

# THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



Catholic School Press, Baguio, Mt. Pr.



# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

*The official organ of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheutveld Fathers) in the Mountain Province of the Philippines,*

Edited and published monthly

Editor . . . REV. O. VANDEWALLE, P. O. Box 1393, Manila, Phil. Is.

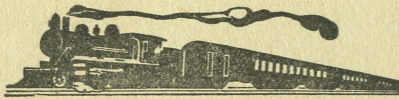
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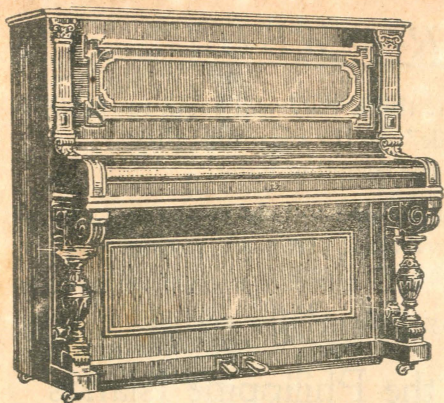
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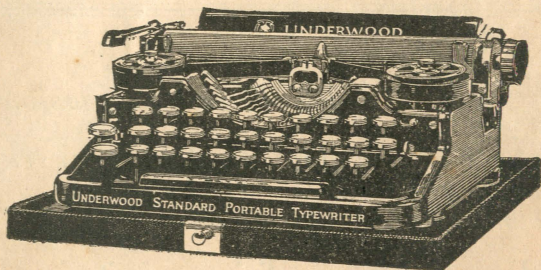
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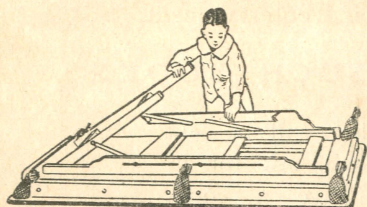
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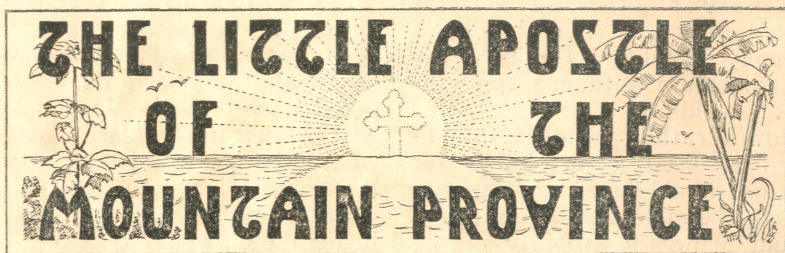
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# THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



## Charity Should Be Taught

**I**T IS the essence of goodness to give to others. God is infinitely good and therefore He has given us heaven and earth, all that we have in body and soul, even His only begotten Son Whom He sacrificed on Calvary, and who is daily sacrificing Himself at Mass and giving us Himself as food and drink in Holy Communion; finally, He promises to give Himself in Heaven to those who give themselves to Him during life. God is essentially good. God is Charity. Man, created to the image of God, should partake of that virtue of charity, but his nature, which was corrupted thru original sin, is as a rule more selfish than altruistic, more egotistic than charitable.

Christian doctrine teaches us to do good to others. Christ shows us by His example how to sacrifice ourselves for others. The self-satisfaction we enjoy after a good work, is only a slight foretaste of the eternal reward to be given us by Him who will return a hundred-

fold all that we sacrifice for His sake and He Himself said that "Even a glass of water given to the poor in His name would not remain without a reward."

Charity is a divine virtue which religion imposes, Christ urges, the whole world praises and insures Heaven to those who practice it. Without this virtue, man, the image of God, becomes what he has been styled: Homo-Lupus, a wolf-like, rapacious man, who will be disliked by his fellow-men.

Therefore in centers of education, where character is formed, where not only vices should be eradicated, but where virtues should be implanted and developed, one cannot lay enough nor too much stress upon the noble virtue of true charity, so important and necessary for all.

One might say: in schools and colleges too many contributions are asked. Let us suppose it to be true, but are they always for real charitable works? If so, remember that these contributions given for



God's sake and in spirit of charity, make that money infinitely and eternally valuable to the givers, and will return to them a hundred-fold. God himself said so.

However, those who ask for so-called voluntary contributions for charity, should never forget to enlighten the mind of the pupil; they should show the nobility of the purpose of the offering, the greatness of its reward here and hereafter, the true necessity of alms, the real good it is called to procure; in one word: those who ask contributions must show that they really give for what they ask for, and so they should make the contribution come voluntarily from the young benefactors. These should be made to think, to reason and to see that they are about to do some great good to their neighbour or in the service of God, that they will relieve some dire corporal or spiritual misery or both together, that God wills it and consequently will bless the givers here and hereafter. The mind of the pupil must be so prepared and disposed that the contribution be given voluntarily, kindly and gladly, if not, the pupil may give for fear of displeasing the teacher, or for shame because others contribute too, which would mean the loss of perhaps all the merits and make the hypocritical giver rather reluctant to do further acts of charity.

The principles of charity should be repeated often and the virtue should be practiced by some small offerings so as to form in the mind and will of the pupil an inclination and disposition to be charitable, now and especially later. The exercise of charity in this way must bring God's blessings on the lessons in charity and develop yet further the real virtue of true charity.

Let us say a little more: contributions should be as much as possible the fruit of some acts of self-denial and mortification. Oh! if people gave to God only the tenth part of their unnecessary expenses, what miseries in this world could be relieved; how selfishness which is at the bottom of disputes, injustices etc., would decrease; how the world would become happier and a brighter and better spot to live in, how man would be a little more the image of God, how the blood of Christ would bear more heavenly fruits in the giver and receiver. Charity taught in that light would consequently produce a twofold good effect in the pupil and certainly these good results constitute one of the most essential parts of a thorough education.

And let not educators think that what their pupils contribute for works organized outside the school or college may decrease the means they need themselves for their own organizations and purposes. A Belgian Bishop in China had the custom of giving the tenth part of all the gifts he received for his poor vicariate to some work which did not at all belong to him. The one who handled the gifts of this holy Prelate told the writer that the Bishop received always in return for the sacrificed part a hundred-fold. What is given to God and only for God must bring God's choicest blessings upon the giver. When one deprives himself of what he might rightly use for his own good works, he shows a far purer love for God, less selfishness, and God, who considers not so much the gift as the love of the giver, cannot but bless abundantly such disinterested educators by blessing their institute and their work: real education.



## August 15, The Assumption and Coronation of the B. V. M.

"Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come! The winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared in our land..... Who is she that goeth up by the desert....flowing with delights, leaning upon her Beloved?.... Come from Libanus, my spouse, come from Libanus, come: Thou shalt be crowned.... Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army in array?..... Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come!" (Canticle)

"And the king arose to meet her, and bowed to her, and sat down upon the throne, and a throne was set for the King's mother, and she sat at the King's right hand.... And the king gave the Queen all that she desired and asked of Him, besides what He offered her Himself of his royal bounty." (III Kings) "And a great sign appeared in Heaven: a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars" (St. John. Apocalypse)

Her Assumption was more glorious even than the Ascension of Jesus Christ, for Angels only went forth to meet the Redeemer, but when the Blessed Virgin was assumed to glory, she was met and accompanied by the Lord of Glory and the whole blessed company of saints and angels. (St. Peter Damian)

St. Basil of Seleucia says: "As the splendour of the sun exceeds that of all the stars, so does Mary's splendour exceed that of all the Blessed." And St. Bernardine adds: "She is immersed in the inaccessible Light as deeply as it is possible to a creature to be."

When the Blessed Virgin died, she was in due course, laid in the tomb. One of the Apostles, St. Thomas, unable to be present at her death, arrived three days after her happy departure. Full of sorrow and regret, he besought the others to open the tomb, that once more he might rest his eyes upon her. It was therefore opened, but, O Prodigy! the sepulchre was empty. Some lilies, emblems of purity and virginity, had sprung up in the place where the chaste body had lain, that immaculate body which was too holy to remain in the grave and which angels bore away when the voice of God woke it from its short sleep of death." (St. Gregory of Tours.)

St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin Mother: "Here Thou art for us a sun of Charity in its noontide; and below among mortals a living fount of hope...."

In Thee is mercy, in Thee pity, in Thee magnificence, in Thee all that is good in creatures. (Dante)



# The Little Flower of Jesus

*Help the Conversion of the Igorrotes of the Mountain Province*

**P**ATRIOTISM imposes upon the inhabitants of the Philippines the national duty of helping their poor Pagan brethren of the Mountain Province. Charity makes it an obligation for all Catholics to cooperate with the Church in spreading the Kingdom of God all over the world: "Go Ye, teach Ye all nations", but especially for the Catholics of a country such as the Philippines which still counts so many Pagans.

In an Encyclical, our late Holy Father Benedict XV, made a pathetic appeal to the Faithful of the whole world in behalf of the Foreign missions. "The Catholic World" said His Holiness, "will not allow its own to suffer from want in the propagation of the Faith."

Since His election to the Pontifical Throne, our Holy Father Pius XI, has not ceased to reiterate His august predecessor's entreaties for a more generous support of missionaries and their works.

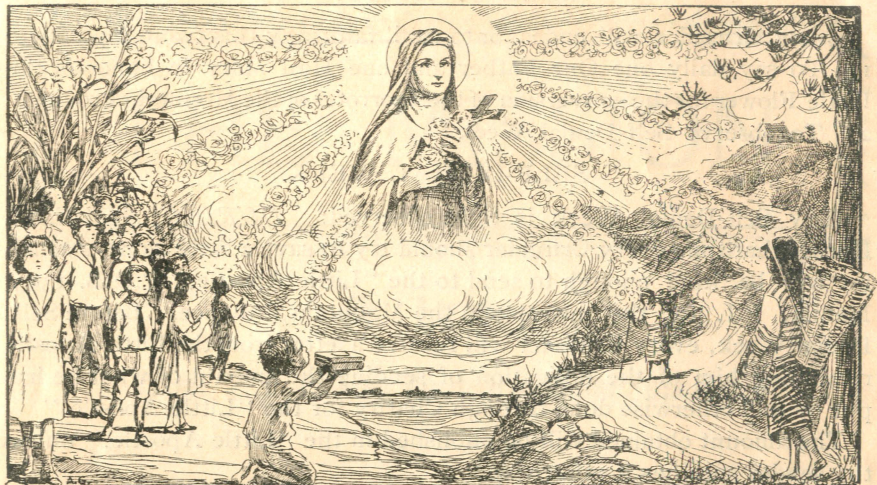
His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr Piani, about two years ago, responding to the request of Pius XI, at the occasion

of the anniversary of the coronation of the Holy Father, had a splendid feast arranged, at which lectures were given about the Missions and their support by members of the different religious Orders established in the Philippines. The Conference of Catholics at the beginning of this year made the appeal of that memorable feast for generous support of the missions its own. And until now, what has been the answer to that duty of patriotism, and charity, to that appeal of Christ and His representatives on earth, to that appeal of the Apostolic Delegate, and the Catholic Conference approved by the Bishops of the Philippines?

"The Little Apostle," with the approval of the Ordinaries actually in the Philippines, offers you, dear Readers, an occasion for responding to all the above mentioned duties and calls, by establishing an association, which, if understood, and joined by a considerable number of persons, will not fail to work marvels: it is called: "The Crusaders of the Little Flower," and, simple in its organization, it is easy too in its accomplishment.







## CRUSADERS OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

*"I will spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth"*

### OBJECT

The Crusaders of the Little Flower is a Charitable Missionary Organization, which cooperates with the Missionary Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in the Mountain Province of the P. I., to perform the glorious work of civilization and Christianization of the Igorrotes of the Mountain Province, P. I.

### MEMBERS

Any Catholic who really desires to cooperate according to the means at his disposal, in fulfilling the object of the Organization, may become a Crusader of the Little Flower. To become a Crusader it is enough to send your name to the Office of the Little Apostle, P.O.B. 1393, Manila, P. I., together with ₱ 0.50 for which you shall receive in return a diploma and a pin of the Organization.

### PROMOTERS

Any zealous Catholic may become a Promoter, by forming a group of ten or more members. All names however must be sent to the Little Apostle and the Promoter shall receive a diploma.



## RULE OF ACTION

Every Crusader will endeavor to fulfil faithfully this twofold practice:

1. To say daily one Our Father and one Hail Mary in honor of the Little Flower for the conversion of the Igorrotes of the Mountain Province.
2. To observe Self-Denial Week.

### SELF-DENIAL WEEK

How Self-Denial Week is to be observed: *DURING ADVENT.*

During that time every Crusader should try to save a little money, which he will be kind enough to send to the "Little Apostle," P.O.B. 1393, Manila, P.I. for the missions in the Mountain Province. Before Self-Denial Week, every Crusader will receive a letter from the Little Apostle reminding him of the obligation of sending the amount of what he has put by and otherwise done through Charity for the "Little Apostle."

The amount obtained will be published in the "Little Apostle," unless the sender specifies it otherwise.

### SPIRITUAL BENEFITS FOR THE CRUSADERS

1. From November 2, Holy Souls Day, a set of *THIRTY GREGORIAN MASSES* will be celebrated for the deceased Crusaders and for the beloved departed of every Crusader.

2. From November 1 to November 30, special daily prayers will be said for the Spiritual intention of the living Crusaders, by the Missionaries and Christians, especially by the Catholic Children of the Mountain Province.

3. All the Missionaries of the Mountain Province will remember daily at Mass the enlisted Crusaders of the Little Flower.

4. At the notice of the death of a Crusader (which will be published in the "Little Apostle") a Requiem Mass will be celebrated for the repose of his soul and all Crusaders will be invited to pray for the beloved departed.

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### Did It Ever Strike You ?

That a dying Catholic, be he good, bad or indifferent, will never call for a Protestant minister?

That many dying Protestants, generally the best and most virtuous, have called for a Catholic priest?

That no Catholic, so long as he leads a virtuous life, falls away from his faith or denies his religion?

That ordinarily only the best among Protestants become Catholics?

That only the indifferent, not to say the worst Catholics, become Protestants?

That there is no case on record of a good, pious, virtuous priest becoming a minister?

That the Protestant ministers who have become Catholics were among the most learned and most virtuous of their calling?



# THE MISSION

## A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt Provincial Superior

(Continuation)

**A**GAIN, we are in the mist. The mist condenses into rain, the rain into torrents and, having no raincoats, we take our second forced cold bath that soaks again into our very bones. The trail is slippery. The horses stumble and slip out. There is no other remedy than to walk, to glide I should say: that is what we do but not for pleasure, for we are tired as tired can be and consequently our conversation little by little dies away. My companion, Father Degryse tries for a while to keep it on, but he, too, gives it up pretty soon and we make our way carefully towards Banaue, stiff with fatigue and trembling with cold. But courage: one hour more patience. All of a sudden from behind the curve of the trail we are greeted in the tongue of old fatherland. "Welcome in the Ifugao province."

We stop, look, sweep the rain from our eyes, look again, listen: there comes Father Moerman, superior of the Kiangon mission, the pioneer missionary of the Ifugao province, who for 14 years has been sacrificing his strength, his health, his very being for the salvation of souls in these mountains. God alone knows his merits, his sufferings, but they have not been without supernatural consolation.

Yesterday he left Kiangon to meet us. So great is our happiness to see him that instantaneously we forget all our miseries and brighten up as if we had just left Bontoc.

So lively is the conversation now that we pass the first houses of Banaue without being aware of having arrived. "Good evenings Father, shouts a little fellow. Never did I hear such a welcome on my former visits. We look around and from all sides of the



mountains we see children running towards us to meet us, to bid us welcome. "What is this?" I ask Father Moerman. "Never before did I see so many children around me. They used to run away from me. But now..... look, more are coming." "Yes, Father Provincial, that has changed here completely since we have a chapel in the town. Father Desnick visits Banaue regularly, remains here a few days to have a chance to talk with the people and to instruct the children in the evening when everybody is at home after the day's work, and that has changed conditions totally." Indeed, I could not believe my eyes, I could not have dreamed such a change for the better possible in such a short time, had I not been a witness of it today.

It is the work of christianization. Wherever it is implanted among even the wildest people, it softens the most cruel natures and makes them real men, peaceful citizens, lawabiding people. When one sees such, he asks himself how it can be that so called civilized men can be found who use their influence to keep the Ifugaos away from the Church and the priest. I wish I could say it is impossible, but.....

Anyway, it is here my most agreeable duty to thank in the name of all my confreres whoever passed thru Banaue the officials of the Constabulary quartered in these mountains. They have always shown us the most evident marks

of friendship and kindness: they have always helped us in the most efficacious way. They must often have pitied the Missionary who arrived at Banaue soaked to the bones and completely exhausted, and always they have treated him as a brother. May the Lord bless them. Only those who enjoyed the hospitality of the Banaue Officers can say what it is to be received here like at home.

We reach the chapel. Part of it serves as a school and another part as a room for the passing missionary. So here we too we shall stay for the night. We thank the Lord for his protection during the journey, but prostrate at the feet of the crucifix, we feel we are wet and more than tired. So, we take off what is wet to hang it to dry until tomorrow and rolled up in a blanket we try to take a rest.

The spiritual progress of the Banaue mission is just wonderful. It is extremely difficult to visit the people at home. Their houses are scattered all over the hills and mountains. They are spread in groups of three or four. However the children come in great numbers to the chapel as soon as they know that the Father has arrived, and then, before and after the class, they receive an instruction. How their eyes glare when they hear of the love of Christ, of His desire to save them, of His wish to bring all the Ifugaos into paradise after death. And their little hearts thrill and feel warmer when they hear



how an infinite Majesty has thought of them so lost in the mountains: they too wish to know Jesus and to love and to serve Him. Many youngsters have received baptism already and others made their first Holy Communion. May their prayers for their brethren of Banaue open their eyes and their heart.

After a while "toc-toc" on the door. Who is there? A small boy. Again: "toc-toc." Another boy slips in. And so it goes on: more and more filter in. One sees that the father of the mission is a friend of the children. Was not Jesus the friend of the youngsters too? But necessity knows no excuse: after some talk we have to send them home for the night.

Tuesday, March 3rd. We rise early to say Mass, but not early enough to arrive the first at the chapel. Indeed, many children and not a few elderly people have taken a seat already in the chapel and they remain in their place until we all three have finished our Masses. Some of them profit by our arrival to go to confession and to receive Holy Communion. Seeing this, tell us now, do converts make good Christians? Are they worth the help their Catholic brethren from the lowlands generously offer the Missionary?

At 8 we are in the saddle for Kiangnan, only 35 Kilometers distant. The weather has cleared up. Instead of following the new trail, we choose the old Spanish way,

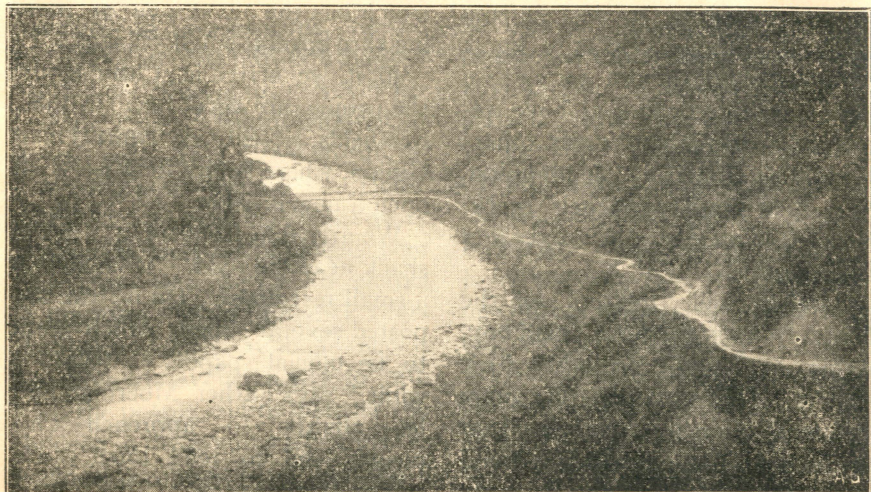
much shorter than the first and which has the advantage of passing thru several small villages.

First, we arrive in Cabubuyan: the people are very busy in their rice-fields. Next, we come into Ginion, where before long we shall open a new mission.

We arrive in front of a small shack near the road. It looks like a small rest-house. On its wall are posted several papers which seem to be official papers. "Wait a while," says Father Moerman and he alights to approach the posters and to read them. He comes back saying "All right". His doing astonishes us and not without reason. "Well, says the Father, when I passed here before, I have found among the official posters another paper with vile calumnies against religion and the priests. It was written in pencil and happily nobody could read it."—"Why?"—"It was written in English."—"But if people here can write English, surely they can also read it."—"Nobody from here knows English enough to write the words I found on that dirty slip." Knowing that the writing was not miraculous, I abstain from judging further, for I do not wish to suppose that it was written by young men sent over here to civilize and paid by the contributions of Christian Filipinos. How narrow-minded, however!

On we go and reach the Mungayan river over which hangs a fine bridge where formerly we had





*Bridge Mungayan River*

to cross the place in a galongalon. Here waits Father Desnick of the Kiangon mission. He wants to show us his chapel at Mungayan.



*Chapel of Mungayan*



It is simple but nice. Here, too, Father Desnick comes regularly, remains for a few days, and after only two months work, remarkable progress is visible.

It is time for school. All the children surround us respectfully. It speaks well for their teachers and shows they are the friends of the priest. May our Lord, the Friend of the children, bless their work.

Between Mungayan and Kiangan, a distance of 10 Kilometers, we overtake Miss Guerzon, a Filipina lady, supervisor of the dormitories for children in the Mountain Province. A wonderful woman. A true mother to the Igorrote girls. I congratulate Miss Guerzon. I would like to ask where she finds that superhuman strength with which to be always on the road among many dangers and subject to all kinds of privations.

But no. Her modesty and humility might hide the truth. But the fact that I saw Miss Guerzon two days later in the church of Kiangan at the altar-rails (on the first Friday of Feb.) explains all. In God, in Holy Communion, she finds the strength and consolation which no earthly salary could grant. Unknown to the world, Miss Guerzon does a work Heaven looks at, and God will reward it infinitely. To this I add my most sincere thanks and those of the parents whose children she attends.

At 5 p. m., we arrived at the convent of Kiangan where we meet the third Father of the mission: Rev. Father Francisco Lambrecht, brother of Father Godefredo Lambrecht, stationed at Bayombong, Nueva Vizcaya. Of course, we go first to the church to thank the Lord after which we make ourselves at home.

*(To be continued.)*



## Transfiguration

The first Monday of this month, August 6th, will be the feast of the Transfiguration of Our Lord. This feast recalls the occasion on which Our Lord took the Apostles Peter, James and John with Him to a high mountain and was transfigured before them, that is, His body shone in brilliant light, His face shone as the sun and His garments became white as snow. Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with Him. The apostles were very happy at this sight of their Mas-

ter's glory and expressed a wish to remain always there. But the vision vanished and they came back to their ordinary occupations.

So it is with us. Moments of great consolation sometimes are granted to us but they are of short duration. Their effect, however, remains with us to give us strength for future labors. The ordinary graces and helps always remain and are all that we need. Unending joy and union with Our Lord is the reward in store for us in Heaven.



## Letter of F. De Brabandere

La Trinidad, June 2, 1925

Dear Father Vandewalle:

**I** AM as busy as a bee... Msgr Hurth, the bishop of Vigan, came here last May 25 to confirm, and only now do I find time to write about the splendid feast and numerous confirmations we had. Never since the opening of the mission have so many been confirmed here as now. Never too was a bishop given such a splendid reception at La Trinidad as Msgr Hurth. In a long time the people, especially those of Tublay, had insisted on seeing for once their Bishop. I heard he was about to come to Baguio, I invited him, he would come gladly.

Of course I had to prepare my folks. First I went to Tublay, a distance of 15 Km. Where 10 years ago there were only 10 Catholics, we have now 170. These prepared, I repeated the same work at Atok, which is at a distance of 35 Km. But would the people be able to come to La Trinidad? The rainy season has started, the rivers are swollen, weather may be bad, land slides may occur in the mountains?

But where fervor reigns, difficulties are overcome, and our converts are staunch Catholics. All the Catholic adults came, the mothers brought their children, some of them leading three by the hand

and carrying two on their back. Even pagan women brought their children who had been baptized. Already on the eve of the feast, the convent was crowded and more would come the next day. Indeed some came that same morning after a five hours' walk thru the dark dangerous mountains by the light of burning pinewood torches.

When at 8:30 the bishop arrived, the church was crowded by people, most of whom were pagans only a year ago. As one man they knelt, and bowed. It was the expression of their living faith in a prelate of the Catholic Church. 213 were confirmed that day, of whom only 20 were children of Ilocano Catholics. It was a day of triumph for the Catholic Mission.

Today we had the closing exercises in our school at Atok, which counts 105 pupils. It was not only a feast for the school but also for the whole town. Young and old, rich and poor, Christians and Pagans: all were in and around the building. The two zealous teachers had prepared a nice little program, mostly in Nabaloy so that the people might understand. Both the old and new president of the town made a speech, and, although Pagans still, they recognized publicly the many sacrifices the Fathers make for their people. Note that one of the two is an old Christian scientist, but he sees that after all Catholic

religion surpasses scientism with its dreams of earthly paradise without the consolation of a heaven to come.

“Father,” said the new president, “you have now 105 pupils in school, next year you shall have 150” He thought I would be overcome with joy. But he made a conditional mistake: 50 pupils more mean two extra teachers to be paid and I can not afford to undertake this new expense. I know it breaks my heart to be unable to do more, it means many souls lost for heaven and God, but it is not my fault. I spent ₣1,000 last year, it was at the price of great sacrifices; I cannot do more. I leave that responsibility of not bringing more souls to the sacred Heart to rest on those who say every day: “My Lord and my God I love You above all things”, and who could easily spare something to open heaven to some longing poor children. Prayer is the golden key

which opens Heaven, and if we unite almsdeeds to it our prayer goes more directly to the throne of God and is sure to be answered sooner.

After the feast came a great many of the women offering me their children to be baptized. I refused, saying, they would bring them up as pagans. “No, Father”, they said, “we will send them to your school and you may make them Catholics. Your religion is the best. Ours is not so good”.

Oh! if we had the means! I feel a lump in my throat whenever I think how easily I might baptize nearly all the people of my district, if well-to-do Catholics would only help me. May God grant both our Pagans and such Catholics the necessary light to understand their duties towards God, His Church and their fellow-men.

Maurice De Brabandere.

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## Ten Ways of Helping the Catholic Press

1. Subscribe for a Catholic paper— if at present you read it over the shoulder of your neighbor.

2. Advertise in a Catholic publication.

3. When purchasing, try to patronize firms advertising in Catholic publications.

4. When shopping or selling, say you saw the advertisement in a Catholic paper.

5. Try to get new subscribers.

6. Send important news items to your paper. Be an unpaid reporter

and agent for love of the cause. This is a task of honor, just as the Catholic editorship is a position of honor.

7. When traveling ask for your Catholic paper.

8. When you have read it, pass it on to someone to whom it will do good.

9. Mark important articles or notices to attract attention.

10. Be an agent for your Catholic paper. Open it in railway carriages, tram-cars, motorbuses, etc. Show people that you enjoy it.



## Mission News and Notes

### Bagabag

The feast of the Sacred Heart has been celebrated this year with exceptional solemnity. The Church was crowded. The leaguers of the Sacred Heart received Holy Communion. The Father read the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, the people repeating the solemn pledge. A very beautiful new banner, a piece of art from Paris, was blessed and carried in triumph through the streets, accompanied by two choirs, one of ladies and another of men, singing the praises of the Lord. It was a memorable day. May the Lord bless the mission of Bagabag.

### Kiangan

The feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated in the little mission of Mungayan by the first Communion of some twenty children. Miss Guyab from Bagabag gave dresses to eight little girls. I was supposed to give a suit to each boy, but I could not. Poor children. It was the first time we had a solemn

first Communion at Mungayan, mostly pagan still. Mr. and Mrs. Bartolome from Bayombong had adorned the chapel. The bells did not ring however. Why? Because we have no bells at Mungayan. But the Mungayanes have gongs, and be sure that all the gongs of the village echoed thru the mountains until late at night. Not a single inhabitant missed the ceremony. The chapel was packed. Only the Christians and catechumens could enter. Is not such a feast, a great consolation? The chapel was blessed last October only, and dedicated to the Immaculate Conception. But as dresses failed and bells lacked, so too lacks a statue of the Blessed Virgin. We can go on without bells. The boys consoled themselves with an old soldier's vest. But heaven must be as sorry as I am to see that our Patron has no statue in her chapel in a country where 10,000,000 Catholics have a great devotion to the Immaculate Conception.

**Overworked His Mouth**—The famous Father Roh, S.J., who died in Bonn in 1872, was accosted by an irreligious as follows: "May I ask if you are a Jesuit?" "Yes, sir." "I have always heard that the Jesuits are such great intellectuals. Could you tell me why I have black hair but a gray beard?" "Easy enough," remarked, the Jesuit with a light bow and loud enough so that the friends of the interrogator could hear it, "you have worked harder with your mouth than with your head."

—The teacher had been trying to inculcate the principles of the Golden Rule and turn-the-other-cheek.

"Now, Tommy," she asked, "what would you do supposing a boy struck you?"

"How big a boy are you supposing?" demanded Tommy.

—Mary had a little cat,

It swallowed a ball of yarn,  
And when the little kittens came  
They all had sweaters on.

# COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

## The Psychology of the Filipino

By *Hon. Norberto Romualdez*

*Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands*

(Continuation)

About the beginning of the last century, the sleeves which were wide at the lower ends, were left loose and allowed to fall, as in the first figure in this slide. Later, small parallel plaits were made extending from the shoulders downwards to a considerable distance, as shown in the second figure. The bulging of the sleeves has increased more and more until the long parallel plaits were suppressed, and now, we have the present form and shape as seen in the third figure of this slide.

As to the skirt, at the time of the adoption of the girdle or waistband, subsequent to the use of the *patadyog*, which had no belt, the skirt was made very wide, but was tucked all around the waist.

Later, the tucks were limited to the back part of the skirt, leaving

the front part plain. But now, the tucks have entirely been suppressed, the cut of the skirt being tightly adjusted to the body, and it has become too extremely and ridiculously narrow to be modest.

There is another piece of the Filipino woman's dress, which is very characteristic of the Tagalog women, but is not usual in the Bisayan Islands: the *tapis*. It is in reality an apron of a black color, generally, and the purpose of which is, in fact, the protection of the skirt from being soiled. The word *tapis* is derived from *tapi* (cover).

In getting ready for ordinary household work, and for work in the farms and fields, the Bisayan woman in Panay and Negros wears the *patadyog*, and the Tagalog woman uses the *tapis*, but places the opening of the *tapis* in front, as



shown in this slide:



But on social occasions, the *tapis* is worn with the opening at the back, leaving thereby greater freedom of movement to the long train of the skirt, as it appears in this slide:



or else the opening is placed on one side, as in this one:



Originally, the material used for the tapis was coarse stuff of black cloth. Gradually, it lost its original purpose as a covering of the skirt, and in the course of time, the textile used became finer and finer, until it has become totally replaced by the fine black tulle. The original tapis is now used only for work, while the fine transparent tulle is appropriate only for going out on social occasions.

Generally, the term Filipino dress or *traje de mestiza* excludes the tapis. It is called mestiza dress, because the daughters of Spaniards in those days of old, did not, usually, wear the tapis which distinguished them, in this, from the Tagalas. Here is



a mestiza dress:



As to the colors preferred for the tapis, it must be noted that the Filipino women's taste goes for colors darker than the skirt itself. On the other hand, it was generally considered very poor taste to wear a skirt of lighter color than the camisa and the scarf.

Originally, any color of the bodice matched with a dark skirt, and it was not essential that the scarf should match with the color of the camisa or bodice.

Later, dame fashion dictated that the bodice and the scarf should match together in color. This was so about the latter third of the past century. Still later, fashion had it so, that the skirt, bodice and scarf should match with each other, not only in color, but also in design, although the skirt was of thicker material than the bodice and scarf, which last two pieces were of the same textile. If I am correct in my observations, it seems to me

that the latest evolution of the Filipino dress is to have the skirt plain with no design or embroidery on it, but the embroideries of the bodice, scarf and tapis are of the same material, color and design to match with one another.

Now as to men's clothes. — Like women's dress, as it has been seen, they have also undergone changes and have also followed fashion to a certain degree. In old times, the Filipino men used *putóg* or *pudóg*, which was a piece of cloth about one foot wide and three or four feet long, wrapped around the head. This is an Indonesian and Malay head-dress which originated from India.

Since the coming of the Spaniards, European and Mexican fashions and styles have considerably influenced the Filipino wearing apparel. The blouse without lapels, provided with a stiff collar, but without an opening in front of the neck, in such a way as to exclude the use of the necktie, is a blouse after the Mexican style whence such garment is called *americana*. The coat and trousers were sometimes short, then long, then short again; sometimes tight, then loose, then tight again.

As I have said, originally, the Filipino used his head-dress called *putoġ*. Later, this *putoġ* was substituted by a big handkerchief, which was wrapped around the head while on the streets, but placed around the neck when inside the house on social occasions. The loose form with some embroidery on the edges of the sleeves and also of the



trousers, was usual in Manila and in big towns or cities, among the well-to-do, up to the beginning of the 19th century. Here is a picture of the forefathers of Prof. Jose Asuncion, the Secretary of the School of Fine Arts, University of the Philippines:



But since about the second half of the past century, the Filipino men in the cities began to use entirely European clothes on social occasions. At home they use lighter garments, usually the *camisa china* (Chinese shirt) and European trousers.

## 5. Music.

It remains for me to tell you of Filipino music. Music was already known in these Islands before the coming of the Spaniards. The Negritos, Indonesians, and Malays, had their own music. But few historians of old devoted their attention to native music. Pigafetta, the companion of Magellan, was the first to give to the occidental world a notion of Filipino music, thru his account entitled "Primo Viaggio intorno al globo terraqueo", wherein he states having seen in Cebu four girls who played on instruments. He mentioned drums and an instrument called subig. The subig is a small instrument made of bamboo and which is still used in some remote regions of the Archipelago. It is called *barimbaw*, in Tagalog. Here are some samples of subig, which is very much like the Jews' harp. Such similarity between the subig and the harp of the Jews shows once more that the Filipinos have many things common with other Oriental peoples. The young Atenist, Mr. Katindoy, will now show to you the position and the manner in which the subig is ordinarily played.

(To be continued.)

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—When the second Duke of Buckingham was dying he cried out, "What a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, time." And most people can truthfully say the same thing. Time is shamefully squandered. How few are the days which are spent to the best possible advantage by the average person!

—We all wish to be like Jesus. But Jesus emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, and before we can be truly like Him, we must empty ourselves of ourselves. One thing we can most easily do in imitation of Him is to become intercessors for sinners.



# The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

*By Father Morice Vanoverberg*

*Missionary in the Mountain Province, P.I.*

*(Continuation)*

APRIL 22nd (Tuesday): We left early in the morning without breakfast, and our soldiers enlivened the journey by stories connected with the places we were passing. At a certain point where a very high rock drops perpendicularly into the river, it was told us that a long time ago a knight of old jumped on horseback from the top of the cliff unto the opposite shore where his lady love was waiting for him: he missed the mark, however, and horse and rider fell into the deep water where they were drowned notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the girl, who went to their rescue, and suffered the same fate, so that there is nobody to testify to the truth of the story.

At a short distance from here a big boulder, split into two parts, was supposed to have been the occasion of another equally interesting event. A couple, living near by, passed the days of their married life quarrelling from morning till night. Finally, they decided to stop their differences once for all: they would separate on condition that the rock would split, if each of them took hold of one of its parts on opposite sides and pulled with all his might: and, as may be

seen until this day, splitting took place and decided the divorce. A little farther we passed a high cliff on whose perpendicular surface appeared a large hole; this is supposed to be the entrance to a cave that leads several miles through the mountain to another part of the province; unfortunately, a crocodile is taking his abode there now, and nobody ventures to test the truth of that statement, although formerly lots of people seem to have tried to cross the dangerous passage.

At Nagan, where we stopped a couple of minutes, we learned from a Kagayan merchant, that we should find the "presidente" of the Negritos a little farther down the river, at Siwan; this bearer of good tidings we took with us on board, and finally, after a few more strokes of the oars, we got a glimpse of the place that would be our residence for some time to come. We said good bye to our Japanese; Mr. Padua and the soldiers crossed the small track of water that separated our boat from the dry land, and I myself climbed on the back of Masigun, the Negrito president, whom the soldiers had called in the meantime, to get on shore without wetting my feet.



Very soon we found an uninhabited hut, built by a Kagayan, where the owner had left some utensils, which he used when he came from Abulug, his permanent residence: this he did occasionally, it seemed, when he remained here some days and sometimes some weeks to gather rattan from the nearby forests. We instantly decided to use it as our home: it was not a palace, but the roof was good, and so the rain would not harm us at all, provided there was no wind to drive it through the chinks of the nipa walls; the wind would be a very unpleasant visitor anyhow, as the walls, these essential parts of all decent houses, were absent in many places.

As far as we could see for the moment, only two Isneg houses composed the village of Siwan, and ours would be the third. As it was high time for us to break our fast, Mr. Padua and the soldiers cooked one of our chickens, and that day we partook of our first meal at about 10 a. m.; I do not know if meat could be tougher than that particular chicken was, but I prefer to think so, as it may prove to be a consolation, at least to our dental system. At this juncture Masigun told us that his child was sick and that he had to go home to the other side of the river, where more Negritos were living; this was good news indeed, I mean to hear of several of our pygmies living at so short distance, as we might hope to get in touch with them very soon. A

little later, Masigun's daughter and a companion of hers washed our clothes in the river; and about noon we received the visit of three Negritos, who brought us some meat of a wild boar killed that day; this certainly promised well, there could be no doubt about that. We gave the fellows rice in payment, learned some peculiarities of their language, or rather of the dialect they actually used, and told them to call again, which they readily promised to do; then, when we had lunched (the meat was certainly much more tender than the hen we ate for breakfast), at half past two p.m., we hailed the lieutenant governor, who returned from Aparri. He had not met the governor, general, because, before his arrival, the latter had boarded a man-of-war to visit a wireless station on an island nearby, where some Japanese had been seen lately, and as there was much talk about the exclusion of further Japanese immigrants from the United States, which had just been decreed, he feared trouble might be brewing: this at least was the explanation that was given us later on, if it was true or not I did not know. We now said good bye to the soldiers, who left us to return with the captain, and this was a real relief to me, although my companion would probably have preferred to keep them there.

Some Isneg came soon to visit us, we had a little chat with them, and then talked a little while with the Kagayan merchant, who came here



to gather rattan, and was living in a temporary hut, situated on the bank of the river, at some fifty yards distance from our own palace. Late in the evening we went to bed, a very simple affair, as I had neither pillow nor blanket, and the floor was always ready. Our meals also were a rather dismal affair during our whole stay here: nothing but a few borrowed old utensils, one cup with a hole at the bottom, no spoons and poor viands: chile pepper, wild tomatoes, mushrooms of the leather or "break your teeth" variety, sometimes a fruit of the egg-plant, some corn, a few bananas, a half-rotten squash, and once in a while the egg of an okoñg, a large water fowl, or a piece of meat (this we had twice), when the Negritos took it into their head to go a-hunting. However we did not starve, as we had rice in abundance, but our menu was far from rich or varied, and eating with my fingers has never been "mon'ort".

APRIL 23 (Wednesday): This morning an Isneg girl, Malela, brought us some cakes, which I believe were a delicacy to them, but to me they seemed to consist of a kind of unclassified paste, with an undefined flavor, tasteless and sticky. Then came bad news: Masigun went a-hunting last evening and had not come back yet, although he promised me to be here to-day and to show me the way to the place of his companions at the other side of the river. Only two Negrito girls arrived, they fetched

water for us, and we had breakfast: the remnants of the dinner of yesterday and some corn on the cob. After the completion of that all-important work, I took a walk up the hill and found another Isneg house, the third permanent one, and some banana trees, or rather banana herbs, as botanists should call them, when they talk science.

I was really annoyed at not seeing any Negritos, especially Masigun, and told the Kagayan merchant, who was always busy splitting rattan on the bank of the river. I was barely back home, when he came with some Ilokano from Malunog, who were on their way thither. As they assured us that there were many Negritos living at their place, and as I supposed it was very near (we had no way to ascertain it definitely, for we had no map), we abandoned everything that was not strictly necessary, and immediately embarked in their canoe. If it was a strange experience to go down the rapids in our boat from Kabugaw, I cannot find an appropriate adjective to qualify the emotions we felt when sitting in that small wooden thing, which they had the boldness and arrogance to call a canoe: to describe it all in one sentence, it will suffice to say that we could not turn our head nor move a finger without danger of taking a bath with the whole company. Now, as Malunog proved to be rather far away, I could not stand it any longer, and simply lay down with my hat over my



face (for it was about midday), this being the only way for me to have a little earthly comfort. We passed Futtul very soon: they said some Negritos were living there, and at once I clung to the idea of leaving our gorgeous floating castle to be able to tread on something of more consistency than our present abode, but I had to change my mind again when I heard that the settlement was far from the shore and that we should have to pass several brooks before getting there. By the way Futtul is about half-way between Nagan and Malunog: well, *paciencia!*

The owner of our proud river craft was the "teniente" or headman of the settlement of Malunog, and he insisted on bringing us to his house as soon as we arrived. After what seemed to me an enormously long time, we left the Abulug to enter the Malunog river, and after having passed some haunting places of crocodiles, we landed on the northern shore at a distance of a quarter of an hour from the house of the teniente, Mr. Francisco Llameg, our host-to-be.

On our way thither we passed several Negrito huts, which we visited later in the afternoon, after we had been entertained, with the customary Filipino hospitality, by the whole Llameg family. This visit led us to decide then and there to start the following morning on a trip through the surrounding forest to look for Negritos living far away

from other people; and Allapa, a Malunog Negrito, promised to show us the way.

The Ilókano with whom we stopped, belonged probably to the Aglipayano church, a schismatical sect that originated here during the revolution of 1898, but we heard nothing definite about it.

In the meanwhile, the president or mayor of Tawit, an Isneg, arrived at Malunog: and Mr. Padua and myself rambled around the settlement, had a talk with some natives, and decided not to stay there for a long time, although we had been thinking at first that this would be the best place to make our observations. It was well after all that we changed our mind, as at Siwan we were served much better than we ever could have been there. So, instead of sending somebody to fetch our belongings from Siwan, as we had decided before, we told the teniente that we should go with Allapa to look for his fellow Negritos somewhere in the forests around Tumók; we told him also that after that we intended to turn toward Futtul, where we hoped to find the other abandoned church he told us about, and from there to march directly on Siwan, without coming back to Malunog. The fellow seemed to be very much disappointed, but what could we do? We cannot please everybody and do our work at the same time.

*(To be continued.)*



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

## Columbia.

The Columbian Liberals have sent a circular to all their adherents in Columbia requesting them to sever all relations with the Catholic Church and her institutions. Their hatred goes so far as to demand that their children shall not be baptized, and shall abandon the Catholic schools. Members of the Liberal party shall quit all relations with the priests, even on their deathbeds, and shall not consent to be buried in a consecrated cemetery. *Sic itur ad astra!* Now they will be happy!!!

## England.

M. Georges Whale, president of the association of the rationalist press, on the 5th of May, in presence of 200 rationalists pronounced a speech in honor of Huxley, mocking the Catholic religion and especially the vision of St. Paul on his way to Damascus. At the end of his invectives he dropped dead on the floor.

## France.

Msgr Roland Gosselin, auxiliary bishop of Paris, said: "the recruiting of the clergy in France is better

at the present time than it has ever been. Msgr Baudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris admitted there were not priests enough in the diocese of Paris because the Jesuits and Dominicans attracted some of the best subjects and the peasant classes are less inclined to allow their sons to enter the priesthood on account of the precarious material conditions which it often involves. But, he said, on the other hand infinitely more numerous are those who come from the ranks of the middle-class. Many of those are of the first order, with an extensive general culture. They enter the seminary with university degrees, licentiates in law and letters, sometimes with the doctor's degree. Let us thank the Lord for this grace, for a Catholic country without sufficient good priests must lose its faith.

## Italy.

The ceremony of the canonization of the Little Flower was attended by 60,000 persons. Among them were many princes, 200 Bishops from all parts of the world, 30,000 French men and women, 12,000 Americans, and 10,000 Eng-



lish. Honor won by a holy life lasts longest.

A bill providing that all secret societies and clubs must file with the authorities copies of their constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations as well as complete lists of all their members was approved by the chamber of deputies. Well done: there must not be a state within the State.

### **Manchouria.**

Rev. John Koronin, a priest of the Orthodox Russian Church at Harbin, which has a population of 100,000 Russians, together with thousands of his flock (some say 50,000) joined the Catholic Church. Significance of the highest order is attached to the event by commentators because the break from the Russian Church is non-political, whereas virtually all previous movements in European Russia for return to Rome were political. Let us pray for the conversion of Russia.

### **Palestine.**

The Italian Catholic Organization for the Protection of the Holy Places, which submitted an anti-zionist petition to the Council of the League of nations during its

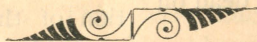
meeting in Rome, has, says a message from Jerusalem, now opened a new campaign in opposition to the zionist movement in Palestine. Several newspapers in the country publish articles demanding that Italy should be made guardian over the Holy Places, with the Franciscans in charge of them.

### **Switzerland.**

M. Musy, elected President of the Swiss Republic for one year, is an active practising Catholic. A lesson for other countries where Protestants form the majority of the inhabitants.

### **United States.**

The Federal Census Bureau quotes the following statistics about divorces in the United States. In 1870 the ratio of divorces per 100,000 of the population was 28. In 1880 it was 39. By 1890 it had increased to 53; by 1906 to 84; by 1916 to 112 and by 1922 to 136 or almost five times what it was in 1870. Thus in 1916 there was one divorce to every 9,3 marriage. In 1923 the proportion was one every 7,5 marriages. Who can tell what miseries these divorces must cause. And the remedy?



**Beginning Low Down On the Scale.**—Said the farmer to the new hired man, "Come along now, and I'll teach you to milk the cow".

And the newcomer answered, Seeing that I'm new to it, Mister, hadn't I better learn on the calf?"



# CURRENT EVENTS

## Philippines

### Agriculture.

It is a sorry fact that much unrest reigns among the landholders and the tenants in several provinces of the Philippines. Some time ago a baby revolution broke out in Nueva Ecija against the landholders. Actually there is a great strike of tenants in the province of Cavite. In Laguna the tenants organized themselves to defend their rights against the landlords. Let both tenants and landlords remember the words of Christ: "Give to God what belongs to God and to Cesar what belongs to Cesar."

The acreage planted in rice last year was the largest ever recorded in the Philippines: 1,737,910 hectares. Nevertheless the production of rice was 5 per cent lower than in 1923. In 1924 it amounted to 41,570,700 cavans while in 1923 nearly 2,000,000 more cavans were harvested. This decrease in 1924 was mostly due to damage caused by typhoons and floods, also by lack of rain.

The sugar production increased by 11 per cent during the last year and amounted to 7,132,640 piculs, worth P 105,667.18.

The copra yield in 1924 amounted to 6,119,150 piculs.

The abaca in 1924 yielded 3,125,450 piculs, worth about P41,000,000. Prices of abaca and sugar remain very low, and although during the month of May exports amounted to P31,789,587

against an import of only P 16,755,080, giving a balance in favor of the Islands of P15,034,507, people complain more and more of the financial crisis in the Archipelago.

### Finances.

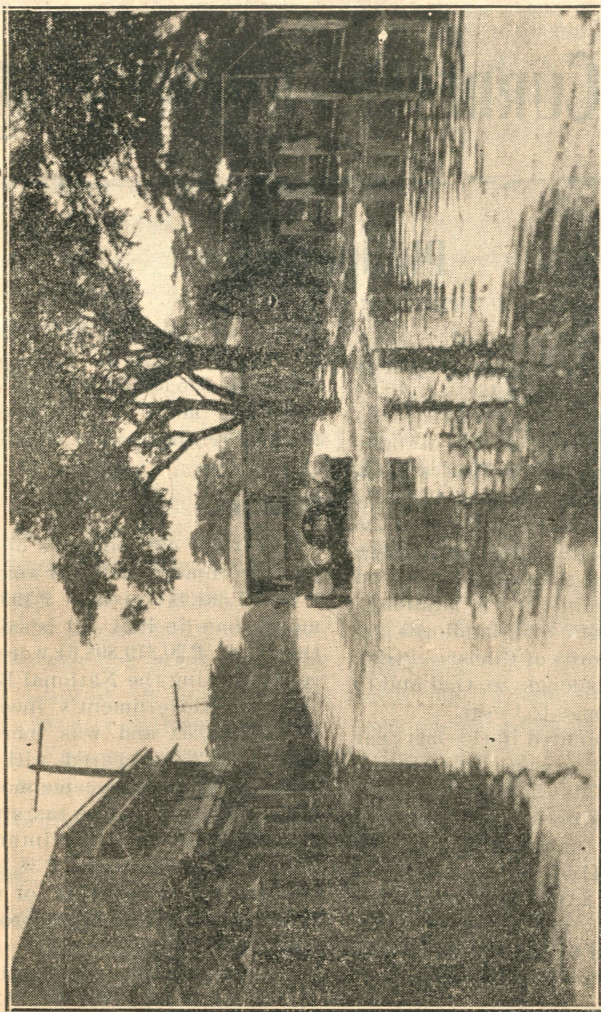
The total expenditures of the insular Government last year amounted to P 86,627,364.44 giving P 19,073,381.13 more than in 1923. It is said that of this sum P 20,219,898.64 were spent in rehabilitating the National Bank. In 1924 the Government's income was P 74,579,130.59 and was increased by P 9,657,062.25 compared with that of 1923. This increase came mostly from import duties, excise tax and license and business tax. The internal revenue taxes amounted to P 38,135,375.98, the greatest after that of the boom year of 1920, which rose to P 41,949,806.37.

The balance of the insular bond fund for December 31, 1924 was P 31,939,810 of which P 15,700,392.85 is on deposit in the Philippine National Bank and the rest in other banks of the U.S.

The expenses on irrigation works in the Philippines and on the port works of Manila amounted to P 15,876,687.08.

The public debt of the Philippines at the end of 1924 was P 158,438,500, thus allowing P 15 per capita, which is very little compared to the national debts of most of other countries.





*When Manila is flooded*

### **Flood in Manila.**

It is a current event to have the streets of Manila flooded during the rainy season as soon as heavy rains fall for a day or two. When the streets have been flooded and the thousands of pesos worth of damage done to the streets are published, it is another current event to see all the papers

publish articles on the necessity of remedying this calamity. But the rainy season past, the immediate fear of another flood gone, all talk about the flood and its remedy stops, and so, every year (for Manila has nearly every year at least one flood) thousands of pesos worth of damage is caused to the streets. It is bad economy. It is true that the canals to be dug to de-



liver Manila of floods would cost much, but remember that the annual reparation cost for streets after a flood would easily pay the interests on the capital to be spent, and the inhabitants would be saved the trouble of walking through water and mud, etc., which are the consequences of the inundation.



## Schools.

Last year the Government spent on the 1,126,736 students of the public schools (6,534 primary, 1,118 intermediate and 94 secondary schools) the sum of P14,672,549.48 which was an increase of P231,832.79 over the previous year. The number of teachers employed was 26,339 of whom 326 were Americans.



## Chinese competition in the Philippines.

According to Director A. Reyes of the bureau of commerce the Filipinos engaged in retail trades, should meet the enormous Chinese competition, by fostering among them a strong co-operative spirit and adopting more economical ways of living. The Chinese control the retail business in the

Islands. They figure very prominently in most of the industries.

What makes the Chinese strong to compete against all other merchants?

First: the spirit of co-operation which exists among them. For instance: the Chinese retailers will buy only from Chinese wholesalers. When asked in his shop for a certain article, a Chinese always has the article "at hand", even if he has to leave the client for awhile to escape behind a door and find the article in another nearby Chinese shop.

Second: The Chinese live much cheaper than the Filipinos, and spend little.

Third: the Chinese seem never to be tired of working. They have no regular hour to stop the work, provided there be some left to do and more money to be made.

Filipino merchants should compete with the Chinese by using the same methods of success, if not it may happen some day what a commercial agent of the bureau of commerce wrote: "actually only five Filipino mill owners are able to maintain sales agencies in Manila, and they are not on a very sound basis. 90% of the rice is handled by the Chinese. Thus the Chinese could starve the Islands at anytime, should they wish to do so."

## Foreign

### Greece.

A peaceful revolution of the army and navy of Greece deposed the civilian Government and the military party set up a new directory, just as was done in Spain. Mussolini in Italy is not a soldier, but, at the head of the Government he established himself by force of arms of his fascisti party, he rules in a military way.

More countries in Europe would welcome more solid Governments.

Why did Germany elect the strong Hindenburg? Because she was tired of the interior troubles. Politicians in democratic Governments too often play too much politics: they have friends to favor or their political enemies to fight, and this is why the real interests of the country are often neglected at the expense of the people. Everywhere in Europe, due to loss of Faith and Religion, to great economical disturbances caused by the war, to the omnipresent Russian Bolshevik a-



gitors and in part to politics, there is great unrest. Wherefore the stronger and more rational elements and those who have more interests in their country may stick together to re-establish by force the former peace, and let us hope welfare, as was done in Italy, Spain, and now in Greece and Ecuador.

## Morocco

The struggles between France and the Moroccons or rather the Riffenians (inhabitants of the Riff mountains in the northern part of Morocco) is to take a new turn. France and Spain, which some months ago had to retreat before the Riffenians to the northern coast, have agreed to help each other against Abd-el-krim and his Riffenian tribes.

Until lately the French had many small military outposts on the south of the Riff mountains. These small detachments watched Abd-el-krim and inspired confidence in some smaller tribes living near these outposts. After his victorious fight with Spain, Abd-el-krim turned his forces against these small French detachments. Fearing the Riffenians would consider them as enemies in case they continued to remain friendly towards France, some of the protected tribes joined the Riffenians. Other tribes who remained faithful to France were looted. This brought France into a critical position. For not far away from the aforesaid French outposts are the Atlas Mountains inhabited by free Berber tribes. These until now did not join the Riffenian movement to crush the French between the Riff and Atlas Mountains. But France is well determined to fight to a victory Abd-el-krim. At the beginning she had only 40,000 soldiers to send against 100,000 well equipped men of Abd-el-krim, on a front of 300 Km. Lately she voted an additional budget of 183,000,000 francs for the Moroccan expedition. She entered into an agreement with

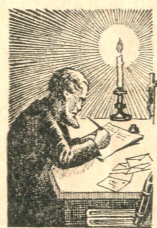
Spain by which both countries blockade the whole Riffenian country, and she sent an additional army. Abd-el-krim was offered autonomy for his country under the protectorate of Spain, as had been determined in a former treaty between England, France and Spain about Morocco. But Abd-el-krim refused the proposition.

Why is France, already so much in debt and after having lost 1,000,000 men in the world war, so anxious to keep that stroke of land between the Riff and Atlas Mountains?

Suppose for a moment France loses the fight, what would be the result? At the sight of the Riffenian victory, other African Mohammedan tribes, now under the protectorate or colonies of France, might think it easy to get rid of the French dominion and start a revolt. The defeat of France by Abd-el-krim and the independence of the Riffenians would create and increase the national spirit of the Mohammedan tribes of the French colonies in Africa, which would have a terrible effect on the military power of France in Europe. Everybody knows that France in case of a new war in Europe, let us say with Germany, seeing the reduced number of children and her already inferior number of inhabitants compared with that of Germany, would be unable to resist the enemy. Wherefore she counts on the help of her African colonies, from which she hopes to recruit at least 1,000,000 soldiers to fight the attacking invader. Thus if she fights Abd-el-krim, it is not so much to take possession of the Riff Mountains which ought to be under Spain, but to be able to secure a mighty army from Africa, in case of war.

One of the reasons why France opposed the limitation of submarines as proposed in a recent European conference, was that same question of drawing soldiers from Africa for her possible future wars. She needs submarines to permit the safe transportation of black soldiers across the Mediterranean.





# MAILBAG OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE



St. Catherine's School  
Carcar, Cebu

Dear Rev. Father Vandewalle.

What other girls can do, why shouldn't we? (Of course. So spoke St. Augustine and imitating the good of others, he became a Saint). Here-with I am sending you a five peso bill (I am so little accustomed to such extraordinary apparitions in the letters I receive, that the sight of the bill made my heart beat quicker. I wish I could get such letters oftener . . . pardon: such bills). This little sum is a part of my monthly allowance and destined for sweets. But I think it will be sweeter for my poor uncivilized brethren in the Mt. Prov. I willingly give it up for their benefit hoping Our Lord (you ought to have written: "sure") will give me one of His precious candies in return (it will be a big one to suck it for ever).

I recommend myself and my family to your prayers.

A friend of the Igorrote children.  
Lourdes Lozada.

All of you, young readers who receive a monthly or daily allowance, read this letter twice. After that, read again the article about the Crusaders of the Little Flower and write a letter to the Little Apostle saying you want to be a Crusader. Yes by joining the Crusaders of the Little Flower, you will be true Crusaders. You know how centuries ago thousands of Catholics took up arms and left their

country to go to the Holy Land to fight the Mohammedans who occupied and desecrated the Holy places. In the Mountain Province live 300,000 Pagans. Our Lord died for them, but their souls until now have remained in the power of a worse enemy than a Mohammedan: the devil. They ought to be the temples of the Holy Ghost, but they are the slaves of Satan, our own and the sworn enemy of God. Can you stand that any longer? Or rather will you refuse to join the army of Crusaders of the Little Flower to drive away Satan and to establish the kingdom of God in the Mountain Province and in the heart of each one of its inhabitants?

Where there is a will there is a way! And here in the following letter is a proof. Read it and say with Miss Lozada: "what other girls can do, why shouldn't we?"

Vigan Ilocos Sur.  
June 20-1925

Dear Reverend Father.

Having read in "the Little Apostle" of the pitiful conditions of my country people of the Mountain Province (the Pagans) I was so much touched that I decided to ask alms from my town-mates. During this vacation, a friend of mine, my cousin, Miss Honorata Duque and I myself went to Jurisdiction, a bario of Twaon in the Cagayan Province and asked alms.

Father the money collected is here enclosed together with my P1.00 for



renewal of my subscription.

Very respectfully yours.

Rosita Duque

This act of Miss Duque is simply admirable. You future Crusaders, follow that example. Give a few minutes of your precious time to God by looking for other Crusaders and become Promoters.

You ask: how can we send the offering of fifty centavos? Send them in stamps to the Little Apostle, if your little offering does not amount high enough to find it worth while to send it by Money Order.

Dear Readers. Shall devotion to the Little Flower take root and develop? "God wills it" not only for the sake of your devotion to this lovely Saint but also for the sake of her great devotion

in helping the Missionaries to spread the Kingdom of God among the Pagans. Answer this question NOW by becoming a Crusader at once, or better a "Promoter."

Yours respectfully in X.

Rev. O. Vandewalle.

## CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of cancelled stamps from:

Fernando Mangaoang, Caba, L. U.; Villafuente Castillo, Solano, N. V.; Rufino Evangelista, Parañaque, Rizal; D. A., Manila; Anacleto E. Encarnacion, Lemery, Batangas; Jose Salzar, Solano, N. V.

Gifts: D. A., Manila

P2.00

The Little Apostle thanks most heartily the benefactors. All the Missionaries remember them every day at mass.

---

## Assumption Morning

Hark! she is called; the parting hour is come;  
Take thy farewell, poor World, Heaven must go home.  
A piece of heavenly earth, purer and brighter  
Than the chaste stars whose choice lamps come to light her,  
While through the crystal orbs, clearer than they,  
She climbs and makes a far more Milky Way.  
She's called. Hark! how the dear, immortal Dove  
Sighs to his silver mate: Rise up, My Love!  
Rise up, My Fair, My Spotless One!  
The Winter 's past, the rain is gone;  
The Spring 's come, the flowers appear;  
No sweets but thou are wanting here.

Come away, My Love!

Come away, My Love!

Cast off delay.

Maria, men and angels sing:  
Maria, Mother of our King!  
Live, rosy princess, live! and may the bright  
Crown of a most incomparable light  
Embrace thy radiant brow. O may the best  
Of everlasting joys bathe thy white breast!  
Live, our chaste love, the holy mirth  
Of Heaven, the humble pride of Earth.  
Live, Crown of women, Queen of men;  
Live, Mistress of our song. And when  
Our weak desires have done their best,  
Sweet angels come and sing the rest.

— Richard Crashaw (1613-1649)

# For the Little Tots



## At the Gate of Heaven

(Continuation)

**I**NDEED said Paul, and he passed his hand over his large front.

“Cling, cling, cling!” rang the bell in three forceful strokes. A tall man came in front of Peter. He was pale and thin. “Jose Martin, to serve you, my lords.”

“Exactly” said Peter, “Martin Josephus. You have been president of your town. Went to mass every Sunday and holiday. Received the Sacraments several times a year. Have been sick a long time and in bed. Well prepared. Enter, please, brother Joseph.”

Joseph did not move. He looked first at the roses on the top of the wall and then again at the two Saints. “But, Mylords, my young years were not exemplary. I confessed however everything. But... nevertheless... How I wept over my sins for years! I offered my last sickness for them. But....

nevertheless.....”

“All was erased. Since years you ought to have been satisfied with your penance. Ala, come in.”

“And....don’t I need first a little roasting?”

“Roasting?.....nothing doing.... Come in, come in!”

And Joseph entered accompanied by angels who had come to meet him.

“Bring, bring, bring!” echoed the bell as if somebody had tried to overturn the bell. There stood a strong man of middle age, with round cheeks and a smiling face, his white cap in his fat hand.

“John the cook” he said “just killed by an auto of a garage, while I passed the street. The wheel passed over my breast and my heart was smashed: dead on the spot.”

In the meantime he had seen the thick bony fingers of Paul, fingers



of a weaver. "Also a laborer, Sir?" and he went to Paul to shake hands.

Peter laughed at such open kindness and frankness. "What do you think of it, my friend?"

"Of what?"

"Of heaven?"

"Well, goodness, that I may enter it and that it must be a mighty good place!"

"But, my friend.....but.....your sins."

"My sins? I confessed them already a long time ago. They are forgiven and forgotten: you, Peter, you know that well. Didn't you also commit some? You know that well...and that rooster?..."

"Yes, yes. Keep quiet. But when the sins are forgiven, there is sometimes temporal punishment left to be suffered either on earth or in purgatory."

"Truly...." and the cook lowered a little the pitch of his voice. "But you see? Whenever I stood in the kitchen in front of the glaring fire that baked my bread and my face, I said to myself and to the Lord: this is an escompte on my purgatory. Then... when I went to mass, I said to Our Lord: You have suffered for us and You offer Your suffering now up again for us, and

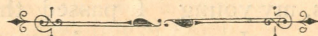
that is so unlimited in worth and value that You can erase all my sins by a single stroke. Why wouldn't You do it, My Lord and my Father? And I had faith and confidence He would do it, and I went home the happiest of men and quite tranquilized."

Paul knocked his head at each word of the cook. "Petrus, he said, that's a man to my liking. Let him pass eh?"

And the fatty cook greeted both the saints with a hand at his front and a smile on his face, turned on his heels: "no, no, Sirs," he said with a bow "don't bother yourselves about me. Stay there. I will find my way. Bye bye."

"As this one they ought all to be on earth," said Paul. "Know that they may enter here if they live in friendship with God, do some penance for their sins, suffering patiently the little crosses of life, and above all have a great confidence in the Passion of Our Lord and in the Mass!.....Then, they would enjoy heaven already upon earth. You see, Peter, you misjudged a little our people from here below?"

"So much the better," answered Peter.



**Do you pray every day for the conversion of the infidels and especially for the conversion of the last Pagans of the Philippines?**





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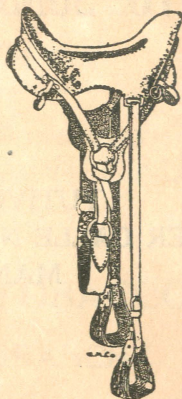
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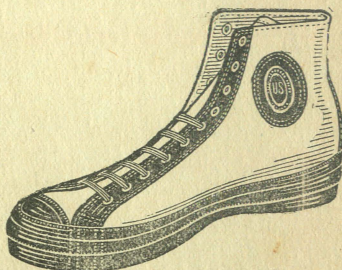


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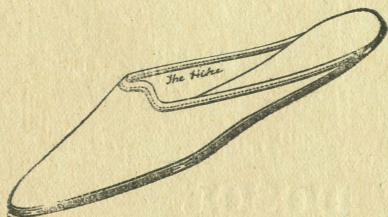
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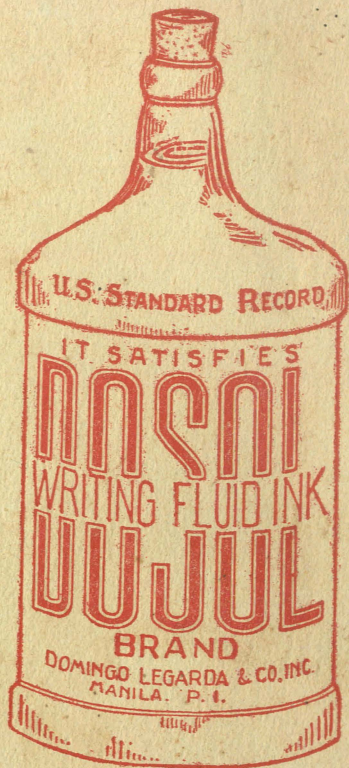
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