



SILHOUETTES. Of all sorts. Anywhere. Everywhere.

See that one close to the shrubs in Plaza Lawton? He is there today; he may be there again tonight. His impress? The peculiar odor belying the existence of dainty white flowers intended to gratify man's love of the beautiful, that makes you wonder if plants in public places are there to help purify the air or to help some perverted individuals vitiate it.

* * *

How about that man? And the other there? And the countless others who throng around waiting stands and sheds, push through the crowds and—spit right and left—on streets, sidewalks and conveyances.

* * *

The nervous rigdriver! Oh—of course. He wants to show his physical force on the poor dumb beast. And—to let off some of his accumulating heat. What do we say? Nothing, of course. We dissuade him once in a while—but he pays no attention. What for; S. P. C. A. members come far and few between, anyway.

* * *

The employment of minors—this is theoretically illegal but it is a necessary evil (?) "Why not make the most of them?" the carretela-bus operator says. So there they are—lifting weights that bend their pliant bones, shouting to attract fares and standing most of the time on the stirrups.

* * *

Do you remember your short-pants days or your pig-tail time when more than Father and Mother, and more tangible than God Himself you worshipped a man or a woman

simply because he knew numbers, letters, songs and silly little rhymes?

What has become of the teacher all these years? Do you still see a halo round his head? Do you still believe in him as your ideal incarnate?

Or do you see him goaded to sixteen hours' work, barely able to make both ends meet and yet expected to be the living example of all civic and social virtues?

* * *

When the bargain ads draw you irresistibly to the swanky shops, or some dear one's birthday takes you to the exclusive stores, how did you react to the salesgirl's sudden change in behavior as soon as a white man or woman came in?

Or did you have to hear the big wall-clock tick the seconds before someone came to you to ask very casually just what you wanted, and involuntarily found yourself contrasting the enthusiasm and promptness

accorded a foreigner?

* * *

Are you by chance one of the thousands at college?

What, by way of criterion, distinguishes the varsity neophyte from the upperclass men?

Casting all frivolity aside—the Angel Bob, the arched eyebrows and the cherry lips—have you not osmotically taken the slangy expressions, the snobbing and the obtrusiveness as the marks of sophistication?

* * *

When you are about to finish university schooling, you come to appreciate more and better the correlative forces that shape a child's education, basing it all on your own experiences.

How inane or tragic the parent's remark: "Oh! why bother about my children. The school will take care of them. That's why I am a taxpayer; that's why there are teachers!" And he goes off to

enjoy what his personal taste calls good times; his wife content herself with the routine duties to give their young the bare needs of an empty life.

* * *

Does your mouth water at the sight or mention of fruits? Invariably it does.

Well. Did you ever stand in reflection in front of the Sta. Cruz stalls or go to the famous markets where the season's harvest are temptingly displayed?

How often did you pay for what you saw were big, ripe luscious berries to see upon arrival at home that most of what was bagged for you were under-ripe, under-sized or half-rotten ones?

* * *

This is pre-election time. All things are called by that periodic name—even charity and men's stand on things.

Consider the big boss who temporarily develops that uncanny power of smelling the way the wind blows—whether he is to insure reappointment, lubricate his way to the common mass to be re-elected on the platform of social justice, or favor the influential few with the expectation of some grateful gesture in tangible form.

HILL GARDEN

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

*They are talking of fear and loss and how all must break
How the days are blank of meaning and sure of pain...
But my mother is moving in quiet beside her lake:
She says, "My red rose died. I must plant again."
The world is dark with the clashing of cries and creeds,
Men cling and chatter of darkening death and care...
My mother is looking East past her straining reeds:
She says; "The storm is close. It will clear the air."
They whisper, "The times are hopeless with struggle and dread.
What is there good in work till the end of light?"...
My mother has straightened herself by her garden-bed:
She says, "I worked well today. I sleep well tonight."*

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