

peroxide for example. Rather, certain desirable features were borne in mind and duly incorporated in the method, namely, the relative low cost of material, the absence of any injurious effect on burlap fiber, and the relative ease of manipulation involved. The present process was tried and thoroughly tested with a number of Haining and Looe hats, and the results obtained were satisfactory even when the operator was inexperienced in the art of bleaching.

METHOD

Materials.—Two solutions are required, a bleaching agent to be designated as solution 1, and a decolorizing bath designated as solution 2.

Solution 1:	Paris
Commercial potassium permanganate.....	5
Commercial sodium carbonate (dry).....	2
Water.....	1,000

Preparation.—Measure out the required quantity of water. Add the solid ingredients a few portions at a time, stirring briskly to aid in dissolving the solid particles. To secure a homogeneous solution, continue stirring for some time after the complete solution of the solid chemicals.

Solution 2:	Paris
Hypo (sodium thiosulphate).....	20
Water.....	1,000
Dilute sulphuric acid sufficient to render acid.	
Note: Acidity solution 2 when it is ready for use.	

Preparation.—Pour the weighed amount of hypo into the measured quantity of water, a little at a time and with constant agitation. When all the hypo has dissolved, pour in about 2 cubic centimeters of commercial sulphuric acid for each liter of hypo solution. An excess of acid should be avoided. Stir. Note the evolution of a peculiar, pungent odor in the acidified hypo solution. The gas which causes this odor effects decolorization, and the absence of odor would tend to indicate that solution 2 is weak, in which case more acid should be added. Solution 2 becomes milky white in time on account of precipitated sulphur, but the turbidity is harmless and should cause no alarm.

PROCEDURE

Immerse the fiber or hats in solution 1; keep them there until they acquire a dark brown stain due to permanganate. The longer the hats are kept in solution 1, the better the bleach obtained. On the other hand, more time is required to decolorize the permanganate stain with solution 2. A little practice will enable one to determine when to remove the hats from solution 1. A bleach is usually secured after an immersion of from one to two hours. A somewhat longer period is required when the solutions become weak. Solution 1 may be used repeatedly until it fails to stain the immersed hats to the required tint; when, of course, the solution may be strengthened by the addition of some crystals of potassium permanganate. A badly spent solution should be discarded.

When the immersed hats have become sufficiently darkened by exposure to permanganate remove them from solution 1. Rinse well with water to remove the excess of permanganate and transfer to solution 2.

Keep the hats in solution 2 (with occasional shaking) until the brown stain acquired from the previous treatment is completely decolorized. If decolorization proceeds rather too slowly, a few more drops of acid should be added to solution 2. Too much acid should be avoided as it is detrimental to the fiber. Slow decolorization is commendable as it imparts a glossy finish to the bleached surface. When the stained hats have become completely decolorized, remove them from solution 2 and wash them well with water (running water preferred). If a piece of blue litmus paper is available, test for complete removal of residual acidity. The hats may now be set out to dry.

When solution 2 becomes too weak from continuous use or from prolonged standing, it often

happens that the stains produced by the previous immersion in solution 1 are removed only with considerable difficulty or, in some cases, the stains are not removed at all; much, of course, to the alarm of the operator. Should this happen, a simple remedy lies in regenerating solution 2 by the addition of a few more drops of acid, or should it be feared to introduce too large an excess of acid, a freshly prepared solution should be secured.

Potassium permanganate is the only expensive chemical used in this process, but the amount of it required is so small as to make the expense

from this source no drawback at all. Sodium carbonate is used to give solution 1 an alkaline reaction. It serves as a detergent for greasy material which will adhere to the fiber surface and hinder the bleaching action of permanganate. Sodium carbonate as well as hypo may be secured from any druggist at a low cost.

Very little attention is required by the method outlined above. After the hats have been dumped into the bleaching or decolorizing baths, all the attention required is occasional shaking and stirring. The procedure should cause no trouble at the hands of beginners and inexperienced operators.

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Roughing It In Russia

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

Pulozero, U. S. S. R., March 8.—"Sit down and have tea," it will take a few minutes to get the tea," said the hospitable young president of the village executive committee. I was stamping my snow covered shoes inside his door. It was 3:30 p. m. and already dark.

The "few minutes" eventually developed to into an hour. A telegram had been sent asking him to provide a reindeer team to go to Lovozero. A village president arranges all such details in Soviet Russia. Also in Soviet Russia time means nothing and a true Russian is never expected to keep an appointment until he arrives. The surprised young man explained that he had received the telegram but was not sure we were coming. He sent a boy out for the reindeer and another muffled, cheerful youngster led us down the village road to call on the school teacher.

Three little boys, a local version of a comic strip, were in the school master's yard. Visitors were a novelty but they were not abashed. Russian children are: they grabbed my hands and started tugging toward the door which one had opened. As eyes became accustomed to the darkness, it was disclosed that the predominating odor in the kitchen came from a fat ewe and a lamb in a corner. A woman and baby came from a bedroom and the pedagogue in felt boots and furs tramped in from the barn.

"Come and look at the schoolroom, twenty-four pupils of all nationalities," was his first remark, proud of the little classroom. "Have seven boys myself, like little steps, three sit in school in Murmansk. Sit 'A Proud School Master' down," as we moved into the room. "The spj will be ready in a minute. This is your room, live right here as long as you are in the village."

The hospitality was appreciated but we explained that we were leaving in a few minutes. He laughed heartily.

"Not a few minutes, not in three hours," he insisted. "The deer are out feeding and must be lassoed and brought in. The village soviet meets this evening. I'm secretary, and you can start after the meeting."

So we had tea and black bread, emptied our half bottle of vodka and walked back to the president's little house. His comely young wife brewed more tea and while she ate sunflower seeds, his mother crocheted lace and local gossip was sat on the floor and talked, we spread our food on the family table and ate. Getting impatient would not catch any reindeer. Anyway, the teacher had explained that Lapp drivers insist on traveling at night.

"How about wolves?"

"Oh, never mind them—" he was not making the trip.

"I heard an American was in the village so came over," a wizened, wily veteran explained from his seat on the floor. "I

Use Tobacco know he'll give me some good Substitutes tobbsnnying added. "Of course," I agreed.

Before I could get a hand into my pocket, his pipe was knocked empty on the floor. When a paper sack of "makhorka" emerged, he was a struck dumb but the others roared. Makhorka

is not tobacco, but a pungent ground root whose smoke smells to heaven.

"Even my makhorika is better than that," he sadly complained, picking up the still glowing embers and stuffing them back in his pipe.

At 9 o'clock, lights were out in the houses but the village soviet was still in session. We walked over and it adjourned, everybody being invited to the president's for tea. That we should not freeze on the ride was the chief topic of discussion. The Lapp driver appeared with three pairs of hip-length reindeer boots and three malitza. A malitza is a hooded, buttonless coat with the fur outside. Arctic explorers usually are photographed in them. They are worn over all other overcoats and caps and are the most uncomfortable garment ever invented.

The entire village was assembled to assist in the departure. All gave advice, and a novice needed considerable, as more adjustments were necessary than merely sitting on the sled. The teacher as secretary of the soviet quoted the bottom prices for sledding. The reindeer with a night's hard pulling ahead of them stood dejectedly uninterested, the Lapp driver agreed.

Holding the twenty-foot pole which serves both as whip and reins, aloft like a medieval knight charging into battle, the squad driver stepped nimbly to the front sled, chirped like a bird, prodded the lead deer, the leather traces jerked taut and we were off. We bumped over the railroad tracks, two lines of black in the snow, many in a circle toward the east and quicker than it can be told were in a silent, trackless, empty world of white.

On the front sled was a young communist from Murmansk, a pleasant earnest youth, sent to carry the party gospel to the younger generation in the little arctic village which was our destination. So, in other ages and in other climes, many have rode forth as missionaries to spread other gospels.

In time even the rough, hard floor of the sled became softer. Lulled by the cold, the soft crunch of runners on the snow and the rhythmic click-click-click of reindeer feet, I dozed. Perhaps it was for a minute, or perhaps for an hour. I suddenly awoke to find myself buried in four feet of snow. My half-conscious shout as I rolled off had reached the driver and the sleds had stopped. Evidently Lapland sleds are not built for sleeping.

been delay in bringing the young people together. Rumor had it that she looked with favor on the son of one of the Bago chieftains who possessed large fisheries there, but neither he nor his father dared to make proposals for the hand of the girl refused to so many, and so their romance had come to an impasse.

As the month of April began, Manuel decided not to wait longer, and set off with his ward carrying her down the coast to be married to the son of his friend, regardless of her wishes. It had never been customary to secure a girl's consent to marriage, so why should he not carry out his plans?

The moon half shadowed by clouds dimly lighted the way of the barangay. In the center of the craft a negro slave played a plaintive air on his nose flute, and now and then the rowers broke into the sad refrain of Malay paddlers, a song as old as the race. Streaks of vivid phosphorescence marked the trail of a shark in pursuit of prey. The barangay was about half way between Bago and Ilo, which they expected to reach at dawn. Underneath the thatched roof the women reclined, among them the girl Martina brooding mournfully, clad like the others in a short jacket and skirt of Chinese silk, with the ornaments of her rank. Suddenly, as if she had made a decision, she rose and, silently passing the paddlers, approached the stern of the boat where she poised herself a moment, then dived into the sea.

Instantly confusion reigned. As the paddlers stopped the boat, the cries of the girl's mother mingled with the datu's commands. Several of the crew were ordered overboard to attempt a rescue, but Martina had completely disappeared, and the proximity of sharks together with the semi-obscure of the night rendered prolonged search hopeless, for the girl's body did not come to the surface. After some time had passed, and the swimmers were on board again, it was decided that nothing could be done, and the barangay turned back in the direction of Bago.

On the melancholy return there was considerable talk of the tragedy. The women quite audibly expressed their grief, and the men,

The Lost Martina—A Legend of Negros

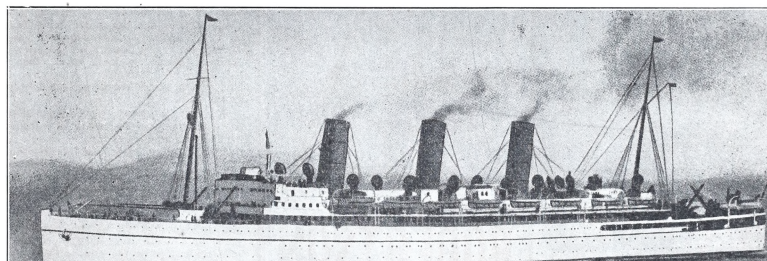
By PERCY A. HILL

Some time prior to the year 1668 Datu Manuel, baptized a Christian by sandalled friars, emigrated from the well-populated island of Cebu to Bago on the island now called Negros, in those days still largely peopled by woolly-haired aborigines ruled by Horean chieftains. To the scattered coastal settlement of Bago, Manuel brought his *barangay*, consisting of his wife and married children, a large number of relatives, his servants and slaves, increasing considerably the original population of seven hundred.

In the datu's household, as the legend goes, was a handsome girl, baptized Martina, whose mother was Manuel's niece, and whose father

was reputed to be a Spaniard of Cebu. One glance at her was sufficient to confirm the fact that the blood and beauty of both races were her birthright. She was modest and retiring, with a sweet low voice, which virtues brought many suitors for her hand to the old man's doorstep. However eligible the young men were, their suits were unsuccessful, for Manuel had long cherished the plan of marrying her to the son of an old comrade, who like himself had emigrated from Cebu to Ilo not far from Bago. Since Martina showed not the least inclination for the datu's choice, and after each visit to his old friend had returned sad and downcast, there had

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