

From One Friend To Another

By ANNE MILTMORE PENDLETON

One of the Order of Friends discourses upon the transitory existence of Americans in the Philippines and the prudence (or imprudence, according to the reader's own inference) of acquiring a little spot of God's earth here and building a house upon it which by the kindness of time and the sufferance of conjugal union may become that Victorian institution known as home.

Now hath the season returned when the Heavens be disposed to empty themselves of their contents, not in conscious, righteous gentle showers from Heaven as the great Shakespeare might say, but in heathenish howls of rage, with much beating of tom toms, and flashings of fire, and most unholy liquidaceous downpourings of exceeding great force, the which do last but an hour or so at a time, but do in that time cause me to fear the while for the sudden cessation of the Universe, but as yet, nothing of the sort hath happened, else would I not be calmly writing to thee this beautiful morning.

As a result of these deluging cloudbursts, the earth hath taken unto itself a new appearance; vines of many kinds which but a day before seemed leafless dead roots, now lovingly embrace all the trees, clothing them with a leafy verdure of most amazing luxuriance that cannot but cause one to suck in one's breath and marvel that Nature can be such a profligate.

As for the grass, it groweth not in seemly fashion, but fairly *leapeth* from the earth overnight, so that I befeare me it shall soon overwhelm, overtop, and completely enshroud us till we shall be as the Liliputians beneath the feet of Gulliver.

But of weather, enough. There be other things of which I fain would speak with thee. But first of all, I would thank thee for thy kind letter of most interesting purport and content, the like of which do comfort me greatly and causeth me to know that a true friend is "like unto the salt of the earth." Truly, are my friends unto me like as all his wealth of jewels is unto a king. I entreat thee that thou wilt not depart from the way of thy friendship with me. Often and often do I thank the Heavenly Father of us all for that He hath delivered thee and mine other friends into mine heart. And for thee and them and my loves doth my heart sing songs of thanksgiving day and night. Yea, though the Lord hath dealt me much suffering and sorrow, yet, verily, hath He tempered them with love and friendship, and for this will I praise Him unto the end of my days.

And now would I tell thee of the doings of the Man of My House. We twain have taken unto ourselves a house, the which we have great hopes that it may not long remain a house, a mere thing of nails and bare boards, but a real home, and to this end hath the Man of My House done many things with his own hands for the embellishment and utility of this, our home, to the vast astonishment of some of our neighbors who do not so because the time of their stay in this land of beauty is short.

These neighbors openly give unasked comment, and such words as these are their sayings.

"Of what value to do all this? Thou mayst not long dwell in this wretched land." Or, "Thou canst not catch this fellow wasting time and money on the house wherein we dwell. By contract, only another year must we stay, and then back to the States, away! Such a short time, and what profiteth it to fix things up?"

So they say, but they know not, and can have no understandings of our love for the Oriental

and the Oriental's country, and for that I do pity them much.

But I have strayed far from my course. I did think to tell thee how the Man of My House do be painting our Home.

As thou knowest full well, paint maketh the clothing of the painter untidy and uncleanly, and for this reason did I insist that he clothe himself in his oldest garments, the which he did, so that he did resemble a ragamuffin, nay, more, a scarecrow in the fields; this he did, for that he be a righteous and amenable marriage partner with such virtues as Saint Paul doth enjoin upon all those entering into matrimony. (Albeit the Apostle putteth such a special stress upon the woman, which I like not, for that it seemeth to me uncalled for, and verily do I resent it. But enough of that, lest I fall into a rage, and behave myself in an unseemly fashion.)

The Man of My House, then, did mount the ladder, and did paint away right cheerily and efficaciously, when two dames, thinking him to be but a hired worker, did pass under his ladder, and by, (for that way did provide a short cut) discoursing in demely fashion.

Saith the first dame, "This be the nicest home on the Hill," and then did she relate in no mean words the merits and goodnesses of this, our Home, so that the heart of the painter did glow within him, for that the dame did call the place wherein we dwell, a home and not a house.

"The first real home on the Hill," saith the second dame.

And so they passed under the ladder, little knowing what joy they had brought into the hearts of us twain.

And now, I fear me I have wearied thee for long with this dull recital of nothings. Fear not, thou shalt not suffer longer, for now do I extend to thee a loving farewell, and I do rejoice in thee, and that thou hast chosen to call me

—Thy friend.



What state in the United States has a female governor?

The state of matrimony!

It's a "laugh from the shows" as interpreted by Machailler in *Judge*.

The wisecrackers have been enjoying some

GORDON GIN

—it makes you feel that way!

Cheer Leaders

We just met the dumbest girl in the world. On reading the "Cheer Leaders" she turned and said, "It says here, Harvard '31. Does that mean that Yale didn't score again?"

—from *Judge*.

"Then," says *Judge's* same department, "there is the dumb nurse who thinks a coma is a punctuation mark."

Whatever it is, you never have it if you stick to—

ROBERTSON

—for highballs

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VERSES BY "A. R. E."

Temperament

You bring me peonies—
It is violets I wish,
Laid in a bed of mosses,
Not standing in a dish.

You send me chocolates—
Why can you not recall
My preference? It's bonbons—
When I eat sweets at all.

How many times must I
Remind you that my taste
In gems is fickle? Today,
These rubies are a waste.

You are well meaning, but
You never can, I fear,
Quite know me. What—you're leaving?
Ah—stay, stay, my dear!

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