. She saw Kay, sitting at dictation, her smooth brow,—that brow Eve envied so passionately,—and breaking into little curls at the nape of her neck. She saw the lovely curve of Kay's cheek, the enchanting lift of her wide brows. She saw her dark lashes against her young, smooth skin.

Eve did not open the letter; she stood at the door of the bureau of the concierge, at the entrance to the hotel, and looked down on the long envelope. It was a thin letter; whatever he was saying, he was saying briefly.

The porter was asking if Madame wished a taxi; automatically she assented, and got in. Somewhat to her surprise, she did not give the address where she had been intending to go for a tea; instead she told the driver to go to the Champs Elysée. The top was down; she was glad of that.

It was June, a day of lovely brightness, and the late afternoon sun was still pouring, like liquid gold, over the upper stories of the buildings on the Rue St. Honoré. She had only a vague awareness of the swift current of cars, converging, swerving, tooting shrilly, then a glimpse of the stone figures of Alsace and Lorraine—she could remember when they had worn black, and immediately she seemed passing between the gold, cavorting horses at the entrance of the wooded alley of the Champs, and then, quite suddenly, she was out and walking.

She noticed how bright and green

the grass was in the sunlight, and what a number of children in abbreviated clothes were rolling hoops and playing diabolo, and how many little white dogs were taking their strolls; and she moved to an iron bench, where she gave two sons to the old woman in black, and sat down on the newspaper offered for her protection, and stared again at the letter.

She ran a finger under the flap and tore it open; she remembered how Dick always took out a pen-knife and slit his envelopes neatly. He had always done it for her, rather than see her tear them.

Once she looked down again at the letter, verifying the date he had mentioned; it had already passed. He had been married then, on some day that had seemed unimportant, some day when she had been going

EVE CARTLE decided to be noble and divorce her husband, RICHARD CARTLE, when she realized that he did not love her anymore, so that he could marry his secretary, KAY HANVY. Eve went to live in Paris on the rather large alimony that Dick Cartle paid her. She had a right to be treated generously, she told herself. A little luxury was all she had left; her only child—a boy—had died two years before and she had also lost her youth.

Richard Cartle did not want to divorce his wife, although he had stopped loving her. He did not want to hurt her. But he could not give up Kay, who loved him, he was sure of it, and was having a difficult time being "the other woman."

The divorce did not solve all their problems. Eve having no one else had to depend on her husband for everything, specially on money matters. Richard had always the feeling that he had hurt Eve and had to work harder in order to support two women. Kay, although married to a properly divorced man, was always conscious of Eve, very much alive, although far away.

about as on any other day. There had been no mention of it in the paper, none that she had seen.... Dick had written that he had become engaged to Kay Hanvy, and had decided not to wait, but to be married the second of June.

She tried to recall what date it was now—the fourth, she thought; she tried to remember what she had been doing day before yesterday, but the days seemed a blur. She wondered if the decision had really been sudden, or if he had shirked telling her. Perhaps it had been sudden—not the engagement, but the plans for the marriage. Spring had got in his blood. He had always been restless in spring.

Probably they were away now on one of those trips of his up north—she had always had a feeling that he would want to take Kay Hanvy on some such trip. Probably the girl wouldn't mind a wedding-trip with rough clothes and inconveniences. She would think it jolly.

She had known this would happen; yet it was not real yet; it would begin to be real when she

got people's letters and the clippings, when she had got used to thinking about it.... She felt numb now, as if it had been a shock. It felt more conclusive than the divorce. She had gone through that in a sustaining excitement, believing well before Dick; the whole thing had seemed fantastic, just words. It had continued to seem so; she was still Mrs. Richard Cartle, living on Dick's money, using his name. There was no change in her life over here.

She was out of the Champs now, crossing a street; a taxi nearly ran her down in her obliviousness. The thing was a matter of inches. She thought how absurdly ironic that would have been to have gone to all this trouble to save Dick condemnation, and then come to a silly end with his letter of announcement still in her hand! No one would have believed it accident; it would have meant headlines.

She beckoned the taxi that had skidded, with such screeching of brakes, and it received her, and she said: "Notre Dame." The driver, still agitated, told her she should indeed give thanks—Our Lady must have watched over her. Absently she smiled still thinking of the implications of an accident. She found she wouldn't mind at all having Dick blamed; and yet she was being scrupulous to avoid it.

Considering herself, she decided that she had behaved well, amazingly well, for a woman, and a fairly clever woman at that; she had never let slip the phrase or two, in her letters, that would have brought the facile sympathy that people loved to give, especially when it involved a moral judgment of another.... Perhaps people had been giving that sympathy to Dick, left so alone by that wife who preferred Continental amusements; she had caught a shade or two of that in the letter to her. There would have been more if it had not been for Johnny's death, if her friends hadn't felt that she had been thrown out

(Continued on page 39)



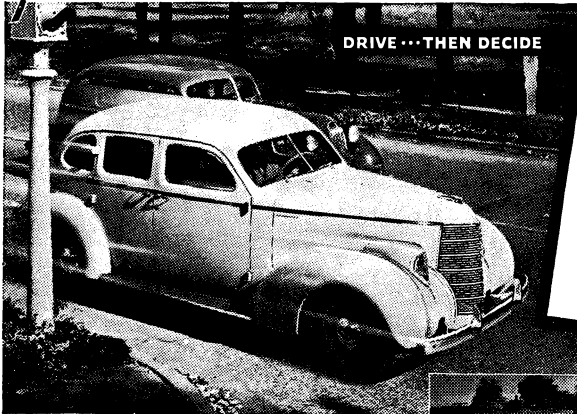
Expect more than  
"tooth - brushing" from  
Tek. It massages your gums  
while you clean your teeth.

**Tek**  
America's Quality  
TOOTH BRUSH

PRODUCT of  
Johnson & Johnson

Distributors: BOTICA BOIE

*We'll bet you 10 miles that you'll want 10,000*



DRIVE... THEN DECIDE

**NEW 1938  
STUDEBAKER**

We say that a 10-mile drive in this amazing new Studebaker will prove that it responds as quickly as a trigger to your touch... that it takes the humps and curves out of highways... steers as easily as a bicycle... swoops ahead like a pheasant taking off!

**SIT** behind the wheel of this big new 1938 Studebaker for 10 miles... put it to every difficult test you can think of! If you do, we know you'll want to drive it at least 10,000 miles the first year—to say nothing of future years—because it's so far ahead of anything you've been accustomed to in a motor car.

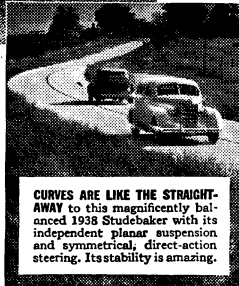
Amazing is the only word that describes how this vigorous, sweet-running 1938 Studebaker handles and performs. It smoothly levels off the roughest going... piles easy-chair comfort, steadiness and security into every

mile... gives vibration the unqualified go-by.

And to get this marvelous motoring experience, you put up nothing but your time. The 10-mile drive in this powerful, good looking, completely new, 1938 Studebaker is our treat. So don't do anything about any car until you go out for 10 miles of Studebaker proof. See how this great challenger out-performs the rest... and then get a still bigger surprise when you find that this handsome 1938 Studebaker costs just a little more than for a small, light car.

**GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH—GET THESE STUDEBAKER FEATURES!**

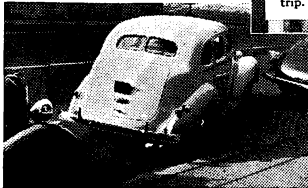
Independent planar suspension \* Symmetrical direct-action steering \* Finest hydraulic shock absorbers \* Non-slam safety door latches \* Fram oil economizer \* Oversize trunk \* Horizontal gearbox \* Hypoid gear rear axle \* Safety glass all around—standard equipment on all models \* Automatic overdrive, Automatic hill holder and Miracle shift available on all models.



**CURVES ARE LIKE THE STRAIGHT-AWAY** to this magnificently balanced 1938 Studebaker with its independent planar suspension and symmetrical, direct-action steering. Its stability is amazing.



**IMPRESSIVE FUEL AND OIL SAVINGS** give this Studebaker the operating economy of a smaller, lighter car. It probably won't use half a gallon of fuel on your 10-mile trip. It saves oil sensationally.



**PARKING EFFORT IS CUT IN HALF** by the new 1938 Studebaker dual ratio steering gear with one range for parking and one range for quick, safe control on the straightaway. You can edge this Studebaker into parking line-ups you wouldn't attempt with any other car.

**MANILA MOTOR CO.**

BAGUIO

MANILA

BACOLOD

# WOMEN ABROAD

By PIA MANCIA

OFF and on we hear stories about the marvelous way wives give their moral support to their husbands who pull through successfully in whatever undertaking they are in, backed by the staunch loyalty of "their women". Our story now is about such a woman, the wife of Peter Blume, who painted the famous anti-Fascist canvas "The Eternal City". The painting took three years to complete, and part of the work must be credited to Mrs. Ebbe Blume who read to her husband all the time. As a matter of fact she always reads to him while he is at work, which is seven times a week from nine in the morning to dusk. This custom was established back in 1929 when he was doing "Parade", the picture which first got people talking about him. He was working away, feeling nervous, and Ebbe was sitting in the studio, reading Lou Tellegen's memoirs, *Women Have Been Kind*. Anyhow, she chanced to read aloud to Blume the passage in which Tellegen, clad in his underwear, leaps from a lady's boudoir into the Grand Canal. This had the rather unpredictable effect of relaxing Blume's nerves. "Go on reading", he told Ebbe, and she did; she has been reading to him now for the last eight or nine years.

During the "Eternal City" years she started out the day by reading the papers. After the news would come a book: first *Ifar and Peace*, which took three months, after that *The Idiot*, the plays of Christopher Marlowe, *Anna Karenina*, then a run of twenty-two mystery stories. She next started *Ulysses* which turned out to be a mistake. Blume suddenly threw down his brushes, screaming at Ebbe and James Joyce: "Stop, stop, stop!" Ebbe calmed him with Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* which saw them through the end of the picture.

## Superstitious Actress

SOME people call it superstition, others, just a jinx—anyway, it is the fantastic belief of even educated people about this or that odd thing bringing good or ill luck. For instance, there is Gertrude Lawrence, world-renowned actress, one of the most successful and most celebrated women in the stage today. So high up in her line of work that Noel Coward has devoted pages and pages of praise to her ability in his autobiography. Yet she has misgivings about the ending "e" in both her given and her family names. She sincerely believes that her career might have been more splendid than it is if her first name was Dagma

instead of Gertrude! It seems that some time or another, Evangeline Adams, the great mystic, had told her that she would be luckier in life if her first name ended with an "a".

But why Dagma? one might be inclined to ask. She would patiently explain that her real name was Gertrude Alexanders Dagma Klasen. "The Alexandra and the Dagma came from my father's family. He was a Dane. I get the Gertrude from my mother. She was Irish. Alexandra Lawrence would sound too old-fashioned. Dagma Lawrence would have been perfect... much luckier than Gertrude!"

There, ladies, is a bit of superstition which would match our own Philippine aversion to sweeping the floor at night because centipedes might fall!

## First Woman Member, French Academy

WHenever any woman anywhere in this wide world receives signal honor, it is only fitting that her sisters, the other women in all the other countries, should show their rejoicing. Thus, when we hear that the French Academy, heretofore only "100 per cent male" received a woman in its distinguished fold for the first time, we feel we should like to share the glad news all over.

The French Academy, founded in 1635, has included in its member-

ship such great names as Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Diderot. Not only literary men are admitted. A few generals and churchmen are also, by tradition, let in. Thousands of famed Frenchmen wear out their hearts trying to get elected to the Academy, (Emile Zola was not an Academician), but no Frenchwoman has ever been a member. And, until November 23 no Frenchwoman had ever been received officially in one of the Academy's seances. It was then that France's greatest living female writer, Colette, (whose names are Sidonie Gabrielle Colette Gauthier-Villars de Jouvenal Goudekot) was admitted.

The work of the French Academy is to edit a Dictionary of the French language, a grammar, a rhetoric, and a book of rules for poetry. Going back to Madame Colette, however, who, by the way is now 64, it is interesting to note her "writer's eccentricities". She works with her feet stretched upon a sofa, propped on some of her books. Talking about her forty-three volumes of plays, novels, short stories and essays, she says that she has no difficulty at all producing them, as writing comes to her as easily as "frying an egg". That fact makes her the Academician—which we definitely are not.

## Creative Photography

WITH the present craze for photography, verging on an almost libelous use of the camera, it is refreshing to hear of some one making a truly serious attempt of producing creative photographic art. Bernice Abbot, famous woman photographer, is said to have made "the most phenomenal human gesture ever made." For years this young woman had photographed the faces of Europe's great; later she found out to her dissatisfaction that faces everywhere looked much the same. So she decided to see what people looked like by what they built. "Their houses", said Bernice Abbot, "tell more about a people than their noses". Her first subject became New York which held her with a "fantastic passion." She explained this fascination by the city's ceaseless change, its overnight growths, its vanishing old structures, its weird contrast of past jostling with present. She predicts with certainty that fifty years from now it would be a different city. Therefore, she feels that someone should preserve its flavor before this was gone.

(Continued on page 37)



**NO GRIT TO SCRATCH OR MAR THE DELICATE ENAMEL**

TOOTHPASTES that contain grit or other harsh abrasives are injurious to the enamel.

Kolynos contains no grit—it is safe and gentle in action.

Make this test yourself—put a small amount of Kolynos on a clean soft cloth and use it to polish a piece of tarnished silver. You will see that Kolynos cleans and polishes the surface without a scratch just as it cleans and polishes the teeth without the slightest injury to the enamel.

Economize—buy the large tube

Brighten your smile with KOLYNOS

Accept no substitute—the only genuine Kolynos is packed in the yellow tube and carton.

**KOLYNOS**  
the antiseptic  
DENTAL CREAM

224

# BOOKS and AUTHORS

By PIA MANCIA

THESE is nothing that gives more pleasure than to stand up and acclaim something one has read enthusiastically, as having moved one to lofty heights of idealism, or to profound depths of genuine sentiment. We can safely say the first of George Santayana's THE LAST PURITAN. Indeed, that might be the outstanding criticism to give against it, that, being a novel, it never, for a moment, ceased to give philosophy, and, therefore, there was lacking in it, that naturalness of everyday touch that a Maugham, or a Tarkington, would have sprinkled throughout his works. Never once does Santayana leave the "platform," so to speak, whereon he stood to expound his theories of life and his views on Man's behavior; here, he would use his hero, Oliver Alden, to speak out his platitudes on the attributes of the moral man; there, his mouthpiece would be the Vicar of Iffley, voicing his ideas about the terribleness, the blackness, the utter tragedy of Truth.

But this rarified atmosphere is somewhat relieved by the presence of a few earthy characters. Lord Jim, for instance, or Vanny, or Fraulein, or Mrs. Bowler, people who lived and talked and thought as you and me, and never once bothered to explain the whys and the hows of existence. They are the comfortable characters of this remarkable book.

Philosophy is a difficult subject to tackle. And the author's job of making it live through a flesh-and-blood character, a figure of fiction meant to represent a type, the Last Puritan, is not easy. He is confronted with coping with the tangible and the intangible, and making them meet in a common ground of understanding. In a way, Santayana never succeeded in making Oliver Alden quite human enough. We feel in him too much of a strange creature whose reactions against nature are understandable, but not to be sympathized with. We admire his austerity and yet would not want to practise such a quality ourselves. His puritanism was, however, so genuine as to be really tragic. Santayana, in his Prologue, defines it very aptly, thus: "His puritanism had never been mere timidity or fanaticism or calculated hardness; it was a deep and speculative thing; hatred of all shames, scorn of all mummeries, a bitter, merciless pleasure in the hard facts. All that passion for reality was beautiful in him....."

Oliver Alden himself was as beautiful a character as one would wish—beautiful in the statuesque sense, perfectly moulded, perfectly colored, but utterly devoid of the "joy of living," that essence of existence without which everything is toneless, colorless, drab.

In Oliver Alden is sounded the last sad note of Puritanism, that precious jewel of the American ideals of the past, whose memory Santayana seems to cherish dearly—this present work certainly preserves all that is beautiful in Puritanism, without, however, sparing it the evils, as it were, of rebelling against a Nature which is necessarily strong and powerful, and, therefore, capable, in the end, of destroying mere man. And thus was Oliver Alden destroyed.

(THE LAST PURITAN: Scribner and Sons, New York, 1937. \$2.75)

A TWENTIETH century judgment of the eighteenth is fairer than either the verdict of the nineteenth century which does not understand it, or of its own time, whose perspective is blurred by too close a proximity. When her contemporaries judged

Marie Antoinette, their vision was not clear—the French Revolution was too alive, too vibrant, too condemning, for them to see in the woman anything more than the prime cause of the bloodshed and the horror. A century later, the judgment might have been kinder, but mid-Victorian morals prevailing prevented too much sympathy for the flirtatious, somewhat giddy-headed queen who made Versailles a pastoral garden of frivolities and rocco parties. But now with the frankness of our age, and with the clearer view horn of the lapse of time and the extent of understanding we can see Marie Antoinette for what she really was: an extremely average woman, of mediocre intelligence, charming and flighty but never unscrupulous; thoughtless and light-headed but never unkind, proud and obstinate but never overbearing—a natural product of the circumstances surrounding her, over which she had no more control than she had over her own fascinating, ebullient self. Such was the sympathetic treatment of Stefan Zweig's MARIE ANTOINETTE, whose telling subtitle is: *The Portrait Of An Average Woman.*

In this book, whose only defect is a somewhat obvious tendency for a frank discussion of delicate sexual matters which were better left uninduced or else briefly treated, the author tells of the intimate life of the unfortunate queen — her loving nature which found expression only late in her short life, her devotion for her chivalrous exemplary lover, Fersen, and her simple motherly affection and tenderness for her children; her lightness and frivolity in the early part of her career changing into seriousness and an almost uncanny wisdom when trying circumstances beset her—and finally her glorious, queenly death whose dignity, it seemed, more than made up for the flightiness of her young years, and justified the fact that she was the daughter of the great Maria Theresa. Such was the end of Marie Antoinette "who, in her day had been the goddess of grace and of taste, and subsequently the queen of many sorrows."

There is always something poetic and beautiful about gallantry — a gallant act, a gallant word, — (Continued on page 35)

## Try MEAT FRICASSEE with SWEET-POTATO BISCUITS!



### MEAT FRICASSEE WITH SWEET-POTATO BISCUITS

- |                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 lb. meat          | 1 sour orange            |
| 3 tablespoons lard  | salt and pepper to taste |
| 2 garlics           | 1 tablespoon parsley     |
| 1 onion             | ½ teaspoon paprika       |
| 1 green pepper      | 1 cup dry wine           |
| a pinch of marjoram | ½ lb. potatoes           |
|                     | 1 can peas               |

Cut meat in small pieces; brown meat in hot lard with garlic, onion and green pepper; add marjoram, sour orange juice, seasonings and wine with a little water. Cook slowly until tender, adding potatoes about 30 minutes before meat is done. Add peas and serve with Sweet-Potato Biscuits.

### SWEET-POTATO BISCUITS

- ½ cup mashed sweet potato
- ¾ cup milk
- 4 tablespoons melted butter
- 1½ cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1½ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt

Mix mashed sweet potato, milk and melted butter. Add remaining ingredients, stirred all together, to make soft dough. Turn out on floured board and toss lightly until outside looks smooth. Roll out ½ inch thick, cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased pan. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. Serves 6-8.

ROYAL, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, assures perfect results. Don't waste good ingredients through baking failures. Always use Royal!

THESE flaky-light Sweet-Potato Biscuits give a finishing touch to the popular Meat Fricassee.

Insure their delicate lightness by making them with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder that assures fluffy-light texture, more delicious flavour in everything you bake.

It's more economical to bake with Royal, too. You run no risk of wasting costly ingredients through baking failures. Buy a tin of Royal today.

### FREE! "Tropical Recipes"

Interesting new booklet containing recipes for many delicious cakes, cookies, biscuits, fritters and other baked dishes. Tested and improved by Royal Cookery Experts for use right in your own kitchen! Every recipe easy to make. Attractively illustrated. Many valuable cooking hints. Send coupon today for your free copy.



Standard Brands of the Philippines Inc.—Dept. 136  
P. O. Box 585, Manila, Philippines

Please send me copy (copies) of the free Royal booklets, as checked below:

New booklet "Tropical Recipes"

Illustrated Royal Cook Book

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

## Movie SECTION



Franchot Tone and Gladys George in "Love Is A Headache"

JEANETTE MacDONALD, who is co-starred with Nelson Eddy for the fourth time (they were together in *Naughty Marietta*, *Rose Marie* and *Mautime*) in *The Girl of Golden West*, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 18th. Her first motion picture appearance was in *The Love Parade* with Maurice Chevalier and she has been a signing star ever since.

NELSON EDDY will also celebrate his birthday next month—June 29th. His first vocal teacher was a phonograph. First he listened to the records, then he began to sing in accompaniment to the greatest singers—Caruso, Bonci, Scotti, etc., imitating their inflections, tone development and idiosyncrasies. Soon he found that he was actually learning. The records showed him how a song should be sung. The technique, the voice method, came later; he learned the fundamentals and a lot of other things, both right and wrong, from imitating phonograph records.

LEO CARRILLO, who plays the role of Mosquito in *The Girl of the Golden West*, was born in Los Angeles and educated at St. Vincent-Loyola University. His ancestors date back through five generations of Spanish-Californians and were among the first white settlers of the Pacific Coast. They included generals, nobles and an early Spanish governor of California.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST is based upon the orig-

inal stage play written by David Belasco thirty years ago. But an entirely new musical score has been written for it by Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn, deans among the composers and librettists of America, and the original songs they have contributed to the score promise to become song hits of 1938.

Hailed by U. S. naval officers as the most authentic picture of Annapolis ever presented on the screen, *Navy Blue and Gold*, soon to be shown at the Ideal Theater, wolds all the important phases of life through which midshipmen pass in their first two years at the Academy into a thrilling story, climaxed by the annual Army-Navy game in which the three leading characters, Robert Young, James Stewart and Tom Brown, participate. The love interest in this film is pretty Florence Rice, who plays the role of Tom Brown's sister and the girl for whom Young and



Robert Young, Florence Rice and James Stewart in "Navy Blue and Gold".

Stewart are rivals. Lionel Barrymore, as the veteran coach who encourages the Navy Team, and Billie Burke, as the mother of Tom Brown and Florence Rice, are also in the cast.

JAMES STEWART, who is considered the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood, celebrates his birthday this month. He was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, on May 20th, and is a graduate of Princeton University.

ROBERT YOUNG became the proud father of a bouncing baby girl during the filming of *Navy Blue and Gold*. Prior to the birth of the baby the company went to Annapolis on location for the filming of campus atmosphere. The nearest telephone, in a gatehouse a quarter of a mile from the scene of "shooting", would lure the expectant and worried father a dozen times between "takes". A winding roadway led to the gatehouse but motor traffic was forbidden, so between scenes Young would speed across the sloping lawns to the telephone. The entire cast and the director tried to make things easy, but to no avail. Like other expectant fathers, Young was worried. The baby, however, was born a week later

after the company had returned to the studio.

Dedicated to laughter, *Love Is A Headache*, soon to be shown at the Ideal Theater, starts on a high note of hilarity and builds to a suspenseful, comedy climax which finds everyone in the cast indulging in an orgy of mirth. The story concerns the problem of an actress (Gladys George) whose press agent (the late Ted Healy) has caused her to adopt two orphaned children (Mickey Rooney and Virginia Weidler) for publicity purposes. When police suspect that the children have been kidnapped, the actress runs away to a small town. There she is joined by a columnist (Franchot Tone) who is in love with her. They confer on the mix-up. The inn-keeper, who is also a justice of the peace, overhears their plotting and believing he is justified, forces them to marry at the point of a shotgun, which is exactly what they wanted to do anyway.

GLADYS GEORGE noted stage actress, first appeared on the screen in the film, *Valiant Is The Word For Carrie*. This was followed by *They Gave Him A Gun* (also with Franchot Tone) and *Madame X*.

MICKEY ROONEY, though only sixteen years old, is a veteran and one of the busiest actors in pictures. He has appeared in forty-three films in the past twenty months. He has been in pictures for ten years. Among his notable performances were those in *Captains Courageous*, *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* and *You're Only Young Once*.

Schools should incorporate a course in charm as part of their curriculum, according to Richard Thorpe, noted motion picture director. Every high school, he sug-





Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Girl of the Golden West"

gests, should provide girls with the proper means of enhancing their femininity. The contrast between girls professionally trained and their unskilled sisters is unfair, he says. Actresses, he continues, are trained in the hard school. They are taught to walk, talk, dress, make-up their faces and dress their hair. Assurance and ease, plus a well-groomed appearance are part of their profession. Educational institutions, in his opinion, could perform an inestimable service to women if they inaugurated classes in charm. Subjects should include voice culture, poise, assurance, proper use of cosmetics, wearing of cloths and plain good manners. He pointed out that the two military academies, West Point and Annapolis, have complete courses in conventional behavior that their graduates may behave in a manner becoming an officer and a gentleman. "If good manners are valuable to fighting men, how much more so to a girl graduate, faced with the necessity of making her way in the world?" he asks.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, celebrated her ninth birthday last April 20th and received hundreds of gifts, from every state in the union and from several foreign countries. If she continues to be the cinema success that she is at present, she will be one of the richest women in the world by the time she will be 21, rivaling Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton, both of whom are millionairesses.

SIMONE SIMON, we read in the papers, was robbed of more than \$16,000 while she was away in her native land, France. It turned out that her secretary, using her power of attorney, embezzled the money and bought furniture, furs, silverware, and jewelry. When Simone arrived from abroad she was surprised to find her bank account considerably shrunken. She stormed into the office of the Los Angeles district attorney demanding why. A secret service man investigated and found out why.

JACKIE COOGAN, now 23 and married to actress Betty Grable, is endeavoring to recover from his mother and step-father the sum of \$4,000,000 he earned as a child actor. His most famous role was the kid in Charlie Chaplain's *The Kid*.

*Don't Be Dopey*, a new Big Apple Swing step, inspired by the dance sequence in *Snow White* and *The Seven Dwarfs*, and named after lazy, lovable Dopey, is said to be taking the United States by storm. It is done by 7 couples in a circle and calls for hot swing and high stepping.

WALT DISNEY is now busy at work on *The Sorcerer* (which is not so familiar as *Snow White* and *The Seven Dwarfs*). No less than Leopold Stokowski has made the musical recordings for this new film. Mr. Disney is only 36 years old, married for 12 years, and has two children: Diane Marie, four, and an adopted baby daughter, Sharon Mae.

How do movie stars court sleep? Clark Gable recites the prologue of *Evangeline*; Claudette Colbert counts her toes; Ginger Rogers tunes in on the Los Angeles police radio station (the droning voice of the announcer is soothing to her nerves); Joel McCrea recites Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

**COMING FILMS:**

- TEST PILOT with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, and Lionel Barrymore.
- FOOLS FOR SCANDAL with Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet and Ralph Bellamy.
- KIPNAPPED with Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter, Ralph Forbes, C. Aubrey Smith, and many others.
- VIVACIOUS LADY with Ginger Rogers and James Stewart.
- THE GOLDWYN POLLIES, featuring Vera Zorina.
- WHITE BANNERS with Fay Bainter, Claude Rains, Bonita Granville and Kay Johnson.
- THE FIRST 100 YEARS with Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce.

**FILM RATINGS**

- (Reviewed by Ruth Waterbury)
- Extraordinary (Four Stars): SNOW WHITE and THE SEVEN DWARFS
- MAD ABOUT MUSIC, starring Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall.
- Excellent (Three Stars):

MERRILY WE LIVE with Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne, Billie Burke, Bonita Granville.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER with Tommy Kelly and May Robson.

IN OLD CHICAGO with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche.

TOVARICH with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

HAWAII CALLS with Bobby Breen.

ROMANCE IN THE DARK with Gladys Swarthout and John Boles.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK with Shirley Temple.

BLUEBIRD'S BRIGHT WIFE with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper.

THE BARONESS and THE BUTLER with Annabella and William Powell.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

THE JOY OF LIVING with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"The Department of Health, Bureau of Preventable Diseases, say that every twenty minutes somebody in New York City is bitten by a dog; 25,000 nipped folk a year, approximately."

—The New Yorker



**OPENS  
TUESDAY  
MAY 24**

**GLADYS GEORGE  
FRANCHOT TONE**

**Love is a Headache**

with **TED HEALY • MICKEY ROONEY • FRANK JENES**  
Directed by Richard Thorpe

Produced by Frederick Stephant

**NEXT ATTRACTION**



Jeanette  
**MacDONALD**  
and  
**Nelson EDDY**  
in  
**THE GIRL of the  
GOLDEN WEST**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

**SOON!... Watch For Opening Date**



CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY  
with  
**Spencer TRACY** in  
**TEST PILOT**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture



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

Come and see them at our store No. 400 Calle Dasmariñas

**MANILA BUTTON FACTORY, INC.**

# CLUB NEWS



Members of the first Women's Club in Ibaan, Batangas, organized in 1938. President—Mrs. T. S. Suarez; Secretary—Miss Noly Maríño; Treasurer—Miss L. Maríño.

(Below) 1938 Board of Directors of the Tondo Woman's Club, Inc.



**DO YOUR EYES "BURN"?**




● Do your Eyes Burn after Exposure to the Intense Sun and Dusty Winds?

**Murine brings Quick Relief. Soothes Tired Eyes and helps to keep the Eyes Clear, Clean, and Healthful.**

Murine is the Alkaline, Sate Eye Lotion successfully used for over 40 years; compounded by Dr. McPatrick, an Eye Physician of many years' experience. Soothes Cleanses Refreshes

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR EYES



A Safe Eye Lotion for Daily Personal Use in the Home. Easy to apply. A bottle lasts a long time. Never be without Murine. As all boticas.

**THE MURINE COMPANY, Inc.**  
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; Toluatum Borate, 2.24 grams; Berberine Hydrochloride, 0.28 grams; Hydrastine Hydrochloride, 0.061 gram; Glycerine, 3.3 grams; Mercuriolite (Sodium Ethyl Mercury Thiosulfate) 0.01 gram; Sterilized Water to 1000 Milliliters. (Made in U.S.A.)

## HEADQUARTERS NOTES

**LADIES**, we have "oodles" and "oodles" of news to tell you:

The first thing to report here is—you have guessed it—the successful celebration of the *first Plebiscite anniversary* at the National Federation of Women's Clubs headquarters. More than two hundred invitations were sent out, which were, to judge from the attendance, most enthusiastically accepted. Mrs. Pura V. Kalaw, Mrs. Laura L. Shuman and Mrs. Geronima T. Peason were the distinguished members forming the reception line. The speakers for the day were no less well chosen—Mrs. Flora Ylagan, Miss Bessie Dwyer, Mrs. Asuncion Perez, Miss Carmen Planas—with Mrs. Concepcion Felix-Rodriguez playing the role of charming toastmistress. There was music too, with Miss Loreto Pamintuan, Miss Santiago and Mr. Jose Carreon taking care of the musical part of the program. As for the "cents" we have the following ladies to thank: Mrs. Laura L. Shuman, Mrs. Mercedes de Joya, Miss Maria Orosa, Mrs. Emilia Alzate, Mrs. Josefa Llanes Escoda, Mrs. Concepcion F. Rodriguez, Judge Natividad Almada-Lopez, Mrs. Pura V. Kalaw, Miss Rosario Ocampo, Mrs. Dominador Ambrosio, Mrs. Ruperta Lovina, Mrs. John Henning, Miss Bessie A. Dwyer and Mrs. Pilar H. Lim.

The next item of interest is about the activities of our energetic executive secretary, **Mrs. Josefa Llanes Escoda**. Before she left on a vacation in Baguio, she organized two Boys' Clubs, one in San Nicolas and one in Bay Boulevard. She is so much a living part of the

National Federation of Women's Clubs, with her tirelessness and her enthusiasm with respect to its projects, that we cannot help but take pride in her merited successes. By the way, we must not forget to commend the spirit of cooperation shown by the Women's Clubs in San Nicolas and Bay Boulevard to the new Boys' clubs.

Did you know that *Councilor Carmen Planas* met some of the Club Presidents at the National Federation of Women's Clubs headquarters the other day to sound their opinion on the firecracker bill and to invite than to the hearing? These ladies were very responsive. Miss Dwyer's and Mrs. Escoda's speeches supporting Miss Planas' bill invited, as we have seen, a great deal of favorable comment in the newspapers.

Our *Factory Lunch Service* is extending its operations. We just opened a new Service at the *Holena Cigar Factory*.

One news item leads to another of like tenor—and so we shall speak now of our new dieticians, namely, Mrs. Gloria Abellanosa and Miss Buenaventura Guerra.

The *Filipino Nurses Association Convention* was quite well attended—and as part of the National Federation of Women's Clubs courtesy to the delegates, copies of the *Woman's Home Journal* were distributed free.

Visitors to the National Federation of Women's Clubs headquarters would be surprised to see the

big hall all agog with people practicing dancing or physical culture exercises. They will be told that the School of Dancing and Body culture, under Mr. Manolo Rosado, has just moved to our place and lessons are being given daily by this able instructor.

Upon the initiative of *Mrs. Pura V. Kalaw*, a meeting was recently called of representatives from the different women organizations in order to reorganize the General Council of Women. The response was not very encouraging—only National Federation of Women's Clubs representatives attended.

Our last news is not the least important. It is about our recent visitors to headquarters. They were Mrs. Concepcion Roxas Baylan, from Calanan, Laguna, Miss Rosalina Rogayan, from San Felipe, Zambales, Miss Esta Afenir, from San Narciso, Zambales, Miss Aurea Muñoz, from Bayambang, Pangasinan, Miss Amelia D. San Agustin, and Miss Gregoria San Jose, new literary volunteers, for Paco and Singalong who will teach in their homes (they told us that everything is ready and we have furnished them with signboards), and Miss Paciencia Leaña, a nurse in Tayabas, Tayabas. The National Federation of Women's Clubs house is always glad to receive such interested and interesting visitors.

We are proud to say that the April number of *The Clubwoman G.F.W.C.*, include two items about the N.F.W.C. and the Manila Woman's Club.



APRIL and May are full of significance to the National Federation of Women's Clubs—April 30th being the Plebiscite anniversary and May our twelfth birthday. So that echoes of one celebrator would still be heard when we celebrate the other. Needless to expect that these echoes will be "loud and long"—and can we really blame the women? Not after their successful years of full-ploughed citizenship and the praiseworthy use they have made of it. We won't be the least bit surprised, therefore, if we still get reverberations of these anniversary activities long after they will have passed—from Lipa, for instance, or Ibaan, or Iloilo, or Manila, or Sorsogon—these places, we hear, and other regions as well, are all agog.

bina Frias de Jaucain; Secretary, Miss Justita Lola; Assistant-Secretary, Miss Soledad Pavilando; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosario Remendado de Navera; Assistant-treasurer, Miss Laura Rebeta; Auditor, Mrs. Cipriana Vasquez de Baybay; Board of Directors: Mrs. Paz Papanas de Oyalas, Mrs. Isabel Ofrasio, Mrs. Carmen Palacio de Nerie, Mrs. Antonia Rodriguez de Opiana and Mrs. Victoria Orozco de Oliver.

**Passay Woman's Club, Rizal:** President, Miss Milagros Mijares; Vice-President, Mrs. Emilia Lim; Secretary, Miss Gregoria Malawig; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Aurora Rosales; Treasurer, Mrs. Margarita Lazatin; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Ana Fernandez; Board of Directors: Mrs. Dionisia Gutierrez, Mrs. Mary Tambunfo, Mrs. Victoria Sandejas,

Tena; Secretary, Mrs. Expectacion Caecres; Assistant Secretary Mrs. Rosario Reyes; Treasurer, Mrs. Esperanza Ocampo; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Carmen Galaz; Board of Directors: Miss Filomena Aliwawar, Miss Modesta Claro, Mrs. Pilar Aliwawar, Mrs. Agustina Aguilar and Mrs. Rufina Tosoc.

**Camaligan Woman's Club, Camarines Sur:** President, Miss Amparo Prado, Vice-President, Miss Berta Agong; Secretary, Miss Milagros Alipopo; Assistant Secretary, Miss Virginia Niomedez; Treasurer, Miss Brigida Cambaling; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Natividad Rejo; Board of Directors: Miss Socorro Reyes, Miss Feliza Enaero, Miss Salvacion Custodio, Miss Paz Abina, Miss Emerita Rfvera, and Miss Felicissima Marianna.

rer, Mrs. Benedicta Orbe; Board of Directors: Mrs. Maria Clemente, Mrs. Susana Arellano, Miss Felicissima Noveno, Miss Felicitas Orbe and Miss Bernarda Gonzalez.

**Binamleig Woman's Club, Pangasinan:** President, Mrs. Carmen F. Velasco; Vice-President, Mrs. Celestino Palma; Secretary, Mrs. Luz F. Jovelanos; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Agustina Velasco; Auditors, Miss Elena Maron, Miss Vicenta Sandoval, and Mrs. Corazon F. Bautista. Board of Directors: Mrs. Gregoria Mamaril, Mrs. Inocencia Bells, Mrs. Emmanuela Bautista, Mrs. Emmanuela Dominguez and Mrs. Andres Ferrer.

**Mabita Woman's Club, Laguna:** President, Miss Encarnacion Zorrilla; Vice-President, Miss Isabel Vicuña; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Morfa de Vela; Auditor, Mrs. Rafaela de Aguilar; Board of Directors: Mrs. Encarnacion Condehevo, Mrs. Catalina Mendoza, Mrs. Julia de Luna, Mrs. Manuela de Vela, Mrs. Raymunda Gomez, Mrs. Milagros Alacasas and Mrs. Isidra Evangelista; Adviser, Miss Beatriz Alperiz.

**Antipolo Woman's Club, Rizal:** President, Mrs. Fidela M. Fuentes; Vice-President, Mrs. Angela S. Oliveros; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosario J. Masaque; Assistant Treasurer, Miss Esperanza Masangay; Secretary, Miss Paz Dimanlig; Assistant-Secretary, Miss Purificacion Leyva;

(Continued on page 40)



1938 Board of Directors and Technical Personnel of the Zamboanga Puericulture Center.

A fitting beginning for our Club News is our unchanging note of warm welcome to the new clubs and those that have reorganized. Let us list them and their respective officers:

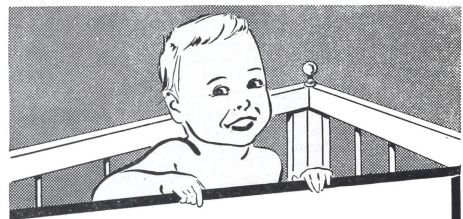
**Matnog Woman's Club, Sorsogon:** President, Mrs. Priscila Vda. de Rueda; Vice-President, Mrs. Concepcion Vda. de Diaz; Secretary, Miss Visitation Gallion; Treasurer, Mrs. Socorro de Oliveros; Sub-treasurer, Miss Estela Guevara; Board of Directors: Miss Glorificacion de Garais, Mrs. Tecla de Ubaldo, Mrs. Fructosa de Garalido, Mrs. Marcia de Gonzales.

**Gubatnan Woman's Club:** President, Mrs. Carmen Ordiz Vda. de Redoblado; Vice-President, Mrs. Al-

Mrs. Ruperta Lovina, Mrs. Purificacion Sopa, Mrs. Juanita Chiuapoco and Mrs. Gracia Galvez.

**Lolombay Auxiliary Woman's Club:** President, Miss Isabel Gutierrez; Vice-President, Miss Felisa Mendoza; Secretary, Miss Mercedes de la Cruz; Treasurer, Miss Perpetua Santiago, Chairwoman, Miss Maria Mendoza; Board of Directors: Miss Purificacion Mendoza, Miss Beatriz San Juan, Miss Maria Roxas, Miss Fidela de Guzman, Miss Rosa de la Cruz, Miss Maria de Guzman, Miss Virginia Garcia, Miss Rosario de Guzman and Mrs. Estanislawa Mendoza.

**Milaro Woman's Club, Camarines Sur:** President, Miss Justina Subastil, Vice-President, Mrs. Paula



**"MY! BUT I FEEL COMFORTABLE!"**



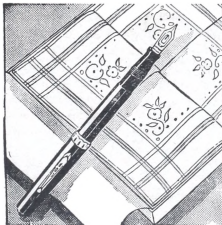
• "Do I feel good! I've just been dusted all over with Mennen Borated Powder! No more prickly heat—no more chafing now!"

"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.

**MENNEEN  
BORATED TALCUM**

**No more ink stains**



**THIS PEN CAN'T LEAK!**

No matter how you carry the new EVER-SHARP—upside down—or in any position—IT WON'T LEAK!

For when you screw on the cap a little valve automatically locks the ink in the pen barrel. Besides it holds more than twice as much ink. One stroke fills. Ink supply visible. And you TAILOR the point to fit your natural writing style.

At EVER-SHARP counters everywhere

**Philippine Education Co.**

Distributors

## MAY: Balintawak

The tapiz goes European  
in style and material

(Below) This balintawak has a draped tapiz of light-colored jersey, Shirred in front. Chiffon may also be used instead of jersey. The skirt of flowered rayon (large, bold flowers on black background) has a fairly wide bottom. There is no train. The pañuelo matches the tapiz and the camisa and sleeves, the skirt. A large flower is placed on the breast.



(Above) The tapiz of this balintawak dirndl—and you can't blame the designer for a fashion in vogue now as last year, for the dirndl is much in vogue now as last year. The full tapiz is Shirred at the top to fit the left open at the front. The waistline is with a wide leather belt, joined by long taffeta. A material with a border (cena) ed for the tapiz and pañuelo.



Designed by  
CLEMENTE (TITO) HIDALGO, JR.



NE: Weddings

# "The BRIDE'S BOUQUET"



goes  
adapting  
nd is as  
straight  
waist and  
emphasized  
rings passed  
skirt is plaid  
(a) is suggest-

Left, above: This bride wears a gown of illusion pink marquisette with demure round neck, a tight basque bodice and a crinoline skirt caught with jasmine and bows and bands of velvet. Jasmine sprays face the tiny poke bonnet and trims her short puffed sleeves. She carries a small, old fashioned bouquet of jasmine.

Right, above: The bridal gown is a mist of pale rose tulle, very wide at the bottom, and the short veil falls from a demure poke bonnet faced with orange blossoms. Note the bouquet—consisting of a few sprays of lilies of the valley.

Right: Like a fairy tale princess, this bride goes to the altar in a beautifully draped gown of rose rachel chiffon, with a large clip of blue moonstones to match the tiara that holds her chiffon veil. The bouquet consists of lilies of the valley.



## COOKING



## How To Cook VEGETABLES

**NUTRITIONISTS** have been telling us during the past few years to eat more vegetables because of the health-giving elements that they contain (they even point out the fact that vegetarians live longer than meat eaters), but why is it that many of us, especially the menfolk and the children, still refuse to touch them at the table? The reason for this is not so much habit as the unattractive appearance and flat taste of "gooey" that are served as vegetables.

There are new ways of cooking

vegetables that render them not only attractive but also more valuable nutritionally. We hope that you will give them a try in your kitchen and find out if your family will partake freely of vegetables prepared in these new ways.

First, see that the vegetables that you buy are fresh. Crispness is synonymous with freshness, particularly in the case of leafy vegetables. If you cannot cook them immediately and they wilt, immerse them in cold water, but do not soak them too long in water for cooking

impairs their texture and flavor, and some of the nutritional substances dissolve and disappear. Peas may be hulled in advance and beans may be strung, but keep them covered with a damp cloth to prevent their drying out. Never remove husks from corn until the last moment before cooking.

Second, prepare the vegetables in

*Butter-boiled vegetables: Place, dripping wet, in a saucepan, add butter and cover with lettuce leaf. Cover saucepan tightly and cook over very low fire. Result: tender, flavoured vegetables.*

the water. But we do not have to worry much about this because we always take the water in which they have been cooked as soup.

Never over-cook vegetables. They should be cooked until they are done. But when are they "done"? This is a question that is difficult to answer. All we can say is that vegetables should not be cooked until they have lost their shape; cook them until they are tender—not a minute longer. Our practice is to cook several kinds of vegetables into one dish—eggplants, leaves, squash, which require different lengths of time. They should be put in at different times, but many housewives don't bother to do so.

### Butter-Boiling

This method is said to have revolutionized vegetable cooking in the United States (where vegetables

## VEGETABLES

Never soak any vegetables for more than a few minutes before cooking, for a more watery and less nutritious product will be the result. This applies especially to leafy vegetables.

One very positive rule for boiling any vegetable is that it should be immersed into water which is already boiling vigorously. Keep the heat high until the water resumes boiling, then lower it to keep the water boiling gently throughout the cooking.

The so-called strong-flavored vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflowers, and onions, should be cooked uncovered in plenty of boiling water.

Cook vegetables quickly and until they are tender—not longer. Otherwise they will become too soft or mushy, and loose their shapes as well as their colors (and much of their nutritive values, the dieticians will add).


An easy way to serve leafy vegetables is to boil them, drain them very thoroughly, then pour over them a little melted butter or White Sauce or French Dressing.

10

FAMOUS

Flavors

ALMOND  
BANANA  
LEMON  
ORANGE  
PINEAPPLE  
VANILLA  
CHERRY/  
RASPBERRY  
STRAWBERRY  
ANISE



WATSONAL  
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF  
VANILLA  
(Artificially Colored)

Strength, combined with delicacy of flavor makes this Extract unsurpassed for flavoring Ice Cream, Custards, Jellies, Pastries and all sweets.

BOTICA BOIE  
MANILA

E. M. CRANO

# WATSONAL

## FLAVORING EXTRACTS

MADE IN THE PHILIPPINES **BOTICA BOIE**

the most attractive shapes you can think of. Slice or dice them uniformly. There are gadgets in the market that cut up vegetables uniformly and quickly. There are knives that cut potatoes into different shapes. However, dieticians have found out that vegetables lose much of their nutritional values when cut into small pieces. Moreover, the larger the pieces of the vegetables (it is better to keep them whole, especially carrots and string beans), the less danger there is of over-cooking them.

We have been cooking our vegetables in plenty of water. It seems that this is wrong because, again, they lose much of their nutrients in

are usually cooked "dry"). When vegetables are cooked in this way, none of their succulence and flavor as well as nutrients are lost.

Prepare vegetables as desired (preferably whole, if they are small). Use a saucepan with a tightly fitting cover and place a lump of butter or two tablespoons of salad oil in the bottom. Rinse the vegetables and place them, dripping wet, in the saucepan with the butter (both unheated). Cover with lettuce or cabbage leaves, dripping wet also, tucking in these leaves around the edges and leaving no un-covered space to prevent evaporation of moisture. Cover the sauce-

(Continued on page 33)

# FAVORITES

Of Hollywood Movie Stars

**MOVIE** stars are like us ordinary folks—they also have their favorite dishes, which they frequently ask for when they dine out or have their cooks prepare when they eat at home.

Grace Moore, the famous singer, is married to a Spaniard (did you know it?), Valentin Parrera, who directs Spanish films made in Hollywood. Her two favorite dishes are Spanish. They may be familiar to you.

**GRACE MOORE**  
*Langostinos Salteados a la Catalana*

- 1 pound lobster meat
- 1 small onion, minced fine
- 1 clove garlic, also minced fine
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- 4 teaspoons tomato sauce
- ½ cup white wine
- Salt and pepper to taste

Remove meat from cooked lobster shells and claws. Cook onion and garlic in the olive oil until tender. Add the lobster meat and brown slightly. Add the parsley. Just before serving, add the tomato sauce and wine. Heat thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper. Serve immediately with a side dish of rice.

**Tocinos Del Cielo**

- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- yolks of 6 eggs
- 2 (5-cent) bars of sweet chocolate
- 6 tablespoons boiling water

Boil sugar and water until the syrup will form a small thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Remove from the fire and cool slightly. Beat the egg yolks with rotary egg-beater until thick and lemon-colored. Add the cooled sugar mixture slowly to the eggs, stirring constantly. Pour the mixture into 6 small buttered molds (or muffin cups), place the molds in a pan, surround with boiling water and simmer gently over low heat until the mixture sets. Cool. Dissolve the chocolate candy in the 6 tablespoons of boiling water. Cool. Pour this sauce over each "tocino" before serving.

The ethereal Garbo (there's no other one), believe it or not, goes strongly for omelets—but she likes hers prepared this way:

**GRETA GARBO**  
*Omelet*

Beat 3 eggs until the yolks and the whites are mixed. Season with

salt and pepper. Cook in a greased omelet pan until the under side is a delicate brown, then sprinkle over it half a cupful of grated cheese and a little chopped parsley and green pepper. Fold and finish cooking by baking in a slow oven. Turn onto a platter and garnish with parsley.

**GEORGE BANCROFT**  
*Oyster Stew*

- 1 cup oyster liquor, heated to boiling point
- 2 dozen oysters, simmered in the liquor until their edges curl
- 4 tablespoons butter

- 6 cups milk
- ½ teaspoon ground mace
- Salt and pepper to taste

Simmer the butter, milk and seasonings. Then add the oysters and their liquor. Serve immediately.

**EDITH FELLOWS**  
*Fruit Salad*

On each plate, place a lettuce leaf and then arrange on it some pineapple sticks or slices.

Mix 1 cup chopped orange, 1 cup sliced banana and ½ cup cooked salad dressing. Place a heaping tablespoonful of this fruit mixture on top of the pineapple. Top with 2 balls of cream cheese, softened with a little cream and with half a nut meat in the center of each.

**OUR GANG**  
*Eggs In Potato Nests*

Mash 6 cooked, peeled me-

dium sized potatoes. Add 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains of pepper and ½ cup milk. Whip until light and creamy. Divide into 6 portions and pile in mounds in buttered baking set. Make a depression at the top of each and drop an egg into it. Brush the nests with melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set and the potatoes are lightly browned.

**LESLIE HOWARD**  
*Luncheon Salad*

- 6 medium sized tomatoes, peeled
- 2 cups sweetbreads, cooked and diced
- ½ cup mayonnaise

(Continued on page 33)

## The Answer to Your Milk Problems

Forget your worries about milk. No longer need you have trouble in getting or keeping *fresh milk*. For with KLIM in your home you can have milk just as deliciously fresh as milk right from the cow . . . milk with all the nutritive elements so vital to proper growth and good health of your children.

KLIM is pure, rich whole milk; powdered. Only the water is removed; nothing is added. Made and packed by an exclusive method. KLIM stays fresh and sweet indefinitely . . . without refrigeration.

Doctors everywhere recommend KLIM for infant feeding because they know that it is absolutely dependable . . . pure, safe, and uniform.

Try KLIM today. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and address

Sales Agents: **GETZ BROS. & CO.**  
Seriano Bldg., Manila



"MILK THAT IS SAFE FOR CHILDREN!"



**The Milk That Keeps — And Retains the Natural Flavor**

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

# CLEAN, MEND, PAINT Your HOUSE Now

NOW is the time for all good housewives to have their houses cleaned, mended, and painted—while the dry season still prevails and their children are at home to help them in the rejuvenating job.

The JOURNAL will never tire of preaching this to its readers: *That if each and every one of the housewives in the land would only take the initiative and the responsibility of making and keeping her home and its surroundings clean and orderly, every town in the Philippines would surely be a more healthy and lovely place to live in!*

As it is, when we pass through a town we see nothing but broken fences, untrimmed hedges, littered yards, houses very sadly in need of repairs or paint—not to say of pigs, chickens and other animals roaming in the streets and the wash on the sides of public thoroughfares. Well-kept houses with well-tended gardens are few and far between.

The outside appearance of your house and its premises reveal your character to strangers as plainly as if they have known you intimately for years. They tell whether you are careless and lazy or tidy and industrious. Many women are ashamed to be seen in clothes that are dirty or torn, with shoes with run-down heels and soles with holes, with hair that is not neatly combed. Yet they think nothing of having their houses look dirty, disordered and in need of repairs.

It costs nothing to keep the house and its surroundings clean and attractive. Only effort is required. More often than not it is the housewife who is to be blamed when broken windows and fences are not repaired immediately, when the yard is untidy, when the roof leaks, when there is no pen for the pigs, no coop for the chickens, no good drainage under the kitchen. The husband is willing to remedy all these, but he needs constant reminding, even prodding.

Sometimes the children, who ought to know better than the old folks, are too lazy to do anything or too busy with social affairs to be bothered with such things as broken fences, untidy yards. Or, they have become so smooty after a year of study in Manila that they consider such work as sweeping the yard or mending the fence beneath them.

We have nothing but admiration for two young men we know who in plain view of the neighbors (young ladies some of them) spend their summer vacation weeding the garden and trimming the plants,

painting the iron beds (treating them with petroleum and hot water when there are bedbugs), shining all the doorknobs and oiling all the hinges in the house, cleaning the underpart of the house, climbing on stepladders to clean the outside of the house. Their fourteen-year-old sister puts the contents of all the aparadores in the house in order, sorting the clothes in storage and cleaning very thoroughly the china and glass-ware. No one among the neighbors thinks the boys sissies. They simply take pride in their home.

Once a year take the time to go over the entire interior and exterior of the house with a broom—removing cobwebs from the ceiling, and routing accumulated dust on tops of aparadores, carvings and grooves; getting rid of things that are useless; storing away those that are not stored often; having all broken pieces of furniture or parts of the house mended.

If you do not have time for a flower or vegetable garden at least keep weeds from filling the grounds around the house. Perhaps there are small trees around the house. These should be pruned or trimmed once in a while and their fallen leaves gathered and burned at least every two days if not every afternoon. If there is a hedge, this should be trimmed as often as need-

ed. If you cannot keep a hedge tidy-looking, better not have one at all. A smooth, frequently swept barren ground around the house is more attractive than one with a few scraggly plants.

Want to make your town look better? Here is a suggestion which is a variation of the Block Housekeeping system:

Organize a committee, each member to represent a street or block in the town and to be responsible for the carrying out successfully of each campaign in her street or block. Each member may appoint her own assistants. During the CLEAN YOUR HOUSE campaign, the members go from house to house in their respective streets tactfully pointing out to each housewife spots that need to be cleaned—the yard, the underpart of the house, the kitchen, the pig pens, etc. and giving suggestions as to how these may be accomplished. At the end of the week a check up is made of every house and premises. If help is needed by some housewife, this is reported by the member in charge of the street to the chairman of the campaign who will contact some unemployed man in the community who can do the work.

The next campaign is MEND YOUR HOME. Again the members go from house to house reminding housewives of odd mending jobs that should be attended to—perhaps a broken window, a falling fence, a leaking roof. A handy man may be commissioned to visit these homes where repairs are needed, and make arrangements with the housewives about payment.

Before the PLANT MORE campaign is started, the members first contact those women with gardens who are willing to give away seeds and cuttings that they do not need. Then cards are printed with the names of these women. The members leave these cards with the housewives who desire to make flower or vegetable gardens. The housewives present these cards when they ask for seeds or cuttings. Later a Garden Club may be formed and contests for the most well-tended garden conducted every six months. Prizes may be in the forms of more seeds, flower pots or flower vases. A placard bearing this legend, "First Prize—Garden Contest" attached to a stick that can be stuck into the ground may be sufficient—and attract more attention.

After the house and its surround-

ings have been cleaned and tidied, how could you keep them so all the year round? Children will not throw waste paper and peelings of fruits out of the windows into the yard if you will place a waste basket in each room. Empty petroleum cans, their tops removed and the cut edges smoothed down, make excellent wastebaskets. These may be painted inside and outside and provided with wooden handles if desired. Require the children (and Father also) to throw all waste papers into these receptacles. Fine any one who throws garbage into the yard. Discourage spitting out of the windows into the yards; it is a very dirty habit. Place cuspidors, partly filled with some disinfectant solution, in corners where they are not so conspicuous.

If garbage is not collected in your town, do not dump it into your backyard where it will become a breeding place for flies. Have a shallow, rather large hole dug in the ground and dump the garbage there, then burn it. Dig another hole, smaller but deeper, near it, and throw the refuse from the kitchen into it. Cover with the ashes from the other hole.

Every housewife should take some pride in the appearance of her home. It does not matter if her house is small or old; it should always look well-cared for, showing to all who see it that the people who live in it are orderly and clean in their habits.



## Don't Gamble With Your Health

When you suffer with **Sour Stomach, Headaches, Colds, Heartburn, or Muscular Aches and Pains**, it is nature's way of warning you that there is something wrong with your system that needs correcting. The chances are 10 to 1 that your trouble is **EXCESS ACID**.

## Alka-Seltzer

was developed especially to relieve the pain and discomfort of these common but so annoying ailments, and at the same time to correct the thing that causes them—**EXCESS ACID**.

Drop an Alka-Seltzer Tablet into a glass of water. When it bubbles up and dissolves, drink it, and your pain and suffering will be relieved almost immediately—and the acid in your system neutralized. Alka-Seltzer is helping millions of people to get well and keep well.

**Be Wise, Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.**

Millions of people in all parts of the world use and praise Alka-Seltzer because of the relief it brings.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS



Formula: Acetyl Salicylic Acid 3 grains (9%), Sodium Bicarbonate 31 grains (84%), Citric Acid 21 grains (53%).

**HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES**

(Continued from page 30)

pan and cook the vegetables over the lowest possible heat (over charcoal if you use coal stove). During the cooking period, lift the cover enough to insert a fork for testing, then replace it at once. When done, remove the leaves that have served as a cover, season and serve at once.

This method is especially recommended for cooking peas, carrots, spinach, cauliflower, asparagus, and others that will be served with a sauce poured over them.

Now for some recipes:

**Spinach**

Remove tough parts and wash in a colander or wire strainer by running water through it until you are sure that none of the sand or dirt is left in them. Pile it into a saucepan (without adding any water) and place the saucepan over low heat. Sprinkle the spinach with salt. As soon as the spinach at the bottom of the pan is wilted, lift it up to the top to cook it evenly. After eight or ten minutes, remove from the fire, drain and chop it fine. Serve with any dressing.

**Three Color Vegetable Platter**

Boil and mash potatoes, then season with butter, salt, pepper and moisten with a little milk. Place in the center of a platter. On one end arrange small boiled carrots and on other end, green string beans. Serve with meat (*carne asada*, for instance).

**Cauliflower**

Remove the green leaves from the cauliflower and cut off any bruised or dirty spots. Place it, top downward, in a deep bowl of cold salted water and allow to soak in this for about half an hour to draw out dust and other impurities. Cook it whole or broken into flowerettes in boiling water, uncovered. Just before cooking is completed (from 15 to 30 minutes) salt the water. Lift out the cauliflower carefully and allow it to drain in a warm place. Pour medium white sauce over it and serve immediately.

**White Sauce for Vegetables**  
 3 tablespoon butter  
 3 tablespoons flour  
 1/3 teaspoon salt  
 Few grains of pepper  
 cups of milk (or 3/4 cup vegetable water and 3/4 cup evaporated milk)

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour mixed with the seasonings. Stir until smooth, using a wire whisk, then add the liquid gradually while stirring constantly. Stir until the sauce boils, then keep hot over hot water until time for serving.

For color, add chopped green pepper or pimiento.

**FAVORITES:**

(Continued from page 31)

1 cup celery, finely chopped

1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

**Salt and pepper to taste**

Remove a slice from the stem end of each tomato and scoop out the center. Sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper and turn upside down to drain for a short time. Mix the sweetbreads with the rest of the ingredients and fill the tomatoes with them. Top with a dab of mayonnaise. Serve on shredded lettuce which has been sprinkled with French dressing.

**RONALD COLMAN**

**Corn Pudding**

1 12-ounce can whole kernel corn or 2 cups young corn cut from the cobs

2 eggs, slightly beaten

1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter

1 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup green pepper, finely chopped

2 cups scalded milk

Chop the corn and stir into it the eggs, the butter, salt and pepper. Add the milk gradually. Pour into a greased baking dish until firm—about 45 minutes.

**MARLENE DIETRICH**

**Cool Stinger**

1 cup hot water

6 whole cloves

12 all-spice, whole

2 inch-sticks cinnamon

Combine the above ingredients and simmer for 15 minutes. Strain and add water to make 1 cup. Add

2 tablespoons powdered sugar

1/3 cup orange juice

1 tablespoon lemon juice

1 slice lemon peel

1 cup red wine

To serve cold, chill the hot liquid before adding the wine.

**JOEL McCREA**

**Ham-Slaw Sandwich**

1/2 cup deviled ham

1 cup cole slaw

1/2 cup Swiss cheese, minced

2 tablespoons green pepper, chopped

2 tablespoons onion, finely chopped

Butter 12 slices of bread and toast. Spread the six pieces with the deviled ham and the other six pieces with the cole slaw and other ingredients. Put together and serve with quartered tomatoes.

**WHEN BREAST-MILK RUNS LOW**

Often the cause is a lack of sufficient "necessary" food-elements in your diet!

This food helps to give you such elements. Improves quality of milk, too



Everybody knows that breast-fed babies are healthiest. Read these facts about breast-feeding.

If your breast-milk is running low, it may be because your diet is low in certain necessary food-factors. In other words, your food may not be giving you enough of the elements needed to make a good, rich milk supply!

The way many mothers are solving this problem is to add Ovaltine to their diet. Ovaltine is especially rich in factors needed to produce a healthy supply of milk.

For example, it is rich in Vitamins, Minerals, good Proteins. It supplies Carbohydrates and Lipoids. It contains 31 separate food-factors in all!

It is really a "protective" food, which helps to improve the quality of mother's milk as well as the quantity...

It is advised not only during the nursing period but throughout the entire preceding period of pregnancy.

Among the Vitamins it contains is Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin—needed for the bones and teeth.

Drink it regularly. It will help to fortify your strength, besides contributing to an abundant supply of breast-milk.

It is very easy to digest. Helps digest certain other foods, too. Get a tin at your dealer's today.



helps you nurse your baby

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

Dept. 10-2, Ed. A. Keller & Co., Ltd.  
 178 Juan Luna, Manila.  
 I enclose P.10 to cover handling, mailing. Please send me generous trial tin of Ovaltine.  
 Name.....  
 Address.....  
 Town.....



**Thank You!**

**MILLIONS OF COMPLEXIONS ARE SAYING...**

Attractive faces everywhere are proof of what Cuticura Talcum can do to help you look and keep looking your best.

Smart women especially, who know the secret of beauty and charm, entrust their complexions to Cuticura Talcum. Rare oriental floral essences give it the enchanting scent that makes it a truly fine perfume. Its lasting flower-like fragrance is irresistible.

Cuticura Talcum is made by the makers of the world's leading beauty and medicinal soap—Cuticura Soap. The regular use of these two preparations is the best way to always keep looking your best.

**HERE'S your gift!**

With every purchase of a 20c tin of Cuticura Talcum, you receive FREE a trial size cake of world-famous, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap. GET YOUR GIFT NOW, as this offer is for a limited time only.



**CUTICURA TALCUM AND SOAP**

SOAP FORMULA: Pure Soap Base 76.65%, Natural Mineral Oil Wax 2.81%, Fluid Mineral Oil 1.18%, Glycerin 35.5%, Sulfur 35.5%, Salicylic Acid 6.85%, Blended Essential Oils 2.00%, Zinc Oxide 25.0%, Aluminum 2.50%, Water 6.25%. NO FREE ALKALI!

### First Days At School

#### PARENTS have often asked

Miss Jane Quigg, a primary teacher, how they can be of help to their children and the teacher when the child begins school. Here are the suggestions that she has offered at various times or has felt like offering:

On the first day of school take your child to the teacher. Introduce yourself and the child and as quickly as possible go, without lingering good-byes. Miss Quigg stresses this point because once she heard a mother say, "Goodbye, Edward, dear," then with a tearful look at Edward, say, "Oh, I am sure he will cry. He just cannot bear to be separated from me." When she reached the door, she turned and waved good-bye. Once outside the door—it was a glass one—she waved another tearful good-bye, which brought the desired result—for Edward burst into loud, angry wails.

A child to be happy in school needs to get up early enough to dress properly, eat a good breakfast, and attend to his toilet duties before he leaves the house. And it is very important that there be careful inspection to see that the child is well. If there are symptoms of a cold, or there is a skin rash of any kind, keep him at home. It is not fair to the child, to the teacher and to other children to send him to school if he is not well. Most schools now require morning inspection by the teacher, so the chances are that he will be sent home anyway, but not before he may have exposed the teacher or the other children.

Yet absence from school when it is unnecessary is of course, to be avoided. Most parents are conscientious and take care that their children are neither tardy nor absent without good reason. When tardiness and absence do occur, try to inform the teacher of the reason as soon as possible. If the absence is prolonged, realize that important work has been missed, and do your part in helping the child to make up the work. To make this help most effective, it is always wise to consult the teacher to find out present-day methods of teaching.

In regard to clothes, children five or six years of age should be dressed as nearly like other children as possible. They have no desire to be different; they want to conform. In other ways, too, the child will wish to conform. Perhaps many of the children buy milk for mid-morning lunch period. You may feel that it spoils his appetite. It can do little harm, however, to let him have it for a few days. Usually at the end of that time the novelty will have worn off, and you can persuade him to do as you wish.

Parents can be of great assistance to the teacher and helpful to their

### BRINGING UP

# CHILDREN

Learn From The Experiences Of Other Mothers

children by showing interest in the children's work. Be sure to have a bulletin board where papers brought home by the child can be displayed. This is a good job for Father, if he is at all handy with tools. The bulletin board should be a simple affair made of burlap, on an easel, so that it can readily be moved from room to room. If the child is ill, he will naturally want it in his room, so that the doctor and other visitors may see his papers. To see his work displayed brings pride and satisfaction to a child, and will most certainly encourage him to improve.

When the child is a little older, give him a desk in which he can keep his school papers and at which he can do his home work. But for the kindergarten and primary child, wide table and a bulletin board will do very well. It is essential, however, that he be given plenty of large-size manila paper (12 x 18 inches) and large pencils and large colored crayons, so that when he feels like working, his tools will be ready.

(Miss Quigg once suggested to a mother of a child having difficulty learning to write a movable black-board on which the child may practice.)

When the child begins reading at school, encourage him to read aloud for at least ten minutes each day at home. This will give him con-

fidence in the class and will be a great aid to his progress.

A special problem is presented by children who are very shy. If your child continues to have difficulty in getting acquainted with the teacher, why not ask the teacher to have lunch or dinner at your home? Make it a happy social time and see if that does not help to relieve the tension. Of course a wise parent would never under any circumstances discuss the child's difficulties within his hearing.

Visit the school often, but do not expect the teacher to stop her class and visit with you. When you have questions to ask, or when you wish to discuss your child, come before school or after it has been dismissed. Visit at any time, and when you are invited to a play or to any other special celebration make it a point to go.

Finally, if something happens that you do not like—and mistakes are made even in the best of schools—go to the teacher. She is anxious as you are that your child shall be happy in school and do well; she will welcome a conference with her.

### Puppy Love

THE mother of three girls has found out that the best way of dealing with even the worst case of puppy

love was to assume a mild "hands off" program:

Not too much objection to an undesirable boy friend lest he be given the allure of a martyr to mother's cruel dislike; just a gentle substitution of more desirable companions, more wholesome interests and, what is very important, faith in the girl's own innate good taste. Certain things, however, were not tolerated in the family; teasing, which was considered cruel, unnecessary and only the sport of a bully, and produces the tendency to make the child sneak; boy friends not of daughter's age group. There is more reason for this second taboo than may first appear. The boy friend in her own age group has possibly come up through grade school with her and is difficult to invest with a great deal of glamour. With the older man, the situation is more difficult. Miss Teen-age has so recently emerged from childhood where the adult word was law and to be obeyed without question, that the improper suggestion is more apt to be considered the right and proper thing to do. Lastly, this mother suggests, do not feel hurt and disappointed if daughter would rather go with the gang than with Mother and Father in the family car. She realizes dimly she must learn to go her own way, independent of home and mother. She is being weaned.

### Refusal To Eat

DO you have any difficulty in making your children eat, at the right time and the right kind of food? This is the way one woman who took charge of an eight-year-old niece who had been coaxed to eat and worried over until she had an abnormal idea of herself, solved the problem:

Her first step was to banish all cake, candy and pickles from her diet. Next, she found out the few wholesome things that the child liked to eat. Fortunately one of these was cheese. This woman never urged the child to eat, but she sat up nights searching for recipes that included cheese, milk and eggs, or all three. It was at lunch, when the two were alone, that the crisis came. Rather noisily, the child refused to eat a thing. "Then you may have a nice glass of water," the aunt said, in her pleasantest voice. Without any loss of time, the child ate a good lunch. After that she gradually learned to eat the foods that were set before her and in a few months gained flesh and lost much of her irritability. Her aunt felt sure at the beginning that she would eat wholesome food when she got hungry, if unwholesome foods and between meal snacks were not allowed her.

(From PARENTS MAGAZINE)

For  
Your  
Baby!



Use  
Johnson + Johnson  
Baby Powder

Distributors: Botica Boie



**BOOKS AND AUTHORS**

(Continued from page 23)  
 a gallant thought, Eric Knight's **SONG ON YOUR BUGLES** is a gallant story—the tale of a Yorkshire boy with chivalrous blood in his veins and noble feelings in his humble heart. It is the story of a young lad going through the years, struggling against poverty and class prejudices, with the star of his genius (he was a painter) ever before him, spurring him to big tasks and lofty sentiments. And at the same time there is the undercurrent of an attack—the author's tirade against the existing state of things where the poor had to fight a losing battle against the problems of unemployment, starvation, wages and strikes. It is a moving tale, spiced with sprinklings of Yorkshire dialect and Yorkshire humor, with an almost inevitable tragic end. Impressive and forthright, the heroism of Herrie Champion seems so natural—seems, in fact, to be the only thing one could expect of him in the circumstances surrounding all his brave deeds. The story is almost unique in the artistic blending of poetic lyricism with cruel, brutal realism—an inspired novel, one might call it.

Niagara Falls, 1937) do hereby congratulate Mrs. A. E. Krows...on the publication of the book...and commend it to every Society and especially to the smaller societies engaged in the promotion of the humane care and treatment of animals."

**The League of Nations has not failed. The machinery of the League is as good as ever it was and we've got to use it. It is the will to work the machinery that has failed. If ordinary men and women like you and we don't keep faith and the fire spreads to our own neighborhoods and our homes are burned—look into your own hearts and see whose fault it is.**

*Katherine Courtney*

**CHILDREN'S**

(Continued from page 19)  
 garden; he had a lot of digging to do, he said, and couldn't possibly come!

"Dear, dear, dear! Everybody seems to have so much to do!" sighed Mr. Pricks; and just then he met Mr. Brumble, the bee. But Mr. Brumble wouldn't hear of such a thing as going for a walk.

"Fancy asking me! Can't you see how hard I'm working?" he snapped. "I've heaps and heaps of honey to gather before winter comes!"

So Mr. Pricks went still farther.

"I'll ask Mrs. Flurrie-Skur-

rie," he thought.

But Mrs. Flurrie-Skurrie, the ant, was rushing about in a very excited way.

"I never go for walks," she said. "I've too much to do!"

And when Mr. Pricks asked Mr. Speckles, the frog, Mr. Speckles replied:

"Oh no; it's too sunshiny! I like a nice wet day for taking walks, thank you!"

So Mr. Pricks went back home, feeling sad. And when he reached home, he felt tired.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it's very strange — but I do declare, I've had my walk!"

And, when you come to think of it, he had! So that's that.

# Mothers Find Quaker Oats Wonder Food For Children

Blessed, or cursed as it sometimes turned out, with a love of animals and fair-play, Mrs. A. E. Krows found herself dealing single-handed with the "animal situation" in a typical small town. The longer she persisted, the more complicated her efforts became, till, finally, sympathetic crusaders were discovered and the community was systematically aroused to deal with the problem in the most commendable fashion.

The **HOUNDS OF HASTINGS: The Welfare Of Animals In A Small Town** is her story. On the one hand, it is a check-full of human interest journal of Mrs. Krows' experiences in fighting for a square deal for animals. On the other hand, it is a manual of *do's* and *don't's* for any individual or group that embarks or wants to embark on a similar crusade. Both phases of the book are dramatically and practically combined to make for good reading and ready reference.

In the last particular, the book is a backlog for the humane institution now in operation. Witness these two resolutions: First, "We (The American Humane Association, in convention at Mailwaukee, 1937) endorse this book and encourage its widespread circulation among Humane Groups. Be it further resolved that we express our gratitude...for this splendid contribution to the Humane Movement." Second, "Be it resolved that the Convention of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals in annual convention (A.S.P.C.A. and S.P.C.C. at

Quaker Oats is a marvelous food for children—and for adults too. Its Vitamin B content soothes jangled nerves, regulates constipation, creates sound, healthy appetite. Its minerals, proteins and carbohydrates build firm tissue, create rich

red blood; make strong bones and muscles. It adds inches to height and pounds to weight. There's nothing like a daily diet of Quaker Oats. And so delicious too. Try it for the next 30 days. Cooks in 2½ minutes after water boils.

## QUAKER OATS

U 62

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**  
 Look for the Quaker Man on the Label

## GUIDE TO CHARM

## WATCH Your CARRIAGE

Meaning Your Posture

**GOOD** posture, we have found out, is intimately allied with good health, and now the practice of it is our "project" and the subject of our pet. This is why we are discussing it here on this page.

Backache, headache, continued fatigue, internal difficulties, are often due to bad posture. If not, they are certainly aggravated by it. The slumped, narrowed, cramped chest not only induces unlovely hollows at the sides of the chest and rounded shoulders, but it also decreases the efficiency of the lungs hindering the passage of clean, purifying and nourishing blood through them and leaving them a ready prey to germs and disease.

The spinal column is such a complicated and delicately adjusted mechanism that the slightest deviation from the normal may cause a strain on nerves and muscles. This induces pain, chronic fatigue and nervousness. Backache is a frequent result of poor posture. When the back muscles are weak the trunk of the body and its internal organs slump

down. The pelvic basin is tipped forward and the organs drag downward. Thus the weight of the middle part of the body is thrown forward, increasing the strain on the muscles in this area and irritating the nerves. Backache results. The large protruding abdomen appears, and the curve of the lower back is accentuated.

Can you see now why good posture is important from the standpoint of health? From the standpoint of good looks or appearance, all we have to say is good posture creates an impression of youthfulness and can correct many of the figure faults that embarrass women.

Many women are unaware of their posture. They do not know whether they have a good posture or a bad one. Here is a simple test: Stand naturally and then turn sideways before a full-length mirror and look at your silhouette. Now answer this question: Can a straight line be drawn from the top of your head to your hipbone, then to your knee and down to your ankle bone? If that line is straight, you have a



WRONG POSTURE

CORRECT POSTURE



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.

good posture.

Posture correction and control should take place in the middle of your body, and not in the shoulder section as these admonitions implied: Throw back your shoulders—Throw out your chest. Begin in the middle by getting your bones in line, your muscles in position. Then make them strong by exercise so that good posture becomes as unconscious as breathing.

Here are two tricks for getting your bones in line: Stand with your back against the wall and try to make your shoulder blades, your buttocks and your spine touch the wall. Arrange two chairs back to back with just enough space between them for you to squeeze through. Walk between them. Unconsciously you will draw in your stomach. As you do, your shoulders are pulled back and your chest raised.

**Dorothy Nye, famous American physical culturist, gives this very effective exercise: Put your feet six to eight inches apart, toes pointing straight head! See that your weight rests on the outside edge of each foot. Relax your knees slightly. Now place one hand on your abdomen, the other on the buttock muscles. Push down with hand on buttocks and pull in with hand on abdomen. Now let your arms fall**

**naturally at your sides. Next grow tall by pulling up from the pelvis. Head and neck should be well back—as if the back of your neck were resting on a high collar. But do not pull chin in or down. Let the back of your neck settle on that imaginary stiff collar. Be careful that your shoulders are loose and not too high. Hold this position and count to fifty. Slump. Repeat. Slump. Repeat.**

Good posture can be maintained by simply pulling the stomach in, while you are walking, standing, sitting. Walking around your room with a book on your head is also recommended by many physical culturists.

When you stand, let your two feet bear your weight, remembering to always draw your stomach in. When you sit, sit with your back straight against the back of the chair, your stomach drawn in, and your feet planted on the floor. But do not be rigid as a ramrod. You can place one foot ahead of the other and your hands, palms up, one on top of the other, in your lap, but keep your back straight.

When you walk, walk as if you were sniffing flowers in the air, or, as if you were buffeting the wind—your head held high, your shoulders back, your stomach in.

See if somebody would not remark that you look like Diana or some other goddess.

Now for some exercises:

**Stand with your back against the wall and try to make every vertebra touch it. Then walk away from the wall, holding the correct position, and walk around the room.**

**Sit in a straight-backed chair with your abdomen pulled in, your back straight and your feet flat on the floor. Rise slowly from the chair, keeping the torso from the waist up perfectly straight. Keeping the correct position, walk around the room and sit down on the chair again. Repeat five times.**

Here is an exercise which will develop the bust and make the shoulder muscles strong: *Double or close the fist of one hand and put it in the palm of the other, holding both hands shoulder high. Now using all the strength you can muster, push with the closed fist and resist with the open hand. Repeat the exercise, ten times to the left and ten times to the right. Do the exercise sitting in a chair, ten times.*

If you want to take your exercises lying down, here are some:

**Lie flat on your back (discard pillows) and wiggle about on your spine, trying to make every single vertebra touch the bed. Then bend your knees and bring them up close to your chest, raise your head and rock back and forth on your spine. You may find it necessary to clasp your arms tightly around your knees. Repeat ten times.**

**Now roll on your stomach. With your elbows bent and your hands flat under your chest, the palms down and the fingers pointing to each other, raise your body slowly until your elbows are straight and your arms rigid. Lower the body, bending the elbows slowly, until the first position is resumed. Repeat five times at first, then increase to ten. This exercise will make the back, shoulders and chest muscles strong.**

After you have acquired the correct posture you will find that your clothes hang better, your protruding abdomen, rounded shoulders and eaved in chest have disappeared, and your general health improved.

**WOMEN ABROAD**

(Continued from page 23)

Berenice Abbot set about her unique task of making a detached and clear sighted document of the changing face of New York. At first

**ALL YOU HAVE LOVED**

By ELAINE V. EMANS

*All you have loved indubitably lies  
Warm in the heart, or sparkles in the eyes:  
Bird song at dawns intoxicated with May,  
Organs at dusk, slim birches, and the way  
A rabbit patterns first snow; color of ocean;  
Rain on the roof at midnight, and the motion  
Of dancers swaying with unstudied grace;  
Old volumes, joy transfiguring a face,  
Slow talk in candlelight, and lark spur's blue.  
All you have loved is now forever you.*

she was confused by the city's frantic pace, its apparent indifference, and even hostility; she was handicapped by the shortness of her funds. In 1935 the Museum of the City of New York recognized her merits and came to her rescue. Since then she has prowled indefatigably over the city's pavements, photographing everything, its old markets, its little shops, its vanishing elevated stations, its Victo-

rian mansions, its water front ships, and terraced towers. She often waits for hours till the light is right or distracting action has stopped.

Berenice Abbot says that she does not care whether her pictures are called art or not. What she does care is "using the camera medium as honestly as possible to make for posterity a detailed document of the glory of American civilization."



*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—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.



**THUMB-INDEXER**

THIS brief story, folks, is on the romance of thumb-indexing. (Thumb-indexing, in case you are not familiar with the term, may be observed on any dictionary: the scooped-out places, marked with letters, that enable you to turn readily to any section you want.) The widow of the inventor of thumb-indexing, Mrs. Dimies Tryphena Stocking Denison, carries on the family business. Mr. Denison had a patent on the process, but it expired years ago. A number of local bookbinders are now equipped to do thumb-indexing on the side, but Mrs. Denison is still the only specialist. Also she takes in work at the cheapest rates. She handles large orders, too, however: last year her indexers did three hundred thousand volumes, which is about \$50,000 worth of business.

Mrs. Denison was eighty-five her last birthday, and has been in the thumb-indexing business for quite a few years. The beginning "of it all" is rather accidental. Mr. Denison who was a city attorney of Bay City often had occasion to consult the town charter, a large, annoying volume. One day, suddenly inspired, he took his pen-knife and notched the edge of the book so that it could be opened at the chapter headings. This worked so well that he tried it on his Latin dictionary adding another improvement by marking in each of the cut-out places the proper letter of the alphabet. Carried away by his idea, he then indexed his entire reference library. Next he took out a patent, moved to New York, and set up in business as a thumb-indexer, continuing his legal practice on the side. He had a monopoly for seventeen years: all the thumb-indexing in the United States was done by his company or by people to whom he granted the right. The patent expired in 1894, after which the Denisons experienced reverses: business fell away and Mr. Denison became ill. It was then that his wife stepped into the breach, and when Mr. Denison died, seventeen years later, she continued the business in her own name.

Mrs. Denison has a staff of fifteen working for her. The first process in thumb-indexing is to indicate the pages on which the index work are to be placed. Next the book goes to the cutter who scoops out the holes, using a razor-sharp hand punch; it takes the cutter about a minute to do an average volume. The next step is performed by the dauber, who paints the scoopedout places. Then the book is passed to a man who pastes in the letters of "mashers". Finally, a checker inspects the job. Mrs. Denison's work is confined those days to general overseeing—except during emergencies. Such an event, for example, as the appearance of a batch of Hebrew-English dictionaries which had to be thumb-indexed backward!

## HEALTH PAGE

## INSECTS VS. HEALTH

How To Get Rid Of Insects  
In Your House

MANY housewives take the presence of insects (bedbugs, fleas, ants, cockroaches, and many other bugs) in their homes for granted, considering them as one of the necessary evils that have to be suffered in this world, and so do nothing to exterminate them, or at least try to reduce their number. It is now known that these insects not only are annoying pests but are likely to carry germs of serious diseases and may be a potential danger of real proportions at times. While not all insects are injurious (some are beneficial), there are some 300 varieties that are unfriendly or even dangerous to man. We have to fight them—for our personal comfort and safety and to protect our food supply.

Insects require only a favorable temperature, moisture and food to reproduce with great rapidity. And they have an unceasing ability of finding means of entering even the tightest of homes. The housewife, therefore, must always be on guard if she wants her home relatively clear of insects.

The house must be kept scrupulously clean. Since temperature and moisture cannot be controlled, the third condition—food supply—that enable these pests to live must be covered so that they cannot get at them. This is especially true when dealing with cockroaches and ants. The garbage can must be covered and foods should be kept in tight containers. But with some insects, these precautions are even useless, for they can live without food for long stretches of time.

In order to deal effectively with insects, their life histories and the methods of destroying them should be studied by the housewife.

## Bedbugs

When the life history of the bedbug is studied it can readily be seen how they will reach even the homes of the most fastidious and cannot always be excluded from hospitals. These insects are primarily parasites of man, although they will feed on other warm blooded animals if necessary to maintain life. Mice, chickens, or birds may at times support them. They will survive for months without food and can hide in exceedingly small spaces on account of their flattened bodies. They are found in all parts of the world, and wherever there are poor sanitary conditions these bugs will abound. They are great travelers and readily pass from person to person in crowds, since they fre-

quently inhabit clothing. Their spread is almost entirely by human agencies.

The bite of the bedbug is inflicted by a remarkable apparatus. He does not bite but saws his way through. The bug injects a secretion into the wound that prevents the blood from clotting; then he sucks rapidly. This injected substance is extremely irritating to some person and cause serious disturbances at times. Others do not react to it at all. There is now little doubt that bedbugs transmit disease, and tularemia is one that has been traced to them. Undoubtedly they also transmit bubonic plague as well as several other serious diseases through excreta deposited on the skin and the scratching in of the infective material, due to irritations from their bites. Such infective material has been found in the dejecta of bedbugs, and so they become a serious menace to health as well as comfort.

The control of bedbugs is comparatively easy, but once eliminated they do not stay eliminated, and constant effort and watchfulness are necessary. When buildings are infested, fumigation with sulfur is by far the most

practical way of destroying these bugs, as it also destroys eggs and reaches all hiding places. To prevent logging, all walls and floors and ceilings should be free from cracks as possible. Wooden beds should be discarded and metal ones substituted. Gasoline and kerosene are also efficient. Infested clothing should be sterilized by heat.

## Cockroaches

Cockroaches are to be found in nearly all parts of the world, crawling over man's food and thus becoming a serious menace to health through the possibility of contaminating food with various disease germs. They eat large quantities of food but destroy more by contaminations. Practically everything is food to them, and while they prefer that which is found around the kitchens, nevertheless the clothes basket, library or closet will furnish food, as they eat cloth, book bindings and leather when other food is not available.

Cockroaches may be readily destroyed by a chemical called sodium fluoride. This is a cheap white powder, harmless to man and animals but deadly to insects both by contact and by ingestion. Hence if this powder is kept around places where cockroaches are likely to be, it will largely destroy them. Fumigation with sulfur or one of the poison gases will completely eliminate them in

large buildings or on ship-board, but this measure must be used only under expert supervision.

To learn how successful one has been in the effort to destroy these insects one should visit a kitchen, at night a considerable time after all work has ceased and suddenly turn on strong lights. Often where no cockroaches at all have been seen by day, dozens will be seen scurrying to shelter under sudden and unexpected light. As long as any tiny ones are about, one may be certain that the premises are still considerably infested. It requires much persistence to be rid of these troublesome pests.

## Lice

Like bedbugs, they are present almost everywhere, and any lowering of personal or household cleanliness is almost certain to result in infestation with them. Household pets frequently become infested with lice and transmit them to the family.

Lice are exceedingly dangerous insects as they are known to give a number of the most serious diseases to man. Typhus fever (not typhoid) often called ship, camp or poison fever, is directly transmitted by lice. It was first thought that tularemia was largely limited to rabbits, but it is now known that it is carried by lice. Several tropical diseases are also known to be transmitted by lice.

The destruction of lice depends largely on personal hygiene. In the hairy scalp they may be destroyed by thorough shampoo of equal parts of kerosene and vinegar. If the hair is long, this solution may be left on for half an hour, the head being wrapped in a towel. The vinegar dissolves the material attaching the eggs to the hair, and the kerosene kills both eggs and lice.

## Fleas

How we detest fleas, those elusive jumpers that are so prevalent on our pet dogs and cats and are so prone to visit us! It is now known that fleas are capable of transmitting bubonic plague, tularemia and perhaps other serious diseases.

Fleas lay eggs on their hosts and each female lays about 500 eggs. But the eggs are not fastened on, as in the case of lice, and they may drop off anywhere. They are especially numerous around places where animals sleep. There they hatch out in a few days, and the larvae or worms quickly hide themselves in dust, bedding and other places. After a few days the worms spin cocoons which are hard to find as they become dust covered and closely resemble the material around them.

Flea bits are irritating and annoying, and in some per-

Boie's  
TIMOSINA

A COUGH REMEDY  
FOR BABIES and  
CHILDREN

Checks  
effectively all  
developments  
of coughs, colds  
and catarrh.

FAMILY SIZE ... 60¢  
INDIVIDUAL SIZE... 25¢

MADE IN THE PHILIPPINES BY  
**BOTICA BOIE**  
MANILA

# The Philippine Women's University

(THE PHILIPPINE WOMEN'S COLLEGE)  
TAPT AVENUE, MANILA

## COURSES OFFERED PRE-SCHOOL EDUCATION AND ELEMENTARY

Nursery Kindergarten Primary Intermediate

### SECONDARY COURSES

General High School Combined Secondary General and Home Economics Course  
Secondary Home Economics Secondary Business and Secretarial Training

### NORMAL, COLLEGIATE, AND PROFESSIONAL COURSES

Associate in Arts	Three-year Combined General and Home Economics Course	Music Teacher's Diploma
Pre-Education	Bachelor of Arts	Bachelor of Music
Pre-Law	Bachelor of Journalism	Dramatics
Pre-Medicine	Bachelor of Science in Business Administration	Library Science
Associate in Chemistry	Bachelor of Science in Education	Health Education
Associate in Commercial Science	Bachelor of Science in Home Economics	Social Welfare Work
Two-year Normal Kindergarten Course	Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy	Philippine Linguistics
Two-year General Normal Course		Physical Education
Two-year Normal course in Home Economics		

### GRADUATE COURSES

Master of Science Master of Arts

### SPECIAL YEARLY COURSES

Home Arts Stenotypy Secretarial Training

### SPECIAL SEMESTRAL COURSES

Culinary Art	Foreign Languages	Classical Dancing
Dressmaking	Club Advising	Spanish and Mexican Dancing
Machine Embroidery	Art Appreciation	Swimming
Applied Painting	Principles of Interior Decoration	Courses in Public Speaking and Debate
Pine Arts		

sons they become quite disabling, usually because the itching is intense and interferes with proper rest. Under ordinary conditions, flea control is purely a personal matter. If the house is badly infested, fumigation is the most certain way of destroying them. If there seems to be a constant entrance of a few, they may be captured by fly paper placed around the walls and under beds.

Other kinds of insects, especially those that infect wardrobes (aparadores) and closets, may be kept out by the use of naphthaline or moth balls. Mosquitoes and flies may be lessened in number by destroying their breeding places.

### THREE TOGETHER

(Continued from page 20)

of balance, trying to escape her memories. Now, Dick's marriage might open other vistas to them.

She had only to write something, in deepest confidence, to start a storm. She could let it all out in seeming to exonerate him, in insisting that there had been nothing really wrong.... She was astonished at the vividness of the temptation.

Superior behavior, she perceived, was not something you achieved in one leap; you had to keep up the struggle for it. But she would not fail the standard she had set; she would never destroy in herself the feeling of her own fineness. For that feeling, so deep, so secret, so intense, she had something of the exaltation of a nun.

The driver stopped before the great doors of Notre Dame, and she got out there, but she did not go in. She walked about to the little park at the other end, where working people were sitting on benches, and a few children in black saten were bouncing balls. Later, she got up and began to walk again.... She passed a café, with tables on the sidewalk and a big man with a napkin tucked in his neck, and she remembered that she had had no tea and her luncheon had been slight; she had no engagement for dinner, and there was no place she seemed to wish to go so she moved on aimlessly and turned into a little unknown restaurant and sat down at the window.

**SHE** came out into a darkening street, where the lamps did little against the shadows; and a man, with the accessories of smart dress, a silk hat, a white boutonniere and a cane, swerved toward her, drawn by her slim figure and chic air. When he saw her face, his expression altered; he raised his hat, ironically, and went on.

A fitting salute.  
Oh, to be young again!  
Now she was eager to be back at the hotel, writing to Dick. She wrote till midnight. She put pages aside and began others; in the end

she sent brief and formal good wishes, and put the other pages carefully away to be reread at some future day when she needed to remind herself that once she had been quick with feeling.

She realized now the finality that the actual divorce had failed to make her understand. Nothing, now, could be undone.... But sleep was slow to come; she lay hearing the noises of the street beneath her windows, the sound of cars, the bleat of French horns. She found Anne Trowbridge unaccountably in her mind, and her old resentment at Anne's attractiveness; some women had all the luck.

But sometimes even the lovely were unlucky. Men made fools of themselves, left young and charming wives. But the young and charming had other chances. They had feeling still to give. Eve was spent.

She tried not to think of Johnny. Of Dick and herself, Dick and Kay Hanvy—Kay Cartle she was now. Katharine Hanvy Cartle.... Mrs. Richard Cartle.... Eve wanted no pictures in her mind. She desired only emptiness and sleep.

But sleep brought to her a dream, a dream of that man on the sidewalk, veering toward her, turning away with his gesture of mocking disillusionment. And in her dream

the face under that lifted hat was suddenly the face of Dick, grinning at her, his teeth white in his brown face.

**IT** was a narrow little house on a side-street off the Avenue, a little house that by dint of white paint and jade-green trim and window-boxes achieved a difference from the other little houses, which were boarding-houses and rundown homes. The white paint and the jade trim and the window-boxes all appeared after the Richard Cartles had moved into it; the Cartles moved in because the property belonged to Dick and was tenantless, and it was more sensible to occupy it than to pay rent elsewhere. Money was a factor in the life of the Richard Cartles.

Investments, said Dick, were going to hell in a wheel-barrow; he had not been caught with Krueger, but he had with Utilities; and real-estate was at such a low level as to income and at such a high cost as to taxes and maintenance, that it took money to support the investments formerly so productive.

Eve's alimony had to be paid out of his income, and the insurance kept in her name to protect her in case he died before the investments came back; there had to be new insurance taken out for Kay; and though his income was substantial, it couldn't support a second family in affluence, not with a slice taken out of it to be put aside for a rainy day. Dick hadn't expected to have to do that again, but this depression made it imperative.

Kay refused to admit to herself that the little house was cramped;

(Continued on page 44)

## FOR OCEAN PEARL BUTTONS

Made in Manila  
COME TO OUR STORE AT  
460 Calle Dasmariñas

MANILA BUTTON FACTORY, INC.



### CLUB NEWS . . .

(Continued from page 27)

Auditor, Miss Juliana Francisco Torres; Adviser, Miss Eusebia Si-mon.

**Toledo Woman's Club, Cebu:** President, Mrs. Natividad Noel-Cavada; Vice-President, Mrs. Consolacion M. Evangelista; Secretary, Miss Adelina Aparado; Treasurer, Mrs. Rosario Zates-Bolarde; Board of Directors: Mrs. Felicidad T. Abellana, Mrs. Anita C. Trocio, Mrs. Irene L. Santa Ana, Mrs. Rufina N. Pagdalian, Mrs. Natividad Go. Trujillo, Mrs. Maxima B. Monte de Ramos, Mrs. Josefa Laurel Vda. de Benito, Miss Trinidad Polopapoy, Miss Cecilia Trocio, Miss Remedios Evangelista, Mayor Potenciano V. Lebmanfacil and Rev. F. Eusebio Manzo.

**Rosales Woman's Club, Pangasinan:** President, Mrs. Soledad Pine; Vice-President, Mrs. Petra A. Callanta; Secretary, Mrs. Teodora Serafica; Sub-Secretary, Miss Laz Vallesjo; Treasurer, Miss Josefa C. Sasano; Sub-Treasurer, Miss Tomasita P. Olivar. Board of Directors: Mrs. Maria B. Danuseo, Mrs. Constanza V. Quiton, Mrs. Amparo Dumlao, Mrs. Bonifacia Sasano, Mrs. Severina C. Castillo, Mrs. Rosario Villas, Mrs. Encarnacion Pardo, Mrs. Felisa Maceno; Legal Adviser, Mrs. Julia Gonzales.

**The Novleta Woman's Club, Cavite:** President, Mrs. Apolina A. Luna; Vice-President, Mrs. Dalisay A. Tejada; Secretary, Miss Zoé Alberto; Sub-Secretary, Mrs. Remedios V. Bunda; Treasurer, Mrs. Josefa A. Vallido; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Gregoria C. Yap. Board of Directors: Mrs. Amilina A. Alvarez, Mrs. Eulogia D. Medina, Mrs. Anselma B. Santos and Mrs. Paciencia M. Villena.

**Bula Woman's Club, Camarines Sur:** President, Mrs. Martina Pardales; Vice-President, Mrs. Molecia Regala; Secretary, Miss Loreto Relativo; Sub-Secretary, Miss Rosario

## BEAR ME NO GRUDGE

By HERMINIO S. RAMIRES

*Bear me no grudge if I have taunted you  
To fits of hatred, jealousy, or ire—  
My taunts are but thrown fuel to the fire  
Of love that leaps in joy between us two.  
Bear me no grudge if now and then I seem  
To be in silence quite remote and cold—  
My quietness is but a cloak; I hold  
You closely all the while within a dream  
For love is ever thus; unless we make  
It flame forever high it will but burn  
To glowing embers, then to ashes turn  
Before we know it. Let us therefore take  
Wise measures that our love be ever bright  
As this day's sun, as all the stars of night !*

President is Mrs. Jesusa N. de Haro; the *Abulug Woman's Club, Cagayan*, which elected Mrs. Amalia P. Magaddatu for its president; the *Printuyan Woman's Club, Leyte*, which was organized under the initiative of Miss Paz Braseliño, Insular Nurse, and the *Santa Magdalena Woman's Club, Sorsogon*, which calls itself "Women's Union of Sta. Magdalena."

A little discouraging is the news from some barrios in Cebu. In *Minglanilla*, the members would not attend meetings. In *Consolacion*, there is no Woman's Club, although there is a Puericulture Center. That is better than in *Bardil* or in *Dumanjug*, which have neither organizations.

\* \* \*

Now, a word about the Junior Women and their activities. First we must greet the new officers of the *Alcala Junior Women's Club, Pangasinan*. These officers are: President, Miss Josefina C. Fronda, Vice-President Miss Dolores Duque; Secretary Miss Milagros Baeolon; Sub-Secretary, Miss Antonia Calisterio; Treasurer, Miss Laureta Tadeo. Board of Directors: Miss Concepcion R. Dugarin, Miss Remedios Fronda and Miss Purificacion Loria.

Then we must not fail to congratulate the *Passy Junior Women's Club* for their colorful "Oriental Night" last April 2nd, at the Municipal Auditorium. The Celebration was jointly participated in by the *Passy Junior Woman's Club* and the young men's *Knights' Club*.

Speaking of celebrations reminds us of the elegant coronation Ball which the *Santa Cruz Ladies' Civic Club of Laguna* gave last April 3rd at the Provincial Tennis Courts. We are extending belated but hearty congratulations to the sponsors of the successful party.

\* \* \*

We wish we did not have to cloud our bright atmosphere of breezy news with this little note of timely advice. The National Federation of Women's Club likes to think of itself as the mother organization for the different women's clubs in the Philippines. As such, it gives this little reminder: There should be as much cooperation as is possible among the Senior Clubs and the Junior Clubs. The old adage, trite and worn-out as it is, still gives a wholesome lesson: in Union there is Strength. So away with petty wranglings. Our work needs concerted action—always.

\* \* \*

Time and again, the National Federation of Women's Club has to turn a deaf ear, unwillingly, to the appeals of our Women's Clubs to help them establish a Puericulture Center in their different regions. It is with a heavy heart that it has to do this—we quote here part of

Bagamasbad; Treasurer, Miss Fredisinda Papica; Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Benigna Delvo. Board of Directors: Miss Tenilia Losa, Mrs. Sofia Registrado, Mrs. Encarnacia Parro, Mrs. Maria Leynes, and Mrs. Estela Bustamante.

**Jaro Woman's Club, Leyte:** President, Mrs. Felisa A. Muralles; Vice-President, Mrs. Zoilo Trota; Secretary, Mrs. Pedro Gihang; Treasurer, Mrs. Ariston Villamor.

**Placer Woman's Club, Swigao:** President, Mrs. Felisa Tan Cuna; Secretary, Miss Jesusa Lesana; Treasurer, Mrs. Maxima C. Cabanogan.

**Sta. Ignacia Woman's Club, Tarlac:** President, Mrs. Ceferina A. Abetuer; Vice-President, Mrs. Maxima B. Fajardo; Secretary, Mrs. Jovita L. Gica; Treasurer, Mrs. Maria L. Alviar.

**Piat Woman's Club, Cagayan:** President, Mrs. Alice H. Bona; Vice-President, Mrs. Josefa Malnau; Secretary, Miss Rosa Aquino; Treasurer, Miss Maria de Saza. Board of Directors: Mrs. Esperanza G. Hawkins, Mrs. Rafaela Durian, Mrs. Lutgardia Casibang,

Mrs. Felisa Taguba and Mrs. Dorotea Cu.

The *Bacnay Woman's Club's* officers (Albay) are the following: President, Miss Josefina Laneta; Vice-President, Miss Estela Esteves; Secretary, Miss Socorro Barcelona; Treasurer, Miss Remedios Bonzagales; Board of Directors: Tone, Miss Amparo Lovenko Miss Miss Raymunda Bital, Miss Prez Avelina Borja, Miss Cristina Borromeda and Miss Adela Villar.

**The Sevilla Woman's Club, Bohol:** President, Mrs. Constanza P. Meeseona; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Petra Diga.

**Magallanes, Sorsogon Woman's Club:** President, Mrs. Maxima Tee; Vice-President, Mrs. Valeriana Balboa; Secretary, Mrs. Paciencia Espejo.

Other clubs that have also affiliated themselves recently to the National Federation of Women's Clubs are: the *Compostela Woman's Club, Cebu*, organized through Mrs. Matilde Evangelista, our National Federation of Women's Clubs' field worker there; the *Mai-gao Woman's Club, Iloilo*, whose

# INSURANCE

FIRE—MARINE  
AUTOMOBILE—ACCIDENT—PLATE GLASS  
WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION

Atlas Assurance Company, Limited  
Continental Insurance Co.  
The Employer's Liability Assurance Corporation, Ltd  
Orient Insurance Company  
Insurance Company of North America

## E. E. ELSER, INC.

GENERAL AGENTS

Kneidler Bldg. No. 400

Telephone 2-24-28

a letter of Mrs. Pilar H. Lim, our distinguished President, to *Dingras, Ilocos Norte*: "More than a year ago the Bureau of Public Welfare made us understand that whatever subsidy we receive from them should be used only for the nursery, literacy, and other club projects, but not for the Centers, which should be directly aided by the government." As we said, the National Federation of Women's Clubs is sorry; it is doing its level best, but it can't do everything.

\* \* \*

More and more interest is being shown all around to women's doings. We cannot take this encouragement for granted; therefore, we always take time to acknowledge it and express our gratitude. To Mr. Tomas C. Pales, Municipal Secretary of Jovellar, Albay, go our heartfelt thanks for his co-operation with the organized Woman's Club in his town, to Mayor C. Alfelor, for his interest in the Woman's Club projects to Mr. Q. Ormocheles, Municipal Secretary of Plaridel, Misamis Occidental, for wanting to help organize a Woman's Club, to Mr. Enrique Monserrat, General Manager of the Monserrat Company for the prompt attention which he gave to the National Federation of Women's Clubs' request for a pass for Miss Victorina Piar, Literacy Supervisor in Manila, to Mr. Juan del Gallego, Member of the Provincial Board of Naga, Camarines Sur, for the aid he gave Miss Bonaguan, our field worker in obtaining a pass in the Alateco, and lastly, Mayor Juan Pascuas and Judge John W. Hausserman, for their generous donation of a Coolerator for the office of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. To one and all, our sincere "thank you."

\* \* \*

A few stray news items of interest may not be amiss at this juncture—to sort of catch our breath, you might say, before we go to our club projects and the progress we are making in them.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs received a very nice letter from Mrs. Sofia R. de Veyra, thanking the Federation in Mrs. Quezon's name for "those lovely flowers while she was sick." Thanks, also, for the gracious acknowledgment, Mrs. de Veyra.

Let us all congratulate Municipal Councilor Fortunata S. de Ataga of Butuan, Agusan, for her brave stand opposing the establishment of a dancing hall in her town. She won her cause and we are proud of her.

While we are on the subject of the activities of our councilors, we would also like to commend the interest that Dr. Sixta Quinto, Municipal Councilor of Masantol, Pangasinana, is taking in the welfare of her community. We are sure that with her efficient leadership, a Woman's Club in her town will not only be successfully organized, but will soon enter into the different club projects and campaigns.

\* \* \*

**FROM LOVE . . .**

(Continued from page 7)

write those down! But he couldn't. Alone in his room after those lovely moments he would sit down at his table his pen poised over the white sheet of paper, cudgelling his brain for those lovely things and feelings which she stirred within him when in her presence. He could not write a line. Heavenly was the state of spirit wrapped about him. He felt winged and his mind was full of loveliness and truth and meaning, whirling like a confused mass of splendor that transcends the functions of human intelligence. A spiritual state which numbed his brain and bewitched his sensations. When he dropped his head into his hands more in a gesture of ecstasy than helplessness, in his mind's eye he would see her clearly in a flowering of loveliness and breathless wonder.

When they started taking those walks at the boulevard at sunset I had to do my loafing alone. In the morning Rieo would tell me about the lovely hours he and Alicia had sitting on the rocks watching the sunset. About the silences that walked with them when they held hands together under the trees. About the wind in her hair at twilight and the liquidness of her eyes in the dark of evening. He would talk about their dreams and their plans and his voice grew husky and soft everytime he mentioned her name, as though it were a prayer from his lips.

I knew then how Alicia meant to him. He only lived for her, his hours standing atiptoe because he knew she was eager and alive and always wanting to be near him, to hear his voice and the words that fell from his mouth like a litany of endearments. It was the real thing for him. This love he felt like wine in his blood for Alicia was the only definition of love. This feeling the end of which only meant death. This feeling the fulness and growth of which meant the quintessence of life and its meaning. All the beauty around him, the loveliness he found on leaf and flower, in a line of poetry or in a caress of music and the swoop of a bird, all these were now meant to serve as a background to the marvelous opening of the flower of his love. The ravishingness of sunrise and sunset, the quiet prayerful calm of evening powdered with stars, the murmur of spring water, the hisping of leaves, these were instrumental contributions to the great holy motif of song eternally unfolding in his heart.

Such was his love for Alicia. One night she was stricken with a case of acute appendicitis. Two hours after she arrived at the hospital she was wheeled into the operating room.

All the time that surgeon's scalpel was cutting into her white

(Continued on page 50)

# ELECTROLUX

The Servel **GAS** Refrigerator

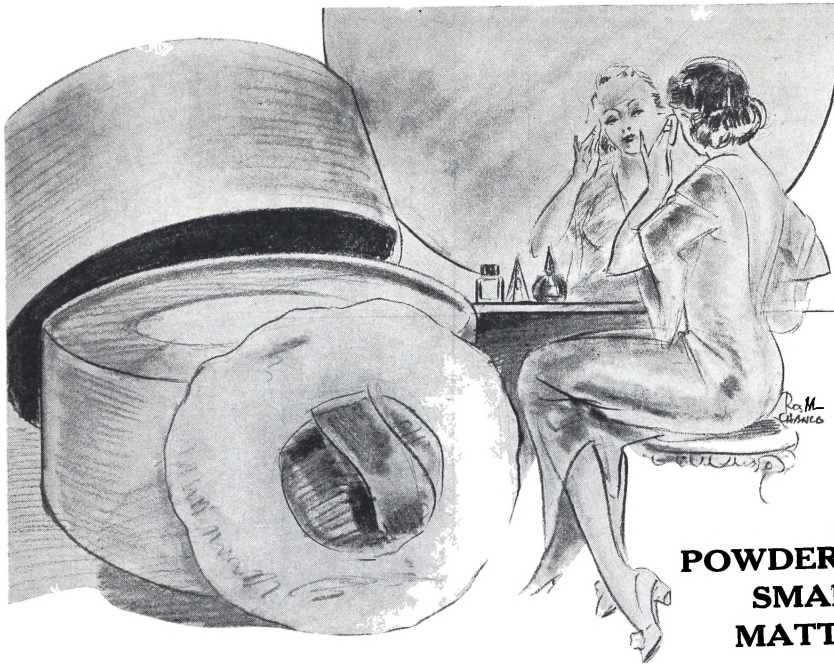


## Comfort-Safety

All the cold things you want to eat and drink; plenty of ice cubes for the table; milk for the children always fresh and wholesome; meats, fish, vegetables, fruit in splendid condition. . . . these are some of the comforts and safety to be had with the dependable ELECTROLUX.

Why not come in today and arrange to have an Electrolux installed? We have the size to fit your family needs.

**MANILA GAS CORPORATION**



## POWDERS ARE SMALL MATTER

Today, women the world over have discovered that greater possibilities of loveliness are open to them by using their face powder with skill so that subtler cosmetic effects are obtained without taking hours to make up.

Ask any woman on the street, beauty parlor or in the private seclusion of her boudoir about her face powder, and I am sure, that you will agree that most women take their face powder more or less for granted. With literally hundreds of shades to choose from, the problem of choosing a correct face powder evolves itself into a haphazard choice which concentrates all efforts on the shade that would create a mist-like perfection.

But we ask this question: Is powder a small matter? And frankly, the answer is NO. True, most women select their powder

by the trial and-error system, which frequently results in disaster for a beautiful complexion that might otherwise be enhanced by the use of the correct powder—simply, and without a great deal of fuss.

The day of the "glamour girl" is over... Today, a radiant finer grained complexion that is smooth and soft, with a mist-like perfection, is the center of attraction everywhere. To obtain it, you do not have to be an expert... to perfect it, you do not have to use many preparations.

Most of the work for cosmetic perfection is achieved in the laboratories where the fine ingredients that go into the making of a powder are carefully mixed; so that you may apply it with ease, and give your skin greater health and more effective loveliness.

For the best possible results, use a powder that hides the imperfections of the skin.

and covers the variations of texture with a complimentary touch; thus, enhancing the translucent quality of your skin and emphasizing the natural slight glow that is a part of live tissue in perfect tone and health.

There is no need for women, today, to have a coated look when powder is made with just enough absorbency to hold the color and perfume together; and not too much, so as to seriously affect the action of the natural oils of the skin, which respond only when powder is spread smoothly and evenly over the surface of the face, so as to not clog the pores.

Your powder should preserve skin health—and not irritate it. Your powder should be puffed on, and not rubbed on; which incidentally, causes skin eruptions. In other words, your powder should give you a place among the faces of people everyday—that is attractive, with its subtle, smooth naturalness.

### TRANQUILITY

(Continued from page 18)

Dried the children' tears...  
14 times

Tied their shoes . . . 16  
times

Served drinks of water . .  
22 times

Toy ballons purchased...  
3 per child

Average life of ballon . .  
12 seconds

Told children not to cross  
the street . . 34 times

Number of times children  
crossed the street . . 34

Number of Saturdays Father  
does this again..0

He obtained from this experience a new respect for his wife, who had been doing this every afternoon without mentioning it.

Just as it is a painful sight to see an orator wildly shouting and gesticulating in front of an audience when

he is evidently the only person in the room who is excited, so anyone in a state of peevish irritation or nervous worry makes a pitiable spectacle.

One reason why nerve specialists are usually so calm themselves is because they are constantly in the presence of persons who are excited or worried or restless or afraid.

There are perhaps no persons whom we admire more than men and women who, no matter how active their lives may be, seen somehow to possess an inner tranquility. We often see lakes filled by streams running into lives may be, seen somehow lakes at a high level with no visible supply. They are fed by secret springs.



*sty* FACE POWDER

“SOFT AS A PUFF”

DISTRIBUTORS: LEVY & BLUM, INC. MANILA

### THREE TOGETHER

(Continued from page 39)

she said it was quaint, and that the long narrow rooms had character, and their primness suited the old mahogany that Dick had produced from storage. It had come from his mother's home in the East, and he liked seeing it out again—he kept from Kay his awareness that a piece or two of Eve's Southern inheritance had crept in, for he knew that women were abnormally sensitive about associations. Kay had declined, positively, to use any of the furniture from the apartment, which had gone into storage when he gave up that home and went to the club. He sold that to the warehouse for a song.

Kay knew that Eve and Dick had begun their married life with the mahogany, but this did not trouble her as much as using the later pieces of Eve's own selection would have. Those early memories were seventeen years old. And if she thought, sometimes, that the bed where she lay with her husband was where he had first lain with Eve, she gave no sign; an unsparring irony reminded her that it would be silly to reject the bed when she took the man. After a little time it would seem always to have been her own bed.

Ada had not been very generous in the matter of furnishings. Kay had taken her own bedroom set for the new guest-room. Chinese lacquer with gay designs in rose and gold; and she had taken furniture for a maid's room—there were plenty of empty maids' rooms in the old Hanvy house.

Ada suggested nothing more, and finally Kay said, bluntly, indicating some silver and china: "I suppose these things were personal property—I have my share in them?" And her sister, flushing resentfully, answered: "They are all part of the house, of course. If you want anything specially—"

Kay had been too proud then—mistakenly, she thought afterward—to force a division. However, she did take her piano.

It was queer, she thought, how Ada could make her feel mean-spirited in taking what was really her own. But Ada thought of things as part of the completeness of the house. She said, "You may want to come back her after William and I are gone," as if that left Kay innumerable years in which to enjoy them. . . . It was over such things as these that families became divided, Kay saw.

So Kay used Dick's china and silver and linen; after all, he had bought these, she reminded herself, and they were unobtrusive, not as individual as Empire furnishings and Abusson rugs. She bought her own draperies in warm tones of rose and amber instead of using the lovely pale brocades from the apartment; she was profoundly thankful for that, when Mrs. Maitland called.

Mrs. Maitland was among the

## THIS IS THE TRAGEDY

By HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

*GOD pity eyes that have not seen the dawn,  
Twilight, or shadow, or a wind-blown tree,  
But pity more the eyes that look upon  
All loveliness, and yet can never see;  
God pity ears that have not caught the notes  
Of wind or wave, of violin or bird,  
But pity more that, daily, music floats  
To ears that hear and yet have never heard.*

*GOD pity hearts that have not known the gift  
Of love requited, comfort and caress,  
But, O God, pity more the hearts that drift  
From love's high moment to forgetfulness.  
This is the tragedy of common sense:  
To dim all wonder by indifference.*

few of Cartle's friends who sent a present; and in those few Kay, knowing the office connections, could often trace a practical reason. She hadn't expected gifts, certainly not for the mere announcement of a second marriage; but she had expected more callers.

She wondered, a hundred times, if it wouldn't have been better to have asked his friends to a small reception after the ceremony and let them make their decisions then, instead of undergoing the suspense of waiting to be called upon. She could hear people asking each other.

"What on earth are you going to do about Richard Cartle and that marriage of his?" and answering: "Oh, why not wait—"

But Mrs. Maitland came punctiliously. That gesture was due her friendship with Dick, since there had been no scandal; and she invited the Cartles to a small dinner that proved to be mostly Maitland relatives. It was very pleasant, but it didn't mean a thing socially, Kay was aware; Grace Maitland was not committing herself to sponsoring Eve's successor. Twice Kay asked the Maitlands back, and each time

they were engaged: Kay did not know whether that had meaning or not.

Her Evanston friends came, her mother's friends and some of their married daughters; and Mrs. Vernon, Tracey's mother, made an unexpected descent, and chatted of Tracey's new modern house, looking curiously at this small old-fashioned one. Kay lugged Mrs. Maitland into the conversation, remembering derisively how she used to drag Eve's name into speech with her mother, to shelter herself.

She had a feeling that she was being talked about; she saw heads turn when she took some Evanston friends into the Casino to lunch—Dick had kept his membership there though he resigned from his old club. . . . She found herself grateful that the coming baby was an escape from social problems. She had been eager to have a child; but she was a trifle abashed to find nature so immediately responsive.

"I do hope it won't be a seven-months' child and disgrace us," she said to Dick with that whimsical smile that indented the corners of her mouth so frankly; and Dick hooted at her. But the idea remained to bother Kay.

She felt wretched at first; she had thought that her splendid health would think nothing of a baby, but all those first weeks and months she had to struggle against nausea and lethargy; and when that wore away, she was sensitive about her appearance. It was all very well for young moderns to dash about unconcernedly till the moment of leaping for the hospital; she felt too self-conscious for public appearance.

The thing to do, she told herself, was to live her own quiet life, to have her child, and later on to make a place for herself in the school and church community—they'd go to church again when the child was Sunday-school age. She was Dick's wife. Nothing could undo that, and people would get used to it.

Eve was not here to excite any partisanship; and the marriage didn't really matter to people, she thought, one way or the other. There was probably a faction that condemned Eve for running off to Europe. . . . If she had felt well, if she had been able to entertain, she might have done something socially, she conjectured; as it was, she was practically on another planet.

DICK did not appear conscious of being out of things; he saw his men friends at meetings, conferences, luncheons; they asked him out to play golf with them. He did miss his country club, he admitted; leaving that had been a mistake, but he'd thought it a wise economy, since they weren't living north and Kay wouldn't be using it. He finally accepted an invitation to join another, though it was an expensive one. It was a club with which women were never admitted, and Kay wondered if there was any

# TESORO

**JEREZ-QUINA  
LEGITIMO**



*Stop worrying...*

**This health restoring tonic is indispensable for nursing mothers. It is highly recommended to improve the nervous system, and is an excellent preparation for general debility, especially for convalescents.**



**For loss of appetite, TESORO JEREZ-QUINA answers the need. It stimulates and aids digestion. TESORO JEREZ-QUINA is an extract from the juice of selected grapes and quinine. It stands out because it is the best. Try it today!**

**Nothing like it for restoring vitality**

*Insist on this  
Bottle*

**Most in demand through the year round**

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!



significance in his being invited to that. Perhaps there was none; she didn't know.

She was happier when she didn't let herself think about the outside world, and her days were so full that she put it more and more out of mind. Being a wife was quite an occupation, she found. The dream had come true; she lived under Dick's roof; she ate at his table; she slept in his arms. They had hours of rapture, and the gay gladness of being together grew deeper instead of diminishing. Sometimes she played to him evenings, and he rediscovered a baritone; sometimes they read contentedly before their open fire. Their home was a haven.

But havens have to be stewarded; meals and maids and comfort never happen automatically. For the first time in her life Kay had to put her mind on them. As a girl she had taken service for granted; as a secretary she had merely boarded at home and let Ada's problems brush past her; but now the responsibility was hers.

Until the baby came, she was managing with one maid, and a laundress and cleaning-woman who came in each week; the maid, Elise, a brisk Frenchwoman, used to larger establishments, was not sorry at Kay's inexperience, as she liked her own way with things. She was a treasure—but Dick had been accustomed to more than one treasure.

Unconsciously he took for granted the smooth functioning of his former home, where there had been a cook and a maid and another maid by the day, and a laundress three days a week, and a chauffeur to run errands; and Kay discovered that he left his things where he took them off; that he imagined laundry found its way to hamper and back to bureau drawers; that rips and buttons were attended to without being called to attention.

Because Eve had evidently had these things done for him, Kay was fiercely determined not to be found wanting but though it gave her a dear sense of domesticity to mend his socks, the first time or two she soon perceived in herself a preference for the work of taking dictation. Between her unaccustomed duties and the coming baby, she felt exhausted sometimes, by night.

One thing was a complete surprise to her; she had imagined that life would be more unified because she knew his workaday world and could talk about its problems; but she found he didn't want to discuss the office at home. He wanted to forget it. If there was a case she knew about and was interested in, he was glad to furnish her with its outcome; and sometimes, of his own accord, he brought up some subject on his mind; but for the most part he wanted to get away from business. Her place in it was over.

That left Kay a little bereft. Seeing him go out the door, with a swing of his gray ulster, his hat

tugged down against the Chicago wind, his eyes eager for the day, she had almost a regret that she could not be a girl again, waiting at his office, a vigorous, slim, untrammelled girl, who would live through all those hours with him.

Not that she would have exchanged for them the hours of the evening when he came back to her, and she recounted to him, wife-wise, the trifles of the day, and they had the safe togetherness that they had always craved; but the feeling of being part of his working day died hard in her.

She was sorry her health was so upset; she felt he had expected one kind of wife and got another; and though he was quick with care for her, she was not very sure how glad he was about that baby. She thought he dreaded it a little, dreaded having his affections wrapped again about a child, dreaded the reminders of Johnny's infaney; but she was sure that once a child was part of their lives, their marriage would have justified itself—if it still needed justification.

She knew he was thinking about Johnny, for he avoided any question of the sex of the child. She decided upon Barbara, if it was a girl; and when she made herself ask, off-handedly, "But if it's a boy?" he had asked gruffly, "What's your father's name?" And that was unfortunate, for her father's name had been *John*. He might have remembered, she thought, the implications of *J. T.*

She said quickly, "*John Thomas*—I don't like *Thomas*, do you? Let's decide on *Richard*—I seem to be calling you *Dick* more than *Richard* these days." And he said, even more quickly: "Oh, we'll let that ride."

He might shy away from the idea of a boy, she thought; but she wanted a boy for him.

The baby proved no seven-months' child but a most procrastinating one; even after it had announced its advent, it took so long, getting itself born, that Kay was racked and spent. She had imagined that her youth and strength would make it easy, but it wasn't easy; it was terrific. Her hours, up on that high floor of the hospital, were unending nightmare. She hated having Dick sent away from her; she hated all the automatic routine that took no account of the deep, emotional necessities of human nature. Since emotion had brought all this about, she thought it ought to have more consideration now; and deciding that it was all devised to make life easier for specialists, she thought less of specialists and mourned the lack of the old-fashioned family doctor who stood by.

There was a time when she thought she was going to die alone up there among the ghostly white-robed figures, for the intensity of her agony left her prostrated, like a drowned thing washed up on

(Continued on next page)

## Health, and a happy disposition



# LACTOGEN

## The Better Milk For Babies

Lactogen is specially and scientifically made to be the next best food to breast-milk and it contains the correct, balanced proportion of nutrition that a baby's rapidly growing little frame needs. A perfectly healthy baby develops strong dense bones, firm flesh, and a happy disposition. Lactogen babies all pay these tributes to its full and vital nourishment.



What of your baby? If you are not completely satisfied, start Lactogen feeds at once!



For full information regarding baby feeding write to—

## LACTOGEN BABY BUREAU

P. O. Box 155

974 Azcarraga

MANILA

### THREE TOGETHER

(Continued from page 15)

some shore; and through the waves of weakness dragging her down, she heard a voice. "Better send for the husband now—?" and another voice. "Oh, wait—no use alarming—"

She thought she was dying, and that she would have to die without Dick, without the comfort of his hand in hers, and she struggled to cry out for him, but she was too spent for the cry to take form. And then she was sucked under another surge of unconsciousness, her last thought of the cruel irony for Dick if she should die. She thought:

"They'll just go out and tell him—and he didn't want this baby—"

Later, she was aware of the bright overhead light beating down through her closed lids, and fingers relinquishing her wrists. A voice above the fingers pronounced, "She'll do—she's coming round." There were iron weights on her lids, but she managed to get them open and gasped: "The child—all right?"

"You win," she heard an interne remarking to a nurse. She realized that women always said that. She thought, light-headedly:

"Pity not to be more original for them!"

"It's all right, girlie," the nurse soothed. "It's all right."

"My husband—I want—"

"You wouldn't want him to see you like this, would you? Now you just wait—"

### LOVELINESS

By ELEANOR GRAHAM

*LIVE in the sweetness of the now, and take  
Its essence to your lips to comfort you.  
Then though the end my cause your heart to break,  
Some healing balm will come along with rue.  
He who has known true loveliness is wise—  
Some beauty always lingers in his eyes.*

The child was a girl. Kay told herself that it was really better so, that a boy would have brought too many memories to Dick. She had been foolish to want a boy so soon. The next would be a boy....

The little girl was a dark-eyed mite, another Kay, only a funnily fat Kay, with deep creases like bracelets on its tiny wrists. "No wonder you made your mother look a sight," said Kay reproachfully to it. The likeness made Dick discard Barbara determinedly and insist upon Katharine; so Kathy the child was called.

DICK was shy with the baby when they first came home, addressing it as "Young lady," or "Miss Cartle" in forced humor; but young Kathy was an individual from the start, and she made her own way with him. Kay was quite sure that he saw a good deal more of this baby than he ever had of young Johnny, for she remembered from things said years ago, that Johnny had had a rigorous English nurse, and she

surmised that life had been more formal in that nursery.

She had a pretty little colored maid now as part nurse, part housemaid; for Kathy slept out in the garden during the four hours between her meals; and the French-woman was broad-minded about color and appreciative of assistance. In fact, she saved so many of the least savory of the scullery jobs for the obliging girl that Kay could see how housewives grew distracted trying to have justice done. An office was easier to manage.

But these problems were trivial; they were part of the warp and woof of everyday existence, and Kay liked the reassurance that she was making a real home. It was astonishing, the difference the baby made in her secret feeling. Now she could admit to herself that she had driven Eve away by coming back—thought Dick did not know that—and not let the admission trouble her; for against Eve's happiness she put Dick's, and the joy of the

home they were making together, the child that they were rearing.

She was sorry, sorry for all their sakes, that there had to be a sacrifice, but better Eve than Dick. Eve became a pale figure wandering through far-off scenes; she grew more and more unreal as any part of Dick existence. But for those monthly checks, she might have been forgotten altogether.

Sometimes, in odd moments, running up and down stairs, or straightening from bending over a splashing Kathy in her tub, Kay had a sudden thrill, half terror and half ecstasy, at being what she was, a safe, assured wife and mother, instead of that drifting, love-torn girl.... She caught back her vision of what had been ahead of that girl. She felt the touch of a veritable miracle in what had happened to her.

THE days slipped past; she was kept at home a good deal, and felt ever less inclination toward social effort. The Weymans, from Evanston, came in informally for bridge; the young Blights, from the University, and the Noreosses—she often wished she lived nearer the University. But Dick grew restive. He suggested going out; they went to movies, to concerts, to lectures, to the theater. She insisted on dressing for the theater—no more hole-and-corner look to their ap-

## CERVEZA NEGRA — SAN MIGUEL

*The blood-enriching tonic beverage that is a favorite throughout these Islands and known as a giver of strength and vitality —*

*Mothers of small infants, the aged, and convalescents depend on its health-giving carbohydrates, phosphates, and minerals to help them back to health and give them vitality and energy —*

A product of the

## SAN MIGUEL BREWERY



peanance—and once they dined be- forehand at the Casino.

Another dinner was going on in the next room, and some people who knew Dick drifted past, and paused, and were presented to her. They were affable enough, though the men's looks were the more warmly appreciative, and the women's glances were weighted with a latent antagonism for her youth and vividness; but these were only fleeting contacts — nothing could come of them, she felt, except an awakened responsiveness of Dick to his old work.

She felt it in him when he looked after them that night. Later he suggested, "Let's get the Uptons some night and do a theater together," and Kay marveled at him.

Had he no awareness of how things were done? Did he think that she could phone Mrs. Upton, who had ever acknowledged her existence except for two sentences at some club meeting, and invite her to dinner and the theater? The Maitlands were the only ones that Kay could possibly approach like that, and Kay was too shy to attempt it; the Maitlands were too occupied, for one thing; and for another, Kay felt they were unworthy for any public appearance, sponsoring her. Grace Maitland had been fond of Eve.

Mrs. Maitland did come to see the baby, bringing a silver cup, and she suggested that Kay would enjoy joining the Arts Club, which Kay promptly did, though Dick scoffed: "Seventy-five a year for looking at pictures? I could buy you some stock at this new level with that." Kay thought, "You used to buy pictures for Eve," but she knew her resentment was unfounded; these were different times. She knew he worried about what would happen to her and Kathy if he should ever be ill, with his income stopped.

Mrs. Maitland did not ask them to join any of her dinners at the evening occasions of the Arts Club, and Kay made up her own little parties, sometimes with Ada and William. Dick was bored with them and with the entertainments. He broke out once, "Why, we never used—" and Kay said lightly: "It doesn't look very jolly, that's a fact." Secretly she was hurt out of all proportion to the cause. She went, determinedly, to some morning lectures, and met a few people whose names Dick did not seem to know when she presented them. Of others he said: "Oh that bird!" or "Stay off of her!" Not a constructive husband, thought Kay. But then, she was shyly inadequate too.

Life would have been more friendly in a suburb she felt, for then she would have had neighbors, young mothers like herself, interested in foods and ailments, in schools and nurses, the things she lived with now. She decided—or rather, she found the decision ready made in her—that she wanted a second child.

In secret her heart was set upon

that boy for Dick. Aloud she said, "Since Kathy is such a success—" and again, "The thing to do is to have your family and get it over with."

Dick had cocked an eye at that pronouncement.

"And what are you contemplating, Mrs. Cartle?" "Twins," she told him. "Twins would save time and money. Have you any twins in your ancestry?"

He recalled an Uncle Delos who had been a twin. "But the other twin died—it fell down the cellar stairs."

"That isn't hereditary," Kay told him. "Having twins is. I don't know how the first pair happened. Since I'm staying home with Kathy more or less, I might as well put in the time for more."

"Am I in the breeding business?" said Dick dubiously.

"Well—temporarily—" "There's going to be an end of this sometime, then?"

"Oh, three will do nicely. Or

even two—if one's a boy. It would be nice to have a boy, wouldn't it?" she said daringly.

His face closed. "If you want one."

She wanted to say: "Oh, darling, don't! Don't keep me so outside those other feelings of yours. You know I'm only trying to make up for the past." But instead she said: "Oh course I want one. I'd like one of each, and perhaps an extra—that would be a good collection. No dubs—just museum pieces."

"Well, you're asking for her," Dick told her.

She wasn't sure what was beneath his banter. Kathy was increasingly dear to him, but he seemed to feel no urge for more. A child wasn't the excitement to him that it was to her; he had been through all that before, she reminded herself; and perhaps he resented a little this submergence in a domestic life when he had wanted her so much for sheer companionship. He was past the age for young domes-

ticity. But she was stubbornly sure that she was right.

Children would make their marriage even more real. A boy would take some of the hurt away from the thought of that lost son. It wasn't that she was trying to have her son supplant Johnny in Dick's memory, she told herself quickly; but being innately honest with herself, she knew that in this feeling of hers there was a craving to do everything for him that Eve had done.

He said, "Any cigarettes over there?" and crossed the room toward a table. He stopped beside her, and put a hand down on her shoulder; he had a habit of little-casual touches—small inarticulate assurances of affection; but now his fingers gripped her with a hard intensity.

He said, his voice charged with feeling: "I can't bear it for you, Kay.... And I'm afraid."

She said—as if such words had meaning: "You'll never lose me."

*They're different  
—they're easy!*

**ENJOY** the wonderful flavor of luscious Del Monte peaches—so tasty in their rich syrup. What a pleasure it is to serve the Del Monte tin, or in various easy-to-prepare desserts. Let the Del Monte label be your regular buying guide to quality in canned peaches, or other fruits.

**Del Monte PEACHES**

**Tree-ripened fruit—the secret of flavor**

Extras days on the tree, to be sure that they are fully ripe, ready for canning, make all the difference in the world in canned peaches. That's the reason why Del Monte peaches are so superior—so outstanding in quality and rich flavor. Buy them in the Del Monte tin—halves or sliced, whichever you prefer.

**Leading Grocers Stock Del Monte Canned Foods**

## MY TRADITIONS

(Continued from page 6)

celebration in mood but indispensable to it. The very looks of it give the whole affair a pleasant aspect, and old and young consider it the highlight of the evening's gayety.

The *balag* is a strong, trellis-like square made of split pieces of bamboo and hung with luscious fruits. Red and green *siniguelas*, tempting mangoes, flaming *macopas*, heavy watermelons and pineapples, combine to make a happy sight for young eyes eager for fun. The *balag* is then hung away from the crowds, up on the trunk of a large *caballero* or *mango* tree where eager hands cannot reach it. After the procession, the *balag* is lowered to the delight of boys who had gathered for just such an occasion, and everyone of them tries to get his share of the delicious fruits that had attracted him. A sort of free-for-all ensues, and the boys snatch whatever fruits they could reach. If the fruits, after the affray, take on a mashed and maimed appearance, the boys accept that as part of the fun and eat them anyway. With triumph they show them to whoever would care to see. Then with dreams of future chances at the *balag*, they depart to talk about their numerous exploits, their interest never once straying from the delights of the *Santa Cruz de Mayo*.

More solemn than the *Santa Cruz de Mayo* in both the essence and the procedure is the May flower celebrations conducted by the Church. Services are held every afternoon in the church during the month of May. The peak of these services are the flower offerings given by young girls, dressed in white from head to foot, in honor of the Virgin. At the end of the month, a procession is held, and beauty and gayety come to the fore to uphold this important May tradition.

### Maytime is Harvest Time

In the Visayan region, there is a halo of romance around this month's tradi-

tions, for May brings the harvest time. Golden fields beckon to youth, and young men and women seeking novelty and change of occupation, take scythe in hand and join the merry reapers.

But it is when the moon has risen that the lasses and their swains find the most enjoyment. Let us peep into a typical scene.

From afar we hear the echoes of eager voices—some raised in song, some in jest. An illusive light, like St. Elmo's fire, leads us to an edge of a rice field. A few youths are still plucking sheafs of *palay*. Two torches light the space. One is placed near the girls taking turns at winnowing the fragrant *palay*. Beside them is another pair toasting the winnowed grains in a big *carajay*. The other torch sheds its light on the young men's group. They are happy in the strenuously skillful job of pounding the *pinipig*, four, five boys at a time. The rhythm of the pestles is carried on by still another group of young men and women seated at a nearby bench. They sing the plaintive songs of the fields, of love disappointments and tragedies, but their faces belie the sadness of their songs. For *pinipig*-time in May is love-making-time.

## JOURNAL OF EVENTS

(Continued from page 2)

April 27: The United States Chamber of Commerce announced today that the Philippines ranks seventh among the nations supplying commodities to the United States.

April 28: Vice President Osmeña, as secretary of public instruction, authorized the continuance in June of nearly 2,000 emergency extension classes conducted in borrowed or rented buildings, thus averting a major school crisis affecting no

less than 10,000 children in the elementary school.

April 29: Constabulary and state policemen were mobilized today following a report that 8,000 tenants of San Jose de Buenavista estate in San Rafael, San Ildefonso, Baliuag and Bustos in Bulacan were determined to hold the Sakdal-sponsored meeting in San Ildefonso in spite of the refusal of the town mayor to grant a permit for the meeting.

May 1: A military alliance of Europe's most powerful nations—France and Great Britain—was concluded today. President Roosevelt quietly pressed Congress to speed enactment of military and naval measures. His preparedness program involves two billion dollars. Great Britain was reported likely to offer to mediate between China and Japan within a few months, reliable sources revealed today.

May 2: The French cabinet today approved the recent Franco-British agreement which includes provisions for large-scale aerial cooperation in the event of war. The Joint American and Filipino preparatory committee of experts today reached a compromise agreeing on the use of the \$28,000,000 annual tax refund from the United States to the Philippine Commonwealth. Under the agreement, the President of the United States would be privileged to suspend payment if the Philippine National Assembly should appropriate the funds for purposes prejudicial to economic adjustment.

May 3: Premier Daladier's national defense cabinet today decreed a drastic increase in manpower in all of the nation's fighting forces at the same time ordering a raise of 8% in all French national taxes. One hundred and sixty inhabitants of Sagay evacuated Camiguin Island in fear of an imminent eruption of Camiguin volcano, prophesied by a local seer. Land grabbers took advantage of this to buy land at give-away prices.

... A substitute bill on religious instruction was passed in the National Assembly. It provides stringent penalties upon education authorities who obstruct in any way the optional religious education provision of the constitution or who fail to set convenient hours for such instruction which must be furnish-

ed upon petition of the parents.

May 4: Japan today formally asked Soviet Russian to cease giving military assistance to China. In a message to the National Assembly, President Quezon recommended the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale and assignment of private agricultural lands to aliens. The re-examination plan advocated by AHC McNutt was reported gaining grounds, members of the Congressional Insular Affairs committee revealed today. Premier Mussolini rejected suggestions for a German-Italian military pact. The Chinese today claimed they scored a sensational 12 mile advance against the Japanese. Definitely turning the tide of warfare in their favor. The Japanese government established iron-bound control of all Japanese industry today with the invocation of part of the National mobilization act. Foreign military authorities interpreted this as a virtual admission of a breakdown of Japanese offensive in China.

May 5: The franc was devalued at \$38.50 to the dollar to permit investors to buy the forthcoming national defense bonds with reasonable assurance that they would be paid. U. S. senator Gibson today declared that minus the protection of the Stars and Stripes, the Philippines would soon become a Japanese domain.

May 6: President Quezon recommended to the National Assembly the repeal of the Employers' Liability Act and the amendment of the Workman's Compensation act in order to give greater protection to laborers. A Japanese foreign office spokesman said in Tokyo today that Nippon tillers of the soil in Davao should be granted concessions looking toward eventual ownership of the lands they now occupy.

May 8: The through railroad line connecting Manila with Legaspi and the rest of the Bicol region was inaugurated in Del Gallego, Camarines Sur, midway between the two terminals. President Quezon drove the symbolic gold spike while American High Commissioner McNutt unveiled the marker.

May 9: Secretary of Labor Ramon Torres ordered 11,000 aliens who had over-stayed their permits to reside in the Philippines, rounded up and deported, and indicated that administrative action may be taken against several officials and employees of the immigration division in connection with the irregularities unearthed. Local labor elements settled long-standing differences to form a national labor organization, tentatively named The National Chamber of Labor.

May 10: A corps of rural labor agents has been organized and are now under training under Jose G. Domingo, adviser in the department of labor, before being sent out on a social justice campaign. Among the duties of the rural labor agent will be to study various existing

(Continued on page 52)

# GALISATUM

LUNAS GALIS



For effective results against skin diseases such as Prickly-heat, Dhobie-itch, Ringworm, Chafing, Pimples, Malaria, Hongkong-foot, Itzema, Dandruff.

BOTICA DE STA. CRUZ  
Dr. CARLOS JAHRLING  
P.O. Box 7011 Manila

**THE DARING . . .**

(Continued from page 9)

with magnificent discipline, refusing even to glance into them, and at last reached a building which he entered. He rose in an elevator to the seventh floor, moved down a hall, and, opening a door, walked into the office of an employment agency. Already there were two dozen young men in the place; he found a corner where he stood waiting his turn to be interviewed. At length he was granted this great privilege and was questioned by a thin, scatterbrained miss of fifty.

Now tell me, she said; what can you do?

He was embarrassed. I can write, he said pathetically.

You mean your penmanship is good? Is that it? said the elderly maiden.

Well, yes, he replied. But I mean that I can write.

Write what? said the miss, almost with anger.

Prose, he said simply.

There was a pause. At last the lady said:

Can you use a typewriter?

Of course, said the young man.

All right, went on the miss, we have your address; we will get in touch with you. There is nothing this morning, nothing at all.

It was much the same at the other agency, except that he was questioned by a conceited young man who closely resembled a pig. From the agencies he went to the large department store: there was a good deal of pomposity, some humiliation on his part, and finally the report that work was not available. He did not feel displeased, and strangely did not even feel that he was personally involved in all the foolishness. He was a living young man who was in need of money with which to go on being one, and there was no way of getting it except by working for it; and there was no work. It was purely an abstract problem which he wished for the last time to attempt to solve. Now he was pleased that the matter was closed.

He began to perceive the definiteness of the course of his life. Except for moments, it had been largely artless, but now at the last minute he was determined that there should be as little imprecision as possible.

He passed countless stores and restaurants on his way to the Y.M.C.A., where he helped himself to paper and ink and began to compose his *Application*. For an hour he worked on this document, then suddenly, owing to the bad air in the place and to hunger, he became faint. He seemed to be swimming away from himself with great strokes, and hurriedly left the building. In the Civic Center Park, across from the Public Library Building, he drank almost a quart of water and felt himself refreshed. An old man was standing in the center of the brick

boulevard surrounded by sea gulls, pigeons, and robins. He was taking handfuls of bread crumbs from a large paper sack and tossing them to the birds with a galling gesture.

Dimly he felt impelled to ask the old man for a portion of the crumbs, but he did not allow the thought even nearly to reach consciousness; he entered the Public Library and for an hour read Proust, then, feeling himself to be swimming away again, he rushed outdoors. He drank more water at the fountain in the park and began the long walk to his room.

I'll go and sleep some more, he said; there is nothing else to do. He knew now that he was much too tired and weak to deceive himself about being all right, and yet his mind seemed somehow still lithe and alert. It, as if it were a separate entity, persisted in articulating impertinent pleasantries about his very real physical suffering. He reached his room early in the afternoon and immediately prepared coffee: on the small gas range. There was no milk in the can, and the half pound of sugar he had purchased a week before was all gone; he drank a cup of hot black fluid, sitting on his bed and smiling.

From the Y.M.C.A. he had stolen a dozen sheets of letter paper upon which he hoped to complete his document, but now the very notion of writing was unpleasant

to him. There was nothing to say. He began to polish the penny he had found in the morning and this absurd act somehow afforded him great enjoyment. No American coin can be made to shine so brilliantly as a penny. How many pennies would he need to go on living? Wasn't there something more he might sell? He looked about the bare room. No. His watch was gone; also his books. All those fine books; nine of them for eighty-five cents. He felt ill and ashamed for having parted with his books. His best suit he had sold for two dollars, but that was all right. He didn't mind at all about clothes. But the books. That was different. It made him very angry to think that there was no respect for men who wrote.

He placed the shining penny on the table, (looking upon it with the delight of a miser. How prettily it smiles, he said. Without reading them he looked at the words, *E Pluribus Unum One Cent United States of America*, and turning the penny over, he saw Lincoln and the words, *In God We Trust Liberty 1923*. How beautiful it is, he said.

He became drowsy and felt a ghastly illness coming over his blood, a feeling of nausea and disintegration. Bewildered, he stood beside his bed, thinking there is nothing to do but sleep. Already he felt himself making great strides through the fluid of the earth,

**WITH US**

(Continued from page 11)

his family would be greatly disappointed in him.

The families of the Pinoyos cannot understand why with the high wages (as compared to ours here) that they receive, their boys cannot send them the things they ask for or bring fortunes when they return. This is one of the things that Mother Harness had to explain to the old folks. She hoped she had made them understand why it was difficult for the Pinoyos to make both ends meet in America.

Mrs. H a r n e s s reached thirty-two provinces in six months and visited nearly every town and barrio in these provinces. When transportation was not available, she walked, from ten to fifteen kilometers each time, to the barrios just to give the messages entrusted to her. In exchange for this hardship, she had the joyful experience of meeting the folks of her boys and giving them news of their wandering sons, husbands or brothers. She met about a hundred of her returned boys in the provinces and in Manila and was proud and happy to learn that they are engaged in some gainful occupations and are leading good Christian lives. She felt that her work had not been in vain.

Mother's Day had long been celebrated in the home of Mrs. Harness, long before it was made a national holiday in the United States. She also originated the celebration of Father's Day.

swimming away to the beginning. He fell face down upon the bed, saying, I ought first at least to give the coin to some child. A child could buy any number of things with a penny.

Then swiftly, neatly, with the grace of the young man on the trapeze, he was gone from his body. For an eternal moment he was all things at once: the bird, the fish, the rodent, the reptile, and man. An ocean of print undulated endlessly and darkly before him. The city burned. The herded crowd rioted. The earth circled away, and knowing that he did so, he turned his lost face to the empty sky and became dreamless, unalive, perfect.

[END]

**YOUNG LADIES AND MATRONS  
ARE IN NEED OF—**



MACKESON'S

The Original  
MILK STOUT

Two good drinks  
to make one better

Invaluable for athletes in training, because it not only tones the muscles but renews the energy expended in vigorous and sustained exercise.

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERIES



## FROM LOVE. . .

(Continued from page 41)

lovely flesh, alone in his room he was cogitating on the exactness and reliability of Science. Essentially a mystic he had never before bothered about Science, much less about Medicine. If, for instance, he ailed with a stomach ache, he would not take purgative. He believed that the human system is equipped with the necessary chemistry that will secrete the alchemy which will react against such disorder.

But tonight as his young beloved lay on the operating table watching on a mirror hung above her the gruesome process of medical science trying to save her life, in the quietness of his room he was poring over a medical book borrowed from an interne for the purpose of ascertaining the possible fatality of such an operation.

His mind, however, refused to concentrate on the scholarly proceeding. He rose from his chair feeling substantially jaded, flung himself on his bed and then he became a great, great prayer. "God, please save her. Spare such beautiful creation from pain and suffering. She is so young, God. So delicate. And so lovely. Stand over her and hold her hand for me and whisper, 'Be brave, my child, God is near beside you, watching you, protecting you with tenderness and love.' God, God, God, I have asked you so little favors before. I have always believed in you. God is all-powerful, all-merciful, all-love. Now at your feet my spirit rises in gratification, my body a cathedral of faith, my heart a candle, burning in reverence."

Morning of the operation when he learned that she was well and saved, he went about his chores with a certain beatific halo. He looked like a devout Catholic who had just entered a temple of God.

In her room in the hospital, the fragrance of flowers was ethereal. It seemed as though he had gathered all the roses in the town's flower markets and crowded them in her room. He was gravely sitting down beside her bedside waiting for her to open her eyes while inside him his heart was heavy with love and his lips mumbling with prayer. This was one instance where love assumed the holiness and strength of religion.

When she opened her eyes it was as though his presence encompassed a miracle. Her lovely innocent eyes were filled with yearning and a breathless ecstasy that hurried life into insignificance. She put out her beautiful hand for him to hold as though believing that his touch was magic to her. In silence he held her hand. It was white, lovely and throbbing (and birdlike)—and the feeling which flowed thru him was a stream of magnificent tenderness, a breathless moment of life too fluttering sweet, a reality whose

# White Angel of Crimea

By HERMINIA ANCHETA

**P**ERHAPS no other woman is more idealized in the hearts of men living in hospitals and who are connected with the nursing profession than Florence Nightingale. This feeling of reverence is particularly felt by every British soldier who had the privilege to be ministered to by the hands of this white angel of Crimea.

Treasured in the museum of the United Service Institution in London is a badge bestowed upon Florence Nightingale by Queen Victoria for her work in Crimea and a diamond bracelet given to her by the Sultan of Turkey. But perhaps more precious and enduring is the blazed trail which she has left behind her, for it was she who opened a new career to women.

meaning surpasses itself.

When my father died I had to leave the City to take over the job which Father had left behind in the farm. Rico corresponded with me, telling me about the love between him and Alicia. He wrote to me about their plans and their future. He even asked me to be the godfather of his first born. And then after a couple of months or so he stopped writing to me. I did not insist on him answering my letters believing that he was busy in his work and with Alicia.

That day I read the news item in the papers imagine the terrible shock that turned like a dull knife in my heart! I wanted to dash over to the city for his funeral but I could not leave the farm. The farm workers were on a strike and they were burning the sugar plantations.

So I wrote to Alicia. But there was no answer. I wrote again. No answer.

Two days later I received a letter from her and it was postmarked Bali. The letter read: "My dear friend Guillermo,

Of course this is a surprise to you. I am here in Bali with my Boss (he is also my husband now) honeymooning. This place is wonderful and the women are perfect specimens of beauty and loveliness. I'll write you again before we leave for Sourabaya. I am a bit busy now shooting all the lovely spots with my candid camera. So long, Alicia." In the postscript, she wrote, "How is your friend Rico?"

## Struggle With Family Prejudice

In those Victorian days when families adhered closely to conventions, Florence's family held prejudices against public nursing. Why, it was proposterous and absurd for a lady of her social standing to think of such a career. Thus began the struggle of Florence to tear down this social prejudice. So strenuous was the struggle at times—even with her indomitable energy—that there were moments when it seemed that Death alone could end it.

### Early Work

But the dawn of victory came soon with the breaking down of her family opposition. At the age of thirty she managed to get some experience in a German nursing establishment at Kaiserworth. Later she served a short apprenticeship in a hospital run by the Sisters of Charity in Paris.

August, 1853, found her as the Superintendent of an Establishment for Gentlewomen during illness, situated at No. 1 Harley Street, London.

I will not dwell much on her work in connection with the Crimean War, fought between England, France and Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other, for which has already been written about it. The services she rendered in this War were the answer to her unceasing quest of that scourging Ideal.

### Florence Nightingale, The Woman

Her unequalled service and success in the Crimean War were due to a few sterling character traits which she possessed. Tact and patience were extraordinarily hers when occasion demanded them. But when she saw it necessary, this silent saintly lady could be domineering and bold, bordering even into fierceness. Possessed of that magical gift of understanding of human nature, she won the admiration of everyone who came in contact with her.

Strange as it may seem, Florence Nightingale was seldom linked romantically with any suitor. She was heart and

### Early Childhood

Romantic Florence was the birthplace of this young lady sometimes called the "Lady with the Lamp," who was born on May 12, 1820.

Little Florence had the fortune of being brought up in a life of relative ease. Fortunately I say, for she could have the chances to travel during her childhood, thus getting an insight into the habits of different kinds of people, a knowledge which was to serve her in attaining the dream-work of her life.

Her innate love for caring for helpless creatures showed up in her early days. She possessed many pets including a pig, a donkey, a pony and a cat. She loved playing giving first aid to her dolls and at an early age administered first aid to her injured animals. Flowers and birds found a sure place in her heart which loved to serve.

### That Scourging Ideal

The gay social life and activities of which she was a part gave her no satisfaction. Hers was a life of restlessness and discontent during these early years. There was that ever-haunting ideal which bit by bit consumed her soul. The non-fulfillment of this scourging ideal made her look at life as fruitless and insignificant.

Love and marriage could not answer that Ideal and cure her restlessness. As the years went by, this Ideal threatened to absorb her being almost completely. She moved in a world — a mad world as far as she and her dreams were concerned.

Her childhood years over, this restlessness and unhappiness became so overpowering and irresistible that she finally concluded that God had implanted into her heart the absorbing desire to dedicate herself to the care of the sick and the distressed.

soul absorbed in her service work that it drained all her thoughts of romance.

However, her private life was one showered with honors. Great men visited her and she enjoyed many friendships.

Among these friends was Benjamin Jowett, the great Oxford scholar and translator of Plato. No friend had given her, however, more assistance than Sidney Herbert. This friendship was blasted by the death of Herbert in 1861.

**Her Death**

An invalid for most of her life, Florence died in England on Aug. 13, 1910 at the age of 90. She was buried in Westminster Abbey with the Great Men of England with fitting ceremonies and highest honors.

**STILL TRUE TO . . .**

*(Continued from page 10)*

them nor have the time even if she knew, she would have to pay a dressmaker at least one peso and fifty centavos, perhaps two pesos, for each dress. Even at one peso a meter (silk costs more), three meters will cost three pesos; add to this sum the amount to be paid to the dressmaker, and the finished dress will cost about five pesos. And this dress will not last for a year. Whereas, she reasons out, one can look decent even in a *suc-suc* terno that costs three pesos and which will last for two years. Mrs. Teotico ought to know, for she has a daughter and she herself wears the *vestido* sometimes, but never to her office.

Mrs. A. M. Lopez, who has been working at La Estrella del Norte for about twenty years and worn Filipino dress in all that time every day, cannot say whether Filipino dress costs less or not than European dress. She thinks it depends upon the taste of the person. In her case, for example, she buys a *terno* whenever she needs one or when she sees one that she likes and she prefers the more expensive kind. (No wonder she always appears elegant.) But she wears only three ter-

nos a week and she launders her own *comisas* and *panuelos* at home as she mistrusts giving them out. She also sews her own skirts.

Mrs. Margarita A. Lazatin, cashier at Beck's, did not hesitate to say that the native dress is less expensive. At least in her own case. She is not "vanidosa," she said, and she wears the same ternos again and again for years. She wears a house dress when at home and always the Filipino dress when she goes out.

There are three women connected with the National Library who always wear the Filipino dress to work: Mrs. Abriol, sister of our own Mrs. Sofia de Veyra (who also always wears the native costume in public), Mrs. Fargas and Mrs. de Santos. Mrs. de Santos was a teacher for three years and has been with the National Library for the past twenty-three years, and all the time she has always worn the Filipino dress in office. She has her *comisas* and skirts washed at home, thus saving the forty centavo laundry charge for each *camisa*. She has two daughters so she knows what she is talking about when she says that the Filipino dress proves less expensive in the long run than the European dress.

Mrs. Abriol says that she wears the Filipino dress always because she can face anybody in it; she can go anywhere and feel appropriately

dressed when she is wearing the native costume.

Another woman we know who always wears the Filipino dress outside of her home is Dr. Encarnacion Alzona, U. P. professor. She is one of our modern women—she drives her own car—but still she clings to the old tradition.

Unlike their other sisters, these women who still wear the Filipino dress when they step outside their homes, would rather sacrifice comfort for becomingness. They know that they look better in Filipino dress so they stick to it. And another reason—they can be decently dressed even in an inexpensive *suc-suc* terno.

# HEINZ Pure Cider Vinegar

Have You Tried  
**HEINZ**  
Peanut Butter?  
It's tasty and  
nourishing



ONE OF THE  
**57**  
VARIETIES

When you add vinegar to that salad you have prepared with such care, be sure you use only the best. There are many grades of vinegar, but only the finest will give just that zest you want—bring out ALL the hidden flavours in each vegetable.

HEINZ vinegars are made from fine raw materials and then aged for a year or two in great wooden tanks. This extra year or two of ageing—given only to the better grades—makes HEINZ vinegar mild and mellow; gives it that appealing fragrance everyone likes so well. Ordinary vinegars are sometimes a trifle cheaper per bottle but they can never have that fine bouquet and aroma that only ageing gives.

You are proud of your salads—of the quality of the fruits and vegetables in them. Poor vinegar will spoil fine flavour and perhaps injure your reputation as a salad maker.

Always remember that HEINZ vinegar is good. HEINZ vinegar is inexpensive. *Every drop awakens flavour!*

## 57 Varieties

HEINZ offers you 57 varieties of finest food products, including: Heinz Tomato Ketchup; Heinz Soups; Heinz Cooked Spaghetti; Heinz Oven Baked Beans, and many others.

At Your Grocer's

**HEINZ** PURE FOOD PRODUCTS

## FROM COVER TO COVER

(Continued from page 1)  
whom he loved but did not reciprocate his affection. Here's something for cynical people who say that no such thing happens nowadays.



**FIDEL DE CASTRO** who is the author of our local short story in this issue is a graduate of two universities, the U.P. where he finished his Ph. B. and the University of Manila where he got his B. S. E. "These liabilities," he writes, "that's how he regards his college degrees" "are what make my existence godly and precarious." In his undergraduate years he used to write poetry. Now having grown up and being more practical he writes short stories and articles to keep him from being violent and hungry. Also a movie actor under the screen name of Ricardo de Sotto he has just finished acting the leading role in a local picture entitled "Dugong Hinugasan" which will soon be released.

The playlet, **OTHER TOMORROWS**, is from the pen of a very young and promising woman, Julia Palarea, who writes also essays and short stories. She is a graduate in Lit. B. in Journalism (whatever that means) from the University of Santo Tomas. When asked for her picture, she said that she did not want to disappoint "enthusiasts".

"Mother Harness" who is featured in our With Us department this month, said that she lost forty pounds during the six months that she was in the Philippines—due to the heat and her many trips (frequently on foot) to distant towns and barrios just to meet the families of the Pinoy's under her spiritual care in California and other states in the American union. She was very much impressed by the hospitality offered her by the humble folk in the barrios. When we learned that she was in Manila, we hurried to the

Y. W. C. A. where she was staying and was told by the girl at the information table that she had already left for the boat. It was just pure luck that we saw her valise at the door as we were going out. We called up the dormitory and was told that she was dressing. Could we not go upstairs to her room? We did and talked with her while she was putting on her dress and her hat.

The next time you enter a store or a business office, if you live here in Manila, and even in the provinces, look around you to see if there is any clerk or saleswoman dressed in Filipino costume. You will be lucky to see one or two. Of course there are still quite a number of teachers who still wear the *mestiza* dress everyday to their classes, but their number is diminishing every year. Only last March we went to the high school from where we graduated to attend the Alumni Home Coming and we saw our former teachers who used to wear the Filipino dress every day, in *vestido*. Here in Manila, except in the stores and in the office mentioned in the article on page 10, no woman employee wears the *mestiza* dress.

William Lyon Phelps says in his article, **TRANQUILITY**, on page 18, that women possess the virtue of tranquility in a greater degree than men because they (the women) have to spend most of their time with children. Which is true. You do not have to go far to verify this. We remember that once our younger brother swallowed a ten centavo piece. While Father and the other menfolk present shouted a nd waved their arms, mother very calmly hit the boy sharply between his shoulder blades and the coin came out and rolled on the floor. Then mother went back to whatever she was doing, which we can't remember now, while Father spanked the boy on the buttocks just to relieve himself. One of our neighbors has five children who frequently start crying or fall ill at the same time. While her husband loses his temper or his nerves, this woman calmly wipes the children's noses or puts a pan of water to boil while waiting for the doctor.

Tito (our fashion designer) has at last sent us some designs, two of which appears on one of the fa-

shion pages in this issue. We have already told you that Tito had gone to the States to attend the school of fine arts in famous Yale University. Wait till you see his other sketches. Already they show some improvements, although he has not taken figure drawing yet. He wrote that this summer he intends to take up fashion designing in any school in New York. Tito's letter was full of gossip. He and his uncle, Enrique Ruiz, the well-known painter, with whom he went to States, share an apartment and do their own cooking, which are cheaper (we mean the apartment and the home cooking), for a room each and eating outside are expensive. He was going to get pictures of the Filipino girls living in the International House but a thief stole his camera—plus a brand new radio. He went to see the preview of a musical comedy, *You'll Never Know*, starring Clifton Webb, Lupe Velez and Toby Wing; the gowns, he said, were lovely but very plain. He saw *Snow White* and recommended it as one of the films that should not be missed. He asked if the Big Apple has been introduced here yet. You are very late, Tito, we say.

And speaking of fashions, note that the wedding gowns shown on one of our fashion pages are not white. White is no longer the fashionable color for bridal gowns; pastel colors are. The first Filipina we know to use pastel color in her wedding dress was Maria Lanzar, now Mrs. Carpio. Her wedding terno was light salmon pink. Recently, Asuncion Lopez wore a blue ensemble when she got married. Her maid of honor and *madrina* also wore this color in different shades. We read in one of the American magazines that in the United States, colored rice to match the bride's ensemble is now thrown at the newlyweds instead of white rice. This world is certainly moving along.

The sight of the two women (cashier and the one in charge of the Pen Counter) dressed in Filipino costume at the Philippine Education is so rare that tourists who see them always ask them to pose for pictures. And they always oblige. For the sake of our national costume.

## JOURNAL OF EVENTS

(Continued from page 48)

agricultural systems in each locality, look into the agrarian problems, gather date on the cost of living of

the common tenant family with a view to improving its standard of living.

**May 11:** Director of Health, Eugenio Hernandez, completed plans for a large-scale small pox immunization program calling for the vaccination of nearly 2,000,000 unprotected individuals every year.... Japanese marines and bluejackets and Cantonesse troops fought through the streets for the possession of Amoy.... Adolf Hitler was indignant over the closing of the Vatican museum and chapel during his visit in Rome. He intimated the German Reich might retaliate by renouncing future relations with the Holy See.... It was strongly rumored in Rome that Pope Pius would crown King Victor Emmanuel III, Emperor of Ethiopia in a ceremony at St. Peter's, probably June 11.

**May 12:** National Hospital Day was observed today, stressing the need for more clinics in the Islands.... From 3,000 to 4,000 Chinese civilian inhabitants of Amoy were killed during its occupation by Japanese troops.... A bill abolishing the one thousand pesos monthly pension of General Aguinaldo and providing for a general pension of from P20 to P100 a month for deserving Filipino veterans was introduced into the National Assembly by Assemblyman Justiniano S. Montano of Cavite.... The National Assembly approved on third reading and in final form the religious instruction bill by a vote of 48 to 24, thus ending consideration in the legislative body of one of the most controversial measures that has come before it.... The daughter of Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands was baptized with the name Beatrix.

**May 13:** Well-informed observers expressed conviction that a new Philippine mission might be necessary within the next year to draft a trade treaty providing post-independence trade preferences.... 2,300 Chinese refugees from Amoy, now occupied by the Japanese, arrived in Hongkong aboard an English vessel.... The United States House of Representatives today approved with an overwhelming vote of 328 to 70 and sent to the Senate, the recovery bill recommended by President Roosevelt.

**May 11:** The National Assembly approved the textbook bill reorganizing the textbook board and prohibiting the sale of notes. This bill aims to stop the book racket.... Chinese sources said that China had obtained an agreement with League of Nations members credits for the purchase of arms together with an assurance of help in getting the armaments into China.

**May 15:** The National Assembly passed the election bill, governing the forthcoming national elections set for November 8. This bill contains provisions that will revolutionize the philosophy of elections in the Philippines.

## FOR OCEAN PEARL BUTTONS

Made in Manila

COME TO OUR STORE AT

460 Calle Dasmariñas

MANILA BUTTONS FACTORY, INC.

## WINGS OVER . . .

(Continued from page 13)

upon, and in front of the arbor there stood a marble statue.

"Is that a statue of Mercury, the messenger of the gods?" Jane asked the kind old man.

"No, Child," he replied, "That is a likeness of Aristaeus, protector of the bees. It is to him that I made sacrifice. It was he who sent these armies of busy laborers to harvest the golden sweets of the flowers for me."

"Just what sacrifices do you make to please Aristaeus?" Jane asked, and then confessed, "I guess I'm quite ignorant in regard to such matters."

"Many people are ignorant, and many more are careless and forget to thank the powers above for their good gifts. I learned the secrets of sacrifice from an ancient seeress in Delphi, long, long ago."

"It is necessary, first," said Marcus, "to build a sacrificial hut. It is tiled and walled, and has four windows, so placed as to catch the breeze of the four winds. Then I choose from the cattle markets the finest two-year-old steer. He is knocked down, and his nostrils stopped, so that none of the blood escapes as he dies. Finally, the body is placed in the appointed hut, upon a carpet of scented boughs and sweetest of flowers. This must be done before spring makes equal day with night, and only when the west winds blow."

Marcus continued with the recipe for obtaining a new strain of bees. "It is done. I leave him lying there in flowery paradise. And in a short time the tainted blood begins to boil. Out of this ferment a new creature arises then another, and another—a moving mass at first, short of thigh, then shooting out with legs and equipped with wings, these grubs become bees with pointed stings. Then, like summer storms from spreading clouds, they burst out through the hide in swirling floods. There

was a noise like thunder as my new found armies swept from the sacrificial hut, and flew to the four winds."

"You mean," Jane asked, "that bees were created out of a dead animal, just like that?"

"Yes, that is true," Marcus replied, and he did not see Jane's glance of pity for his ignorance and superstition.

Marcus talked on. "In haste I laid down a trail of sweets to the doors of those willow homes you have seen. I knew that bees are enticed by a scent made of the thickened juice of grapes, with rose petals and savory thyme pounded up in it. I laid down a trail of this sweet bait, sweet to the taste, and fragrant to the smell, and it led the hordes to their new domains. The hives must be near a living stream that is edged round with moss and tufts of grass; protected from the wind, where no goats or cows trample down the flowers, and no lizards lie in wait to destroy the hives. Once in their hives, the busy laborers set to work, daubing up the chinks with the wax they make themselves."

"Bees are wise mariners, too," said Marcus. "When the storm winds blow, they each carry a gravel stone as ballast, so they aren't dashed to death against the rocks."

Jane wasn't sure that she believed "this either, but she was much too polite to contradict the kind old man.

"Do bees work all the time?" Jane asked, as she watched them buzzing from one sweet scented flower of the garden to another.

"Bees have an orderly government in their hives, and each his allotted task," Marcus said admiringly, and Jane could see that the old man had a deep love of order and of peace. "Of all the races of animals, bees alone have common cities, of their own, and common sons. They gather their children from the leaves and flowers, and thus make new kings to fill the regal seat."

"Kings?" said Jane with a question in her voice, for she knew that bees are led by queens.

"Yes, bees live under the rule of a warrior prince. But all have one and the same law; worker and prince. All is the state's, the state provides for all. Some over the public food supplies, preside. Some are sent for new forage, while those at home lay deep foundations for the laborer's comb. Some honey condense, while the rest, in cells apart, the liquid nectar shut, and some nurse the future nation of the hive, but kings and warriors all."

"That's a little like communism, isn't it?" Jane asked.

Marcus replied, "I do not know what this communism is, but I know what rebellion is. There was rebellion among my bees not long ago. An orderly people, my bees, busy all, except when two rival princes contend for the throne.

"When in the season of unclouded spring, they follow their undaunted kings forth to battle—brother against brother—and murmuring sounds proclaim the civil war. Still you can tame them as easily as our Caesar tamed the terrible Britons. Clip the wings of their high-flying kings. And lure the squadrons home again, by pounding honeysuckle flowers, so that alluring savors strew the ground.

"And then soon, you can surely press huge heavy honeycombs, full of golden juice, not only sweet, but pure and fit for use."

Then the sunlight faded from the garden. Jane awoke, and found herself still staring at the scroll on the golden book. The lacy filigree that spelled the words: *Georgics* of Virgil.

Jane had stepped into the world of the past, through the medium of that book, as we all may do. And the wit and wisdom of the past may become ours. Though science and time have modified much of what the ancients bequeathed us, their spirit of reverence can never become outmoded.

# Airline

1938 RADIO HIT:

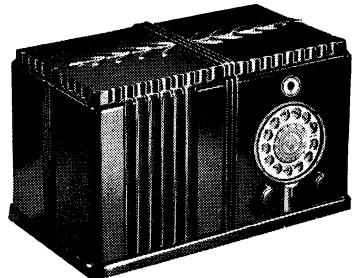
Only \$5.50 monthly

And a small down-payment brings this beautiful Radio in your Home. Ask for demonstration or write to:

## ELMAC, INC.

627 Rizal Ave.,—Tel. 2-35-32

6 tube TELEDIAL with electric tuning EYE. Model 476 for local Broadcast.



Besides we have a wide range of other models at attractive prices on stock.

## OTHER TOMORROW

(Continued from page 12)  
colors are for the young. She likes subdued hues—you know, black or violet or something just as somber, ugh!

PILAR: Do let me see it!

PAZ (unheeding): I wanted to buy a camisa besides, to match the plaid skirt, but I thought of Flora and Ben. They would love apples. You see, they used to ask me before I left for the city, to buy lots of apples. They are pretty expensive and the tyrants said they were tired of guavas or santol fruits. Tired!

(laugh).  
PILAR (softly): Children have the funniest of tastes. Once I saw a rich, young girl throw away a half-eaten mango by the window where she sat typing. Two boys raced after the discarded fruit, wiped the earth that clung to it and then started taking bites by turns.

PAZ (softly): Poor, greedy things! And I have a pair of slippers for Father, Pilar. Not just straw ones, mind you! Real leather slippers! I can hardly wait to go back home to them tomorrow. (Reminiscently.) They will be waiting for me at the station—Father, Mother, Ben and Flora—and we would all walk to the house. We live near the railroad tracks, you see. Ben and Flora munching at the apples, Mother asking questions so fast you never finished answering a single one—you were so excited too; and Father smiling and quietly happy.

PILAR (very wistfully): It is going to be fun, sure.

PAZ (leaning back on the chair luxuriously): Packing and buying things for the folk, waiting for the morning to come... Oh yes, it will be fun.

PILAR: When I return to the provinces too, there will be Mother to wait for me at the station and... and Rafael. (Blushing and looking down confusedly as Paz looks at her questioningly.) He and I expect to be... to be married someday, you know. That is, as soon as we have laid aside enough to live by—Mother and us two.

PAZ: Oh! (After a pause.) It will be a long, long wait. I know!

PILAR (gently): But it is something worthwhile waiting for, little girl. I do not think you know at all: you are such a baby in many ways. I do not mind working here, really. Every month means a little something added to our savings and... (gives a start as she realizes that it is getting late.) Heaven forgive us! We have hardly done a thing and the Doña may come any moment!

PAZ (rebelliously): Why must we

## SHOPPING GUIDE

GLASSWARE. One of the cool sights on the Escolta during one of the past weeks was the display of glassware in the window of a store which specializes in home furnishings. No-Nick tumblers; tall, iced drink glasses; water or beverage pitchers. But what we admired most were the Duncan pieces, thin and clear as crystal (that's right, they are made of crystal), that made us think of the river at the home of water of which is so cold even at noon and so clear that you can see a pin on the sand of its bottom. This Duncan set consisted of ash trays, fruit bowls, candlebrabs or candlesticks, divided mayonnaise bowls and goblets.

THREE-DUTY-KITCHEN SHEARS. Manufacturers are constantly putting out gadgets for the housewife which can do more than one job not at one time of course. A pair of Wiss kitchen shears costs more than two pesos but it is of good quality and it can do three things: cut vegetables, fruits and meat; unscrew bottle caps; and squeeze lemons and oranges. This three-in-one gadget is a space saver.

THE HANDY FORK. This two-tined, untarnishable fork with a long, slender handle made of some colored material called Catalin, is a very convenient utensil to have around the kitchen, for it will extract the contents of a small mouthed bottle without trouble. Very useful for removing olives and pickles out of their bottles.

FOR KITTIE OR DOGGIE. Do you have a dog or a cat pet in the house? Remember the SPCA article on the care of household pets that we published in this magazine a short time ago? It suggested, among other things, that cats and dogs should have their own dishes, which should be washed and kept clean like our own dishes. Well, the American Hardware sells enameled round, deep dishes with covers just for the use of your pet dogs or cats. Each dish is marked "DOG" or "CAT" which prevents your exchanging the dog's dish with that of the cat's.

INDIVIDUAL PEPPER AND SALT SHAKERS. Again these come in colors and in miniature size. You use one color for the salt and another color for the pepper and place a pair in front of each cover plate. We suggest red ones for the pepper and white ones for the salt. But you will have to let your guests in into the secret.

SEAL SAC. This is the trade-mark of a material, like thin rubber, that can be stretched, boiled and washed. It has numerous uses, among them for covering bowls with foods to be stored in the ice box or refrigerator, for keeping vegetables and fruits fresh, for steaming foods, for wrapping foods to be stored away. It can be had in any size and shape.

ZIPPERS. Everybody is zipper-minded these days. The longer they are the smarter (from neckline to hem—sometimes even around the neckline). They may be had in many colors, in metal or in celluloid, the latter being the more expensive. Be sure, however, to get real Talons. Look for the name Talon on the head, which you pull up or down. Those that are not Talons, we have discovered to our sorrow, sometimes fail to zip!

FOR THE BRIDE: Hamilton-Brown has inaugurated a new service. The bride and her attendants can now be completely outfitted at its Fashion Salon. The wedding gowns now on display are stately sheaths of dignified loveliness, the veils wisps of sheer magnificence, the bridemaid's hats in tune with today's tempo. You will never go wrong if you go to Hamilton-Brown for European wedding apparel, or for such accessories as veils and shoes.

always have to go on working? (Pilar hurriedly begins to work again. She also wipes the rest of the chair and the pedestals lifting the green plants carefully. Paz does not move.)

PILAR: By the way, Paz, I have something for you before you leave. I would like you to keep it. It is nothing much—just a silk handkerchief I embroidered during the afternoons after work.

PAZ (looking at her steadfastly): You are the wonderfulest girl, there is! (Pilar laughs softly

and rumples the other girl's hair affectionately.)

PAZ: Sh! She is coming. I would so hate to have her scold again—it is my last day! (She works too.)

(Enter Doña Carmen—stoutish with a blank face but otherwise interesting. She has small, flabby hands and her hair is black and neat. She plumps herself on the sofa, vigorously fanning herself.)

DOÑA CARMEN: Is that all the work you have done today? Goodness! Hala, hurry with those pots, Pilar. Later on, you

go down to the yard and take the clothes off the line. Sprinkle water on them because I would like you to start the ironing tonight instead of tomorrow. Then tell Disio to wash the car. I forgot to tell him that before he left for the store to make a few purchases. Tell him to do it thoroughly. Last time, I actually saw a mud puddle as big as my closed fist on one of its sides. Also, pass by the kitchen and fetch me a glass of water. (Fanning herself more vigorously.) This day is terribly hot!

(Pilar starts to leave the room when she calls her back on second thought.)

DOÑA CARMEN: And oh, yes! See whether Disio watered the plants on the verandah. He is such a forgetful creature. If he has not, you water them yourself. (Muttering.) Such irresponsible people! (To Pilar.) Go on, woman! Go on! What are you standing there for? (Exit Pilar. Doña Carmen sees Paz busily wiping the already shining furniture. She looks at the girl silently for a moment, then clears her throat.)

DOÑA CARMEN: Er...ah...you can leave those pedestals now, Paz, and sit near me. Here at my right. No, not here! Here beside me. (Pilar approaches respectfully and sits herself on the chair gingerly.) You are the best girl I have ever had for a long time. Yes. I like the way you do your duty without being told. Why, I used to have a girl once, she gave me more trouble than three lazy maids put together! I had to tell her to do this and to do that every minute or the things would be left lying anywhere. No order, no nothing! (Paz makes a pleased sound in her throat, looks down, flushed and immensely pleased.) But you...

PAZ: May I go on wiping the chairs, Doña? I can see specks of dust on top of those paintings on the walls, and I still have to clean the window sills.

DOÑA CARMEN (allowing her to leave her seat with a nod but continues talking): But you! I was telling your master only a week ago that it is such a pity to lose you someday. We would be unable to find such a capable servant as you are even if you wear a long face very often. Yes, No, no, no. Don't wipe those pictures too vigorously—the paint will come off. As a matter of fact, your master suggested that we raise your wages. You deserve it, really. And I thought you would like that—for the sake of your family back there. (She points vaguely out of the window.)

PAZ (eagerly): Oh, thank you, Doña Carmen. Thank you! We



need every little sum that can come our way. Perhaps Mother told you how both she and Father find it harder and harder to make both ends meet. You are very kind to think of us! (*Paz in her gratitude makes a move toward Doña Carmen but checks herself almost immediately.*)

DOÑA CARMEN (*complacently*): I knew you would like it! Of course, I expected something like that—it is but natural. You would like to help your parents in any way you can. What do you say if we increased your wages from five to eight pesos a month?

PAZ (*happily*): You are very, very kind.

DOÑA CARMEN: Oh, it is always easy to be kind to good, able servants like you. Er... ah... Your master told me your mother will have her birthday tomorrow, Paz.

PAZ (*excited*): Yes, yes, how did you know?

DOÑA CARMEN: Don't you remember? You told your master she was going to be exactly thirty-eight years old on October the fifth. Now is the fourth.

PAZ: Now I remember. It was during lunch time.

DOÑA CARMEN: And of course, you—as a daughter, would like to give her something special.

PAZ: Yes, I...

DOÑA CARMEN (*triumphantly*): I knew it! I told your master that you would appreciate what I suggested to him. You see, (*looking at the girl from out of the corner of her eyes*) I sent a birthday gift to your mother in your name. She can't know the difference. I wrote to her as if you were there beside me telling me what to say. I added that it would hurt you inexpressibly if she were to return the gift.

PAZ: A gift in my name?

DOÑA CARMEN: Yes.

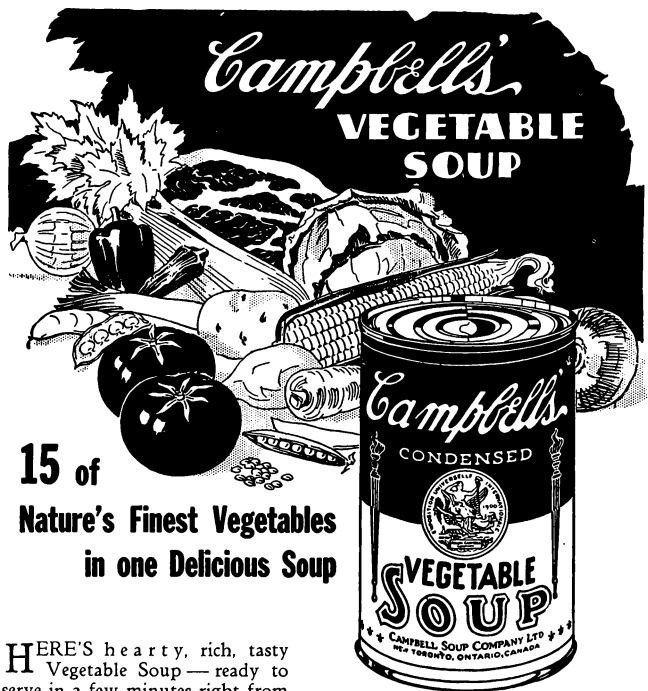
PAZ (*questioningly*): But I do not understand! I have a gift for her too!

DOÑA CARMEN: Ah, but the gift I sent her is much, much better than anything you can ever give her. You see, it will help your family no end and they would appreciate your thoughtfulness. Why, I even sent another note together with the present telling them that they were not to worry at all because you were all right.

PAZ: But... but...

DOÑA CARMEN: You see, I sent your mother thirty pesos as a birthday gift. Thirty pesos!

DOÑA CARMEN: Yes. They would love you for it all the more. Of course... (*avoiding the girl's horrified eyes*) now you will have to stay with me a little longer, but you would not mind it much. After all I (*Continued on next page*)



**15 of**  
**Nature's Finest Vegetables**  
**in one Delicious Soup**

HERE'S hearty, rich, tasty Vegetable Soup—ready to serve in a few minutes right from the Campbell tin. What could be more attractive for the beginning of your luncheon! Only Campbell brings such appetizing flavor—the best soup you ever tasted. And being condensed, it is most reasonable in price.

## 21 delicious soups

by Campbell's famous chefs

**How many do you know as Campbell's make them now?**

- |                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Asparagus       | Consommé-Printanier |
| Bean with bacon | Mock Turtle         |
| Beef            | Mushroom (Cream of) |
| Bouillon        | Noodle with chicken |
| Celery          | Ox Tail             |
| Chicken         | Pea                 |
| Chicken-Gumbo   | Pepper Pot          |
| Clam Chowder    | Scotch Broth        |
| Consommé        | Tomato              |
| Consommé        | Vegetable           |
| Mourelles       | Vegetable-Beef      |

include all the great popular favorites that are served so regularly in millions and millions of homes throughout the world, and also other fascinating soups that give freshness and newness to your meals. Every kind of soup you ever want, all of the same splendid Quality that has won for Campbell's a world-wide reputation.

**Campbell's SOUPS**  
 LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Buy from your dealer

## FIRST DAYS OF . . .

(Continued from page 8)

Spanish, with two separate editors and editorials. This magazine was really the first to be published in the Philippines, truly written, edited, and sustained by Filipino women for Filipino women. I wish to call especial attention and acknowledgement to Mrs. Francisco Delgado who subscribed with me and guaranteed before the printers that we would be responsible for and would stand by the new *Woman's Outlook*. To give an idea of the nature of this magazine, I translate in part a paragraph of the editorial that I, as editor, wrote for the first number. Entitled "From Woman to Woman", it was reprinted by the daily newspapers as an encouragement of this new endeavor of the women of the nation. Part of it ran as follows:

" . . . To coordinate and to consolidate more tightly this constructive work of the women's clubs throughout the Philippines, *The Woman's Outlook* comes to light, anxiously wishing to serve them as spiritual tie, faithfully echoing in its columns all their activities, and encouraging them thus to enthusiastically continue towards their luminous goal . . . Without desiring to disturb the affection of our women for the tranquility of the home, *The Woman's Outlook* desires to reach their seclusions and to deposit in their hands delightful reading matter for their hours of rest and spiritual nourishment for their minds. With all faithfulness, we shall cultivate the national virtues of our women, just as we shall their habits of economy and their love for work. The activities and the duties of our women in the sphere of the home shall receive from us primary and preferential attention. We are definitely convinced that the home is the kingdom of the women. And as the home is an integral and basic part of the nation, we shall concern ourselves also with the relationship existing between our women and the nation and its affairs. . . In sum, our desire is to form good citizens. **THE WOMAN'S OUTLOOK** is proud to announce that it is a magazine edited and published by Filipino women."

When the magazine celebrated its first anniversary, it then began to express itself more firmly, more convincingly, more decidedly for Woman Suffrage. The magazine planted the first seeds for the enthusiasm for feminine

improvement. And so, little by little, we began to notice the realization of changing the political status of the woman in the nation. Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of the then Governor-General, showed great interest in our discussions. During the convention of 1923, when this matter of Woman Suffrage was brought up openly for discussion, she gave great encouragement and sound advice. Mrs. Francisco Delgado was acting president then, and the Board of Directors had Mrs. Maria Valdes-Ventura, Miss Selin, Trinidad Fernandez, and the writer as members. From then, the fight for the right to vote and hold office was waged, and successfully terminated on April 30, 1937.

The Manila Woman's Club and the National Federation of Women's Clubs of the Philippines are organizations where the Oriental tendencies of our women can be given opportunities for expansion along the progressive tendencies of their Occidental sisters. The American women completely ignoring racial prejudices, have given wholeheartedly of their help and sympathetic support. And we, the Filipinas, in return, are sincerely grateful for their guiding hand along these new paths of progress and modernity.

## OTHER TOMORROWS

(Continued from page 35)

Increased your wages and . . . PAZ: But Doña Carmen, I . . . DOÑA CARMEN (unheeding): You ought to thank me, really. I thought of the best way to please your mother on her birthday. Oh, she will have the happiest of celebrations with the gift you sent her. Thirty pesos, why that should mean something! (she stands preparatory to leaving the room). And now, that you have cleaned up everything, you can go to the kitchen and start scrubbing the sink—it is terribly greasy. I hate greasy things—you know that. And then, you can help Pilar do the ironing. I want your master's coat ironed very well. You know that he detests creases to be wrinkled. Afterwards, you may cook the rice if Pilar does not need any help. I shall be out for lunch—tell the children when they arrive, not to wait for me. (As Paz looks at her dully). Now, go to the kitchen and hurry! It is almost eleven o'clock. (Doña Carmen leaves the room slowly, fanning herself.)

(Paz crushes the rag in her hands quietly and says softly: "Happy birthday, Mother—oh, the happiest of birthdays!" She looks around the room slowly and then breaks forth into silent crying as the curtain falls.)

## WE'RE TWELVE

(Continued from page 16)

Veyra, Mrs. Ortigas, Mrs. Shuman, Mrs. Quirino, Mrs. Martinez and Judge Almada-Lopez. Each of those NFWC officers who have already given their messages touched on subjects that were not only timely but were of special interest to them.

While it is impossible to please every reader, the JOURNAL, however, strived to make its contents of varied interests. For fiction lovers, there were three stories: one local, one foreign, and one serial. Sometimes when space permitted, we published more stories. There were poems (one or two always by local authors) sprinkled here and there for those who love them.

We are proud of our regular features, which are informative in nature: the Books and Authors (reviews) which is attracting considerable attention; the Women Abroad; the Journal of Events; the Movie Section; the Club News; and the Homo Institute.

Going over the twelve issues last year, we were rather pleased to note that the JOURNAL had, with its feature articles, recorded important events, particularly those that were of interest to women and their homes. For instance: with the winning of suffrage by Filipino women, the question arose: Could the Filipino women be elected to public offices? The question was widely discussed even outside of the National Assembly. An article by Nicolas Villaruz tried to answer the question by citing pertinent articles of our constitution. The proposed visit of famous birth control advocate Margaret Sanger to the Philippines aroused public discussion of the subject of birth control. While not siding with any faction, the JOURNAL reprinted a timely article by another famous American woman, Dorothy Thompson, considered one of the ablest commentators in the world today.

Another question which was brought out after the Filipino women were granted suffrage was that of taxes, whether they should pay them or be exempted from them. A report by Mrs. Mauro Mendez, chairman of the committee of the General Council of Women which was intrusted with the work of finding out what possible substitutes for *cedula tax* could be found that the women could pay, revealed that women do pay taxes, although indirectly, but they were willing to pay the *cedula tax*.

The proposed inclusion of some form of military training for coeds in the curricula of all high schools and colleges brought out an article by Major Salvador Reyes. The article explained the advantages of such a training and gave the broad outline of the course as prepared by the committee in charge, of which Major Reyes was the chairman.

## AMONG the well-known persons

who have graced the pages of the JOURNAL with their names are the following: Dr Manuel L. Carreon, superintendent and chief of the Measurement and Research department of the Bureau of Education and secretary of the National Council of Education, who wrote, in our June issue, on the great role that women teachers play in the social reconstruction of the Philippines; Irene M. Abelgas, acting director of the nursing service of the Philippine Red Cross, who wrote on the new service inaugurated by the Red Cross for the development of home hygiene and care of the sick in the Philippines (July issue); Professor Emilia Malabanan of the U. P., one of the delegates from the Philippines to the World Education Conference held in Tokyo at the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese hostilities who wrote of her impressions during her brief but memorable trip to Japan; Dr. Stanley E. Jones, noted lecturer and author, who was on a short visit here; Eulacio B. Rodriguez, then acting director of the National Library, who chose what he considered the five greatest Filipino women in Philippine history and gave a short biography of each to prove his selection; *Cleodonia Salvador*, who dwelt lightly on the decline of the "myths" about women; and Iris Brown, of Denver, Colorado. Frequent contributors were Francisco R. Fernando, and lately, Mrs. Lourdes C. Reyes, whose first short story, *Bad Boy*, appeared in our magazine last month, and *Hermia Anelchs*.

We have had stories from well-known writers: Estrella D. Alfon, one of the most promising short story writers (some say she has already arrived) in the Philippines today who authored our local short story in December; *Fidel de Castro* ("Pay Day" and in this issue, "From Love To Mourning"); *Hernando R. Ocampo*, who contributed a sketch entitled "Twelve Forty—Post Meridiano"; *Adriano P. Landino* ("The Stars are Kind" and "Death In The Evening"); *Manuel F. Buenaflor*, who has also contributed several poems; and *Marcial E. Aguila*, who wrote "Story For My Sister".

## "WE LOOK BEFORE . . ."

(Continued from page 5)

often tears, and a numb feeling of emptiness, of incompleteness. Again the joys of home are tinged with incomprehensible sadness and fraught with foolish, unreasonable pain. . . .

Yesterday I found the article I lost. It was, as I thought, unfinished. I read it over—it was a very ordinary, maudlinly sentimental piece of writing, decidedly mediocre, and possibly one of the worst sketches I have ever set my hand to. I threw it into the wastebasket angrily and resolutely put it out of my mind.

# "If Fortune Comes"

*You have as good a chance as anyone else. Get your ticket now through our practical way. You get a ticket FREE with any new or renewal subscription.*

## BE PRACTICAL—Enjoy A Good Magazine

Read the special offer of the WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL. Take advantage of it. And while you await your fortune, free, remember that the Woman's Home Journal reminds you of its wishes to reach every family and home in the country. Will you be one of our lucky winners in the Philippine Charity Sweepstakes, to be held on August, 1938, and at the same time become a regular reader of the longest lived, most accepted, highly educational magazine in the Philippines?

*Subscription Rate for 1 Year—  
Philippines, P2.00  
U.S.A. and Possessions, \$1.50  
Foreign Countries, \$2.00*

— Please cut here and mail coupon today

\_\_\_\_\_, 1938

Woman's Home Journal  
P. O. Box 30, Manila

MESDAMES: I want to take advantage of your free offer in connection with your extensive nation-wide subscription campaign. I am checking my order below—

( ) One year subscription beginning May, 1937. Please send me, free of charge, one unit of Philippine Charity Sweepstakes for August, 1938. (For one year subscription and P.50 ticket, send P2 only.)

( ) Renew my subscription upon its expiration. (For renewal and P.50 ticket, send P2 only.)

Enclosed P2.00 in money order, check or stamps, for my order.

Address—Write Clearly

Name—Write Clearly

NOTE:—You may also secure complete booklets from us by remitting P22.00 per booklet. We pay for postage and registered mail charges. If you desire whole tickets, send P2.00 per whole ticket, adding P.16 for registered mail.

### 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 took the lead 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.

Do you want to reach the buyers of the country? The WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL is at your disposal as an effective advertising medium.

WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL  
P. O. Box 30, Manila  
Tel. 5-77-31

Advertising rates furnished upon request.

*Follow  
this pack*

for **MORE  
PLEASURE**

**Chesterfield**  
*They Satisfy*