

VOL. 8, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1928

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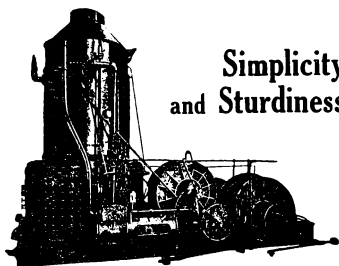
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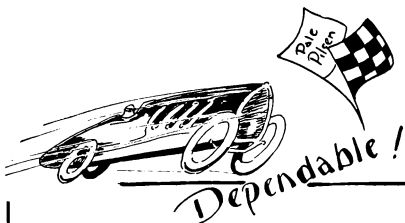
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OCTOBER, 1928

Vol. VIII, No. 10

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
BY
The American Chamber of Commerce
OF THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
(Member Chamber of Commerce of the United States)
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
May 25, 1921, at the
POST OFFICE AT MANILA, P. I.
Local Subscription: P4.00 per year
Foreign Subscription: \$3.00 U. S. Currency, per year
Single Copies: 35 Centavos
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The Little Town of Cuenca in Batangas

I
From those snatches of conversation one has with his chauffeur to relieve the tedium of long drives, we had learned from Vicente something about the little town of Cuenca, in Batangas. Vicente is a widower, 35 years old; he has reached the age of discretion, picked up sufficient English to make himself understood after sufficient probing and repetition, and possesses, besides a natural faculty for observation, an abiding love of his town, Cuenca. He is also respected there, where his neighbors call him *Man*; Vicente. This Tagalog term of respect is pronounced with the *a* broad; it is not our *man*. Vicente is a religious man. When we pass funeral processions, which one does perform in these hurrying days, both our hats come off; but besides this deference, merely to human woe, his hat is doffed to every church and chapel, while his lips move in silent prayer.

He isn't a bit inrosor about his religion, he is just punctual about it, conscious of it. How he endures us is still a mystery, he being always in complete command of his temper, and our own ever on the trigger; but we think the explanation is that we are foreign, possibly noncatholic—though he has never inquired—and we may be able to get by with a more vigorous vocabulary than a peasant may permit himself. We sent him back to Cuenca once, sick; a little undue exposure had provoked hemorrhages of the lungs. An herb-doctor uncle treated him, gave

him rest and diet, and he returned to Manila—to another armo. But after awhile he came back to us, wanting to work again.

"But you're driving for Dr. R You have a new, closed car, not an old open one like ours."

"Yes, sir. But you see . . . that is, I rather . . ."

Then we burst out at him.

"That's it, sir! I like your custom!"

So he drives for us again. He knows every street and alley in town, apparently; we have never given him an address he couldn't find; he threads the traffic skillfully, and in four years has never so much as scraped a fender. Out on the provincial roads, however, he is a little disconcerting at times; he is never satisfied until every car going our direction has been left behind. Cars on provincial roads, where he can really put his skill to the test, are to him what rabbits are to Kansas grayhounds—objects to swoop down upon, instinctively. He is about 4-1/2 feet tall, a Visayan from Cebu—a *Cebuano*. But Cuenca is his town by marriage, and the Tagalog people his people by adoption. In his scriptural studies he must have read "Whither thou goest, I shall go," and applied it tail end today. His Tagalog wife is buried in Cuenca. He requested, very respectfully, a vacation of several days then; the funeral cost him thirteen pesos, and was so cheap because they did not have the priest go to the grave.

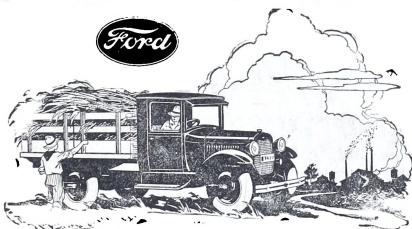
The charge also included use of the grave for five years. Then there will be nothing but bones, and these might be tossed away. But Vicente isn't going to have it that way; he is poor, but not of the very poorest, and he is going to give another five pesos next year and keep the grave unmolested. It is a very leading thing in his life, this hallowed reverence for his dead.

"Let us go Cuenca!" we proposed to him one Sunday morning, the day being one of those glorious Philippine winter days when the call of the road is too strong to resist.

"Cuenca?"

"Yes; let us visit your town."
He was as pleased as a chap can be. And somehow, though we were off quite early, he got word there ahead of us, and lunch was ready in his modest wattle cottage at the end of the road! There was a table, knives, forks and spoons, a clean white cloth, napkins. Lunch began with soup, continued with chicken, potatoes and greens, and wound up with dulce and bananas; and then a cup of Cuenca coffee, grown right there on Cuenca's hills. And for all this liberal and instant hospitality, our hosts were apologetic, though they had even provided bread and butter. We looked about their acreage, small and poor; and but one work animal, a dun bullock, typical of the Batangas breed. It was odd: soon the butcher would be called, a bargain struck, and then a new one would be tethered in the bamboo stall under the *camachili*

(Conclusion on page 39)



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Plantation Workmen Now Rubber Planters on Basilan

By J. A. HACKETT

Just ten years ago the writer was the guest of Dr. James W. Strong in a little nipa shack tucked away in the primeval jungle of the Island of Basilan.

In the clearing around the shack many workers were busy putting up rows of neat little cottages, temporary sheds and storerooms. Near the edge of the clearing scores of wild pigs were unctuously rooting among the fallen trees, while here and there beautiful little deer fed upon the newly sprouted grass. Troops of chattering monkeys curiously watched the men at work, and from the tops of the giant *bazan* trees flocks of grotesque *cajaos* (horibills) raucously shouted defiance at this invasion of their domain. Many miles of virgin wilderness, totally devoid of human habitation, stretched away to the south and west. Nowhere in "brightest" Africa could one find a wilder region than this or more primitively lovely, and, because the myriad needs of civilized man must be supplied the destruction of a great solitude had begun.

Strong had just started the development of another rubber plantation after having brought the Basilan Plantation Company's big property (the pioneer rubber plantation of the Philippines) to productivity. The new plantation was that of the American Rubber Company, financed by business men of San Francisco who were among the first to realize the great potentialities lying dormant in Mindanao.

Last week the writer, with a number of friends, again visited Latuan. The launch tied up at a commodious pier. It happened to be a Sunday morning, and as we stepped ashore we were welcomed by a distinguished gentleman in whites and helmet. It was the same Dr. Strong, a little grayer around the temples and thinner on the pate, but just as husky and virile as when we roughed it with him ten years before.

A fleet of nifty autos were in waiting and we were soon speeding over a smooth rock-surface road through the mangrove swamp where only a few years before we had wallowed to our middle fearfully dodging the ever present crocodile. Emerging from the swamp we flashed across a wide plateau and through a mass of beautiful dark green foliage almost meeting overhead. Thousands upon thousands of para rubber trees that had, as if by magic, replaced the impenetrable jungle we remembered so well.

The cars finally rolled up before a big plantation house where we were welcomed most graciously by Mrs. Strong and had the pleasure of again reviewing the little Strong's on dress parade. For be it known that these Strong persons are a most versatile pair. Not only are they the island's outstanding pioneers in the cultivation of rubber and modern plantation management, but they are breeding a set of future planters and plantresses that will one day take a leading part in the great development of their native land. They are a stalwart bunch, and grade from young mamas to the toddler who is the boss of them all.

We spent a most interesting day riding about the plantation and viewing all phases of the rubber game. There are fifteen kilometers of well-surfaced road reaching all parts of the estate, which comprises over 1,000 hectares of land, all of which is now covered with rubber trees. James P. Mankin has been assistant manager since the beginning. He built the roads and has always had supervision over the labor.

Over 150,000 trees have reached maturity and are being tapped. These are divided into

of acetic acid is added to the latex to hasten coagulation, and aluminum separators are slipped into grooves in each side of the tanks at intervals of about two inches so that when coagulation is finished the wet rubber can be taken out in sheets of uniform size. These heavy sheets of coagulum are then passed through a series of rollers, the last set of which, having a grooved surface, imprints a diamond pattern upon the finished sheet, known as ribs. These ribs make drying easier and prevent the sheets from sticking together in the cases when packed. The still moist sheets of rubber are then conveyed to the smoke-house where they are hung in racks and smoked for about ten days. When thoroughly dry the sheets are packed in veneer cases, 100 kilos to the case, and the rubber is ready to be shipped to the



Cattle Grazing Under Rubber Trees

two sections of 75,000 trees each and the rubber is gathered from the sections alternately—each section being given a resting period of two months. The average yield from this young plantation is 3 pounds of dry rubber per tree per year.

The work of gathering the latex and preparing the crude rubber for shipment has been so systematized that the whole operation goes along like clock-work with little outward indication of the enormous labor required to bring the plantation to its present state of productivity and the painstaking care and perseverance required to train the workers in the various delicate operations of manufacture.

Nearly two hundred well-trained workers tap the trees every morning before sunrise, each one handling about 450 trees. About nine o'clock, when the wounded bark has stopped emitting latex it is gathered from the cups into buckets by the tappers and carried to central stations at the roadside where it is deposited in large 15-gallon cans resembling the milk cans used by dairies in the United States. These cans are then collected by trucks and rushed to the factory. Here the latex is strained through 50 mesh brass wire gauze into the coagulating tanks lined with white glass. A small amount

of the No. 1 rubber at Latuan is made into "ribbed smoked sheet", and demands the highest market price. The scrap grades are known as "compo" crepe.

All of the planting at Latuan was done before "budded" rubber had developed into a proved success. Dr. Strong is now opening up an adjoining 1,000-hectare tract for another company. This area will be planted with proved high-yielding budded seedlings which are being carefully prepared, and unless many years of scientific experimental work prove wrong the trees of the new plantation will produce several times the amount of rubber at the same age as do the trees on this estate at present.

The American Rubber Company also operates a sawmill near the back boundary of the estate and is marketing 250,000 board feet of excellent lumber monthly. The timber comes from areas owned by homesteaders and other planters, and thus the company is not only assisting its neighbors in clearing their land for planting but is saving millions of feet of valuable lumber that would otherwise go to waste—and at a handsome profit. Last year the company made over \$60,000 from lumber sales.

The fluctuating price of rubber has no terrors for Dr. Strong. He is confident that ash is trees

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grow older and produce more he can manufacture rubber in Mindanao at a low cost as any planter on earth. He says that if the rubber game should ever come to a proposition of the survival of the fittest, Mindanao planters will hold high rank among the fittest.

Ten years ago Latuan consisted of a little shack in a clearing in the heart of a wilderness inhabited only by jungle beasts and birds. Today it is a thriving town, the center of a population of homesteaders who have cleared, planted and brought to production more than 2,600 hectares of land adjoining the property of the American Rubber Company. The great majority of these homesteaders are Filipino employes of the company who were brought down as contract laborers from the northern islands, and who later set for

their families or married Basilan girls. The older employes are leaving the company one by one as their homesteads prosper and demand their entire attention. Their places are being filled by younger men who also stake homesteads and follow the example of their elders. In a very short time it will be impossible to find a piece of unoccupied farming land on the whole island of Basilan because of the thousands of employes and laborers who have gone there to work on the several large plantations and have remained to possess the land and make it fruitful. Large plantations are nothing more than practical vocational and agricultural schools and will train hundreds of thousands of individuals in the art of modern farming and pay them well while they are doing it.—*Mindanao Herald*.

acreage is seen to have increased (though it is still notoriously inadequate, being only 81.5 acres in 1918, 62.1 acres in 1903), during a period when the population was also rapidly increasing and quite overcrowding the province. Does this mark the inception of the economic decay of the peasantry?

The figures above are all for cultivated lands, but uncultivated portions of farms indicate that the conclusions are fair. Turning to the recorded number of farms, for example, it is found that in Abra the number in 1903 was 13,655, and in 1918 it was 42,414. In Ilocos Sur corresponding figures are 21,479 and 113,077 respectively; in Ilocos Norte, 64,812 and 137,457; in La Union, 38,219 and 88,086. The number of farms worked by the owners in these four thickly populated provinces in 1903 was 101,944, and in 1918 they numbered 273,435.

That the peasantry of this region does steadily grow poorer in the property it holds dearest, farm lands,—notwithstanding the remarkable increase in the number of actual owners, shown to be mere heirs to patches of diminutive estates,—is likewise demonstrated, and surely clearly enough, in the figures on tenantry. In 1903, in these four provinces, tenants working farms numbered 36,644, and in 1918 they numbered 89,161.

The increase in population, it may be mentioned specifically, was not commensurate with any of these tell-tale figures showing all too clearly the economic failure of public administration over an extensive and industrious region of Luzon. The population of Abra, Ilocos Norte, Ilocos Sur and La Union in 1903 was 556,105,

Farming Inherited Path- Lands: Subdivided Fields

When the Filipino peasant acquires a piece of farm land, something he ordinarily very anxious to do, he seldom lets it go. When he dies and the land has to be divided among his children, they take these smaller parcels and hold onto them as tenaciously as he held onto the original homestead. It would perhaps be surprising to many employers of Filipinos in Manila to ascertain how many of these young men either now own some little land in the provinces or have the prospect of inheriting some, and the provinces are, of course, predominantly the owners of private-title land in the Philippines; the Census of 1918 giving them about 95 per cent of it.

But with all their love for the land and their natural desire to possess it in fee simple, they migrate none too rapidly into the regions of free lands where they may acquire homesteads from the United States public domain. They are, many of them, indentured as peons and therefore not free to migrate; they are so poor in the chateaus of this world that physically it is an impossibility for them to remove to fallow lands and forego a single crop, often as crops come in these islands; the lands inviting them have in frequent cases not been surveyed, and the title of the government determined in the courts, so that should they actually move onto these lands and put them under improvements, it might fall out in the end, as it so often has fallen out in the past, that in the final judgment of the case they would be deprived of their holdings.

How far behind the times the work of the bureau of lands is, has been recently treated in the *Journal* and will not be repeated here. Suffice it to say that only a small fraction of the work the bureau should have performed has actually been performed, and that the mere list of land applications pending demonstrates this. In many localities the bureau does not yet know what is private and what is public land, and can in no wise direct the homesteader securely as to where he should drive his picket stake.

The logical consequence of the several inhibitive influences upon migration is that in the last four years the bureau of labor reports but 3,646 farmers seeking places to settle on new lands. This is only 900, or thereabouts, each year, which cannot be deemed satisfactory.

The census indicates, on the other hand, how the old holdings are breaking up under the hammer of time. Reference may be had to some of the Ilocano provinces, which is best, since Ilocanos are going in search of new lands more than other peoples in the islands. It is observed of Abra, then, that in 1903 the average size of farms was 89.4 acres, and in 1918 only 45.1 acres. In fifteen years the originally very small farms were practically cut in two by the mere process, chiefly, of inheritance. The process was even more drastic in Ilocos Sur, slicing the farms down in that province from 185.0 acres in 1903 to 46.9 acres in 1918. In Ilocos Norte the reduction was



Modern Mindanao Farm: Young Rubber Foreground, Forest Background

from 62.1 acres to 32.6, and in La Union from 80.7 to 51.9.

This may be judged in one sense as an increase in peasant poverty: while there are more individual owners, each man owns less than was owned by his father; and these young men have families, too, growing up about them, to one day divide little the father leaves.

This situation only requires the passage of a few years to make it no longer endurable, however patient the peasantry may be. The drift away from the land may already be noted in certain provinces, as in Cebu, where the average

and in 1918 it was 669,856.

There is, too, in this region, a steady drain-off of young men to Hawaii and the Pacific coast. They are adventurous and will strike out for themselves with half a chance to succeed. The percentage of increase in the population during the period covered was slightly above 20, while the number of farm owners (on always smaller acreages, merely their inherited portion of the *old homestead*) increased 168 per cent, and tenantry increased nearly 144 per cent.

This seems to tell the story, not a pretty one to hear.

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The Procession to the Virgin of Lourdes

By GERTRUDE BINDER

A thin, consumptive man, comically dressed in baggy red trousers, black shirt and wide-brimmed straw hat, is scraping the dirt off a crooked, dusty street. He works without hurry, enthusiasm or resentment, pausing feebly after each languid movement to lean on his fan-shaped bamboo rake or to patch dispassionately as a carabao sways past, watching a creaking, disc-wheeled cart, loaded with rice, toward a mill which hums drowsily a few yards behind one of the tall iron fences bordering the street.

The houses overhanging the road brood silently, with shell windows closed like the eyes of heat-stupefied men, over the uninspired toiler before them. Two blocks away, a row of high, two-wheeled carromatas stands before the public square fronting the church. The ponies' heads droop to their knees, the drivers sleep on nearby benches. A young American woman whose face shows signs of bad-humored fatigue, approaches them. The first driver waves her on to the second, who, likewise reluctant to interrupt his siesta, declines her patronage. With an exclamation of impatience she turns to a third, who rises indifferently, holds the pony's head while she climbs into the vehicle, mounts slowly to the driver's seat, and then with sudden animation cracks his whip and shouts to his beast, which trots away as though both horse and man had been restored to life by a single miraculous stroke.

Presently a girl, about ten years old, opens the wicket in the center of a wide carriage gate near the spot where the street cleaner works. She climbs out into the street and waves off in the direction of the public square, her bare brown feet sinking deep into the dust. Her hair is combed back from her face and pinned in a small knot on the back of her head. Her eyes are anxious and unchildlike. Fifteen minutes after disappearing around the corner of a building, she returns with a bottle of carabao milk in her hand. She has been to the market. Reprising the wicket, she enters the house through a side entrance. The ground floor is merely a gloomy, dirt-paved basement from which a stairway leads to a patio beyond which is a kitchen. Inside the kitchen three women are feverishly preparing food. Their industry gives an air of hypocrisy to the somnolent front which the house presents to the world—as if it were the harbor of intrigue.

The little servant girl puts down the milk, and goes into the sala. The room is dim and cool behind its closed windows. The walls and ceiling are of bamboo matting painted a delicate blue. A piano, a few high-backed Spanish chairs, a settee and a small marble-topped table are the only pieces of furniture. Two Japanese prints hang at either side of a door leading into a bed-room. In an effort to increase the already brilliant lustre of the narra floor, the girl begins sliding about over the broad planks with her feet firmly placed on two oily cloths which were lying in the center of the room when she entered, as though her work had been suddenly interrupted a short time before.

She works silently and earnestly. It seems her fate hangs on the quality of the gleam which she succeeds in drawing out of the wood.

Tonight a procession in honor of the Virgin of Lourdes will move toward the church through the street below the windows. A crowd of friends and relatives will come to watch as candle bearers and images pass. The three women in the kitchen are preparing delicacies with which to entertain the guests. There will be crisp cookies, tiny fried cakes, foamy candies made of egg white, dainty fruit preserves and coconut ice cream.

One of the women, like the girl who is polishing the sala floor, is obviously a servant. She wears a shapeless, one-piece dress; her feet are bare; her hair, black, lustrous and wavy, is twisted into a plain knot. The slant of her large brown eyes proclaims her a Chinese mestiza. Her white, even teeth are repeatedly displayed in a good-humored laugh. That it is a shield against anxiety no one would know. She will soon be a mother.

Her companions are plainly mother and daughter, the sehora and seniorita of the house. They wear the Filipina costume, with upstanding transparent sleeves and long train, pinned up on the daughter, trailing the floor behind the mother. The heels of their flat-bottomed chinelas strike the floor with a slapping sound as they walk. The younger woman is small and almost primly neat; the older one is tall, rather untidy, vigorous in her movements and commanding in her manner. The two converse as they work, using the Spanish language in order that the servants will not understand what is being said.

"Have you found anyone to do the cooking until after Maria's baby comes?" the girl inquires.

"Primo out here on the farm has paid not even the interest on the money we lent him two years ago. He has promised to send his daughter.

She doesn't know how to cook. We'll have the trouble of teaching her. Maria was a fool to think that man would marry her. Soldiers are all alike."

There is no reproof in her tone.

Maria, carefully tending the charcoal fire beneath a round iron box which serves as oven, betrays no consciousness of wrong-doing or disgrace.

The work proceeds. At the end of two hours, half of the long table in the dining room adjacent to the kitchen is piled high with food. The shine on the sala floor has been raised to an unheard-of brilliancy. Its author is sitting in an attitude of expectancy on a wooden bench at one side of the patio below which is the side entrance to the house. A peremptory call of "Loleng! Loleng!" brings her running into the kitchen, where she is set to work at dish-washing. The dishes are washed with an innocent indifference to bacteria. They are gathered together, carried to the patio and held under a cold-water faucet from which the water runs over them and through the bamboo slats of the

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floor to the ground beneath. They are dried on a rack outside the kitchen window, by the Maria begins preparations for dinner. Mother and daughter go into the sala to rest. They open the windows and look down on the street, calling greetings to passersby.

The red-trousered laborer has vanished, and the afternoon languor has gone with him. Long shadows have replaced the unrelieved glare of the sun on the white dust. Men and women in separate groups are walking up and down, raising handkerchiefs to their faces to protect themselves from the clouds of dust stirred up by the automobiles and carromatas honking and rattling past. The activity of the street increases with the coolness of the evening. When the darkness is almost complete, a young man in khaki outing suit drives up in an open car, stops before the large gate with the wicket in the center and sounds his horn. Loleng comes running out to open the gate. A moment later a pair of stiff leather shoes are squeaking over the gleaming nara floor of the sala, and the young man is beginning to discuss with his *mamma* the day's events on the farm.

There has been some trouble about finding sufficient laborers to harvest the sugar cane. Some of the rice, too, remains uncut. Loleng spent the whole morning talking with Loleng's mother. She was crying and carrying on. Her husband will be sent from the local jail to Bilhild today. She wants me to go to Manila and try to get another trial for him, but there is no use in it. It seems certain that he really took three carabaos. A shame, too. He knows more about carabaos than any man in the province. Who will I send now, when I have to have a herd sent down from the north? There's no one else I can trust to choose good animals. Right now, too, when it is so easy to sell them in Negros.

"Does Loleng know about her father yet?" asks the sister.

"No, but she'll soon find out. You must take her to the farm tomorrow. Her sister is still very sick."

"Ah, yes, that poor Guadalupe! Is she still talking?"

"Continuously. We could bring her to town to see the doctor, but they are afraid she will run away from us. She is always wanting to get out of the house—trying to elude them and get away."

"What do they want with Loleng?" demands the *sehora*. "She is so small to be a company."

"The want her to take care of the babies while the mother does the nursing."

"Well, I guess we'll have to take her back to them, and get a boy to do her work here. There is always some trouble with these people."

At this point Loleng herself appears, to announce that dinner is ready. She serves her masters and later squats beside a low table on the kitchen floor to eat rice and fish company with Maria and the stable boy and a shaggy black puppy.

Soon after the meal is finished, guests begin to arrive. Mother, daughter and son, the two former dressed in black as a sign of mourning for the father of the family, two years deceased, affectionately greet all who come, and urge upon them the food presented by the ever-ubiquitous Loleng, who wears a clean dress for the occasion.

Everyone eats. Everyone chats. The procession tonight is to be no ordinary one. If it were, it would furnish no occasion for feasting and visiting; for few months past in provincial cities without at least one holy procession to enliven them. This time, in honor of their patron saint, nearly all the unmarried girls of the town, exclusive of servants, will take part. At nine o'clock, strains of music from the direction of the public square announce that the pageant is leaving the church. An hour later, having made the circuit of the main streets, it moves into sight and hearing from the opposite direction. At every window faces lean out, unmindful of the dust raised by hundreds of slow-moving feet. Even servants are permitted to leave their work in order that their morais may be approved by the sight of the saint's images. At either side of the street is a column

DEMAND "GOLD STRIPE" HIKES



of candle bearers two blocks long, one masculine, the other feminine. Children come first, monks and nuns second, lay men and women at the very end. Between the two files are standard bearers, priests chanting prayers, altar ministrants swinging incense burners, and saints of both sexes standing on brilliantly lighted and gayly decorated floats drawn by boys and girls in white. The Virgin of Lourdes herself comes last. She is a dainty, pink and blue saint with a mild, pretty face. Only little girls are near her chariot, and each one of them has a pair of white angel's wings attached to her shoulders. All knees are bent as she passes. Not far behind the honor saint comes the band, playing no hymn, but a lively march.

Two hours after the procession has reentered the church the town is in darkness. Maria and Loleng have drawn mosquito nets about the beds of their master and mistresses. They themselves have lain down, without changing their clothes, on bamboo mats spread out on the kitchen floor. They sleep unprotected by nets, as though lowly estate bore with it immunity to fevers. Loleng does not know about her father. Only tomorrow will she learn that. Unusually wearied, she sleeps heavily. But Maria, tired as she is, tosses in her sleep, moans and cries out.

"Thou Virgin of Lourdes!" she wails. " * * * mercy!"

ESSENCE OF AN ADDRESS

In Governor General Stimson's address at Mr. Quezon's state dinner Thursday evening, September 27, the following is worth colling.

"The distribution of your public lands is fatally clogged in administration. The director of lands last week made public the statement that at the rate at which applications for homesteads were being received, all of the public land would be distributed in forty-two years. But when I asked him how long that distribution would take at the rate with which his bureau was actually complying with those applications and issuing the patents, he told me that it would take nearly three hundred and fifty years. In other words, the desire of your people for the land is nine times as keen and urgent as the ability of your government to comply with that desire. This is not the fault of the Bureau of Lands but partly the result of insufficient personnel and partly of a faulty system. In your desire to prevent applicants for your lands from obtaining any undue advantage, you have, in my opinion, given to your administrators too great a burden of personal discretion in the execution of those laws. Personal discretion consumes time and delays execution; more than that it tends to beget favoritism and corruption. It institutes a government of men and not of laws. The existence of such a system with its evil possibilities is a fatal discouragement to free investment and cheap money. No responsible investor or banker will furnish capital to an enterprise which is at the mercy of official delay, official favoritism, and official discrimination. Where such a system exists, the only capital that can be obtained is the kind of irresponsible disreputable capital which makes the borrower pay for its risk in extortionate rates of interest."

ANYTHING LIKE THIS HERE?

Japan's equivalent of "an apple a day" was celebrated Aug. 2 throughout the country. Instead of apples, Japan does it with eels, in the belief that eels eaten on the first day of the "doyo", or heated period, will keep all ailments away for the remainder of the summer. This period is one of the series, named after certain animals in the Japanese calendar. Virtually every Japanese who could buy eels on that day ate them. Incidentally, the price of eels, ordinarily within the reach of the common workman, jumps 20 per cent on eel day. Advance orders may be placed, but despite these all shops dealing in eels are sold out by nightfall. The custom dates back several centuries, its exact origin being lost. The superstitious believe that the eel is a messenger of the gods. Coupled with the belief that eels are an ordained food for that day is the conviction that eels eaten with *umeboshi*, a pickled plum, are disastrous, resulting in certain death. Though a prominent Japanese scientist has disputed the theory, eating eels and pickled plums on that day himself, the superstition prevails, and not one Japanese in a hundred would defy it. The favored method of preparing the eels is to broil or bake them in a special sauce, when they are eaten with boiled rice.

—B. W. Fleisher,
in the *Chicago Daily News*.

If there are similar customs in the Philippines, the Journal will pay for brief and accurate reports of them.

Who has a loose copy of Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Journal* that he will dispose of to a reader wishing a full set for binding? Please let us know. Any reasonable price will be paid.

The Caingin System and the Settling of Mindanao

By R. F. WENDOVER

Since the earliest Spanish rule in the Philippines, Mindanao has been a special problem. Although really conquered and pacified for the first time with the coming of the Americans, it is far from settled. In some respects it presents the same puzzling face as before: a large and potentially rich territory sparsely inhabited by conflicting nomadic groups. The problem of how to develop, populate and govern such elements is still far from solution.

To any one who cares to give more than casual thought to this problem of Mindanao there appear two phases, integral parts of the same. The first is a land-economic problem; the second, a politico-social problem. In considering either we must deal with its correlative.

When glamor and sentiment are put aside and workable facts are sought for it is discovered that both the land and its people are comparatively little known.

Here, as is common with most tropical countries, there obtains a system of temporary cultivation locally called *caingin* which is practiced by the more backward and primitive people of the country. By this system of cultivation, timber lands are successively cut over, burned, cultivated for a season or two, and then abandoned. The abandoned lands are also yearly burned over, eventually resulting in the complete extinction of shrub and tree life and a replacement of forest areas by cogon grass. By this process it is estimated that 18% of the total area of the Philippines has already been reduced to idle land. Extensive areas formerly so cleared were the class of land quite suitable for agriculture; these, instead of being converted to productive farms, stand blocking the way to progress, for once the cogon is established on the land it presents an obstacle to cultivation with which the average Filipino has not the means or tools to cope.

Such lands must wait for a larger investment of capital to make them productive, thus they are retarding all agricultural development. Millions of hectares of potentially productive



Man and Ignorance and an Axe in the Forest

lands lie idle, while the common people are asking for more and more land.

A few months ago I hiked from the head of the Sibuguey to Sindangan bay, and for two

days passed through the bleak skeletons of a former great forest. At least 50,000 hectares of forest has been destroyed in the last ten years, in this vicinity alone. When it is considered that this is going on all over the country, then some idea of the amount of destruction can be gained.

Does the cainginer turn in any great wealth to the country, does he produce and bring to the markets, does he even gain anything for himself? He gets nothing but a bare existence, destroys millions of pesos in timber, and leaves to the country an inheritance of waste land as a menace. Timber destroyed can be pretty accurately calculated. The average hectare of mature timber contains 60,000 board feet; 6,000 board feet will build an excellent home 30 x 36 feet. Hence every time your cainginer burns over a hectare of forest, lumber is lost to industry, revenues to the government, and ten possible good Filipino homes go up in smoke. These are some of the immediate effects of the caingin system. But it is not merely the immediate destruction of timber or the reduction of the future supply which is so dangerous, it is the upsetting of the whole scheme for normal land development.

Another scourge of the country which is directly traceable to the caingin system is the locust epidemics. The migratory locust can not develop either on the cultivated land or in the forest, but in the immense cogon areas he breeds unmolested, and, when able to fly, descends in an invading army on the cultivated lands, striking terror to the heart of the farmer. There would be no locust epidemics if there were no cogonales, and there would be no cogonales, if there were no caingin-making. But the public and the government do not connect cause with effect, hence we go on spending hundreds of thousands of pesos on locust campaigns, all in futile palliative which can never effect a cure. The trouble behind the trouble is the cainginer.

Other countries who also have the caingin problem to deal with have managed to turn this system of temporary cultivation to some advantage. Java has succeeded in turning many potential caingineres to productive labor

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by selecting lands not needed or unsuitable for farm land, setting out teak plantations by contract with the natives and on condition that they plant their perennial crops of fruit or vegetables among the teak.

"In the course of time various methods of reafforestation were followed. At the present time the forest agricultural system is chiefly practiced, which combines forestry and agricul-

located forest reserves, and the bringing to bear of the police powers of the local government to protect these reserves as other public property is protected is more likely to be successful than the making of reservations and trying to retain these primitive people in them.

If a tribal taboo is effective in causing these people to quit certain land, a governmental taboo should also be made effective in keeping



60,000 Board Feet of Hardwood Lumber Per Hectare Destroyed to Plant Such Little Fields

ture and allows the natives to interplant farming crops with the rows of teak. For the purpose of sooner obtaining the desired covering of the ground, perennials are interplanted, in which case the improved varieties are used by preference.

These teak forests not only supply Java with an abundance of this excellent wood but enable her to export from 15,000 to 30,000 cubic meters annually and to have an annual net profit of from five to six millions florins (approximately equal in pesos). Such a system of combined timber-growing and agriculture and the turning of a destructive element of the population to a productive enterprise, to us in the Philippines and especially in Mindanao seems almost too ideal to be true. But when we think that this system was evolved under conditions similar to those existing here, there appears no insurmountable obstacle to making a beginning in the same direction, here in Mindanao: provided laws and policies were more rationally adapted to conditions.

The establishment of certain strategically

them out of forest reserves. The hill people, who are the most active cingainers, would then turn to the less timbered, grass or brush land and every encouragement should be given them to do so.

Where these people still occupy forested land, some combined forestry-agricultural scheme such as that in Java would avoid the converting of these lands into waste land, when they moved on they would leave a young forest instead of brush or cogon.

Another outlet for the people is work on plantations. While not useful in the more exacting or skilled work, they are well adapted to certain phases of plantation work and many are so employed. These often learn better methods of cultivation, animal breeding, etc., acquire their own farm and settle there. Every modern plantation is a civilizing center in Mindanao.

The civilizing and settling of Mindanao will go on, whether wisely guided or no, and the demand for land, that tremendous urge which may be guided but not stopped, is forcing the

Moro Legend of the First Bird

By SALIP ABU-BAKR SARAMAN

Once there lived a Moro and his wife who had only one son. They lived near the river and earned their living by fishing. When the boy was ten years old, the father died. So the mother and son moved to the nearest town. The mother was very proud, but not too proud to work. She washed clothes for the wealthy Datus of the village. The boy helped his mother by carrying the water for the washing.

By continued hard work, the mother soon earned money enough to buy a piece of land. The next year she was able to buy a cow and a carabao. Now that she had the land and animals with which to work the land she stopped washing for the Datus. The mother and son worked the land and by their combined efforts they were able to earn a good living from their crops.

Now came the time for all people to clean the graves of their relatives, called the month of *Shaban* (February). It was decided that the boy would go to clean the grave of his father while the mother stayed at home and cared for the farm. Early one morning the boy started out to find the grave of his father and clean it. He wandered about the forest for several days but could not find the grave. It had been a long time since they had moved

away from where the father was buried.

All of the people returned from cleaning graves but the boy. The mother became anxious and asked all of her neighbors if they had seen her son. They all said no. The next morning she started out in search of him. She wandered many days in the forest but did not find him. She did not eat or drink during all of this time, yet she did not become hungry or thirsty. During her wanderings she found the grave of her husband. It had not been cleaned, so she knew her son had not been there. That night she slept on a mountain top.

The next morning when she awakened she said to herself, "I will never find my boy again." Then she prayed saying, "O Allah, I will give you my life for the life of my son! I am now alone and have nothing to live for!" She arose and jumped from the cliff.

Instead of being killed, she floated in the air. Wings came out of her shoulders and she became the first bird. This is the bird we now call *kuhao*. Early every morning you can hear it calling, calling, like a person in sorrow. It is the mother calling for her lost boy.—From *Moro Outlook*.

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The long shoremen's strike at Cebu has continued crippling shipping there during the past month, so that some ocean ships are omitting calls at Cebu until the question is settled. Governor Stimson has practically assumed personal charge of the business of keeping peace and order in Cebu, where the Constabulary is on the job. He has made it known that where public order is involved, appeals may be sent direct to him; his letter to Director Cruz of the labor bureau is an important interpretation of his Cornejo letter.



Vol. VIII
No. 10

October
1928

WHAT THE WORLD WAR DID TO US ALL

We proceed immediately to a summary of the major influences upon the Philippines attributable to the World War. As an exposition of our views as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the measures whence these influences have arisen is not germane to the subject in hand, we trust it will be understood that those views have not been expressed. The facts are merely accepted as facts. Nothing is more subtle.

From the World War the Philippines were one of the farthest corners of the world away, yet they were profoundly affected by it—socially, politically, economically. And they continue to be affected; there can be no doubt that the World War must be reckoned a turning point in insular history. The islands, too, remote as they are, proved to be an immediate help to America the moment she entered the war. A fleet of German ships lay in Manila harbor, a refuge from the Allied naval scouts on the Pacific; and these ships were seized by America when she entered, repaired and made use of. Their crews were interned. Aside from that, America at once began drawing upon the islands for larger supplies of tropical farm products: for copra, to extract the oil and split off its glycerine content for high explosives; and for sugar, and Manila hemp.

America devised the best masks used in defense against the more deadly gasses used during the last year of the war. That she was able to do this awakened the Philippines to an opportunity, for the charcoal absorbent used in the masks was the charcoal from coconut shell, the best absorbent of gasses found up to that time—and it is still the best. It is now being utilized in commerce, and prior to the war the shell was a worthless residue from copra making.

Prior to the World War, indeed, the Philippines were a quite somnolent agricultural archipelago with low taxes and a meager treasury. But the war doubled and trebled their overseas trade, their taxes too, and laid the foundation of an industrial era. America's and the Allies' need for granulated sugar was so great that California and Hawaiian capital was drawn to the islands to establish sugar *Centrals* manufacturing centrifugal sugar in place of the low-grade open-pestle sugars theretofore manufactured locally by the credit of the United States, so, while it languished in a falling condition, it could not be closed and was eventually resuscitated from the effects of the proflitering debauch. Peace has placed it in more conservative hands. Its primary purpose is to foment native enterprises. To realize how rapidly the industrial age advances upon that of pure agriculture in the Philippines, an influence primarily and mainly due to the World War, it is only necessary to know that the National bank has more money loaned in manufacturing than it has loaned to farmers and planters.

In the World War, America resolved to reestablish her commercial interests on the high seas, to which she built a great fleet of merchant vessels and aided private and quasipublic corporations. The first effect of this was to make Manila a great shipping point in the Far East, and invigorate the many interisland shipping lines that carry cargoes out to the provinces and bring back to Manila the products of the farms and sugar factories. For the American ships called at Manila, both to discharge the American manufactures the islands kept calling for in greater and greater quantities, and to get home their cargoes, and they found that they could maintain lines all over the vast Pacific, so long as they could make the Philippines, where they were sure of getting cargoes, a part of the itinerary. The insular government bought the railroad on Luzon, which the increasing patronage made profitable.

America conceived a new importance of the islands, and the islands inevitably got a better opinion of themselves. After all, they really did amount to something. So they worked away, planting more hemp, more copra, more sugar cane; and they kept on manufacturing, more sugar, more cigars, more groceries, more coconuts products.

The first effect on the copra industry during the World War was the turning to the local extraction of the oil, which was shipped, together with the copra meal, to the United States. Nearly forty extraction mills were built. Like other war industries, the business became greatly inflated, helped along to its ruin by loose bank credits, and two years after the war it crashed, company after company going to the wall and banks taking tremendous losses. It seemed that not a pound of coconut oil would ever be manufactured in the islands again, but some of the mills weathered through, and now they are making about as much oil a year as was ever manufactured in the islands in the heyday of the war speculations.

Things like this have given America another lesson; the islands cannot only produce, they can manufacture; and it is now nip and tuck for copra between the mills in Manila and Cebu and those in the homeland.

As a result of the World War and events following it, there is a school of thinkers in America advocating discrimination in the tariff against island-made goods. Some wish to limit sugar, some to tax it; some complain against letting Manila cigars into the homeland free of duty, while others perhaps would like to see Philippine embroideries taxed out of the market. Opinion is in a flux, prejudices and regional interests are manifest in bills proposed in congress. It is axiomatic that countries can only buy with what they sell, and they will buy chiefly where they sell; and it is now a truth, soon to become an axiom, that America must sell a part of thousands of things she now makes in abundance overseas. A World-War effect on the Philippines was the development of a great market in America, and as a result America was the development of even a greater market in the Philippines.

For though the customs figures show a balance of trade in favor of the islands, bank exchange rates are in favor of the dollar. Outgoing invoices carry f. o. b. values, and incoming invoices c. i. f. values; all factors considered, and exchange rates do consider most of them; and it is found that the advantage lies with the United States, great as is the boon of the arrangement to the islands also.

Another great influence of the World War on the Philippines in an economic sense is the postwar desire of America to establish sources of tropical supplies under her own flag. She owns very little tropical territory, and the Philippines are the biggest portion of what little she does own. Moreover, they are capable of yielding most of the tropical supplies she requires. They can grow her fiber, her rubber, her gutta-percha; and they can also grow her coffee, tea, and silk. The first effect of this new opinion in America was felt in the coconut industry during the Harding administration, when a tariff of 3-1/2 cents gold per pound was placed upon desiccated coconut. Until this levy began to be felt, Ceylon provided America most of her dried coconut meat; but afterward capital came from America (the Franklin D. Baker interests notably), and some was brought forth locally, and factories in and around Manila are now making most of America's dried coconut.

Ceylon has dropped into second place.

This, of course, is just another phase of the industrial age the World War inaugurated in the Philippines. The whole movement has brought about higher wages, while opinion in the legislature, made up as it still is by plunger members, slowly yields to realities presented. Taxes are generally still adverse to industry and commerce; and will remain so until the increasing native interest in the new era brings about adjustment. It is an evolution, born of the hunger of the World War and thriving on the economic appetite of the United States.

II

The World War taught the United States many things she had not known about the Philippines, and about the Filipinos. What she learned about their economic resourcefulness has already been briefly reviewed; here will be taken up the Filipino attitude toward America under the severe test of the World War. The Filipino bought Liberty bonds, but that has often been spoken of; and when the war was their drilling, a division of troops they had raised for overseas service—service in France—but that too has often been spoken of. Stripped of emotionalism, the underlying facts here are that war appeals to youth, as much in the Philippines as anywhere, and that the bonds kept funds away from better-earning activities only for a short time, when they were disposed of.

These signs were encouraging, of course, but rather in the hoop-la sense; they were at once more spectacular and less fundamental than their Filipino gestures which have received less attention. The division raised and ready, how could America have spared the ships to take it to France? That the green country boys who made up the division would have fought well, once in France, the records of individual Filipinos who "got over" testify. Also, pressed to do so, Filipinos would have bought their quota of more issues of bonds.

But Filipino feeling toward America during the World War was shown better in other ways.

First of all, practically every American soldier was withdrawn from the garrison of the islands, which was left entirely made up of native soldiery; and it remains predominantly Filipino today. Since the war, Filipinos are chosen both for Annapolis and West Point; and graduated, they return to the islands to command Filipino soldiers enlisted under the flag of the United States. No alarm was felt by Americans in the Philippines when this change occurred; and none is felt now or has been felt since the war, though at least two tense situations in the Far East have developed since the war, and one which is increasingly dangerous to world peace now prevails.

The questionable wisdom of some of the steps taken, as the abolition of the old Philippine Scouts organization and the rotation of Filipino troops under the command of officers often green and inexperienced in the islands and totally unfamiliar with the men's language and customs, does not alter the fundamental facts stated here. Bungling can make a mess of most any situation.

But there is other evidence, still more significant. America found she could trust Filipino leaders with some of the secrets of her councils. Out of this trust evolved the plans for the new port at Manila, the first unit of which was begun under Harrison and completed under Wood—Pier No. 7, one of the world's largest and best, standing the Philippine treasury an outlay on construction and equipment of around \$8,000,000, and entailing an upkeep of hundreds of thousands of pesos annually. Filipino envoys had gone to Washington to petition for independence; they returned to Manila to vote the funds for this monster pier.

The pier, like the whole harbor and Manila and its environs, is fully protected by the Mills Corregidor island at the entrance of the bay.

The situation was this:

America had supplied herself with a merchant fleet for the World War which she had determined to keep in the seven seas, as an auxiliary both

(Please turn to page 12)

Four Best Manila Newspaper September Editorials

SUGAR AND THE FLAG

Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine senate, met a group of business men in their own field yesterday, addressing Philippine sugar men on a subject most vital to the Islands economically as well as politically. He discussed the Timberlake resolution which proposes that the duty-free Philippine sugar entering the United States be limited to half a million tons. His address was not a mere discussion of markets. It was not a mere discourse of political relationships. It drew attention to the subject as it combines political and economic aspects.

When he said that free trade is a fundamental right resulting from the fact that the American flag flies over the Philippines he put himself in defense of a position which is unassailable. No matter what the future may bring as regards the independence of the Philippines, no matter what position Mr. Quezon or anyone else may take on that subject, just so long as the flag is here it must stand for something, and that something includes a square deal in trade relations.

We differ with Mr. Quezon on the question of independence, but that does not prevent our saying that he has a perfect right to claim for the archipelago every protection and privilege of the flag as long as it is here. Any attempt to deny him that right would be to discredit the flag and compromise on the principles for which it stands.

As a matter of fact the limitation of duty-free Philippine sugar does not mean one bit higher prices to be paid by the American consumer of sweets. Neither does it mean the protection to the beet and cane sugar industry in the United States. But even if it meant either or both of these, the matter could not be considered without tying the American government in a knot of inconsistency, just as Mr. Quezon pointed out. Such procedure would be absolutely out of keeping with the American policy and out of harmony with that which the American people conscientiously could stand for.

Such an act by congress could be considered nothing more than class legislation of the most pernicious type, class legislation in direct contravention to a policy which has international as well as national significance. There is every reason why Mr. Quezon or any other Filipino, in public office or out of public office, having commercial interests or having no commercial interests, should protest. There is fully as much cause for equally vigorous protests by Americans, whether in public office in the Philippines or not, whether in commerce in the Philippines or not, whether in the Philippines or out of the Philippines, whether interested in Utah sugar, Louisiana sugar, Cuban sugar or any sugar anywhere in any capacity as buyer, seller, producer or consumer.

The safety of a Philippine industry, ultimately the safety of all Philippine industries, is at stake. But more than that, the safety of a fundamental American principle is at stake and Mr. Quezon was perfectly right in saying so. —*Bulletin*, September 21.

SECOND VIEWS

In a second study of Senate President Quezon's speech before the Agricultural Congress last Saturday some new viewpoints have been well established in our minds. It is only too true that Filipino and foreign capital has unquestioned confidence in Governor General Stimson and in his cooperation policy and in his administrators. But the fact stands that Governor General Stimson will not remain in the Philippine Islands forever. In that connection, both Filipino and foreign capital would like to know what the fate of their money will be after the departure of Governor General Stimson. Mr. Quezon is not unaware of the question which is being raised in the minds of investors. He is too keen an observer to miss that point. Under Governor General Stimson, economic development has been favored but the governor general who might be hostile to such development, both Filipino and foreign capital would be in stagnation. The Senate President brought this out. Definite political status is necessary to kill present misgivings.

Certainly, the Filipinos, as BROUGHT out by Senate President Quezon, are skeptical about changing the present laws which prevent large holdings. They are right in this view until a definite STATUS as to the political future of the Philippines is EVOLVED by the President of the United States and the United States Congress. The Filipinos cannot be blamed for their stand in refusing to mortgage their future.

The Filipinos feel that they can gain greater autonomy in political matters before they change their land laws than they can afterward. In this they show considerable political perspicacity. There is no question in the minds of

COMMITTEE AWARDS

- Best of the Month—
Sugar and the Flag.—(*Bulletin*, September 21.)—Selected by the Committee.
Best in Each Paper—
Sugar and the Flag.—(*Bulletin*, September 21.)—Selected by Mr. Quezon.
Second Views.—(*Times*, September 18.)—Selected by Professor Hilario.
President Quezon's Warning.—(*Herald*, September 21.)—Selected by Professor Jamias.
For a Major Operation on Our Bureaucracy.—(*Tribune*, September 4.)—Selected by Professor Dyson.

political and financial leaders, both in the Philippines and abroad, but that the Philippine legislature will change the land laws of these Islands shortly after a definite political status is given by the United States. Mr. Quezon's speech to the farmers in some ways was vague and illusory although it was a masterpiece of dramatics and political acumen. But just to show that the Senate President is far from being under illusions as to the necessity for the clear defining of the political status of the Philippines before capital feels itself free to act let us quote the Senate President's own words from his address: "I am firmly convinced that the genuine obstacle to the rapid development of the country and the real cause for the reluctance of capital, both foreign and native, to invest in the Philippines are the uncertainty of the future political status of the Islands. Since the solution of this question does not rest in our hands, it is obvious that we cannot be held responsible for the consequences of such uncertainty."

The whole question of economic development of the Philippines depends on the action of Congress and the President of the United States. Until the definite status of the Philippines is decided capital in the Philippines will be backward. The illustrious Senate President is quite right in that point. This newspaper certainly agrees. —*Times*, September 18.

PRESIDENT QUEZON'S WARNING

Senate-President Quezon's speech at the sugar convention yesterday morning was a real eye-opener. It was a notable analysis of the situation in connection with the Timberlake bill, which is designed to limit the free entry of Philippine sugar into the United States, and the disastrous consequences to which the passage of such a measure would bring to the Philippine sugar industry as well as to other local industries. To use President Quezon's own words, the passage of the Timberlake bill will be the severest blow that the economic development of the Philippines could stand.

While the danger is not imminent, still the menace looms large on the horizon, threatening no less than the entire economic fabric of the Philippines. Fortunately, there is yet time left to combat the menace. Governor General Stimson is with us in trying to prevent the passage of the measure. President Quezon advises us, however, that we should not leave the administration alone to fight the measure. The advocates of the Timberlake bill, moving behind the scenes, are engineering the billions of dollars, will not give up the fight even if defeated at the first attempt. They will remain a standing menace to the local sugar industry and a great threat to Philippine economic progress.

The five forces in the Philippines should unite against the sinister measure. The question involves the possibility of an economic slavery in our great state of political subjection. And President Quezon's suggestion that we appeal to American public opinion which, if properly informed, will not tolerate the commission of such a grave injustice as would be perpetrated upon us with the passage of the Timberlake bill, is most timely. The American people are fundamentally just and fair. If there is any power that can permanently prevent action upon the measure, it will be the American people.

We urge that the Philippine Chamber of Commerce should, in conjunction with the Filipino participation in the government and with the advice and counsel of the Governor General, immediately lay out the plans for a general campaign of education and information throughout the United States in accordance with President Quezon's suggestion. The campaign should be capable of arousing the American people and of bringing them to a full realization of the injustice of adding to the uncertainty of our political status the uncertainty in the trade relations between the United States and the Philippines.—*Herald*, September 21.

FOR A MAJOR OPERATION ON OUR BUREAUCRACY

The starting growth in the number of our government employees, a phenomenon which is encountered in all countries and which must periodically be met by drastic measures. It is apparent that the time for deflation in the Philippine service has arrived.

The situation now confronting us is one of gradual and almost imperceptible development. Each year new laws have been passed and new functions of government assumed which require more personnel. Each succeeding year additional personnel is employed to carry out the growing detail of work. It is almost unheard of for a bureau chief to admit that his office can add to its duties without more help.

It is difficult for a legislative body to make cuts in the salary schedule. The bureau chief supposedly knows more about his office than any outsider. He can put up an argument, backed by his statement of facts, difficult to answer.

Only one way has so far been found to deflate the cost of government and that is through independent research by an unprejudiced investigator. He can analyze each government operation and separate the essential from the nonessential. He can detect wasted motion, duplicated efforts, and overlapping of functions.

Take the subject of government paper work alone. How many tons of records are kept which serve no useful purpose. How much statistical information is gathered which is never distributed, and which if distributed has no practical value.

It would be interesting to know how many merchants have found of real value such government statistics as is compiled by our bureaus, and what was its worth to them in pesos. Have the millions of pesos spent in gathering these data been worth millions of pesos to the commerce and the masses of the country?

Have the statistics gathered by the bureau of labor furnished information commensurate with the cost of gathering it?

Could not thousands of the routine matters handled by correspondence be quickly disposed of by telephone?

How about the hundreds of thousands of unnecessary "Dear Sir," "have the honors," "and very respectfully," which in the aggregate would take hundreds of typists a month to write?

During the war, the United States army paper work was cut out in half and brought added efficiency. Since the war the civil bureaus in Washington have eliminated a large percentage of useless red tape.

Such improvements can be effected here only through the agency of an impartial investigating board, free from political and class influences and with the courage and skill to perform a successful major operation.

We know of no better use for the ₱250,000 fund granted the governor general than to employ a staff of investigators to analyze our present bureaucracy.—*Tribune*, September 4.

What the World War Did to Us All

(Continued from page 10)

in war and peace. Her plans called for a new port at Manila, both north and south of the Pasig; and while she was going to undertake a great deal of the work, in behalf of the government-owned ships, the islands were to share in it. Here, at this spot on the plans, is the projected site for Pier No. 7, handling passenger-cargo ships. When could work start? The reason is thus and so.

When? At once!

So the great pier was begun and completed, but the harbor work as a whole lags. For one thing, it waits for production to catch up; for another, America changed administrations, grew economical and conservative, and decided to sell off her ships to private interests. But eventually the port was to be built, probably wholly by the islands. The original plans called for a free zone at the waterfront, where goods might be stored in bond free of customs charges until reshipped to points throughout the orient. Manila was to become an entrepot of oriental commerce rivaling Hongkong and Singapore. Some rather stubborn facts stood in the way of this ambition, though it is not beyond the possibilities of the future, and even some members of the legislature are seeking to revive it and create the necessary free zone.

In such manner has the new age born of the war seized upon the imagination of Filipinos. In addition, new harbors have been opened to ocean commerce and ports are being built at Iloilo and Cebu, metropolises of the Bisayas. At every town where a factory is built, at every port where shipping becomes important, in every community where hat-making and embroidery thrive as household industries, an industrial class begins—taking its inevitable place between the landlords and the peasants. Aloof from their feudal protectors, men are compelled to rely upon themselves. It is all a direct effect of the World War.

But not American manufactures alone have boomed since the war; the fact that the war transformed America from a debtor to a creditor nation and gave her billions of surplus money is having its effect on the Philippines, and the fact that her universities now boom with business courses, schools and colleges of commerce has its persistent effect, stimulated by the aggressive efficiency of the commerce department under Hoover. The rubber report made to Hoover two years ago is the document that has convinced American rubber capital that Mindanao rivals other islands of Malaysia, and the Straits Settlements and French Indochina too, as a field for rubber plantations. The economic survey of the Philippines that was the tangible outcome of the Thompson probe of the islands two years ago, is another eye-opener to Americans and Americans in the march. A new governor general, whose appointment was sought, by the Filipino leaders, utters an inaugural address and an address to the legislature, and confines them almost wholly to money and machines.

He stipulates that they are not ends in themselves, but in the hurried, worried, hectic roar and bustle of American life the Filipinos behold these machines and this money as ends in themselves, so far as millions of Americans are concerned; and the Filipinos, longing for the semirustic and pastoral contentment of the era of their fathers, hold back conservatively. They are appalled by the horrors, genuine and imagined, of industrialism and an industrial era.

But the pressure persists, daily increasing; and at last the inevitable is accepted. Mr. Quezon, hard-driven until forced to come out in the open, commands the situation; and at last, in a formal address to the Agricultural Congress September 15, he announces that Filipinos, to preserve their existence, must play the game of industry. He fears exceedingly, but he says he does not fear. He eloquently endeavors to inspire his people with a confidence that their genius is universal, that the new game is one they are really prepared for, and that as they could produce a Rizal and a Luna under Spain—a writer of despairing sagas provocative of violent

revolution, and a painter—they can produce captains of industry under America. In the brief ten years they have had in which to learn the rules of the game, there is much promise in support of his hope of the future; but his trepidation is natural, the odds being great. On his part he will hold on to the land; and he prophesies that industries beginning as American held and Filipino enterprises; such are the conservative tactics he will follow.

He really must grasp both horns of a dilemma. On the one hand lie fallow the fertile fields of Mindanao, unplowed, unpopulated. On the other are the streams of emigrants from overpopulated provinces drawn steadily off to Hawaii and California by the lure of high wages. These streams must be diverted into Mindanao, and capital, largely from America, must do it. Apparently Quezon feels he has no alternative, and that he must accept the industrial age in the Philippines as a *fait accompli*. C'est la guerre.

III

The nationalism inculcated by the World War and the world peace did not stop short of the Philippines. As a result, a forthright nationalistic spirit caught on, as if in the very air; as if an indigenous orchid, feeding upon the sunlight radiated by Wilson's fourteen points, flourishing upon the precepts of Geneva and the world court. But the principles of international justice took hold very rapidly; the flower blooming in the ambient of political circles and the University metamorphosed slowly into something more substantial, and began rooting in the soil.

Filipinos now feel themselves a people—a united people under competent leadership. Herein the social changes effected by the war are marvellous. In 1916, America gave the islands an organic act, prefaced with an assertion that the political independence of the islands is her ultimate intention. That made them saw more social wood, as due preparedness and a stable government were stipulated; and the movement keeps moving, stimulating everyone to move along with it. Coincidentally with the organic act, came many new opportunities for Filipinos in public life. The act substituted a senate for the Philippine commission as a legislative body, and a Filipino cabinet for the commission as an executive body; so here were many new high places for native sons.

Means were soon found for creating many more good posts, and, by retiring the bulk of the American element from the civil service upon a bonus of a year's pay, of getting Filipinos into old positions, from classroom teaching to the highest technical places. The civil service was rapidly increased in per-

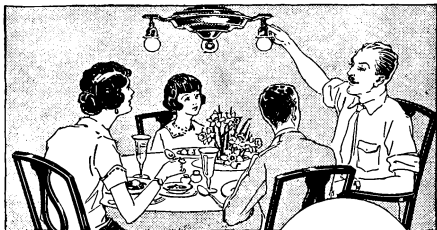
sonnel, and continues to be: 20,000 individuals now serve the government.

American officers retired from the Philippine constabulary and went to war, and Filipinos took their commands. Every challenge was accepted eagerly; scribbling for the government with one hand and keeping a college textbook open in the other, clerks pursued their university careers at public expense and either qualified for the professions or for promotions in the service. The ambition was admirable, the means of satisfying it sometimes questionable from the viewpoint of the taxpayer. But the people were on the march, like America; and they still are, and quickening the step. If some fail, in ability or trust, others don't; there is a desire, widely enough spread, to make good and reflect honor upon the race.

Another immediate social effect of the World War was the creation of many comparative fortunes.

Selling the products of their plantations at fabulous prices, scores of Filipinos found themselves rich, in the insular sense, and respected and powerful. Filipino trade became the thing to seek, it is the essential of commercial prosperity; everyone must have it. Planters have moved into town, into Manila, Iloilo, Cebu, and bought properties and built palatial homes and enrolled their sons and daughters in the colleges and universities. They have also sent many boys and girls abroad, especially to America (and home by way of Europe), for the broadening that travel and study impart.

The University of the Philippines is practically an educational war baby, the liberal revenues of the war years made its present prosperity possible—giving not only students by the thousands, but the means of providing for them. It flourishes, but is not adequate to the demands;



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so there are a number of private schools boasting themselves universities, besides the very old Universidad de Santo Tomas, a Catholic institution in the hands of the Dominicans, which has had to leave the walled city and build on the hills a magnificent edifice, already in need of extensions.

The Athenaeum of the Jesuits must soon follow its example, and the land is already bought. Supposing independence granted, Athenaeum undergraduates debated the other day what kind of government the islands should have, aristocratic or democratic; and the applause was for democracy, though the aristocrats marshalled the best arguments. Gayly flaunting the new nationalism, the University sent a debating team over America a few months ago, talking for independence; under the tutelage of a professor, the team won all its debates, and every debater returned to Manila an American tailor's model. There is more conservatism among the women, but new occasions as well as a new spirit induce the gradual substitution of the universal styles for the national costume: girls can't clerk very well, or typewrite, or work in factories or pursue athletics in enormous starched sleeves and awkward trains.

Opinion grows that clothes have little to do with nationalism; the question of modesty, rather than nationalism, claims the boards where woman's clothes are discussed. But the new spirit, that of doing what the world is doing, will eventually dictate definitely to the Filipino woman in her new freedom. A Helen Wills causes every village in the islands to make a tennis court. Bowling is as popular among women as among men; and an Ederle: braving the channel sets ambition off in another direction—and in a bathing suit rather than a *patidion*. Schooled by the side of her brother, the modern Filipino girl demands her place in the sun; bare-armed, and sometimes bobbed-haired, she essays all the sports save flying, and no doubt that will come next.

The rakish image of her petite figure in flying costume will soon lure the Filipino woman aloft. As to her courage, like that of all women it is

invincible. Nothing would be more astounding to the Filipino who died before the World War began, than to awaken now and behold what a problem the younger generation has become, including the grand-daughter he supposed would sit mooning around until a suitor came to claim her. Conservatism is getting laws into the books about it, but its onward march is as restless as the tides.

Here is nationalism then, but of what sort? Well, the cosmopolitan sort, eclectic without infallible judgment of what is best to choose, but with enthusiasm to carry it along to an end no one knows or stops to think about. The Filipinos are going somewhere, industry born of the war has given them the money to pay for the journey; and that same industry has made and is making them individual and democratic, so that they strive for the fruits of life, gobble them eagerly and clamor for more. The old passive acceptance of life is passing, not among the masses, where it remains an entrancing study, but among that newer class, sandwiched by a dozen influences between the two oldtime classes, the landlords and the peasants.

The new social influences are organized, the Filipino seems to be proving himself as adept at organization as Americans notoriously are. Clubs of all kinds abound: athletic clubs, literary clubs, college clubs, dancing clubs, business clubs, women's and men's organizations without number. And the country is profoundly peaceful: democracy in itself is very entertaining, exacting of energies.

But the greatest social effect of the World War upon the Philippines remains to be mentioned, the Filipino press.

The new nationalism is by no means amorphous: it has body, soul and spirit, and its voice is the press. Prior to the war the Filipino press was of little weight. It was poorly financed, hardly anything by way of a daily existed outside Manila, and there but one profitable, independent paper: the others were political organs. This situation changed but little until well into Wood's administration, but now it is changing rapidly. Of four dailies in English, two are

Filipino. They are well financed, well edited; news of Filipino society is important to them, and news of all kinds of the business world, the markets, world politics, home politics, college and university affairs. They play no second fiddle. The vernacular press also improves, and prospers. The Spanish papers were never so good. It seems that all three, English, Spanish and the vernacular, are to have perpetual audiences. Knowledge of English only gives a man more facility in his own tongue, adding the ambition to acquire Spanish too.

Literature is as yet unborn, but it will come in due time. The elements of it abound in the lives of the peasants, in their folklore, legends, customs and traditions, and the genius of the new age will at last ferret them out of their hiding places and make them into literature. There is good painting, and a beginning of good music; not as much of either as there should be, but a respectable start, proving the possibilities.

Summing up: The World War taught America that the Philippines and the Filipinos amount to something, and, besides, inaugurating the industrial era in the islands, it taught the people what America had learned about them, and many new and adventurous ways of holding their heads up. It set them marching.

IV

The war set the Philippines forward a full century. It hustled Mr. Quezon, Mr. Osmeña along; an Aaron, a Moses, leading their people forth. They behold a new horizon. Behind them lies Egypt, mystical, religious, agricultural. If the people groomed in the building of the temples, if their shoulders were lacerated at the plow, yet there was ease for others; and no hut was so squalid as to lack its Comforter, faith relied upon the judgment of the dead. Before them lies the Canaan of industrialism. There they must go, there must they lead their people. They must claim the land they say God gave them as a heritage, and, driving out the Philistines and the Hittites, all the tribes of the gentiles, make their claims good. Behind them,

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in other words, lies the agricultural age. Even yet the broad valleys undulate with rich harvests, as far as the eye can see from any hill-top; and outside Manila there is scarce a factory chimney in the land. But there are the plantation houses in the midst of the verdant fields, the feudal villas nestled around them, the curfew of the parish spire, and its matin call, beginning and ending the day: not the stentorian whistle at the works! And before them lies the new age, the industrial, with its strife and clangor, its hurlyburly sweeter and struggle for the things of this world—its forgetfulness and disdain of the pastoral gods. They would turn back—and who can blame them?—but cannot. They must go on, and all but dare not. But, clinging to the emblems of their faith, remembering

kindnesses and generousities of the Pharaohs that had once sunk quite out of mind, they do go on, first to the travail in the wilderness.

No one now recalls their prototypes in America, it was a century ago. They were New Englanders, the men of Massachusetts the most reluctant among them. For then Massachusetts bloomed with corn, instead of thrumming, as nowadays, with factories. And then there was but one church, the Congregational, which could discipline the heretic Unitarians with ostracism; and the spires of this pioneer church rose in the midst of farming villages, and the church was the state. There was no class upon class, no war of tongues and creeds, no palatial residence upon the hill, no thundering mill half-way down, where the river runs, no

Irish, Frenchies, wops and bohunks, so necessary for the mill, but only necessary for it, quartered in disreputable poverty on the other side of the tracks!

It is there that charity, a condescending charity, must be practiced.

Well may Governor Stimson stipulate that money and machines are not ends in themselves, and well may Filipino leaders feel they should not be. No, they are not ends in themselves, the merest glance at social America today proves it. They are the tangibles of progress, that restless but questing journey men make in life, and must always make, with every aid at their command, as the stars must always pursue their ceaseless revolutions—because there is an urge in the soul to do so. C'est la guerre.

Black Chiffon

By MRS. A. BROAD

In the first installment of this Manila romance, published in September, Selma Warburton, left by the untimely death of her husband with an only daughter and only a little life insurance money, slaves in an Escolta shop in order to use the money for her daughter's education in an exclusive school in America; and upon the return of the finished young creature to Manila, with noble self-effacement Selma at last succeeds in getting her married off to a most eligible wealthy young army officer. In this installment it is Selma's turn.

While the newly weds honeymooned in Baguio, Selma sat in her apartment and waited—waited for people to come and call.

The wedding had been an unmitigated success: The arch of iron, formed by twelve brother-officers of the groom, holding their bare sabers above the slowly-advancing young couple; the reception at the Manila hotel; the toasts and speeches; Betty's grace and charm when, with her husband's saber, she had cut the wedding cake; and finally, the glowing reports in the

society columns—the flashlight of the ensemble. Precious pearls were these upon which to hang the film of memories: Selma's very soul had feasted.

When Betty and her husband returned from Baguio, Selma was still at the apartment on the boulevard. The leave from the Emporium had not yet expired, she had another two weeks. Betty insisted that she go and visit with them, out at Fort McKinley. Selma hesitated. Betty's love was so young, young people wish to be alone. But her loneliness at the apartment at last proved too great. Nobody came to call. So she packed a trunk, gave Antonio instructions about the care of the apartment in her absence, and went to Fort McKinley.

There would be just ten days!

How restful it was to toll on the cozy bougainvillea-clad porch of the bungalow where Betty and Albert lived. It was a small bungalow, the ordinary officer's quarters, but it afforded a fine view of the parade ground and the slow yellow Pasig beyond. It was refreshing to lie there and have no worry, no preoccupation; just to lie still and thank fate for the kind turn

things had taken. Yes, she really liked it here at McKinley. The people were congenial; that is, the young lieutenants and their wives, the only ones she knew as yet.

The exception was Colonel Wells, he who had given Betty away. He had called, and then had invited Selma for a ride, and they had driven to Manila and back. She who had not received any attention from a man for many years was delighted beyond words. But—a few more days and she would have to go back to work; this ideal life could not last forever. She could not long take advantage even of her daughter's kindness; she would pack on Saturday, and return to town Sunday afternoon, and she had already written the Emporium that she would be at her post Monday morning.

That blustery Saturday morning, while she was busy laying her things out for the packing, Betty rushed into her room.

"Mother! Did I tell you or not that we are going to a dance tonight? Down at the Officers' club."

Selma smiled.

"Well, you could go yourself—now that you have somebody to take you, dear. I'll stay home, I guess."

"Oh, no! If you don't go, Mother, I'll not go either! But why not, Mother?"

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of the Philippine Islands

Signed: WALTER J. ROBB
Editor and Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of September, 1927
(Sgd. N. Quilon, Acting Superintendent, Inspection Division,
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"Why should I go to a dance, child? I have been to a dance for eternities. Who would dance with a woman of forty-four, anyway?"

Betty threw rescuing arms about her mother. "You don't look it! You don't look it!" she urged. "Please come, Mother! I want to show you off! And who will dance with you? Well, I know jolly well the Colonel will!"

"Colonel Wells? Just because he took me riding once or twice?"

But Betty stood her ground.

"Colonel Wells asked Albert particularly if we were coming to the dance!"

Selma paled, then warmed with color.

"You are sure, Betty?"

"Albert told me! And if you know what else he said—Albert, I mean?" She bent and whispered. "He said Colonel Wells is smitten with you, Mother!"

Selma endeavored to make the business of packing cover her elated confusion, but Betty rambled on.

"Mother, wear that peach georgette; it must look stunning with your brown eyes. And I'll wear mine, and we'll look just like sisters. My! but we'll have a good time."

Selma kept seeming to be busy.

"You'll come, Mother, won't you?" Betty asked again. And Selma had decided.

"Yes indeed, darling, I'll go! It will be my last dance for some time. Now, with you married and I in Manila alone, I cannot go to dances—nor do I care."

"But you can come here to us any time there is a dance," Betty reasoned.

"I might—sometimes."

Then Betty left her, left her to the musings the chatter had provoked.

So Colonel Wells was interested in her! He was a handsome and gallant officer, a widower for several years.

Selma looked at her dresses, spread out before her.

The peach georgette? No, she could not compete with Betty. The silver lace? He had already seen her in that. No, not the silver lace. She would wear her black chiffon. Dignified, reserved, demure, yet infinitely becoming was black—with a huge crimson rose on her shoulder. The effect against her slightly gray hair would be good, very good.

Selma resolved to look her best, and felt young and happy—her heart brimming with expectation. And that evening she did look divine, and knew it.

The great hall of the Officers club was decorated with green fronds and multicolored Japanese lanterns. The entire post had put in an appearance. At least so it seemed, but Selma saw immediately that Colonel Wells had not arrived yet. A dinner party, no doubt. The band was playing a fox-trot, and Albert swung away with Betty. Selma found a window seat sheltered by the drooping fronds: from this coign of vantage she could observe the wide club verandah and the people coming up.

Only one or two women were wearing black; all the others glistened in bright shades, quite unbecoming to the older ones. Well, how glad she was she had decided upon black! The crimson rose imparted a sufficient glamor of color to her somber magnificence, setting it off brilliantly.

Another party arrived, Colonel Wells among them. Just as she had surmised, a dinner party of ten; and now he was whirling past her with his hostess. How unbecoming the green gown on the poor sallow woman! That some women had no idea of the effectiveness of dress, Selma could not comprehend. Here was Betty again, in the arms of Captain Martin now. How sweet she looked in her rose tulle! Yet even she, with all her twenty years and her bloom and radiance of happiness—even she had to be careful. How a pale green would deaden the luxuriance of her delicate coloring, set off by the deep blue eyes and dark hair!

Perhaps, after all, it was a good thing that some women did not have taste in clothes: it gave others a chance.

The band struck up a waltz, the first of the evening. Selma was fanning herself, with her black-plumed fan: her feet were unconsciously

beating the measure of the waltz on the hardwood floor. She saw Colonel Wells detach himself from a group of officers across the hall. He came toward her, almost hurriedly.

"May I have this dance, Mrs. Warburton?" She rose very slowly, enjoying the moment. Did they see her, these women—those stuck-up officers' wives who had hardly returned her greeting?—did they see her, and that Colonel Wells was asking her for a dance? She had not danced for many years, but of the brilliant days of her early womanhood there still remained the memory of social successes, and with them her addiction to the dance.

They spoke not—completely carried away with the sweeping syncopation. And over her milk-white shoulder the crimson rose trembled with color and life. Selma's draped evening beauty



The Author, whose pen name is Henry Philip Broad.

was voluptuous. The dance was encored; then he led her back to the window. Would he leave her now, and go on dancing with the younger women: would her moment of ineffable triumph pass with the moment, merge into her merely monotonous existence?

He sat down next to her.

On the floor, couples were dancing again: the band was playing a tango. Betty, in Albert's arms, flashed by.

"Don't you dance the tango, Colonel Wells?" asked Selma. "I hear you like the modern dances."

"Don't you?" he asked.

"I am an old woman. . . ."

"You—an old woman? Now, that's a good one! And what am I, pray, if you are an old woman?"

She smiled, pleased with his sincerity.

"But a woman is always much older than a man. And then, Colonel, am I not a captain's mother-in-law?"

"You are indeed! And . . . you don't . . . look it!"

His voice trailed off; genuine emotion was added to sincerity.

Selma was perfectly conscious of the dowagers and their whisperings. Well, this was her last chance—she'd show them. She leaned back, disclosing a perfectly clad small foot—and lazily fanning herself.

"So I don't look it? But . . . how do I look, Colonel?"

It took him by surprise, and he stammered. "Why—why, Mrs. Warburton . . . you . . . you are the best looking woman in the whole club, your own daughter not excepted!"

"You optimist!" And a slap with the fan was his reward. How inexpressibly sweet it was to hear his words! Let the women exchange glances as they would. What did it matter? What did anything matter? This evening was hers—hers alone!

But the heat was growing suffocating. Her face was bathed in color: no more than he was she in complete control of her emotions. She heard him say something about refreshments, a pineapple punch for which the club was celebrated. No, no refreshment. But wasn't it awfully hot in here—just awfully!

"Yes; let's go for a stroll in the gardens."

"Fine!" she agreed. "Let's."

The tango had died out in a burst of tenebrous reverberations. Selma rose, and the whole assemblage saw them as they walked down the broad steps of the verandah into the moonlit gardens. And this was just what Selma had hungered for: now the world would know what a success she was. Strolling down the wide stairs, on the arm of this frank admirer, the black chiffon set off her figure to great advantage; and it was a figure that could dare the gesture. At her shoulder bobbed the crimson rose. As the band resumed playing, and the couples their dancing, her name was upon every lip!

On the porch of the bungalow, Selma sat waiting for Betty and Albert to return from the dance. The night was bright and still, with a stillness known only to the tropics. It was past midnight, but she was neither tired nor sleepy. Betty and Albert would be back soon. She would sit up and wait for them, and tell them—tell them the news. On her shoulder still perched the crimson rose, its silken petals

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slightly crushed from his arm on her shoulder as they had walked home from the club. Now she sat, ears straining; from the parade ground, a fresh breeze drifted in; from the club, snatches of lively music. How surprised Betty would be—and Albert no less! And tomorrow it would be all over McKinley as well as Manila. Selma revelled in her conquest. What would the women say—what wouldn't they, some of them? For Colonel Wells had asked her to marry him, and she had accepted. But with unending surprise and rapture in her heart.

"Do you mean it, Colonel? Marry me? But I'm not of your set—I'm a working woman!"

Then he had taken her in his arms, there on the walk under the stars—the firmament looking down on them.

"You are the finest woman in the world!"

he had said. "For me the only one!"

"Have it your way, then!" she had laughed, lifting lips quite as eager as his, bent down to her. And that was how the rose got crushed. And then he had kept holding her very close to his side as they walked, and crushed it all the more. So that it was very disreputable at last—but then it didn't matter anymore! Now it would be just a keepsake. Musing happily and waiting for Betty, she unpinched it, pressed it to her lips, and held it in her lap. A firm and regular step grew ever fainter in the distance—quite on the other side of the grounds. She was already learning to know it. Life was beginning again. How still the night, how bright the watching stars. And not another blue Monday in the horologe!

Resumé of National Bank Farm Loans

1. The money set aside by the Philippine National Bank for loans to farmers in Luzon and other regions has not been wholly taken advantage of. This fund originally amounted to P2,000,000, was increased to P2,500,000, and in October 1927 was raised to P3,500,000.

2. The regions where sugar centrals have been established are the best prepared to secure agricultural loans.

3. The granting of loans is handicapped by the lack of Torrens titles. The bank grants loans only on lands provided with Torrens titles.

4. The absence of branches of the bank in provinces makes it both difficult and costly to grant agricultural loans.

5. The bank is handicapped by being a central organization.

6. There should be branches of the bank in the provinces to take care of agricultural loans.

Mr. Corpus said that it is the aim of the bank to establish these branches as soon as practicable. This, however, likely will have to wait until Governor General Stimson's bank expert has had time to make his report.

It was pointed out by Mr. Corpus that the P3,500,000 set aside for agricultural loans does

not include the long time loans granted through the several provincial branches.

From 1925 to December 1927, the existing agricultural loans averaged between P13,000,000 and P14,000,000, excluding the loans to the sugar centrals. Loans to farmers average between P6,000,000 and P7,000,000 annually.

Up to the end of December 1927, the agricultural loans, both short and long time, represent an average of 23.98 per cent of the total loans made by the bank annually. Loans to sugar centrals averaged 34.04 per cent annually, making a total of 58.02 per cent of agricultural loans.

The ability to absorb the money available as agricultural loans is to be found in the following statement:

Of the P2,000,000 originally set aside for agricultural loans, there was 9 per cent undisposed of at the time the amount was increased to P2,500,000. Of this latter amount, there was 4 per cent undisposed of at the time it was raised to P3,500,000. And up to the end of August 1928, there was 3.5 per cent of this P3,500,000 which remained undisposed of.

The 410 farmers who obtained loans from

this fund of P3,500,000 were divided as follows: Sugar men, 43 per cent; rice farmers, 37 per cent; coconut growers, 18 per cent; others, 2 per cent.

Agricultural loans granted through the branches of the bank since 1926 to August 1928 amounted to P1,973,000, divided among the provinces as follows:

Negros Occidental, 4 per cent; Nueva Ecija and Pangasinan, 28 per cent; Cebu and adjacent provinces, including Mindanao, 9 per cent; Iloilo, including Capiz and Antique, 22.8 per cent; Bicol region, 5 per cent; Tayabas, including Batangas and Laguna, 30 per cent; and other provinces, 1 per cent.—Summarized from the address of President Rafael Corpus of the Philippine National Bank to the Philippine Agricultural Congress, Manila, September 12.

STILL IN PROSPECT

As the *Journal* went to press, Governor Stimson's proposed remedial legislation to attract capital from America to the islands and to broaden opportunity for local capital was still in prospect. Those in favor of amendments to the corporation law had, however, captured front-page editorial position in the *Tribune*, and the *Herald* and *Tribune* both ran symposiums of leading opinion for and against. In short, a vigorous propaganda was in progress, which seemed very encouraging. At the same time, the revisionists and potential revisionists were somewhat dangerously divided in council, and the anti-revisionists were holding closely together.

Major General Frank McIntyre had arrived in Manila, to be a guest at Malacañang until after the adjournment of the legislature. His daughter, a popular Washington debutante, is with him. Of course his visit has great significance; as chief of the bureau of insular affairs and an oldtimer in Philippine matters his weight counts tremendously. This may make the prospects brighter; at any rate, there is justifiable hope until the final fall of the javalis. Mr. Quezon is out in the open, working desperately for revision of the corporation law. He rejects changes in the land law.

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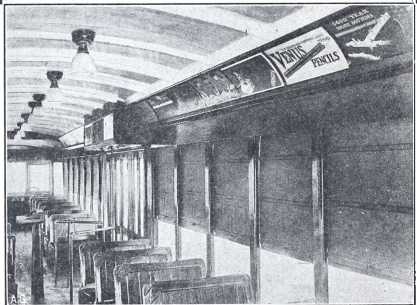
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Let's Go to the Movies!

By MRS. GEORGE READ

Pantomime has never been a favorite means of communication or of self-expression among Anglo-Saxon peoples. Their earliest minstrels not only played—they had voices and lifted them up in song. Perhaps the old Bearer of Tales—tales which he delivered in a crude form, somewhat presaging poetry—inspired more ardent followers than the minstrels themselves.

Sign languages, songs and dances without words, so instinctive with oriental peoples, serve inhabitants of the western hemisphere but artificially.

The Ninth Symphony of Beethoven remains to date his most popular, chiefly because it is arranged to be given with a chorus of nine hundred voices. In cities where it is possible to get all or even some of the voices, the *Choral Symphony*, as it is called, is the inevitable Beethoven feature on Sunday afternoon popular concert programs.

Aren't musical revues, above all musical comedies, far more generally acceptable than Diaghileff's, the Swedish, the American ballet, or even the Morgan or Denishawdan dances? And more popular than the musical comedy is the legitimate melodrama or rapidly moving farce-comedy. The total absence of music, even between the acts, is not deplored.

A movie star who can appear before the footlights and actually *speak* to his or her audience, gives them the thrill of thrills, even though it is necessary to read the "dear public, this is the greatest privilege of my life," speech from a carefully printed page, and then be prompted now and again from the wings.

All this leads up to the remark that it was merely a question of time before a western movie-mad world would demand that the speechless drama be given a voice—or voices. It has demanded, and the screen has forthwith commenced to utter sounds. Not altogether pleasing, true enough, but at any rate the dreadful silence is now shattered—shattered by *The Lion and the Mouse!*

We mean by that that *The Lion and the Mouse* may be said to be the first successful talking movie. It opened at the Warner in New York early in the summer. Lionel Barrymore and Alec B. Francis, both well-versed in the art of voice projection, were excellent on the Vitaphone—Barrymore speaking often almost in a whisper, yet perfectly clearly. May McAvoy and William Collier, Jr., shouted and shrieked. However, the stimulation of hearing the silently moving figures on the screen speaking their minds made the episodes in which the Vitaphone did not function seem by contrast flat and unnatural. The difficulty now with most scenarios is that the dialogue is very poor and would best be left unspoken until some able penman can draft the screen drama with a view to Vitaphone synchronization. And the difficulty with screen actors is that, granted they have first rate voices, they have had little or no experience in the proper use of them, unless they have been well grounded in speech technique on the legitimate stage.

George Arliss is to appear soon in two Vitaphone *talkies*. John Barrymore is interested—

though it may be worse than difficult to synchronize his acting with his speech, due to that familiar penchant for leisurely close-ups.

It is rumored round the movie lots that Mr. Barrymore will be screened in *Hamlet* and Mr. Arliss in *The Merchant of Venice*, a most excellent way to preserve for posterity something of the art of these two actors for comparison with the dramatic art of the future. Also the dialogue will be left entirely to Shakespeare, so in these cases the Vitaphone may be employed with impunity.

Meanwhile, in Manila, we watch the current features and wait patiently for the 'innovation to descend upon us, too.

The Siren of the Tropics, Cine Palace, offers a weird movie locale of south sea flora, fauna, and pithcanthropus erectiana, as well as a brief biography of that successful vender



"Sweet Alice" Terry

of the Charleston, Josephine Baker, during her career in Paris. Of course the story does not follow, incident for incident, the bright yellow Baker's storming of the boulevards, but a good deal of the sequence of events is authentic.

Josephine Baker hails from Harlem. One might say from the Harlem of Corvarrubias, the Mexican caricaturist. She was the only person worth seeing in *La Revue Negre* which ran simultaneously with Anna Pavlova at the Champs-Élysées Music Hall for such a long season. The woman has power, physical power, to burn. She suggests a locomotive engine successfully making a steep grade, when she moves out before the footlights slowly, yet under full steam—the long neatly moulded body propelled by a muscular synchronization marvelous to see: arms and shoulders are as active as feet and legs, and when she gets thoroughly wound up

in the comic angles of the Charleston she is as wonderful as a piece of complicated super-machinery in operation. Smooth, is the word for her jazzing. Every muscle is in motion, a motion that suggests gradually an accumulation of speed that finally is breath-taking. It is apparently the most effortless process you can imagine.

No wonder Paris fell for Josephine, and forthwith packed the cabaret which was opened overnight as a special setting for her dancing. *La Revue Negre* reverted back to its original Negro Revue and Harlem, minus its one gleam of inspiration. But, subsequently, Paris was flooded with negro entertainers of every sort, kind and degree, flattered beforehand by the reception Josephine had gotten, and frightfully disillusioned at length because impresarios de luxe failed to open up elaborate cabarets for each and every one of them, and because Drian would not sketch them in idealized costume de rigueur making a triumphal entry into Ciro's or the Café de Paris.

The Siren of the Tropics gives Josephine Baker opportunity to display her well-oided agility as a dancer against a sketchy background of a Paris that is not synthetic. The plot is absurd beyond words. It is packed with hopeless sentimentality. Now, Josephine is not preeminently endowed for the interpretation of drama—even more or less of it. In spite of the fact that the wit of her Jewish blood enables her to appreciate and make capital of the limberness and humor of her negroid inheritance, she remains first and foremost a comedy dancer and it is a pity that the movies are so greedy that they must drag so many entertainers out of their proper milieu. She ought to be kept *shuffling* along until retirement, behind a proscenium arch or in cabaret precincts. But doubtless before long Hollywood will be trying her out as a Katherine for some unlatin Petruccio to tame.

The Garden of Allah, Cine Ideal. Rex Ingram kept an extensive studio going for several years just outside Nice, which he used as a sort of means of egress with his actors into Provence, the high Alps, Corsica, North Africa and elsewhere to make pictures with convincing background. During this time *The Garden of Allah* was filmed at Beni Mora, and on the edges of the Sahara beyond Cairo.

Alice Terry, Ivan Petrovich, and an admirably selected group of actors have given a joint interpretation of Robert Hichens' quixotic tale that is memorable. The plot follows the book accurately, unusual for a film play. The ending is not rebashed for popular consumption with a living happily ever after motif. Father Adrian goes back to his monastery and, we trust, his God; Delani purchases the charming house and garden of her friend Count Anteo, situated at the edge of the desert. There Father Adrian's son plays with his pet barbet and begins to dream of fulfilling the sort of life his Trappist father had deserted his faith to discover. There Delani, the child's mother, grows romantically to maturity—the exquisite desert panorama always before her eyes and the mysterious song of the Bedouin flute-player forever in her ears—"only God and I know what is in my heart."

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to say the least, we offer the idea that perhaps by returning to his former life of faith and renouncing romance at its very apex, he salvaged his best illusions. A few more years and the love phenomenon would have lost its finest perfection; a few more months even, philosophically speaking, and the long series of hideous compromises with reality would have begun. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Paris at Midnight, Cine Empire. Balzac's classic *Père Goriot*, woefully entangled with Hollywood conceptions of current Parisian Bals Masqués. The characterization of *Père Goriot* is palatable enough, as is Barrymore's of *Vautrin*, the criminal. The accompanying background of French pension life of the meagerest type, during the days when the Faubourg St. Germain was the kernel of the haut-monde, was artificial and insincere. The roles of the avuncular daughters of humble golden-headed *Père Goriot* are played with more posings and affectations than ever Molière allowed to his *précieuses ridicules*. The piece is worth seeing purely for the purpose of becoming more or less familiar with one of France's greatest fiction portraits, and one of literature's most difficult and tedious contributions to a reading world.

Rain, Cine Lyric. An appropriate film for this persistent season. The play, which had a five-year run in New York, with Jeanne Eagels as Sadie Thompson, was far more finished and concrete than the movie, with Gloria Swanson playing the role of Sadie. From the first entrance of Sadie in the stage play, Miss Eagels made the world realize that Sadie's swagger was to hide Sadie's misery. In the screen version, Miss Swanson swaggers because Sadie is tough and hard-boiled, and so callous the world is certain she has never suffered much and doesn't know how. There is no convincing mounting up of emotional incidents and flashes of what is going on inside Sadie Thompson to lead to the strange temporary metamorphosis of character when Mr. Hamilton, the missionary, goes through the motions of converting the hard little customer. Be it said, in passing, that this process of regeneration is much too prolonged on the screen. A play is not a life, and the art of suggestion is wittier than the grinding out of detailed action and reaction between the rise and fall of the curtain at the beginning and end. Lionel Barrymore as Mr. Hamilton is excellently repellent and fanatical, horribly pitiful and hateful. His mad insistence upon sin and due retribution for it, and his tortured dreams and fancies as a result of a ruthless suppression of all joyous impulses, Barrymore reveals most impressively. Miss Swanson's acting is much more satisfactory—spontaneous, sincere, moving—as the frightened, half-hypnotized creature grasping at anything that bears the shadow of a resemblance to a protective interest in her well-being. Of course the interest is a perverted one, as poor Sadie discovers—to her renewed disillusionment. The theme is a psychological one, honest and gripping enough to cleave through the claptrap of movieism, and hold the interest through to the utterly disenchanting end. *Rain* is another film play that has adhered faithfully to the original climax and dénouement of the play from which it is taken.

Averell Harriman, head of the American corporation holding the manganese concession in Tchitira in the Georgian republic, accompanied by Richard M. Robinson and William S. Hamilton, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, have arrived in Moscow to confer with soviet officials and inspect their plant after one and one-half year's operation.

Prior to the conference Harriman declined to indicate the subjects slated for discussion or whether the status of the undertaking was satisfactory or unsatisfactory. Since the concession was granted on conditions being changed in many respects, including the new soviet selling arrangement with German interests for the output of other manganese deposits. Labor conditions have changed also.

At the same time American interests represented by Harriman are not averse to considering any new concession proposals the soviet authorities may put forward.

The Household Searchlight: Chinese Dishes

By LUCILE KELLY

Cookery in all parts of the world interests me immensely, and I found in China cookery in varied forms—from the most delightful, down the scale to the very worst. And I never in my life saw so many fried cakes. I have always believed that rice was the staple article of diet, but I have changed my mind. Cakes—big, little, brown, yellow, white, and yes—even black—in baskets, in barrels, arranged on papers on the streets. Every place there were cakes.

In the picture you see a man with a small frying pan frying his cakes and a few spread out on the up-turned barrel. These sell for one copper apiece and make up the meal of many a small urchin.

The other photograph is a traveling kitchen. Painted in red with blue and green decorations

it is noticeable even in the extremely crowded streets of China. But you could not possibly miss it; for the vendor carries with him a loud bell which he rings as he goes. And when a customer comes along he dispenses with a cheerful smile—rice, cakes, noodles and fish and boiled vegetables.

But this is only one side of the cooking. I ventured into the kitchens of some of the big hotels, and I found the chefs most pleasant and willing to help me. Strange to say, with all of the fine cooks among the Chinese, the hotel chefs were mainly French.

In Shanghai I learned to make a delicious Chinese noodle. The recipe:

Soak strips of pork or beef in soy sauce for 15 minutes, then add lawloo or bean shoots

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Cabbage and bean sprouts are boiled until tender; soy sauce added to taste and gravy thickened with flour.

I hope some of you will try these. Perhaps you will enjoy them as much as I did. And next month I will send you some Japanese recipes.



RAYON AND SILK

Paralleling the improvement in cotton goods has been activity in rayon and to a lesser extent in silk. Last year the rayon industry showed all the indications of over-expansion and prices had to be cut several times, the last cut, made as late as December, bringing them to the lowest point on record. With the general revival of the textile industry this year, rayon has taken a new lease of life and manufacturers are sold several months ahead and having difficulty in satisfying the demand. Prices have advanced once since the first of the year and are holding strong at the higher levels thus established.

and enough water to cover. Add noodles and boil until tender.

At a native inn, just outside of Peking, in the Western Hills, I found this typical Chinese dish:

Ciado

- 4 pieces of fried fish and same amount of chicken.
- 5 ripe tomatoes
- Soy sauce.
- 2 tablespoons of fat.
- 1 onion.

Heat the fat and add chopped tomatoes and onion, then the sauce. Add a very little water to make a liquid sauce and pour over fish and chicken.

The Chinese method of cooking rice:

Wash the rice thoroughly, then put it in a heavy kettle, adding $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of cold water to each cup of rice. Cover tightly and allow to cook until tender, about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour over medium heat. Do not disturb while cooking and on no account stir it. This is the secret of dry, well-cooked rice.

In the inn which has been established in the more or less deserted Summer Palace of the late Empress Dowager, I ate meat balls and chicken, a la chinese.

Meat Balls:

Chopped steak and onions, formed in balls and dipped in soy sauce. Then fry in a little lard, adding bamboo shoots and soy sauce to taste.

Chinese chicken:

Cut a young chicken into small pieces and soak in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of soy sauce; add pepper to taste and 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fry in lard until brown, then add just enough water to cover chicken, chestnuts, and bean sprouts. Cook until all is tender.

Way up in Mongolia I found this recipe and watched an old lady prepare it in an iron pan and broil over a deep iron pot of glowing charcoal.

Goorda:

Cut lambs kidneys the broad way and lay in a mixture of oil, vinegar, sliced onions, chopped greens and pepper. After soaking for an hour, broil slowly, basting with fat. Serve with any cooked greens.

Fish is well liked and particularly popular and cheap around Chefoo. This is their method of cooking:

Clean, salt and pepper fish and soak in soy sauce for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Then fry in fat until brown. Add soy sauce left from soaking the fish, and 2 cups of water, cover and boil 15 minutes.

Peas and Shrimps are also a popular dish. The shrimps are cleaned and cooked with peas in water, soy sauce added and often flour to thicken the gravy.

Cabbage, celery and bean sprouts are used as vegetables. Celery is often cooked in this manner:

Cut celery in small pieces, and fry in hot fat. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soy sauce and then cook for 5 minutes.

One of the interesting developments in connection with rayon, and one which reflects the promising condition of the industry in this country, was the recent incorporation of the American Glanzstoff Company as American subsidiary of the Vereinigte Glanzstoff Fabriken, one of the largest rayon producers of Germany. This company, it has been announced, proposes to erect a large plant, representing an ultimate investment of possibly \$50,000,000, near Johnson City, Tenn. The American Bemberg Corporation, an affiliated organization, already has a plant in that locality and is reported to be commencing the second of five units originally planned, each costing in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000.

The silk industry continues to labor under the handicap of slow retail demand due to the bad weather, and the season has thus far been somewhat disappointing. Consumption of raw silk in May dropped 2,367 bales as compared with April, to 45,486 bales, the smallest for any month this year excepting the short month of February, but was still considerably higher than in May a year ago.

—National City Bank Current Report.

SOVIET BUSINESS BUREAU

George Piatakov, one of the six minority leaders in the recent squabble in the communist party, has been chosen general director of the "Amtorg" (soviet state trading corporation) with headquarters in New York and supervision over the corporation's activities in North and South America. He will start for his post as soon as Washington approves his passport.

Piatakov is considered one of the ablest business men within the party. He comes of an old Ukrainian family which owned great sugar refineries near Kiev before the revolution.

When the bolshevik government was established Piatakov was placed in charge of the Dombak mine, and subsequently became vice chairman of the supreme economic council.

Piatakov's experience is expected greatly to facilitate trade relations between the United States and Russia. He is the third member of the Trotsky-Zinoviev minority to be exiled to a position abroad. Leon Kameney has been sent as ambassador to Rome, Gen. Mikhail Lashevitch, assistant commissar of war, has been sent to Harbin as general manager of the Chinese Eastern railroad, and Gregoire Sokolov, former commissar of finance, is proposed as ambassador to Great Britain.—Junius B. Wood in "Chicago Daily News."

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TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

And this above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man.—Thus Polonius, thus Shakespeare, in another age than ours: an age in which, indeed, being true to other men—faithful to one's fellow yeoman or one's fellow knights or swashbucklers, and loyal to one's liege—stood far above even that true patriotism which is loyalty to one's country: an age of the Wars of the Roses, of violent contentions between Frankish princes—of a bloody Italy, a restless Rome, begotten, to go back to the origin of the piece, of a tumultuous Mediterranean, made so by the precept still often quoted today, and far too mouthingly.

One of the most remarkable attributes of man is his propensity to imitate, to repeat: do what the other fellow does, say what the other fellow has said or is saying. Hence we have slogans, and eloquence in memory gems; and thick anthologies bring down to every succeeding age the best of what was current in the past. But it does not always fit, since, while human nature remains unchanged, inventions make progress possible; there is, very truly, a social advance: it may sometime turn into a retreat, but it is very real just now. Mankind in general is making conquests daily in its own behalf, the play between those who dare and those who hold fast to traditions goes in favor of the daring. In this age, contrasted with that in which Shakespeare wrote and the ages of which he wrote, the individual does count for something; he is proud to repeat the poet's lines, *I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul*, because the facilities at his command and his lawful place in society, now democratized, enable him so often to make the boast good.

If a man will, he may be the master of his fate in a very real sense. What a thought, what a heresy, this would have been in the days of Calvin and St. Thomas! Yea, in the days of all who sojourned on this earth before the monkish scribblers transcribed for the west the wisdom of the east, before someone picked up movable type in China and took them back to the west, and learned in India the art of paper making. When knowledge was made common, the people learned: nations were born, yeoman and crustle became enfranchised citizens. The evolution of the British House of Commons illuminates the point. In the beginning, the Commons had to

stand, the king addressed them as inferiors, prorogued them at will. And now the last veto of the Lords has been relinquished, and nobility itself is proud to be on the benches of the Commons. The king says what a Commoner tells him to say, and lives upon the bounty voted him.

So the old familiar lines of Shakespeare, eloquent as they are, are out of date. But they may be brought into consonance with the times by the alteration of a single word:

Above all else, be just to thyself. This just in lieu of *true* does the trick nicely. For

of debt, does not live within his income, does not provide for rainy days while the sun is shining. He makes himself a debtor, a softer term for slave; he breeds as debtors breed, fawns as they proverbially fawn, and rears other generations like him because he does not safeguard their future. He is just neither to himself nor his family; and he is unjust therefore to the state, to the society which has vouchsafed him the liberties of a man. Out of him and his ilk, monarchies may readily be erected on the very foundation stones of democracy. It can never

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this is the age in which every man is expected first of all to be just to himself, master his fate, captain his soul. So long as men in general will do this, democracy is safe. When they cease generally doing it, you may have all the forms of democracy you can think of, but you will not have democracy: you will have monarchy or aristocracy without the unpopular name.

He who is not just to himself does not keep out

be otherwise. The man who fails of a just confidence in himself, falls short of an adequate self-reliance, abdicates citizenship and is ready to enthronize and enable his creditors.

Be just to yourself above all else; so doing, you will render justice to others.

Democracy is always striving to perpetuate itself, aristocracy is always trying to hatter it and destroy it. One of the best defensive weapons democracy has invented is life insurance; another is property insurance, but the first affects more men than the latter. The best piece of property any of us have is our life. But though we recognize this and value it most, we often leave it inadequately protected by insurance. This is being unjust to one's self and one's family; it is sometimes also being unjust to one's employer, and it is always an injustice to the state and to society.

Take the case presented to many young Filipinos, those who are now earning good salaries in industrial and mercantile life. They are married, their children are growing up; school, clothing, everything must be provided at the present, and the future looms ahead. If any one of these talented young men is not now adequately insured, he should see to it before the sun goes down. Suppose he carry a policy for only ₱5,000, what does it mean? Well, it means that during twenty years—the assumption is that the policy is a 20-payment life one—he has this sum provided for his family in case of his death. And it means that at the end of twenty years he himself will have at least this much with which to buy a home. Will twenty-five hectares of rice land maintain a middle-class family? It certainly will, and ₱5,000 will buy it. Will fifteen hectares of sugar cane land maintain a middle-class family? It will, and ₱5,000 will buy it. The same sum will also buy 1,000 bearing coconut trees, which again

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So it is that men may be just to themselves. Spending less than they earn, not always, but on the average, and, through the means of insurance, making themselves more fit as earners by obviating the anxieties that attach inevitably to a future against which insufficient provision is made.

This matter of life insurance, when it comes to be written about by the historian and the economist, will be found to be the particular bulwark of free societies. On the one hand, it makes one feel independent because he is really so; he has an estate in his insurance. On the other hand, it stimulates a rational conservatism. In a word, it protects democracy from its inherent weaknesses and prevents its falling victim to political quackery. In this respect, insurance is most valuable to the state.

Life insurance stamps a stalwart middle class; it is this class precisely upon which political stability relies.

It is to be supposed, of course, that life insurance is furthest ahead in England and Scotland; and it is something more than a coincidence, very possibly, that these are countries noted for wealth in savings and for an outspoken middle class. Possibly the United States comes next (though it may be first, the proper measure being the number of insured heads of families in relation to average earning power and cost of living, it would seem), and yet the United States themselves have far to go in insurance. It is surprising that even there the average life policy is but P5,200. How high is it in the Philippines? Is your unit above or below the average? Are you following or leading? How secure have you made your own and your family's future? How just have you been to yourself? Above all else, be just to yourself.

But Clinton had the "What good can come out of Nazareth?" idea. To him, authorship was not a simple matter of taking a pen in hand. "But, gee!" he protested. "There ain't nothing to write about here. If I was in the States I could think of something."
Miriam was a good captain.
"Get Teacher to tell you about when she was in India," she counseled.

Teacher had spent some years in India, and,
(Please turn to page 25)

ESCOLTA CROSS TOWN TRAFFIC

On Wednesday, March 23, 1927, the traffic police counted the vehicles entering the Escolta and made a check of those stopping on the Escolta and those merely using it as an east-west thoroughfare. It was a midweek day, when traffic was comparatively light, or about half that the police estimate for Saturdays and the first days of the month. Yet it was found that 5653 automobiles entered the Escolta, 1386 of which stopped on that street, and that 3135 carromatas entered the Escolta, 802 of them making stops. That is, of all automobiles using the principal retail street of Manila, about one in four makes a stop there, and of all the carromatas using it, about one in four makes a stop there. Captain Piatt, commanding the traffic police, thinks the cross-town use of the Escolta might be very much reduced by placing calle Ongpin in first class condition. The same applies to calle Dasmariñas, which might be utilized to take care of all the nonmotor vehicles, both those carrying passengers to the Escolta and those moving east-west and west-east across town. If you are a merchant who may be affected by any such changes, the *Journal* would be glad to have your views.

Animated English

By ANNE MILTIMORE FENDLETON

They were normal, healthy, active American children in a foreign land, and they were three, a number scarcely large enough to be compatible with keen competition. They were Kingsley, thirteen, in the eighth grade, Miriam, eleven, and Clinton, ten, in the sixth grade.

The mothers, because of smaller children and household cares, felt unable to do justice to the work required of a daily school system, and induced a willing neighbor lady to act as teacher. Classes were held in her house with the dining-room table in service as a community desk. In order that the children might easily slip into their proper places in the grades when they should go back to the States, it was thought necessary to follow a certain set schedule, using American textbooks and graded curricula.

Now it so happened that all three children thought they just hated English. Lessons in geography, history, spelling, even arithmetic, went with a snap and perceptible enjoyment. But how the English lagged! And the English textbook, while it might be all right for American children in the States, was certainly not appropriate for American children in the Philippines. At least, that was what the children thought when they looked at the list of topics for composition.

"How can I describe a wheat field when I never saw one?" asked Miriam.

Those first English compositions were terrible. English, to the children, meant nothing but

grammar and rules, and grammar and rules they hated, especially Kingsley.

All three of the children were omnivorous readers, but not one of them connected reading with English. However, it was through their reading that they, themselves, conceived a plan for animating their English. The two sixth graders had been reading, with childish contempt, a certain little magazine of a certain big magazine. They thought they could do better than that.

"Let's make our own magazine," suggested Miriam. "Let's begin now. I'll write a poem, and you write a story."

THE MANILA HOTEL

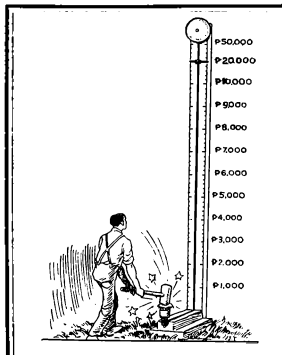
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The Month in Sports

By H. F. WILKINS

Outstandingly notable in fall season sports of the Philippines is the advent of a game new in the Orient. American football has crashed the Asiatic gate on a basis that makes it look like a permanent addition to the field of athletic entertainment.

You never can tell for certain about the permanency of such innovations. The grand old game of the pigskin and gridiron may *fa' down* badly with the climatic and environmental test with the Philippines all put upon it. But it has caught the imagination of both American and Filipino sports fans to the extent of jamming Wallace field with three or four thousand persons on three outstanding occasions, and it has led to the formation of at least four teams, now developing under capable coaching into formidable football machines.

At least some measure of credit will always attend the Philippines for being the first oriental country to foster if not to adopt the game of American football.

The game started in Manila the first of August, with the formation of a team composed of young men in business in Manila calling themselves the All-Americans. With commendable initiative and perseverance they dug up enough equipment to fit out eleven men in football togs, and began consistent and persevering practice every afternoon. Fortunately they had enough really capable football material to furnish a flip and a thrill to those who saw their first game against a makeshift team from the 31st Infantry, which the All-Americans won, 12 to 0.

That was August 6.

On the following day, the University of the Philippines announced the formation of a football team under the leadership of R. G. Hawkins, a law student. This team is scheduled to play soon, after a month and a half of practice, during which Johnny Tadoran, one of Manila's foremost athletes, got his collar bone broken. That was the first casualty of the season. The University team is not under the college banner, but authorities are seriously considering making American football part of their athletic program next year.

On August 20, the All-Americans had their second game with the 31st Infantry. They won again, this time 7 to 0, and Bill Young, captain of the team, stood out as the conspicuous star. Others in the lineup, which was fairly well standardized by this time, included Steves, Ray, Dolan, Richard, Killman, Cochrane, Barbier, Ellis, Tremblay, Johnson, Lash, McCarthy, Kneeder, Clausen and some substitutes. If the game flourishes, their names will become historic.

A flying squadron of experienced football men from the Camp Nichols Air Corps came on the scene and administered to the All-Americans their first defeat, September 3. There was a crowd of nearly 4,000 out to see this game. The All-Americans put up a good fight against a heavier and faster line and back-field, but lost, 6-0. It was a bitter pill. They met Camp Nichols again September 30 and tied them in a scoreless game on a field of mud, so that took some of the sting out of that first defeat.

Another team calling themselves the Internationals has thrown in the gantlet. If heavy football togs and the strenuous nature of the game combined with inevitable injuries to inexperienced players, and a climate that makes heavy clothing unbearable, don't clog the game, American football has a fair start toward becoming one of the orient's best drawing cards in athletics.

Soccer.—It took Filipinos and others, even qualified sports observers, a long time to discover that American football is not by any means the same game as soccer football, which has been for years the football of the orient. Sports editors persisted for a couple of months in calling the All-Americans soccer players, which disgusted them. Not until the advent of the famed Loh Hwa soccer team, champions of China and Australia, did it become clear that

soccer football and American football are in classes by themselves.

The Loh Hwa team came, saw, and virtually conquered in Manila. They won five games, tied one and lost one. Had it not been for an unfortunate and sensational circumstance in their last appearance on Wallace field, the invasion would have been entirely successful—from the Chinese point of view. As it was, they departed with every assurance to their Filipino hosts that they held no hard feelings and that they were going back to their homeland with nothing but praise for the land to the east of the China sea.

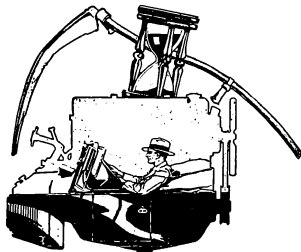
Their manner of winning those five games was never more apparent than in their first appearance, September 9. They were playing the so-called All-Manila team, a composite of what were supposed to be the best soccer players in

Manila. The Chinese won a moderately fast game solely because of superior teamwork. They knew how to play together, and the All-Manilans didn't; they took the game, 3 to 1.

They next played San Beda and met a bunch of players that held them to a scoreless tie. This was something of a surprise, for San Beda was regarded as inferior to the All-Manila aggregation. The Chinese won their next two games, against Santo Tomas and a composite team from the National Collegiate Athletic Association, both of them by a 3 to 2 score. Then they met their Waterloo in a clash with the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation team. The P.A.A.F. won, 3 and 2. There was a pardonable objection on the part of the Chinese team to the authenticity of the winning score. They claimed it was not a scoring shot, and the matter was put up to the committee in charge of promotions and never properly settled. The game stands on the books as a loss to the Chinese.

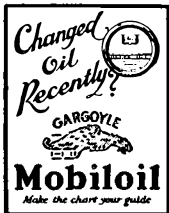
In the Loh Hwa team's fifth game in Manila, their second meeting with San Beda, which team

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had previously held them to a scoreless tie, occurred the incident that put a blot on sportsmanship and will linger unpleasantly for some time to come. Some call it an echo of the riot that occurred in Shanghai at the time of the Far Eastern Olympic games last year, when some Chinese mobbed a Filipino team that beat them.

In any case, the last quarter of the game ended in a thoroughly unpleasant riot that taxed the ingenuity and craft of the police. The Chinese

the flyweight title from the heretofore invincible Little Moro. The conqueror is Pablo Daño, at present writing seeking the bantam crown held by the same Little Moro, long armed and cagey.

E. G. Redline, genial and well-known sportsman of long standing in Manila, is secretary of the reorganized Olympic, and upon him devolved the duties of matchmaker and manager when Eddie Tait went to America to see the Democratic bout at Houston.

Kid Johnson, featherweight champion of the orient, continues to be the stadium's best drawing card. His title has been at stake several times recently, once in the last month against Joe Hall, highly touted Negro fighter from Buffalo, who outboxed Johnson but lost the decision anyway, and more recently against Young Alke, who went to Australia and annexed the featherweight crown of that island continent. Alke took a terrific beating from the champion. Joe Hall went to Shanghai.

Filipino fighters have been doing well in the

States. Young Nacionalista is making almost as much money as Pete Sarmiento used to. Pete, by the way, is about through. He went back to the States after failing distally here, and lost his first fight hopelessly. Nacionalista nearly kayoed Fidel La Barba, the college fighter recently, but lost the decision. Speedy Dado is doing well, so is Syd Torres.

Olympic Games.—No résumé of recent sports news would be complete without mention of Filipino participation in the Ninth Olympic Games at Amsterdam, Holland. Four returning athletes with Dr. Regino Ylanan of the P.A.A.F. coach and mentor, got the reception of a lifetime when they returned September 19 on the German ship *Derfflinger*. They were winned and dined and feted and congratulated by congressmen, tradesmen, sportsmen and representatives of the governor general. Dr. Ylanan told Manila at a banquet that "they did their best," and Manila took the four athletes to its bosom.

The four thus honored were Simcon Toribio,



Major General Douglas MacArthur, U.S.A., Commanding the Department of the Philippines. Patron of Sports for Sports' Sake: Recently in Charge of the Americans at the World Olympic Games. His statement: "Though the Filipino athletes were but four at the Olympic games, they were one of the sensations of the meet. Toribio is perhaps the best natural jumper I ever saw. Trained by an expert coach, such as we have in America Toribio would, in my opinion, be a world's champion. Idefonso took second in swimming. He has excellent form and was at his best; he won a great triumph. Filipinos are an athletic people, natural athletes, bound to be reckoned with as competent contenders in future Olympic meets and world sports generally. I have always taken pleasure in their progress in sports and shall continue doing so. The outstanding fact in this year's Olympics was the broadening of interest in sports and the consequent narrowing of the gap between America and other countries. America won the meet, but did not do so with the same ease as in the past. Next time the competition will probably be even keener. The points and events taken by countries hardly heard of heretofore in organized athletics indicate how the spirit of sportsmanship is spreading. This is just what every-one wants—it is the end sought."

goal keeper was knocked sprawling by a San Beda man, and rabid fans on the sidelines joined the fray. It is deplored that some of these latter resorted to certain tools of unorganized warfare known as pocket knives, which were wielded with telling effect in certain quarters. The Chinese team, with the assistance of two police and a gang of roughnecks said to have been hired for the purpose of preventing wholesale slaughter in case of emergency, escaped with little or no injury, but the pride of Filipino sportsmen who do not countenance such performances was sorely hurt.

The business, muddy as it is, offers an interesting commentary on the oriental attitude towards all forms of contest. One of the Filipino soccer players, a rather wise observer of his own race, explained that "they can't get over the idea that defeat means insult, and that it can only be wiped out in blood." Too bad, but the Filipinos are not the only oriental race that hold the same attitude, and they will probably be the first to get over it.

Boxing.—The manly art of self-defense continues in the limelight of sportsdom in the Philippines, as it probably always will. Outstanding among events of significance in recent months is the changing of the financial control and management of the Olympic stadium, and the advent of a Filipino fighter from a sojourn in the States that taught him enough to wrest

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who took place in the preliminaries and finals of the high jump. Theophile Hietala, who won points for the Philippines in swimming; Anselmo Gonzaga, sprinter, and Tuboran Tamsi, swimmer. The captain of the American Olympic track team said of Toribio after he got home that the Filipino should have won first place in the high jump; he never saw such a marvelous natural spring in his life; but Toribio hadn't the form.

Basketball.—Manila and the Philippines in general have seen an active season in the well known cage game. The Ateneo won the N.C.A.A. championship among schools of Manila. This is the big prize in scholastic basketball. They did it by beating Letran college in their final game, 32 to 14. It was the first time in five years that Ateneo had taken the cup.

The best brand of basketball is seen in the Army leagues. Most of these have not finished playing. Interservice games have drawn packed houses all season. The American Association Basketball League is the big league among the service men. There is a stiff jolt for supremacy.

Bowling.—Basketball has attracted no more attention than has bowling, both in the schools and in service competition. The Philippine Bowling Association, the big league of pindoo, got into action October 2 with eight teams competing for supremacy. Rivalry is keener this year than ever before.

Baseball.—The coming season in the king

of sports looks promising indeed. Two teams, one from Cavite navy yard, and one from Meralco, are pledged to enter the Philippine Baseball League this year, and Judge Frank B. Ingersoll, the *Judge Landis* of the Philippines, has been working on organization of service



Captain "BIM" Young

teams until the optimistic tone of his predictions begins to build up a solid background. There will be something doing, and baseball in the islands is due for the jolt that it needed last year to bring it to life.

The King's Horn: A Moral Legend of Sulu

By FRANK LEWIS MINTON

It is easier to close the mouths of rivers than the mouths of men. This is a Sulu proverb.

Once upon a time, according to the aged story tellers of Sulu, there lived a great and powerful king, an emperor of many lands, who collected tribute from all the islands of the east. Because of his tremendous power and wealth, everyone thought that this monarch must be a very happy man, and perhaps he would have been—for he was a wise ruler—but for the fact that he was afflicted with an unsightly and rather ludicrous blemish. He had a small horn growing near the top of his head.

Of course the people did not know of the king's horn, as it was ordinarily covered by his own turban, and he was most careful to keep it hidden from his wives and the household servants. But the fear that it would eventually be discovered, and would make him ridiculous in the eyes of his subjects, preyed upon the monarch's mind until it became an obsession which threatened to unsettle his reason.

It was the king's habit to have the court barber cut his hair at regular intervals, as he was most fastidious in matters of personal appearance, but after the appearance of the horn, he allowed his hair to grow to such a length that it became quite noticeable, and finally caused sarcastic comment among his wives. So the king, being a man of great wisdom and resourcefulness, decided upon a novel and obviously feasible plan to guard his secret: *He would kill the barber immediately after having his hair cut, so there would be none to betray him.*

The king was a man of action. The morning after he had hit upon his ingenious plan, he appeared with a stylish haircut. His wives fawned upon him, and the public smiled approvingly. That same afternoon it was announced that the court barber had mysteriously disappeared. A searching party was organized, but no trace of the missing barber could be found, and it was finally decided that he had been spirited away by a jinn, fallen a victim to black magic, or possibly had been seized by a crocodile.

Four weeks later the acting court barber disappeared under circumstances similar to those surrounding the mysterious evanescence of his predecessor. And thereafter, with appalling regularity, the court barbers of Mantapul^{*} disappeared one after another within a few days after the advent of each new

moon. The terrifying mystery of the disappearing barbers caused much consternation among the people, and actual panic to the towsorial craftsmen of the capital. No trace was ever found of the missing men. True, a turban which may have belonged to one of the barbers was found in the river, and some maintained thereafter that the crocodiles had eaten the barbers. But why should the crocodile attack but once each moon, always at the same time? And why should he invariably choose the court barber?

Sage, soothsayer, priest and medicine man vied with each other in theorizing over the fate of the unfortunates. The consensus was that it was all the work of wicked jinns. No one dreamed that the king had killed his barbers. Why should he try to keep the deed a secret? He was an absolute monarch. It was his right, even his duty, to kill such of his subjects as displeased him. But no amount of moralizing could alter the dreadful fact. Barbers began surreptitious migration to parts unknown. Barbers complained of the lack of apprentices to their honorable craft. Barbers looked fearfully at each other, wondering who would be the next to receive the dread command to attend the king.

Finally, when only a scant half-dozen barbers were left in Mantapul, the choice of the king fell upon one Uzman, an old man who was accounted very wise. Uzman received the summons smilingly, and with a reassuring word to his lamenting friends and family, arrayed himself in his finest robes. "I am an old man," he said, "and I doubt if either jinn or crocodile would have much use for this tough old beard."

Now he it said to the king's credit, that he had long cudgeled his brain in an effort to devise some scheme whereby he could avoid the monthly murders of his barbers. He was not particularly cruel at heart, and the disposition of the remains entailed a lot of hard, uncongenial work which could not be trusted to any of his servants. Moreover, he had taken an instant liking to old Uzman, who was deft in his ministrations, a model of decorum, and seemed to have an infinite capacity for silence. So when the monarch's hair had been cut to his satisfaction, he was loth to strike the blow that would send another court

barber to the ugly, wallowing crocodiles at the river bank. And the old man had not once mentioned the king's deformity, apparently had not even noticed it.

"If he had been the ordinary garrulous type," mused the king, "it wouldn't have been so bad. There is really some pleasure in killing a barber who talks too much." So he bade Uzman to sit beside him, and began talking to the old man of current topics, ultimately referring to the disappearance of the court barbers, and commenting upon some of the ridiculous theories advanced by the wise men of the kingdom. Then he changed the subject to human weaknesses, notably the prevailing tendency to talk too much and man's inability to keep a secret.

"It is a habit which often proves fatal," he concluded.

Then Uzman arose and addressed his king. "Your Majesty," he said earnestly, "I understand your meaning, and appreciate the situation in which you are placed. I know, moreover, what becomes of the court barbers. I am an old man, somewhat learned, and although my insignificant life is not worth the snap of your Majesty's fingers, yet would I beg you to spare it for the little time I have left to live; for with age has come wisdom and discretion. Your secret is safe with me; and since the gods command that even the king shall not kill except in cases of necessity, or to glorify him, my death would only cause Your Majesty unnecessary annoyance and, possibly, a measure of sorrow."

The king looked long and searchingly at the barber. "Are you sure," he demanded sternly, "that you can keep my secret?"

"I am sure, O Mighty Emperor," replied the barber. "I swear it by the honor of my wives and the heads of my beloved sons."

"Your life shall be spared," decided the king, with a sigh of relief, "and you shall be my court barber to the end of your days."

For several months Uzman lived quite happily in the midst of the luxury with which the king showered him for his faithful service. The old barber's food was of the choicest from the king's own table, he was arrayed in silks, the number of his wives had been doubled and he was the favorite companion of the monarch. His former friends who had lamented him at parting, now forgot their fears and became envious of his good fortune. Priest, soothsayer and medicine man secretly hated and feared him for his apparent immunity to the jinns, and for his patronizing manner. A proud man indeed was the court barber of Mantapul.

But there was one flaw in the beautiful fabric of this new life. He was possessed of the greatest secret in the world, and he dared not tell it! He could not tell his admiring friends how important a personage he really was. He could not brag to his chattering wives that he was, as he believed, wiser than they. He mused, "O what use all this glory if I may not tell it to my sons?" The great secret grew irksome. It fairly gnawed at his vitals. He became nervous, irritable, morose. He avoided company. Fearing for his life, should he let slip some hint of the secret, he drove his wives from his quarters and barred the door so that none might enter unannounced. Often he considered coming into the king's chamber, showing his secret to the world—until swift death should relieve him from his suffering; or going to the monarch and requesting that he be executed lest he violate the royal confidence.

He was not of the stuff of which suicides are made.

At last his mind could stand no more. He became partially demented, but even so his discretion did not quite desert him. One day he broke completely under the strain.

"I will run away," he decided, "so far that no man can find me, and there I will show the king's secret to the very skies—to the very City of the Gods." He slipped out of the palace, hurried through the outer gate of the city, and dashed into the neighboring wood with a speed well nigh incredible in one so old. "I must hurry," he panted, "lest I should my master's secret where all may hear. Hour after hour I pored bitily on through the forest, stumbling over tree trunks, falling, cursing, crawling, throughout the day and far into the night, until at last he fell, exhausted and fainting, at the

**Mantapul*: Name of the fabled ancient capital whence came the *barangays*, the rulers who flew to Sulu, mentioned in folklore narrated by Dr. N. M. Saleeby.

base of a great narra tree. But the agony of his festering secret was greater even than the pain and exhaustion of his body. "I can not wait longer!" he gasped. Struggling to his feet, he faced the great tree and began shouting over and over at the top of his voice:

"The king has a horn! The king has a horn!" Only echo answered him, but the old man—temporarily insane—imagined himself pursued, imagined himself surrounded by the king's bodyguard; but he was determined to keep on shouting until death overtook him.

So great was his emotion that the very atmosphere became charged as with electricity as before a violent storm. The very forest shook, and at last the tension became too great even for inanimate things. There was a blinding flash, a deep booming explosion. The old man was thrown hurtling through the jungle, landing in a limp, exhausted heap in a tangle of high, coarse grass; while the giant narra tree shivered and burst into millions of tiny fragments, as though blasted by some mighty charge of high explosive.

Uzman lay unconscious where he fell. At last insensibility gave place to natural sleep, and when he awoke the morning sun was shining through the tree tops, and a thousand song birds rendered a pean of unearthly sweetness. A feeling of infinite relief stole over the old barber. "Now I can die in peace," he murmured, as he sank again to sleep. But his time had not yet come. A few hours later he awoke, feeling greatly refreshed. He was, he discovered, very much alive, and very, very hungry. After all, one must attend to the business of life, and after all he had told the great secret, even if no one had heard him, of which he was by no means sure. So old Uzman arose and, in the fear of death, returned to the palace.

To the old barber's great relief, apparently no one had heard his frantic shouting, and as he entered the palace gate he firmly resolved never again even to think of betraying the king's secret. He must have been insane, he thought, ever to have considered such a thing. The palace servants and his wives were somewhat curious about his absence, and the king was rather nettled that his favorite should have left the palace without permission, but contented himself with remarking that it was "unseemly for an old man with ten wives to go skylarking about like a moonstruck youth."

A few days later, the king left for a visit to a neighboring principality, and was, probably, waylaid by some hostile band, for neither he nor any of his bodyguard were ever heard from again; and a few days after his departure, old Uzman was stricken with a fatal illness. During his hours of delirium, and in his troubled sleep, according to his wives, he was continually muttering something about a great secret, and shortly before his death he uttered a phrase which has since become a proverb: *It is easier to close the mouths of rivers than the mouths of men.*

And so, according to the story, Uzman carried the king's secret with him to the grave; but the wise old men of Sulu contend that the barber must have told some one of the monarch's afflic-

tion. "Otherwise," they argue, "how should we know that the king had a horn?" And in truth their theory seems plausible. At any rate, the old men say, if you have some blemish, either physical or spiritual, that you wish to keep hidden, it is well to remember that you are the only person in all Sulu who would not enjoy telling of it.

ANIMATED ENGLISH
(Continued from page 21)

from time to time, had told the children a number of stories concerning the doings of the Little Maharajah and the Little Maharani and the Maharajah's elephants, and other tales of India and the life there.

"Yes, Teacher," commanded Clinton, "go



Kingsley and Miriam Hamilton and (insert) Clinton Johnson—the characters in Mrs. Pendleton's true story. Clinton is in grammar school in California; when he entered, he was advanced a year. Kingsley and Miriam are in Wooster (Ohio) High School, and topping their classes.

on and tell us a story about India. Tell about the Little Maharajah."

Teacher raised her eyebrows. "Please," added Clinton, who was quick on the uptake.

Teacher was a capitalist. "If I tell you a story, you must write it in your own words," she warned.

"That's what I wanted to do," affirmed Clinton. "That's why I asked you to tell us a story now."

So the story was told. And Clinton's pen then scribbled away industriously. And finally, reading over his effort with an author's pardonable pride, he exclaimed, "Gee! This is a good story, Miriam! We'll sure put it in our magazine. Teacher, please tell us some more stories. 'cause we have to have a lot for our magazine."

"Kingsley ought to write something for it, too," declared Miriam. She would have no

shirkers. Kingsley, because of a less flexible course, was unable to put in much time on original compositions. And, too, he was less imaginative than the younger children, though more logical. He was interested in, and could think of nothing but athletics. Everything he wrote was steeped in athletics. But some of his expositions on *How to Secure Teamwork*, or *How to Choose a Bat*, or *Should or Should not the Centers (basketball) be Longlegged Men?* were little gems of logic, and in them was a clarity of expression that was never apparent in any of his written work on *Marmion*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, or *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. Kingsley was unanimously elected *Editor-N-Chief*.

At that time the Manila *Bulletin* was running rather serious and lengthy editorials on what the government should or should not do, concerning which there was considerable controversy between the grownups in the homes of the children, and the latter, aping their elders, fell into serious discussion, and decreed that their school magazine must have its editorials; for, as Miriam pointed out, "The *Bulletin* Editor is always telling how things ought to be done, so King ought to put some of his how-to-do stories in our magazine." In such manner were Kingsley's expository themes incorporated in the general scheme and makeup of the school paper, or magazine, rather, for it had become quite a voluminous affair, as befits an organ that is published but once a month. The *Maquilung School Magazine* was definitely launched upon a literary sea.

But Kingsley's efforts in literature were not confined entirely to editorials. One morning Teacher read aloud a certain boys' story, of the kind Kingsley liked.

"That's a good story," commented Kingsley, "but, Teacher, why didn't Wilbur (the chief character) do this-and-so? That would have made the story more exciting and interesting." (Incidentally, it was by far the more logical course for the hero to have pursued. He was always having them.

"Say, King!" he exclaimed, as excitedly as if he were Columbus discovering a new world, "You write that story as it ought to be written! Make it a bully one like the stories in my *American Boy Magazine*. Start it out with somepin' excitin' 'n then go back and explain the excitin' part."

It will be noticed that Clinton had firmly grasped the chief principle of successful juvenile fiction.

So, besides his editorials, Kingsley wrote one story a month, always an athletics story, and the quality of these stories, from a juvenile point of view, may be determined by the comments of his coeditors, to whom he submitted his stories for approval. There was no doubt about the approval, and Kingsley never failed to parade a sheepish grin of gratification over Miriam's appreciative *Peach—ee!* or Clinton's *Gee! That's a good one! Ain't-ism't it, Teacher?*

Discussions were frequent and informal. Indeed, the children might speak whenever they

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wished, provided they did not interrupt someone else. This made for a spontaneity of discussion that was frequently disconcerting, as when Clinton, who was nothing if not outspoken, said to Miriam after she had just read aloud one of her little verses, "Your poetry sounds like the way Mr. So-and-so walks." (Mr. So-and-so had a decided limp!)

"Humph! Maybe it does," countered Miriam. "But my grammar is better than yours. I do not say *ain't* all the time, and I don't make a lot of other mistakes you do, either."

"Well, you ought to write better grammar than I do. Your father's a preacher, and mine's an engineer, but (pride and loyalty of clan creeping in) I bet my father can put an engine together quicker than you can. Anyhow (bringing himself back to the point under discussion), I can use just as good grammar as you if I want to. I'll show you!"

And he did!

Teacher thought this a good time to give a little of the concerning rhythm and feet in poetry and music, and tried to show Miriam the justification of Clinton's criticism. And if Clinton was willing to take a hint, Miriam was positively magnanimous. She was open to any and all suggestions. And Clinton was ever ready to help, and his help was real. He was a musical little boy who took violin lessons, and this musical instruction increased his natural sense of rhythm, and further trained his ear to detect inaccuracies and appreciate niceties of sound and time.

"That line's no good. It hasn't enough feet," he would contend. "Now, why don't you say very big instead of just big? That'll give you some extra feet."

Miriam soon sensed and conceded the halting fault in her little rhymes. Occasionally she herself volunteered the information that "this line isn't very good."

"Well," suggested Clinton practically, "if you'd say, and doesn't look so very nice, instead of just and doesn't look nice, why, that'd feel better, wouldn't it, Teacher?"

Clinton had the idea of feeling rhythm, rather than of sounding it.

"And then that line would have as many toes on its feet as the other lines of the verse," concluded Clinton, ponderously witty.

But now another and more serious fault crept into our little group of literateurs, one of which many more famous authors than they have been accused—the dreadful crime of plagiarism, innocent, but plagiarism none the less. It was Miriam who sinned, and it was Clinton, ever cordial, who questioned her out. She had just read aloud an original little rhyme smacking strongly of the *Barefoot Boy*, though her effusion was addressed to *Little Maid with Hair So Neat*.

With his tousled yellow curls cocked to one side like a speculative canary eyeing a possible victim, Clinton remarked judiciously, "Hm-m, seems to me I've read that before. And that's the way with a lot of things she writes."

Miriam's feelings were hurt. This was one suggestion she could not swallow.

"Clinton just the same as said I was cheating!" she grieved.

Teacher poured oil on troubled waters by explaining that Miriam read a great deal, and perhaps unconsciously various phrases and clauses of her reading crept into her writing. But that didn't mean that Miriam was cheating. Oh, no; that meant that Miriam understood and absorbed what she read. This was proved by the very fact that Miriam could use those words and phrases correctly. It would be a good thing if all little girls, and little boys too, would read as intelligently as Miriam. When one was little, to use in one's own writings phrases and clauses that one read was a very good thing, but as one grew older, one must be very careful to say things in one's own way, and with one's own words, and not take the words of some one else, because that would be stealing—yes, stealing—only some people called it by the grownup name of plagiarism.

Again it was Clinton, ever ready with bright ideas, the reformation of others, who propounded another great literary maxim: Write

of what you know.

"Make Miriam write poems about the Philippines," he recommended. "Then she can't get other people's words mixed in with her own, at least, not so easy, because she hasn't read so much poetry and stuff about the Philippines as she has about American things."

Then another thought struck Clinton. He never liked to be outdone.

"Miriam thinks she's the only one in this gang that can write poetry," he said. "I can write poetry, too, if I want to."

He wetted his pencil, and gazed out of the window for inspiration. A family of monkeys were chattering noisily in a nearby mango tree. One big fellow, in particular, claimed Clinton's interest.

"I'm going to write about him," he announced, and bent his curly head to the task.

Very soon he presented the *Ed'tor-'N-Chief* with a truly creditable jingle about a monkey, the first of several. All of his jingles had very short lines and a pronounced rhythm. Kingsley said they were like the college band—jazzy—so that Clinton might be said to be following what some dyspeptic critics deplore as the *general trend of modern literature*.

But Miriam was never one to lag behind. If she couldn't be at the head, at least she could be alongside. Equality for women was her motto. Presently she too had turned out some Philippine jingles, and she bettered Clinton's efforts in that her rhymes, such as *The Carabao* and *The Mango Tree*, were not only good little jingles, but were, as well, splendid little pen pictures of every day life in the Philippines.

Once again Clinton brought us back to the write-of-what-you-know idea. In the light of later and broader experience, the children had been rereading and criticising an earlier issue of their magazine. In this was an essay of Clinton's on *My Trip Through New England* in which, though he showed a fairly accurate knowledge of the history and commodities of that section of the United States, he had jumped about from north to south and west to east in a most alarming, and, if not impossible at least an improbable fashion. Clinton himself saw this fault now.

"That ain't—isn't no good!" he said in disgust.

"It's no good because I don't know anything about New England 'cept what I learned out 'o my hist'ry and joggophy. I've never been there. Now, if it was the Philippines I could tell a lot of things. And I wouldn't try to tell everything at once, neither, like I did in this. One time I'd write about my trip to Pagsanjan Falls, and another time I'd tell about the wood carver in Paete, or about the snails that climb

trees, or about the way the Filipinos catch fish."

Here Clinton sighed for chances thrown away. Kingsley, on the other hand, was an opportunist.

"Well, write 'em now," he suggested.

Clinton paid no heed.

"When I go back to the States," he mourned, "I won't have anything to write about."

"That isn't what you thought when we first started our magazine," Kingsley reminded Clinton. "You said there wasn't anything to write about here, but if you were in America you could think of something."

"I 'spect you can find something to write about wherever you are, if you're just interested enough," philosophized Miriam.

Clinton was still grieving.

"Gee!" he said reproachfully, as if he were addressing them directly, "I should think the Filipino children would be glad they live in these islands. There's so much for them to write about."

"Unhuh," put in Miriam, tenderheartedly sympathizing with Clinton, "and such lovely names."

She mouthed over some of these.

"Lucena, Juan de la Cruz, Ipalipal, alibang-bang, Ilanglang, Iloilo, Pagsanjan, Sultan of Sulu, and Atimonan—that's a good one because it's by the ocean, and the ocean moans."

But Clinton refused sympathy. His mind was running on a single track and refused to be switched off to another line.

"I only know two Filipino legends," he grieved, *Why the Cat and Dog Always Fight*, and *Why the Carabao Is so Slow*. I wish I was a little Filipino boy," he yearned, "and then I'd know a lot of legends to tell."

Kingsley had lately acquired the reference book habit at the college library.

"Well," he consoled, "you can find out all about the Philippine legends in the library, or anything else you want to know about the Philippines."

And so it was Kingsley who introduced the children to another important factor in the success of writers—reference, or research. He hauled down many a dusty volume of the Philippine Journal of Science and kindred books. He brought us books from the bureau of science, and he wrote to the chamber of commerce for its pamphlets and literature on the Philippines.

The children read avidly, and throughout the year, from the facts gleaned from these sources, wrote many *editorials* describing various natural features, activities, historical facts and legends of these islands. Indeed, their interest in and knowledge of things Philippine increased astonishingly. It is safe to venture the remark that they were as well

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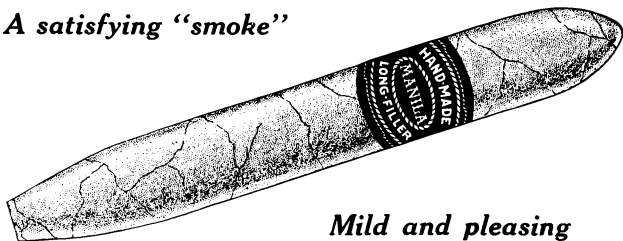
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informed on island topics as many resident American groupings.

It was a profitable year, even financially, for Teacher, realizing that most of Kingsley's stories had the nucleus of a real plot, collaborated with him in revising the little stories, complicating the situations, and yet keeping the stories essentially his own. Some were disposed of to various boys' papers, and the returns divided between the collaborators, so that Kingsley was once constrained to remark that there was "some use studying English if people can make money writing it."

And not only the children, but the parents, also, were pleased when from time to time this or that *et'orial* was sold as an item or paragraph or filler, or the little things were accepted for publication, both in the Philippines and in the United States. Why, one day Kingsley and Teacher made ten dollars apiece—from one of their stories written in collaboration. Oh, the roundeyed surprise and the awed delight over that huge sum! So, the financial aspect of the work, and the idea of having their names in print inspired the children to read up and search farther afield for more material.

Truly it was a happy and profitable year, and all because the children themselves had instituted the reform of animated English.

WALLS OF OLD MANILA (Concluded from September)

Too weak to stand even so modest a siege as that of the British in 1762, unless manned by superior force, these ramparts have still answered their purpose for the Spaniards.

They were undoubtedly a great safeguard against the frequent threats of the Mindanao and Sulu pirates who ventured into the bay up to within sixty years ago. Also for more than a century, the Spaniards were any day subject to hostilities from the Portuguese: whilst the aggressive foreign policy of the mother country, during the 17th century, exposed them to reprisals by the Dutch fleets, which in 1643 threatened the city of Manila. To this must be added the ever present danger of uprising by the natives themselves.

The old ramparts have afforded a point of support and secure base, but for which these islands could hardly have held so long; and in certain respects, their worth has not yet entirely disappeared; for no man is wise enough to say that they may not be needed again should foreign complications create an opportunity for revolt.

Manila, intramuros, is situated at the mouth and on the left bank of the Pasig river, Lat. north 14° 46', Long. east 120° 57'. Its encircling walls measured 2½ miles before recent demolitions destroyed their continuity. It is a dull city, with narrow streets, bearing a heavy, sombre, monastic appearance. It has six principal gates, three on the river side, named in order from the west, Almacenes, Santo Domingo and Isabel II; the other three on the land fronts, called Parián, Real and Santa Lucia. A seventh ranked as a postern in Spanish times—Postigo.

Formerly, the drawbridges were raised and the city was closed and under sentinels from eleven o'clock at night until four in the morning. It continued so until 1852, when, in consequence of the earthquake of that year, it was decreed that the gates should thenceforth remain open night and day.

There exist seven bastions, Tenerias Adiaguas, San Gabriel, San Lorenzo, San Andrés, San Diego, and Plano; and five redoubts, Parián, Recoletos, Real, San Pedro, and San Francisco; besides the four small bastions mentioned.

From direct examination of the walls and of maps, it would appear that there existed on the ramparts of Manila and outworks, emplacements for 370 guns of all natures requiring a theoretical war force of from 2,600 to 5,200 artillery to fully man; depending upon the number of reliefs per gun. The corresponding garrison of infantry according to modern estimates would number about 10,000.

We need hardly add that no such numbers, either of men or guns, ever did actually constitute the defensive force of this fortress. This statement refers of course, only to the garrison intramuros, and does not include the fleet forces. Appended is a table showing the numbers and natures of guns found on the walls at the date of United States occupation. This table is copied from one inscribed upon a plan of the Manila walls furnished by the United States Engineer Office:

SANTIAGO.

Legend over entrance to office of Commanding Officer, Fort Santiago:

*Respuesta en las Españas y en las Indias L.C.Y.R.M.
Del Rey N.S. que Dios gué.*

D. Felipe N.

Siendo Gobernador Capitan General y Presidente de la R.I. Audiencia de estas Indias Philipina el M.Y. Dto Sr. D. Fernando Valdez Tamón Brigadier de los Re. Excmos. de su M. G. Cavallero del Hambre de San Tránsito Sacerdote de la Capilla el año de 1731. Siendo Capitan del puerto de M. G. el Capitan D. Carlos de Abasco y Valdez.

FREE TRANSLATION.—The Catholic and Royal Majesty of the King, our Lord (whom God guard), Philip V, reigning in Spain and the Indies, the Very Illustrious Don Fernando Valdez Tamón, Brigadier of the Royal Armies of His Gracious Majesty, Knight of the Order of Santiago, being Governor, Captain General and President of the Royal Audiencia of these Philippine Islands, this fort was rebuilt in the year 1731. Captain Carlos de Abasca y Valdez being Commandant thereof for His Gracious Majesty.

SAN ANDRES

Legend on wooden slab over sheltered doorway to magazine of Bastion San Andrés. The recess prepared for the Escudo of Spain above this legend is vacant:

REINANDO LAS ESPAÑAS LA CATHOLICA Y R.M. G. DEL INVICTISIMO MONARCA D. P. V. N. S. Q. Ds. GOR. Y GOBERNANDO EN SU R. N. ESTAS ISLAS FILIPINAS EL M. Y. H. V. S. Sr. D. FERNANDO VES. TAMON. CAVALERO DEL ORDEN SANTIAGO DEL CONGOZE. DE SU R. M. G. SU GOBERNADOR Y PRESIDENTE DE ESTAS DICHAS ISLAS Y PRESENTE. DE LA AYUDA. R. CHNSILA. SE FABIRO. ESTE ALMAZAR. O CASAMATA PARA EL SEGURO I. CUSTODIA DI POLVORA. A DISPOSICION DEL ORDEN DE DICHO SEÑOR. AÑO DE 1733.

Legend incised in wood just under the foregoing:

REYNANDO LA SRA. DA. ISABEL 2da. Y CON MOTIVO DE HABER PASADO REVISTA DE INSPECCION AL CUERPO NACIONAL DE INGENIEROS EL EXCMO. SEOR. GUAL. 2º CABO Dto. RAMON MONTERO, SE RESTAURÓ DE ORDEN DE S. E. I. ANTERIOR ANTIGUA INSCRIPCION EN ENERO DE 1855.

TRANSLATION FIRST LEGEND.—The Catholic and Royal Gracious Majesty of the ever victorious Monarch Philip V, our Lord (whom God guard), reigning over Spain; and in his Royal name governing these Islands the Very Illustrious Don Fernando Valdez Tamón, Knight of the Order of Santiago, of the Council of His Gracious Majesty, his Governor and Captain General of these said Islands, and President of the Royal Audiencia Chancellery, this magazine or Escudo was built by direction and command of the said King in the year 1733 for the security and safeguarding of the powder.

TRANSLATION SECOND LEGEND.—Doña Isabel II reigning, and pursuant to the inspection of the National Corps of Engineers by the Most Excellent General, Second in Command, Don Ramon Montero, the preceding old inscription was restored in January, 1855.

Legend over Parián Gate.

PUERTA DEL PARIÁN
AÑO 1782.

Translation.

PARIÁN GATE
YEAR 1782.

NOTE.—This year José de Basco y Vargas was Captain General and Governor of the Philippine Islands and showed much activity in repairing the fortifications of Manila. The word "Parián" indicates a public market for the sale of small manufactured articles. The word might be translated as "bazaar".

Ramon Reyes Lala writes thus of the governor general at the very close of the Spanish period: "The Governor rides in a carriage drawn by four horses, with several outriders, who, by means of a shrill whistle, announce his approach. All streets are instantly cleared and all traffic suddenly ceases, every one standing still to make respectful obeisance. On, on, they come, the dashing four, with postillions in scarlet jackets. The Governor, dressed in civilian's dress, sits within—the picture of dignity. He bows right and left, in that perfunctory way characteristic of public dignitaries the world over, and the carriage passes on, while the citizens resume their wonted demeanor and avocations."

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Horace Pond on Timberlake Resolution*

The passage of the Timberlake resolution would, in my opinion, adversely affect American business in the Philippine Islands. I do not refer primarily to American business in sugar (obviously that would be adversely affected), but rather to business in American agricultural products and in the products of American industry.

Free trade between the Philippine Islands and the United States was established in 1909. It could not have been reciprocally established prior to 1909, for one of the conditions of the cession of the Philippine Islands to the United States was that for ten years from the date of exchange of ratifications of the Treaty of Paris, Spanish ships and merchandise should be admitted to ports of the Philippine Islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States.

When first established, free trade, while of great advantage to the Philippine Islands, was of greater advantage to the United States. Practically all imports from the United States theretofore were dutiable in the Philippine Islands. On the other hand, of the four major products of the Philippine Islands, two—hemp and copra—were, and even today are, on the free list when imported into the United States from foreign countries.

The tobacco industry was stimulated by the free admission of Philippine cigars into the United States. But the changing tastes of American smokers are causing this industry to decline. Thus, cigars exports to the United States were in thousands, in 1908, 1182 and in 1910, 61,256; in 1920 they amounted to 316,863, but by 1927 had declined to 167,301. On the other hand, changing tastes of Philippine smokers are causing a great increase in the free importation into the Philippine Islands of American cigarettes (542,053,520 cigarettes valued at \$1,320,514 imported in 1927).

The Philippine sugar industry was not immediately given material assistance, for at that time there was not a single modern sugar mill in the Philippine Islands, and the only sugar produced was of low grade, known as muscovado sugar, which generally is not acceptable to American refiners. Thus, in 1908, Philippine sugar shipped to the United States amounted to 46,706 metric tons, in 1910 to 100,700 metric tons, and in 1913 to but 30,717 metric tons.

To meet this situation modern sugar mills, purchased of American manufacturers, were slowly installed, until today the Philippine sugar industry has been modernized, and the inefficient antiquated muscovado mills have been practically all replaced by modern efficient mills which produce centrifugal sugar acceptable to American refiners. The industry has developed, and is developing, but slowly. It is the only major industry which today can be of growing advantage to the Philippine Islands under a reciprocal tariff arrangement, for sugar is the major product of the islands really benefited by free entry into the United States.

It has been suggested that the limitation of free imports of Philippine sugars into the United States would force greater diversification of agricultural production in the Philippines. But what major agricultural products can be produced in the Philippine Islands which would have a tariff advantage in the United States over foreign countries to offset the tariff advantage of products of the United States in the Philippine Islands?

Rubber, cocoa or cacao beans, coffee, sago, quinine, and tapioca can be, or to a limited extent are, grown in the Philippine Islands. But all of these products are admitted into the United States free of duty when imported from foreign

*From Facts and Statistics about the Philippine Sugar Industry. Current. Mr. Pond is president of the islands' largest American importing company. The resolution he opposes as harmful to American business would limit to 500,000 tons the free entry of sugar into America annually. Backed by Cuban-American sugar interests with three billions capital, the resolution is pending in Congress.—ED.

To adopt the Timberlake resolution would be for the United States to betray a trust,—that of developing the Filipino people for self-government. That trust cannot be executed by social and political development alone, for economic development and stability are the essential foundations of social and political security.

countries. Furthermore, some of these products, and rubber in particular, require large investments of capital. Will capital be attracted to the Philippine Islands if the principle be established that, with labor on a higher scale than in other Oriental countries, and with the products of the United States admitted free of duty into the Philippine Islands, Congress may at any time impose duties on the products of the Philippine Islands?

Turning to imports, of what advantage is the free entry of the products of the United States into the Philippine Islands to American business? In 1908 total imports were \$29,186,120, of which the United States supplied \$5,101,836, or 17%. In 1910, the year following the establishment of free trade, total imports were \$19,719,361, of which the United States supplied \$20,068,542 or 40%. In 1927, total imports amounted to \$115,851,471, of which the United States supplied \$71,478,297, or 62%.

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are finding a continually increasing market in the Philippine Islands.

Cotton and manufactures thereof imported from the United States in 1926 amounted to \$16,396,129.

Wheat flour imports from the United States now average about 600,000 barrels a year, equal to about 3,000,000 bushels of wheat and the product of about 200,000 acres at 15 bushels to the acre.

Fruits and nuts imported from the United States amounted in 1926 to \$851,358.

Meat and dairy products imported from the United States in 1926 amounted to \$2,681,028.

The above are but a few examples of the market the Philippine Islands afford for the products of American agriculture and industry. The Philippine Islands are a growing market. Stop normal growth in production by raising a bar against free imports of Philippine products into the United States and the normal growth of the consumption of products of the United States in the Philippine Islands will be stopped.

About thirty years have passed since the Philippine Islands were ceded to the United States. Civil government was established under the United States in 1901. Since 1901 remarkable social and political progress have been made. Economically progress has been slower. For ten years after cession and until free trade was established, the islands went backward economically. Free trade in 1909 gave needed stimulation, only to be followed by a period of further stagnation during the uncertainties as to political relationships up to the final passage of the Jones Bill in 1916, and then during the period of the World War. During all of this period, while the dollar value of Philippine external trade greatly increased after taking into consideration dollar purchasing power, the islands stood still economically. In 1922 economic progress began again, and until 1928 real purchasing power slowly increased.

Economic progress has, however, lagged far behind social and political progress. Annual per capita income is variously estimated at from \$33.50 to \$37.50, or from \$170 to \$191 per family. This compares with an annual income in the United States of about \$3,900 per family.

Progress as shown by per capita purchasing power can be best shown by per capita imports, adjusted so as to eliminate fluctuations in the purchasing power of the dollar, for the Philippine Islands are not an industrial country and practically all clothing, metals, and manufactures of metals, the consumption of which are true indicators of living standards, must be imported.

Per capita imports adjusted as above (rice imports eliminated, now practically nil), have increased as follows:

1901 (Civil government established)	\$ 31
1908 (Year before free trade)	3 12
1910 (Year following free trade)	4 98
1912 (Pre-war peak)	5 51
1916 (War period: Jones Bill finally passed)	3 15
1921 (Peak of inflation)	6 71
1922 (Reaction)	4 67
1924 (Recovery)	5 66

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Manila.

1925 (Progress)	6 00
1926 (Progress)	6 32
1927 (Progress)	6 41

The above figures show an increase in real per capita purchasing power since 1901, when civil government was established, of from \$4.31 to \$6.41, or \$2.10, or 49%. Considering the annual per capita income even today of but about \$180 per family, and an increase of but 49% in per capita purchasing power in twenty-seven years, it is obvious that the United States still owes a duty to the Philippine Islands to bring economic development to a level with social and political developments.

If normal growth in sugar be checked by the adoption of the Timberlake resolution, American business in the Philippine Islands will be checked and may even decline, for not alone will the small, but now steady, increase in real per capita purchasing power be checked, but retrogression is even probable. American industry and American agriculture would have closed to them the possibilities of a steadily increasing market for their products. The present program of economic development so strongly urged by his Excellency Governor-General Stimson would fail, for if the principle be established that Philippine products are to be taxed on entry into the United States, capital further would hesitate to assist in Philippine economic development.

PROPER APPLICATION OF FERTILIZER

To insure rapid development of the cane, fertilizer should be applied at the time of planting, in order that the earliest rootlets will receive nourishment from the fertilizer and soil mixture. The application can be made by the laborers who plant the cane. The average cost, for planting and fertilizer, is P3.50 per *lacsas*. By this method of application the plant can avail itself of all the fertilizer applied, inasmuch as the plowings will not disperse it, since it has been placed in the ground together with the points, thus fostering rapid development, so that in four or five months at the most the field can be closed. The growth of plants is analogous to that of man, who in childhood develops rapidly if given proper food, just as the plant, of whatever species, develops rapidly when provided with fertilizer from the time of its planting.

For Ratoons (Cala-anan)

As soon as the field has been cut and the trash burned, the stubble protruding above the surface

of the soil is cut back; two weeks later, when the new shoots appear, the first plowing is given, which is followed immediately by hand weeding with a hoe between the plants, with the object of removing the old roots that have little porosity and replacing them with new ones that have greater power of absorption and capillarity. Two weeks later furrows are plowed on both sides of the cane rows, into which furrows the fertilizer is placed, which furrow is soon afterward covered by the plow.

Subsequent plowings must be in the nature of *carthing up* the plants, with the object of conserving the fertilizer in the cane stools so that all may receive nourishment. Weeding is done by hand or with the hoe, but superficially only, so that the soil containing fertilizer will not be removed from the cane.

The application of fertilizer to the cane plants on the surface of the ground between the shoots followed by covering with earth is not good practice, since the roots develop downwards and not upwards; this method retards assimilation of the fertilizer and the plant, therefore, does not receive the full benefit of the application.

Ratoons should be given 700 kilos of fertilizer the first year, 800 the second, 900 the third and 1 ton the fourth, in order to maintain a constant production of not less than 120 piculs per hectare.

(Sgd.) PEDRO G. VAZQUEZ.

Himamaylan, Negros Occ.
August 13, 1928.

¹A *lacsas* is equivalent to 10,000 points *Tranador*.
²By "Fertilizer" presumably is meant a 10-6-2 mixed fertilizer.—Ed.

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PHILIPPINE EDUCATION CO., INC.

101-103 ESCOLTA

MANILA, P. I.

The Manila Stock Market During September

By W. P. G. ELLIOTT

New Companies.—The Goodyear Rubber Plantation Company, mentioned in last month's circular, have been granted a permanent license to do business in the Philippines. It is reported that representatives of the Company have selected a tract of land at Sibuguey Bay, in Mindanao, for a rubber plantation. A new sugar central, capitalized at P400,000, will shortly be erected in Paniqui, Tarlac. The new central will be registered under the name of *The Paniqui Sugar Mill, Inc.* The capacity of the central will range from 600 to 1000 tons daily, and it is further learned that the central has approximately 2500 hectares of land on which to plant sugar cane.

It has been tentatively decided to establish the first rice central in Bulacan, where conditions are favorable. This central will be patterned after the modern sugar centrals. The central will be owned, managed and supervised by a cooperative association of planters, millers and merchants, and if the venture is successful, other centrals will be erected in Tarlac, Pangasinan and Nueva Ecija.

Manila-Iloilo Radio.—Manila and Iloilo will be connected by radio communication within the next ten days, according to announcement made by the Radio Corporation. The Iloilo Station will have a duplex sending and receiving set which will greatly facilitate communications between Iloilo and foreign points via Manila as well as between Manila and Iloilo.

Banks.—The Bank of the Philippine Islands continued their advance, selling up to P177 on fairly large transactions and closed firm with no sellers at better than P180. It seems to be the general opinion that the bank will pay a dividend next January of at least 6% and possibly more, and this is undoubtedly the cause for the strong advance in these shares. China Banks have had a fairly large turnover at P85, which, as we before pointed out, represents 8.23% on the investment. Mercantile Banks are wanted at P41 with sellers not disposed to offer any shares. Hongkong and Shanghai Banks have been very active with heavy buying from HK\$1290, the opening price of the month, to HK\$1325 at the close. Chartered Banks are very firm at 22-1/8 and have declared the usual interim dividend of 14%.

Insurances.—Unions of Canton have been firm and active throughout the month. Opening at HK\$355, they continued to advance steadily and closed firm and active at HK\$375.

Compañia Filipinas, Insular Life and Philippine Guarantee have remained firm and unchanged with no transactions recorded, closing quotations being P3150, P3000, and P3000 respectively.

Sugars.—The market for sugar shares has been very inactive and it is quite evident that there are more sellers than buyers. This is probably due to the fact that raw sugar quotations in the New York market have reached the lowest price in three years, registering for the Cuban product 3.96 cents gold per pound, which is below the cost of production for most of the Cuban mills. For the Philippines, however, average cost of sugar laid down in New York is 3.50 cents gold per pound. Latest quotations, therefore, leave a margin of profit for local exports except for a few high cost mills.

Present quotations present no terrors, although they do cut materially into profits. However, the 1927-1928 Philippine crop has been practically all sold since May last, and the offerings of Philippine sugar at present in the New York market comes from speculators and holders, rather than from planters and millers here.

Plantations.—There has been no interest shown during the month in plantations and Polos and Pamplonas remained unquoted. The last transaction in Polos was reported at P400 and Pamplonas at P80.

Mines.—Benguet Consolidated has been very active and all offerings have been quickly taken up. Quotations have ranged from P2.10 to P2.20 and at the close P2.25 was bid without any offerings. A large block is still offered at P2.50 but buyers do not seem inclined to pay that price. Balatots were placed at P2.10 and there are further buyers at this figure. Itogons report that the mill operated 30 days and ten hours during the month of August. One thousand, four hundred twenty-three tons of ore were treated of an approximate value of \$13 and the bullion production amounted to 2115.22 oz. valued at P30,583.27. The milling capacity is considerably in excess of the tonnage of ore it has been possible to mine, and in order to increase the tonnage mined and facilitate the development work, the company purchased and installed an air compressor and engine to operate air drills. It is expected that this equipment will result in a substantial increase in tonnage mined with the corresponding increase in bullion production. Itogons are also expected to pay a small dividend at the end of this

year. A few sales were made at P8, later advancing to P9 and closing at that figure.

Industrials.—Philippine Educations are again the outstanding feature in this list. A small amount of common shares changed hands at P135 and there are further buyers at this price. A large amount of 10% preferred shares were placed at par and the investment seems to be a most attractive one. A small amount of Mayon Lumber shares were placed at par, P100. Manila Finance and Discount Corporation have not announced the details of settlement in their suit with the Teal Motor Company. There are any amount of offerings to sell common and preferred shares but so far buyers have not shown any incentive to purchase these shares, even at a discount.

Bonds.—There are inquiries for Carlotra 8% bonds at P1040, also inquiries for Bais 8% bonds at the same figure. The Lyric Theatre 7% bonds are selling briskly at par plus accrued interest for all maturities. The bond market is very steady with far more inquiries than there are bonds to meet them. With increased capital coming to the islands, it is a foregone conclusion that interest rates must decrease and we believe that within the next two years, providing that we have material prosperity, 6% will look most attractive for sound investments. Therefore, we believe that 7% bonds that are at present obtainable are very attractive from the investor's point of view. The market closed firm and active with prices well sustained with the exception of sugars which have eased off slightly. Sales for the month total 31,452 shares.

Dividends Declared.—Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China—14% interim.

RAIL COMMODITY MOVEMENTS

By M. D. ROYER

Trasf. Manager, Manila Railroad Company

The following commodities were received in Manila August 26, 1928, to September 25, 1928, both inclusive, via Manila Railroad.

	September	August
Rice, cavans	204,250	248,980
Sugar, piculs	1,232	4,704
Tobacco, bales	34,460	34,080
Copra, piculs	255,500	224,600
Coconuts	2,695,000	2,949,100
Lumber, B.F.	731,700	540,000
Desiccated coconuts, cases	20,746	25,292

Among the convenient references in the chamber of commerce are the latest telephone directories procurable from some thousand cities in the United States and from London, Mexico City and a few other foreign cities.

P. J. Wester of the agriculture bureau has discovered a tree of thin-shelled pili nuts in the Bikol region from which he believes others may be propagated until the islands may be partially stocked with this new and far more desirable variety of the pili nuts and possibly develop a more flourishing trade in the nuts with the United States.

More good numbers of a new publication, the *Philippine Finance Review*, have appeared. It seems to be sponsored by the finance department of the government; no editor's name appears, but it has a motto: *For a Better and Greater Philippines*. The sales tax is discussed in a way to indicate that the government is prepared to accept modifications, while holding objections to the necessity of proposing practical substitutes. Among contributors to the second number are Judge Rafael Corpus, Miguel Romualdez, jr., Tom Confesor, the stormy petrel of Iloilo, Salvador Lagdamco, Cornelio Balmaceda, D. T. Dikit, and Dr. José P. Bantug. Máximo M. Kalaw discusses with a good deal of learning *Our Economic Relations with America*, but the worth of the article is unfortunately detracted from by the evident asperities it contains. Dr. Kalaw continues this argument in future issues.

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REVIEW OF THE EXCHANGE MARKET

By RICHARD E. SHAW

Manager International Banking Corporation



Throughout the month of September there were general sellers of telegraphic transfers on New York at 1% premium, but certain banks which were short of cash were willing to operate at 1.8% lower.

Copra buyers were selling US\$ TT freely during the greater portion of the month in order to finance their heavy purchases, which tended to ease buying rates and maintain them at 5.8% premium for ready TT and 1.2% premium for forward. Toward the end of the month, however, there were fewer sellers and banks were eagerly competing for ready US\$ TT at 3.4% premium and were offering 5.8% premium for forward deliveries. Owing to the high discount rates prevailing in New York very few usance bills were offered on the market. The undertone was steady at the close.

Purchases of telegraphic transfers from the Insular Treasurer between the dates of August 18 and September 15 amounted to only \$300,000.

The weakness of the New York-London cross rate had its effect upon the local market. During September rates for telegraphic transfers fluctuated between 2-7 16 and 2-1 2, sellers, and 2-9 16 and 2-5 8, buyers. A fair amount of Sterling purchases were made by banks.

The New York-London cross-rate closed at 485 16 on August 31 and steadily declined until it reached 484 31 32 on the last business day of September.

London Bar Silver was quoted at 26 11 16 spot and 26 7 8 forward on August 31 and did not touch a higher level during September, but reached a low of 26 1 8 spot and 26 1 4 forward on September 18 and 19 and closed on September 29 at 26 9 16 spot and 26 5 8 forward.

New York Bar Silver closed at 58 5 8 on August 31, was high for September on the first and third of that month at 58 3 8, touched a low of 56 7 8 on September 18 and 19, and was quoted at 57 3 8 on September 29.

Telegraphic transfers on other points were quoted at the close as follows:

Paris, 12 40; Madrid, 168; Singapore, 115; Japan, 93-8; Shanghai, 77-1 8; Hongkong, 101-1 4; India, 135; and Java, 122-1 2.

COPRA AND ITS PRODUCTS

By E. A. SEIDENSPINNER

Vice-President and Manager, Copra Milling Corporation

Copra.—There was little change in the local copra situation during the month of September. Heavy short selling during July-August on the declining market with large buying to cover the September portion of these sales was sufficient to hold the market steady at Manila and at unchanged prices during the entire month. Reports advised a net advance at Cebu, and during the last two weeks of September, prices strengthened approximately two reales per picul at provincial concentration points in Laguna and Tayabas. Today there is noticeable weakness in these two provinces and it is probable that during the coming week provincial figures will be reduced to the Manila equivalent. Arrivals at Manila during September while heavy were approximately 55,500 bags less than those for August, the total being 506,544 bags.

The London market for September was steady to firm registering a high of £25 2 6 for F.M.M. Latest advices showed buyers' ideas much reduced and the best quotation we have today is £24 10 0. The U. S. copra market offered little of interest during September, and while

steady in spots, the bulk of the business noted was done at approximately 4-3 4 cents c.i.f. Pacific coast ports. Latest cable advices follow: Manila, P11.25 arrival reseedo: P10.00 to P10.125 bulk corrante; London, £24 10 0 F.M.M. market quiet; San Francisco, 4-3 4 cents.

Coconut Oil.—The local coconut oil market for drum oil is quoted at 33 centavos to 33-1 2 centavos per kilo. The U. S. coconut oil market weakened considerably during the first half of the month due to selling pressure for nearby positions. Under this liquidation prices dropped to 7-5 8 cents f.o.b. tank cars with buyers showing little interest in bulk parcels except for March forward. The situation was further complicated by the trade's interpretation of the government cotton crop report which was considered bearish. However, during the closing days of the month, early frost was reported to have damaged the cotton crop, with the trade anticipating a maximum yield of 14,000,000 bales. As a result cotton and cottonseed oil strengthened, and with selling pressure somewhat relieved in the coconut oil market, prices were advanced to 7 3 4 cents f.o.b. tank cars again, at which figure the market is reported quiet today. Latest cable advices follow: San Francisco, \$0.07-3 4 f.o.b. tank cars; New York, \$0.07-7 8 to \$0.08 c.i.f.; London, no quotation.

Copra Cake.—The local copra cake market was active in spots during the month in sympathy with spotty inquiries from the Continent, with buyers still reluctant to trade at present levels, holding off in anticipation of lower prices. Against this situation there seems to be little cake available from local mills up to the end of the year so that, with small selling pressure from Manila, there is little likelihood of reduction in the Hamburg market, unless competing feeding stuffs weaken substantially. Latest cable advices follow:

Hamburg, afloat £9 17 0 to £10 0 0; October-November shipment £9 15 0; San Francisco, no quotation; Manila, P71.00 per metric ton ex godown 1928 shipment.

Manila, P. I., October 4, 1928.

Telling your kin:

I am sending you M. O. \$2.00. Now I have some old Journals in my box and I saw an ad someone wanted a back number, and the same had Governor General Leonard Wood's picture on the front page. So I looked him over and kissed the picture and put it in safe keeping for future reference. We have been pals together before and after, and may meet again in some quiet place.

We have here in Calbayog lots of graves scattered all around town. Now, when a Chino looks for his dead kin, he finds a Chino grave, opens same up, and gets the bones. Then he cuts his body and gets some blood, and puts the blood on the bones; and if the blood sticks to the bones that is his kin folks. Can you go 17? War is declared here in the Gandara valley, this a. m. Natives coming in by the truckload.—J. H. Rumohr.

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Northern Pacific Railway

(308)

THE RICE INDUSTRY

By PERCY A. HILL

of Manila, Nueva Ecija,
Director, Rice Producers' Association

Prices for both rice and palay have taken an advance in view of the dwindling supply. Prices for rice range from P8 to P9.20 per sack (ex-car) according to class, with palay at terminals at from P3.25 to P3.60 according to grade. These prices are substantially higher than those of the same period last year, and point to a healthy change in values.

As previously pointed out, the present rice crop was never in any danger during the first period of growth. While the amount of rain was approximately 150 millimeters lower than normal, its distribution was too even to allow of excellent planting conditions. As a result, about 22,000 hectares in the Luzon plain either remain unplanted or were planted too late. The dwindling supply of stocks, visible and invisible, bears out the estimate made of the last crop.

With carryover exhausted, and a new crop still unmade, prices have taken the upward trend they should have taken some months ago. There has recently been made a number of proposals as to the rice industry by legislators, with a view primarily of enhancing the price. The advocacy of exports, the prohibition of imports, and the raising of the present tariff were examples of proposed aid by those unfamiliar with the status of the industry. As a corollary to the importation, it may be noted that prices did not rise until the first imports of the year of any magnitude arrived. And the price, instead of falling, will have a tendency to rise until the estimates of the next crop are in.

Cargoes of rice from Indo-Asia have come in, principally to the southern islands, while the plague in French Indochina necessitates the fumigation of the cargoes, according to quarantine regulations, which can only be effected in Manila or Cebu. It is not known if this will affect the rice in cargo. Stocks in Indo-Asia, while lowered, allow of an ample surplus available at present writing.

The spread of the prices of rice in the Philippines is still very remarkable, considering the growth of transportation lines. Interisland freights are high, due to the high wages paid. The shipping business, as regards freights and monopoly, has drifted back to that obtaining in the old galleon trade, but there appears to be some renaissance in expediting shipments. The railroad, while lowering passenger rates to meet competition, has not done so with freight rates. They will have to face competition in this line also if the plans of the truck companies work out. To show the differences in prices of palay (rough rice) as quoted for last year the following may be pertinent as regards freights, which affect them in the main.

The Nueva Ecija and Tarlac prices averaged P3.23 per bush. In Ilocos Norte it was P6.74; in Tayabas, P6.23; in Union, P5.76; Iloilo, P4.60; Negros, P4.42; Cagayan, P4.94; and in the Batanes, P7.85 all per cavan of 44 kilos. There is need of coordination in handling to equalize prices. This does not imply that the difference means inordinate gains, but that the present system of distribution is wasteful and inefficient. It must not be forgotten that the ultimate distributor pays the 1½% merchants tax, which is passed on to the consumer, falling heavier on him than on any other entity, being a tax on a vital necessity.

In any amelioration of the industry, the above should be the first things looked after if producers' and consumers' interests are taken as a whole, as they should be in the last analysis. In reference to the attempts unaturally to enhance prices by unwise legislation, we may add that the status of the industry is improving, as regards price, under the good old laws of supply and demand, which often runs in cycles.

REVIEW OF THE HEMP MARKET

By L. L. SPELLMAN

Macleod and Company



This report covers Manila hemp markets for the month of September with statistics for the same period.

U. S. Grades: The Buyers in the United States and Canada continue to buy only moderate quantities, and neglect the higher grades almost entirely. Of late they have purchased a considerable quantity of J2 and L1, together with some of the other U. K. grades. Shipments to date are a little more than 20,000 bales less than a year ago. The early part of the month shippers were offering at the following prices: (Cents per pound) E, 13-1-4; F, 10-3-8; G, 8-3-8; H, 7-1-8; I, 9-7-8; J, 9-1-8; K, 10-1-4; S2, 9-3-4; S3, 9-1-8. By the 15th prices had declined to E, 13; F, 10-1-8; G, 8; H, 6-1-2; I, 9-3-4; J, 8-1-2; S1, 10; S2, 9-1-2; S3, 8-1-2. At the end of the month shippers were asking E, 13; F, 10; G, 7-7-8; H, 6-3-8; I, 9-1-2; J, 8; S1, 9-3-4; S2, 9-1-4; S3, 8-1-4, and undoubtedly prices could be shaded from an eighth to a quarter of a cent on some of the grades. The net loss for the month was a quarter of a cent on better grades and almost a cent a pound on the lower grades. The decrease in the production of the better grades undoubtedly accounts for the fact that prices have not declined to the same extent as on the other grades of fibre.

The market in Manila has followed the trend of the consuming markets. Throughout the month prices paid here remained considerably higher than the selling equivalent. The market opened with buyers paying: (Pesos per picul) E, 30.00; F, 23.25; G, 16.25; H, 15.25; I, 21.75; J, 20.50; S1, 22.50; S2, 21.25; S3, 20.00. By the middle of the month prices had dropped to E, 29.50; F, 22.00; G, 17.00; H, 14.00; I, 21.00; J, 19.00; S1, 21.50; S2, 20.50; S3, 19.00; and at the close exporters were quoting E, 29.00; F, 21.50; G, 16.75; H, 13.75; I, 20.50; J, 17.00; S1, 21.00; S2, 20.50; S3, 17.50. Dealers and brokers have resisted the decline, and a fair quantity of hemp is still unsold, and a fair percentage has gone into store awaiting better prices.

U. K. Grades: The London market has remained quiet throughout the month with prices still declining. Spinners in the U. K. and on the Continent continue to buy steadily but at only reduced prices. The London dealers are apparently well supplied for shipments up to the end of the year, and seem to be interested only in distant hemp. The first of the month shippers were selling at the following prices: (Pounds Sterling per ton) J2, 36-0-0; L1, 31-0-0; L1, 30-15-0; L2, 25-5-0; M1, 26-10-0; M2, 25-0-0; D1, 24-10-0; DM, 23-10-0. By the 15th the market had declined to J2, 35-10-0; K, 30-10-0; L1, 30-0-0; L2, 25-0-0; M1, 26-5-0; M2, 24-10-0; D1, 23-15-0; DM, 23-00-0; and by the end of the month sales were being made at the following prices: J2, 32-10-0; K, 29-10-0; L1, 29-0-0; L2, 24-0-0; M1, 25-0-0; M2, 23-0-0; D1, 22-10-0; DM, 22-0-0. The net decline for the month averaged a little more than two pounds a ton, the heaviest decline being on the grade J2.

In this market the lower grades have declined steadily, but selling prices have remained above the equivalent in the consuming markets. The range of prices paid during the month are as follows: (Pesos per picul) J2, 17.00; K, 13.50; L1, 13.50; L2, 11.50; M1, 13.00; M2, 11.00; DL, 10.50; DM, 10.00; by the 15th J2, 16.25; K, 13.25; L1, 13.00; L2, 10.50; M1, 10.50; M2, 10.00; DL, 9.50; DM, 9.00; and at the close J2, 15.00; K, 13.00; L1, 12.75; L2, 10.25; M1, 10.50; M2, 10.00; DL, 9.00; DM, 8.50. It looks as if prices will decline further as sales are being made in London at from fifty cents to a peso per picul below quotations.

Japan: Exchange has improved but the

market continues dull and inactive. It is reported there are considerable stocks of unsold hemp remaining at several of the ports. Shipments to Japan are more than 41,000 bales in excess of last year, and it is thought the spinners and paper makers have not been able to take care of this additional quantity.

Freight Rates: There was no change during the month. The local cordage manufacturers are asking the Associated Freight Lines to change the basis on rope from measurements to weight. This seems to be a very reasonable request, and should be to the advantage of both the cordage manufacturers and the steamship lines as it would save an enormous amount of time in calculating freight charges.

Statistics: We give below figures for the period ending September 30th, 1928:

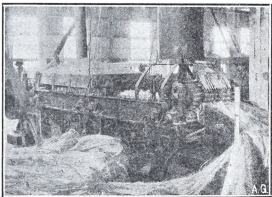
	1928	1927
On hand January 1st.....	139,624	112,382
Receipts to date.....	1,035,993	974,026

Supply to date.....	1,174,717	1,086,408
Shipment to U. K.....	259,441	246,038
Shipments to Continent.....	154,272	105,430
Shipments to U. S.....	282,967	303,133
Shipments to Japan.....	235,889	194,494
Shipments to all others.....	37,720	38,860
Local consumption.....	44,000	40,000

Total shipments..... 1,014,289 927,955

Supplies for the year are 88,309 bales over 1927, while shipments are 86,334 bales more than a year ago. This leaves stocks in the Philippines practically the same as 1927.

Some very effective legislation is in prospect, though practically none has passed both houses as yet. With a treasury balance of P15,000,000 (officially reported as eight), and the necessity to develop Mindanao, what will be done for public works is likely to be very surprising. A bridge fund is contemplated, reimbursable from tolls, to take care of the big river-bridge projects indefinitely; and a goody sum is probably to be voted for the Burnham capitol project in Manila.



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TOBACCO REVIEW

Alhambra Cigar and Cigarette Manufacturing Co.

Leaf: Exports were maintaining a satisfactory volume, 62% of which were for the Spanish Monopoly. Shipments to the United States showed a steady increase during the last few months, consisting of stripped leaf. Shipments to Japan are mostly Union Tobacco, with prospects for a steady market. Details are as follows:

Leaf and Scraps	Kilos
Algeria.....	11,340
China.....	67,051
French Indochina.....	53
Hongkong.....	50,389
Japan.....	175,980
Java.....	2,282
North Atlantic (Europe).....	231,900
Spain.....	1,176,388
Straits Settlements.....	1,198
United States.....	200,333

Total..... 1,917,114

Cigar: Exports to the United States increased still further, as shown by following figures:

September, 1928.....	19,435,333
August, 1928.....	18,929,943
September, 1927.....	19,889,280

REAL ESTATE

By P. D. CARMAN
San Juan Heights Addition



September shows the smallest business this year with the one exception of June although being somewhat larger than September 1927. The result may possibly be partly accounted for by the very large number of rainy days last month.

	August 1928	September 1928
Sales City of Manila		
Binondo.....	P 320,700	P 50,000
San Nicolas.....	162,500	36,000
Tondo.....	261,837	179,719
Sta. Cruz.....	475,959	269,905
Sampaloc.....	164,099	50,359
San Miguel.....	218,550	19,000
Quiapo.....	24,892	42,592
Sta. Mesa.....	16,200	38,500
Sta. Ana.....	37,959	8,820
Pandacan.....	150,699	993
Paco.....	220,756	33,169
Malate.....	245,005	101,272
Erminta.....	28,680	61,250
Intramuros.....		7,500

P2,327,836 P 899,079

LUMBER REVIEW

For the First Six Months of 1928

By ARTHUR F. FISCHER
Director of Forestry



Reports from 33 mills show a production for August of 19,971,935 board feet as compared with 17,726,748 board feet for August, 1927; lumber shipment, 19,791,422 board feet as compared with 16,861,753 board feet for August last year; and lumber inventory, 33,556,712 board feet as compared with 30,009,396 board feet for similar period last year. Export figures for the month under review show a total shipment abroad of 9,767,264 board feet valued at P684,840 as compared with 7,076,560 board feet valued at P606,226 for August, 1927.

The above figures for August show an increase of about 2,690,704 board feet in export and 2,146,976 board feet in shipment as compared with similar figures for the previous month (July, 1928), as well as a gain of about 1,593,324 board feet in production and about 639,243 board feet in lumber inventory. Conditions in the local market are practically the same as in the previous month and will continue to be so perhaps until the rainy season is over.

The interest shown on the part of lumbermen is still prevalent. Contracts for the Shanghai market have been renewed and concerted efforts are being made on the part of the local lumbermen to prevent competition particularly in Shanghai. The lumbermen's association has shown considerable interest in standardizing grades and developing a coordinated effort in the industry as a whole.

Bills have been recently introduced in the local legislature for the curtailment of areas under license of the Bureau of Forestry as well as confining forestry licenses to nationals of the Philippines and the United States. The effect of the above bills has been noticeable in the curtailment of immediate investment on the part of loggers and lumbermen in machinery and expansion and also on the part of new capital pending their outcome.

From the following figures of exports taken from the Bureau of Customs manifests, it is shown that the average price for logs exported has been P23.00 per cubic meter. The average price for lumber exported to the United States has been P90.47 per thousand board feet. The average price of logs as manifested for Japan has been P12.00 per cubic meter while the average price of lumber has been P74.87 per thousand board feet. The average price to Great Britain for lumber has been P78.75 per thousand board feet and to China P68.31 per thousand board feet. The average price to Italy has been P141.10 per thousand board feet and to Australia P87.36 per thousand board feet. The grade is not shown but the species can be gotten from the Bureau of Customs returns.

	1928		1927	
Destination	Board Feet	Value	Board Feet	Value
United States.....	3,924,544	P216,607	4,304,024	P206,145
Japan.....	2,239,568	190,051	1,503,928	101,542
China.....	2,005,944	137,039	699,176	62,188
Great Britain.....	1,115,120	87,868	370,576	34,228
Australia.....	435,872	38,174	159,994	7,813
British Africa.....	36,040	3,750		
Italy.....	10,176	1,411	47,912	4,250
Netherlands.....				
Total.....	9,767,264	P684,840	7,076,560	P606,226

FOR 33 MILLS

	Lumber Shipment		Lumber Inventory	
	1928	1927	1928	1927
	19,791,422	16,861,753	33,556,712	30,009,396
	Mill Production		1927	
	1928		1927	
	19,971,935		17,726,748	

Note:—Board feet is used.

YES, STEP RIGHT IN, PLEASE

Here's!

Yours of May 14, with the interesting clipping, came to me yesterday, after both conventions had faded into history and oblivion. However, your letter was not overlooked even though I did not write about him. I was in Chicago only two days before going to work and got back again only two days before your letter came with about fifty others of mine in the Houston hotel, and as none of the inlander statementers knew of my existence they did not look me up. Both conventions were tame—and wet enough to float any dry plank! The hurly-burly here makes me long for the quiet of Moscow. A book of mine, *Terrible Stories*, Dial Press, has been published, and I am writing another, but there has been no financial return, merely exercise so far.

—Junius B Wood, Moscow
Correspondent, *Chicago Daily News Foreign Service*

Charlie Crytser heard from:

I want to compliment you on the very much improved appearance of the *American Chamber of Commerce Journal* and the very fine articles which have been appearing in the last couple of years. The paper has resolved itself into a real encyclopedia of Philippine life and habits and proved very interesting reading to oldtimers who have looked over the copies in my office.

—C. A. Crytser: Commercial Representative, Tribune Avenue, 433 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Still hears the East a-callin':

I was pleased indeed to receive your letter of May 22nd and hope that you have been enjoying a full measure of prosperity and good health.

Our passenger business has been very good this summer and we have had many compliments in connection with the fine equipment now operated on our North Coast Limited, but, of course, it is unnecessary for me to say that we always have ample room for more patrons, so any time you have an opportunity of saying a good word same will be appreciated and your friends can rest assured that we always have a representative meeting the Admiral Line as well as Canadian Pacific steamers and that every assistance is rendered to help them with their baggage and other travel worries.

Certainly nothing would be more gratifying to me than to have an opportunity of visiting your good city again in the near future and I do hope sincerely that I will have this pleasure ere long.

—R. J. Tozer: Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railway Co., Seattle.

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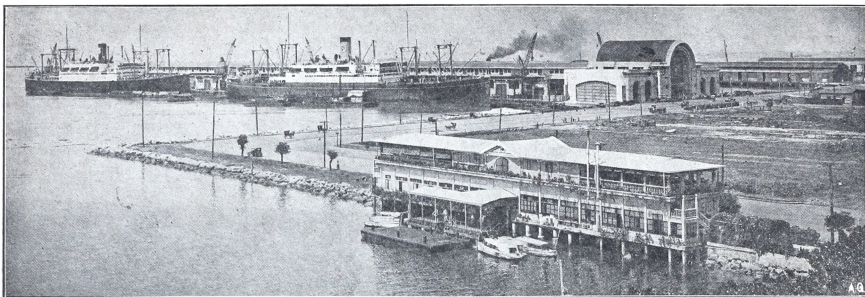
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SHIPPING REVIEW

By J. E. GARDNER, Jr.
Acting General Agent,

THE ROBERT DOLLAR COMPANY

Exports from the Philippines for the month of August were approximately the same as for July, as the total exports for August amounted to 82,181 tons as against 85,791 tons for July, a decrease of 3,610 tons.

As anticipated, there has been a renewal of the stevedores' strike at Cebu Tuesday night, October 2, the laborers refused to work, and the following morning the strike was definitely declared on the basis of the original demands, which would mean an increase of approximately 65% over the pay previous to the first strike. All steamship lines are agreed that this demand is most unreasonable and are united to oppose giving in any way to the laborers. In the meantime, the trade of Cebu is practically crippled, and many ships are omitting scheduled calls at that port. Attempts to bring in outside laborers

have so far met with little success, but, with the protection of the Constabulary, it is hoped the vessels now lying at Cebu at least can be handled. W. F. Stevenson and Company, agents for the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, have announced the inauguration of a direct service between the Philippines and Japan with sailings every three weeks. The first steamer will be the s.s. *Konan Maru* sailing from the Philippines about the middle of November. This will be a freight and passenger service, the ports of call in the Philippines being Davao, Zamboanga, Cebu, Itoilo, and probably Manila.

From statistics compiled by the Associated Steamship Lines, there were exported from the Philippines, during the month of August, 1928, to China and Japan ports 7724 tons with a total of 41 sailings, of which 3867 tons were carried in American bottoms with 12 sailings; to the Pacific coast for local delivery 17,476 tons with a total of 13 sailings, of which 17,407 tons were carried in American bottoms with 11 sailings; to the Pacific coast for transshipment 2521 tons with 9 sailings, of which 2512 tons were carried in American bottoms with 7 sailings; to the Atlantic coast 36,021 tons with a total of 14 sailings, of which 17,806 tons were carried in American bottoms with 5 sailings; to European ports 17,388 tons with a total of 16 sailings, of which 294 tons were carried in American bottoms with 3 sailings; to Australian ports, 1061 tons with a total of 5 sailings, of which none were carried in American bottoms; a grand total of 82,181 tons with a total of 61 sailings, of which

41,876 tons were carried in American bottoms with 16 sailings.

Regular passenger traffic during the month of September showed an increase over that of August, there being a total of 2444 during September as against 1840 during August. Regular passengers departing during September were (first figure represents cabin passengers, second figure steerage), to China and Japan, 312-839; to Honolulu, 0-791; to the Pacific coast, 112-239; to Straits Settlements, 22-12; to Mediterranean ports, 15-2.

PERSONALS

C. S. Larson, secretary, Associated Steamship Lines of Manila, was married to Miss Victoria Andrews on Tuesday afternoon, October 2. We extend best wishes to them both.

R. C. Morton, director for Orient, U. S. Shipping Board, returned to Manila October 1 aboard the *ss President Cleveland*, after a month's business trip through Java and the Straits Settlements.

W. S. Jones, assistant passenger agent for The Robert Dollar Co., Manila, also joined the ranks of the Benedicts when he took Miss Alice Corbett as his bride on September 21. We take this opportunity of wishing them much happiness.

C. Thwaites, oriental auditor for the Canadian Pacific Railway, with headquarters in Hongkong, arrived in Manila September 6 aboard the *ss Empress of Asia* and departed September 22 aboard the *ss President Grant*.

L. Yates, oriental manager for the Prince Line, with headquarters in Hongkong, was a Manila visitor recently, arriving on the *Japanese Prince* and departing for Singapore on the *Tennessee*.

Latest advices are that H. M. Cavender, general agent for The Robert Dollar Co., Manila, will leave Seattle on the *ss President Taft* October 6, arriving Manila October 29.

CRAIG MAKES CHARCOAL

Four tons a day is the capacity of a new department of the Franklin Baker Company of the Philippine Islands. Colonel John W. Craig, president and general manager, making coconut shell charcoal, that famous charcoal which made the gas masks of the American troops superior in the World War. Colonel Craig says "this charcoal can be used for anything for which wood charcoal can be used," and he asserts its superiority. Here's a new industry in Manila.

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SEPTEMBER SUGAR REVIEW

By **GEORGE H. FAIRCHILD**



New York Market:
For the month under review the American sugar market continued in a depressed condition, prices having declined further to the lowest level since 1925. With the publication of favorable reports regarding the growing beet crop in Europe, the market was practically inactive during the first week, only insignificant

sales of Cubas were effected on the 6th and 7th at 2-5 16 cents c. and f. (4.08 cents l. t.) and 2-1 4 cents c. and f. (4.02 cents l. t.), respectively. On the 10th the market became still weaker and prices sagged to 3.99 cents l. t., while on the following day small sales of Cubas were reported at 2-3 16 cents c. and f. (3.96 cents l. t.). Thereafter, the market was in a more or less demoralized condition with prices declining until on the 20th when a small quantity of Cubas was sold at 2-5 32 cents c. and f. (3.93 cents l. t.) being the lowest price reached since 1925. The market showed a slight improvement on the 21st and prices rose to 2-3 16 cents (3.96 cents l. t.). It became firmer in the next three days with reported sales in dock at 2-7 32 cents c. and f. (3.99 cents l. t.). Since then until the close of the month the market reverted to its former depressed condition with sales effected at 2-5 32 cents c. and f. (3.92 cents l. t.). Yesterday (Oct. 2) cable advices reported that sales were made at 3.89 cents l. t. ex store in New York and that the United Kingdom had bought new crop Mauritius sugar, No-

ember-December shipment at 10- c.i.f., equivalent to 1.98 cents f.o.b. Cuba (3.87 cents l. t.). The world's stocks are 2,468,000 tons as compared with 2,479,000 tons a year ago and 2,466,000 tons in 1926. Last year, the world consumed 1,600,000 tons of sugar in excess of the consumption in the previous year, which tonnage is about double the normal annual increase—800,000 tons. The world's sugar crop last year was 1,429,910 tons in excess of the previous year's or 171,090 tons less than the consumption, showing that the shortage must have come from the unknown "invisible stocks," justifying the assumption that they are now at a lower ebb than a year ago at this time. Should the volume of the world's crop next year be about the same as this year's, and consumption no more than normal, there would seem to be no justification for the present price level.

According to cable advices, the European sugar crop will not be in excess of last year's

and while Cuba may harvest 5,000,000 tons, there is serious doubt in some quarters whether the crop will reach this estimate. While some people prophesy 1,000,000 tons of beet crop in the United States, others predict 750,000 tons. Undoubtedly, Java's crop will be around 3,000,000 tons and Hawaii will harvest over 800,000 tons, but the world crop may not be 800,000 tons in excess of the previous year's crop, which it should be to take care of the normal annual increase in consumption.

If the foregoing calculations are substantially correct, it is quite clear that the statistical position does not explain the prevailing low prices at this time, but there are other factors at work which are even more potent than statistics upon which the world has been accustomed to rely in the past.

Futures: On the New York Exchange, quotations for futures have fluctuated in sympathy with the spot market and declined to 10-25 points as may be seen from the following:

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September.....	2.22	1.96	1.96
December.....	2.33	2.06	2.07
January.....	2.34	2.08	2.10
March.....	2.33	2.11	2.13
May.....	2.40	2.18	2.21
July.....	2.47	2.26	2.29
September.....	2.43	2.34	2.36

Philippine Sales: During the month under review only 6250 tons of Philippine centrifugal sugar, affoots, were sold in the Atlantic coast at 3.99 cents l. t.

Local Market: In view of the adverse reports on the situation of the American sugar market, the local market for centrifugal sugars was weak and inactive during the month under review, with insignificant transactions. Exporters' quotations ranged from P9.25 to P10.00 per picul. For local consumption, Chinese dealers offered from P10.00 to P10.40 per picul.

In the muscovado market transactions were restricted to very small parcels on the basis of P6.50 per picul for No. 1.

Crop Prospects: During the month of September, particularly in the latter part, there has been a continuous drizzle which, in some places on Luzon, may affect the purities of the cane.

Reports from Negros are to the effect that the northern part has suffered a dry spell whereas in the southern portion of the island there has been too much rain. It is the consensus of opinion, however, that the crop on that island will be normal and may exceed the previous one by 10 per cent.

Philippine Exports: Exports of sugar from the Philippines for the 1927-1928 crop from November 1, 1927, to September 30, 1928, amounted to 542,609 metric tons, particulars of which follows:

	Centrif- fugals	Muscov- ado	Refined	Total
November.....	14,101	506	69	14,676
December....	55,455	---	172	55,627

January.....	85,123	643	405	86,171
February.....	74,643	3,350	380	78,373
March.....	67,578	11,545	754	79,877
April.....	81,785	5,784	582	88,151
May.....	45,060	6,122	920	52,102
June.....	47,295	5,568	899	53,762
July.....	16,638	632	690	17,960
August.....	9,508	871	471	10,850
September*..	5,060	---	---	5,060

Total..... 502,246 35,021 5,342 542,609

*Incomplete report.

Annual Convention: The Philippine Sugar Association had a very successful Convention this year. The outstanding problem for discussion was the threatening menace to the industry by the introduction of discriminatory legislation in the Congress of the United States in the form of the Timberlake Resolution. All through the deliberations of the convention the sugar men, business men and the government officials were unanimous in their protests against such discriminatory legislation on the ground that it violates the American principles of free trade, because so long as the Philippines is under the American flag it is entitled to the same protection and consideration as are accorded to the other territories of the United States; that it is unfair and unjust to the Filipino people who have been chided for their backward industrial and agricultural development and encouraged, if not at times goaded, to exert themselves to develop the sugar industry in these Islands by the introduction of modern methods long in vogue in Continental U.S.A., Hawaii, Java, Porto Rico and Cuba; that it would nullify the efforts which the United States is making toward cultivating the spirit of goodwill and cooperation in the conduct of the government of the Philippines, and thereby inducing the people of the Islands to produce the tropical products for the supply of which the United States is becoming more dependent each year on the ambitious and competitive efforts of foreign pro-

ducers; and, lastly, that it would be detrimental to the consumers of tropical products in the United States.

The pamphlet entitled "Facts and Statistics about the Philippine Industry" prepared by a Special Committee composed of Messrs. Geo. H. Farchild, Felipe Buenavista, Jr., and Rafael Corpus, as a preliminary measure to combat the Timberlake Resolution, is now off the press and approximately 5000 copies have already been distributed in the Philippines and in the United States.

Apparently the campaign of information which the Philippine Sugar Association has been conducting since the introduction of the Timberlake Resolution is beginning to have its effect judging from the following statement taken from Czarnikow's circular of August 24, 1928:

PHILIPPINES: A statement has been circulated by Philippine interests that there is no possible chance for the Philippine sugar industry to expand much beyond its present productive status and that the new sugar mills built in the Islands recently will not mean a substantial increase in the output, because these modern mills are merely taking the place of thousands of primitive and dilapidated ones.

The sugar production this season is said to amount to 559,990 tons or only 33,640 tons more than last year. The yield of sugar per acre for 1926-1927 was only 1.50 tons, whereas in 1922-1923 it was 2 tons. In comparison, Java yielded last year 5.36 tons per acre. It is claimed as impossible for the Philippines to export more than 450,000 tons to the United States this year.

In sharp contrast with the above statement as to the Philippine production, considerable agitation is made against proposals that the United States Congress restrict the duty-free imports from the Philippines to 300,000 tons or 500,000 tons annually. But if the claim made is true and production in the Islands cannot materially increase above the present figure, there seem to be no grounds for objections to a reasonable restriction of Philippine imports into the United States.

Java Market: The Java market was easier during the month under review than in the previous month, but prices have not materially changed. Latest quotations for Superiors are as follows: Spot, Gs. 13-5 8 = P7.34 per P. I. picul f.o.b.; Later delivery, Gs. 13-3 8 = P7.22 per P. I. picul f.o.b.



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The Little Town of Cuenca in Batangas

(Concluded from page 3)

tree where this old one was standing now, munching his meager fodder.

Then we looked upon the faces of our hosts once more. Bred of the soil ourselves, the penury here was apparent to us. But those faces were brave: in fact that day they were genuinely happy, and the daily anxieties were kept deep down and well hidden.

"Why, Vicente, your ox is old."

The children who had brought the fodder got it. It echoed in their merry throats: "Ano, ano?" queried the grandmother at the window. "What, what does he say?" "Ang vaca ay matunda dao!" He says the ox is old! So the little girls in calico camisolas interpreted our appraisal of the livestock.

The crone laughed too, and Vicente made great stories of our sagacity in farm matters. But if the ox was old, there was a pig in the fattening pen—a pen all bamboo, fog, shade, and all—and the pig was growing lustily and would soon weigh 200 pounds. Then it could be sold for half the price of a young ox. Cuenca folk are poor but not needy; they neither want nor thrive; they are sufficient unto themselves; there is not a Chinese in all Cuenca, and few in any of the towns of Batangas. Cuenca folk are proud, clanish and puritanical. Cuenca, because it has attracted no foreigners and yet is a very old settlement, is a first rate place for the study of Tagalog culture. This culture is essentially oriental puritanism. But its rigid forms are not in the statutes of the islands, first borrowed from Spain and later added to from America; hence it has no blue laws, but only the customs of the people.

Cuenca! Off the main road; nestled in the mountains, a tedious trail leading to the roaring sea: Cuenca—hardly known! It is tucked away in its jealous isolation on the slopes of Mount Makulot, which means Curly Mountain, very similarly to a highland village of a clan of Scots. Alejandro Laha is its mayor, an independent; he will be succeeded this month by Manuel Cuevas, an independent. The town treasurer, though appointed, is a Cuenca man. The justice of the peace is a Cuenca man; and there are two lawyers, both native Cuenca men; and there is one doctor, *Misio* Chaves, a Cuenca man born and bred. There is a drugstore. Dr. Chaves is the *sanitario*, the town health officer; he is rich, as wealth goes in Cuenca,

and Vicente gives him a good character—he is a very nice man, born in Cuenca!

The election this year took almost as long a vacation as the funeral had taken. It was necessary to give a few days to prelection work, and insure the triumph of the independent ticket.

Who might be governor, who might go to the legislature—this was comparatively of little importance. The real question was, who was to have the honor of governing Cuenca: in whom would the people put their trust? "How about the old *presidente* (mayor)?" "Oh, he is a very good man." "And how about the new one?" "Oh, he's a very good man, too; they are both good Cuenca men."

No doubt they are, the people are attentive to their own interests, ready to speak out boldly, ready to make their wishes known.

Let us go to Cuenca, there is more to see than just the old ox and the fat shoat in the pen, important as they are to Cuenca's domestic economy. And first of all the road: down the bay to Las Piñas, off through the narrow plain and over the hills of Alabang; Muntinglupa, San Pedro Tunasan, Sta. Rosa, Cabuyao, Biñang, Calamba—all nesting placidly in the irrigated rice fields; and then the sverve to the right and into the rolling country of Batangas: Tanauan, Sto. Tomas, Malvar, Lipa, Rosario, Tumbul, Ibaan, Batangas, Bauan, Paho (and a turn to the right), Alitagtag, and Cuenca. Keeping on along the main road far Paho would take one into Taal.

Taal is visible from the summit of Makulot, not a hard climb, and one affording an inspiring view. Cuenca men go to Taal lake to fish. They also fish in the sea, a half-hour's walk through the fields. From lake and sea and their rugged acres, they wrest their abstemious livelihood. Those who are richest have cattle, for there is good pasturage. Nevertheless, there is but one butchering day, Sunday, which is general market day, when one may buy fresh beef and pork. Lumber being available, most Cuenca houses are built of it, and roofed with cocon, bamboo is little utilized in building. One of the long line of very good men Cuenca seems to have had as mayors went up on Mount Makulot and impounded the waters, and piped them down the slopes and around the town. During the rainy season, there is enough for all day; but during the dry season the hours when patrons

may use the water are to 7 to 9 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m. There is a frugal rule in force, and no one thinks of violating it. In Cuenca there is no public opinion, about matters pertaining to Cuenca.

The water is cool and sweet. Two things Cuenca folk value very highly, the waterworks and the road. The first insures their health, the second affords egress to the outland—even to Manila. And this is good, because Cuenca, little as her products are, still has something to market. Besides, the road makes it easy to leave Cuenca and find work, and then to get back to Cuenca again.

The young men of Cuenca must do this very thing this year. The rice crop failed in Cuenca, there is famine there; but not really, either, because the men are going off to work, and they are buying rice with their wages and sending it home on the trucks that ply regularly on the road. Cuenca is very poor, but will get along without outside help. As soon as the harvest comes in Sta. Rosa, Biñang, and all the towns in the lowlands where there is irrigation, Cuenca men will go there to help in gathering the grain and threshing it. This going away to help in the harvest is called *lalawigi*; and the men will have their pay in rice, and this pay is called the *kabahagi*. The harvesters are *magaani*.

Cuenca rice is upland rice. By ancient Tagalog custom, it is grown on the shares. If the tenant has his own ox, his share is half the crop after the *kabahagi* is deducted; if the landlord must furnish the ox, then the tenant's share is only 1/3 of the crop after the *kabahagi* is deducted. It is so with all Cuenca crops, and custom is the law that governs.

The rice is sown on the plowed fields, not germinated in a seedbed and transplanted as lowland rice is. When a field is ripe, the neighbors, men and women, are called upon to gather it. They go into the field and pluck the heads (using a little knife to cut the stems) and put them into *rakuyans*, baskets slung at the waist. These basketsful of heads are dumped into *rayuds*, coarse mats, and taken to the threshing yard at the house of the landlord or the tenant. There the *manga magaani*, in the evening, spread out the mats and trample out the grain, singing the sagas of Cuenca and religious hymns as they work; but sometimes they don't sing, but listen to the old men's stories. The grain all free from the heads, it is pushed into a pile in the middle of the mat and divided into the equal parts. Then the *manga magaani* with many a *salamat po*—that is, many a *thank-you, kind sirs!*—put two parts of the new grain into the bamboo bins under the house, and roll the other part, which is their *kabahagi*, up in the *rayud* and are off to their homes.

When the grain is all gathered and threshed in this way, and the *kabahagi* taken out, the tenant who grew the crop takes half of what is left, the landlord the other half, and the business of making rice crop is over. But God must be thanked for His bounty. All Souls and All Saints days remembered. Be sure that all this will be punctiliously done, for the hearts of the people are stirred with gratitude. What a fine and wonderful thing it is, they feel, that one may plow a hillside, sow some little yellow seeds, and reap a crop of rice: because God changes the direction of the wind, and brings the rains, and then shifts them away again for the sun to shine and ripen the mature grain.

There is more to say about Cuenca next month.

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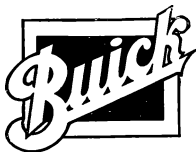
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