

moving, fascinating scene always, this Washington. No dull hours; on the contrary, many vitally interesting things to do and frequent nation-wide notices of a fellow's work—the fourth estate manned by the best men in it.

Winter days—varsity days. Political days... Washington in winter. A nice billet, accessible to places. With the boy in Harvard, a fellow could be up there now and then. It's nice to visit boys in college; they lay it on naively thick, advertise the fact they're proud of you. Yes, America is wintered-in now; it has buttoned up its overcoat and gone to shiver in the stadiums and cheer the lads at their jousting; and it is having evenings at the shows, and opening its comfortable homes to friends. Friends... once it had less of an academic significance, this word *friends*.

Well, a chap can have friends: a few do no harm.

Oh, hum! what a mess of work! Bills, bills, bills—new embryonic laws, nearly two hundred of the pesky things! The crop of 'em this year is unusually heavy, they say, but maybe it's just so-so in quality. A fellow has to see; and it's all dumped on him late, very late, when he has only a few days in which to dispose of it, and while he's still new and it's a lot of Greek to him in lots of cases. Almost, they seem to have said, "Let him work late, every night. Let him drudge like a stodge. *We're through!*"

Well, he does it—drudges like a stodge every night. So he does tonight. So he is doing right now, trying to find head and tail to nine score new laws, mostly the prodigious output of a *style committee* after the session was over. A new game, a ticklish new game; a fellow must dig in and learn the rules of playing it. And it's winter, varsity days at home... the boy's in school, up at Harvard. And Washington, one of the world's best shows. Raucous sometimes, gentle sometimes, but ever fas-

inating. Prairie senators, industrial senators, the whick-whack of parlous debate... and little parlors, and big salons, with large interest in parlours and public affairs.

Friends...

What? Midnight? Well, it's time to knock off, laws or no laws... Why, out here on the verandah it's even starlight! This verandah is all right, big, quiet and cool, here by the river—if a fellow had time to enjoy it. Ugh! those bills! The moral of that episode—Don't turn back for cigarettes on a work-piled desk! The bills are waiting, and they'll be waiting tomorrow night, too. Anyway, it's downright lovely out here—the moonlight, the nearing stars, the river. A stately river, this old Pasig. If there were friends... if—

Boats go nuzzing by, there's a bit of traffic all night. A fellow might think, if he were tired, that the boats were bringing ghosts to this echoing old barn, and taking them away again—sated with the wine of weariness; sated at one's very veins. He might imagine them annoying him with welcomes, interrupting him with their departures. *Bienvenidas, despedidas!*

If a fellow dwelt on these things very much, he'd be overwrought. It's just a ghostly lonesome hour, that's all. Let 'em come, let 'em go. It's time to knock off and get some sleep.

Down the river there, through the shadows, on the island midstream, is the Hospicio de San José. They used to use it for political purposes, sometimes; they kept a governor general there five years, once—in oldtime Spanish days. Well, at least they *called* him a prisoner: he knew his status. The leg-irons of the office are upon one, and the searchlight of international scrutiny. It is news if one's lamp burns late—news if it is turned out early. News hounds one—"the little lions of the press." Taft said—ready to bare its teeth. "Why did you do that?" "When will

you do this?" "Or will you do it at all?" "If not, why?" Constant searching about, ceaseless importunities; little news, vile news, bit pricking, persistent, pig-riant news—dogging news!

But it's quiet now, maybe a fellow can get some sleep. There'll be no news till morning.

Waning November... winter time at home, varsity days—the old folks watching the young grow up, and learn the rules of the game. Maybe there was snow on Thanksgiving, maybe Washington will have a *white Christmas!* A fellow 'll just have to cable the boy, and grab something in the stores and get it off in the mail to him, probably late. Well, it's all he can do. Those bills! embryonic new laws by scores! Days given to babbling conferences, evenings just so long. Oh, well—it's all in a life-time: a fellow has to play the game. He'll get through somehow, get through or break... Anyway, he'd like to see the boy.—*W. R.*

Written on Thanksgiving, '29, in appreciation of the splendid spirit of self-effacement in which His Excellency, Governor General Dwight F. Davis, is conducting his administration, and at a time when he had about two weeks, including his Thanksgiving holidays, in which to study and dispose of the nine score measures passed by the legislature, some of which had not reached him yet and most of which had reached him after half his time, thirty days from the close of the session, for considering them had elapsed. Though Governor Davis never suggests in manner nor word anything other than official alertness and eagerness over his exalted duties and unceasing obligations, still even public men have their personal side and are in fee to natural human emotions. The *Journal* is sure that everyone in these islands hopes Governor Davis's first Christmas here will be a very happy one—compensatory to him as a man, our neighbor on calle Aviles.

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