

8	12:49 p.m.	2:42 a.m.	5.2	"	5:40 a.m.	16	6:04 p.m.	10:02 p.m.	2.7	"	24	12:27 a.m.	3:13 a.m.	4.1	"	5:43 a.m.
9	12:17 a.m.	2:58 p.m.	2.4	"	4:55 p.m.	17	7:26 p.m.	11:08 p.m.	3.6	"	25	12:35 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	4.2	"	6:05 p.m.
10	1:04 p.m.	3:30 p.m.	2.7	"	5:39 p.m.	18	8:27 p.m.	11:58 p.m.	4.5	"	26	1:24 a.m.	3:51 a.m.	2.7	"	5:58 a.m.
11	1:21 p.m.	4:04 p.m.	2.9	"	6:22 p.m.	19	9:18 p.m.	---	---	"	27	12:56 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	4.6	"	6:59 p.m.
12	1:42 a.m.	4:20 a.m.	2.4	"	6:30 a.m.	20	11:54 a.m.	12:41 a.m.	5.3	"	28	2:41 a.m.	4:25 a.m.	1.1	"	6:00 a.m.
13	1:41 p.m.	4:38 p.m.	2.9	"	7:07 p.m.	21	11:57 a.m.	1:20 a.m.	5.8	"	29	1:24 p.m.	4:56 p.m.	4.5	"	7:57 p.m.
14	2:05 p.m.	5:16 p.m.	2.7	"	7:53 p.m.	22	10:03 p.m.	1:13 p.m.	1.0	"	30	1:59 p.m.	5:51 p.m.	4.2	"	9:04 p.m.
15	2:34 p.m.	6:04 p.m.	2.4	"	8:49 p.m.	23	10:50 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	2.0	"	31	2:48 p.m.	7:00 p.m.	3.7	"	10:29 p.m.
	3:18 p.m.	7:12 p.m.	2.1	"	10:01 p.m.		11:37 p.m.	2:18 p.m.	2.9	"		4:03 p.m.	8:22 p.m.	3.3	"	12:13 a.m.
	4:28 p.m.	8:39 p.m.	2.1	"	11:46 p.m.		---	2:35 a.m.	5.1	"		5:50 p.m.	9:45 p.m.	3.4	"	1:35 a.m.
							12:19 p.m.	2:53 p.m.	3.6	"		7:28 p.m.	10:57 p.m.	3.7	"	

A MANILA BUSINESS ROMANCE

NOTE.—He was suffering visibly when he brought this in. His jowls were blue, his cheeks a sickly green; and he bent low, twisting his elbows into his midriff as if in an agony from prawns that hadn't chosen good company. We are nothing if not charitable, so we accepted his piece with alacrity and hurried him across the hall to the doctor's office. Gentle reader, don't take this as a poem, take it rather as a symptom; and say kindly, afterward, that it's more truth than poetry—a bit too dismal for Christmas, a bit too candid to be ignored. We believe he is recovering, so it probably will never happen again.—ED.

Manila, land of holidays
And holy days and good-time daze,
And clubs and pubs and cabarets
And carnival and moonshine haze.

Where Yankee, Turk, and Aleman,
And Japanece, and Chinaman,
And all the races of the earth
Assume the rôle of businessman.

Where funds are short and talk is long
And gamblers sing their siren song;
Each morning sees some project new,
Each evening bids it sad adieu.

Some new device sells, for a price,
And life is sweet and full of spice;
With "new device" the town is full—
Next week, and business is the bull.

The *Vicfor* starts the orthophope,
And Brunswick sells the Panatrope,
A new icebox appears, but say—
E'en Ford must have his Chevrolet.

John Cohnamaker, Aberdeen,
Kwong Lee, San Pedro, Hugo Steen—
Warehouses filled with spuds and beans,
Textiles and cars and oiled sardines.

Intent and bent the honest cent
To capture for to pay the rent. . .
Some busted merchant's indent stock
The banks throw on the auction block!

The manufacturer's agent crop
Aye helps the merchant take a flop,
Their direct importation hop
Is smoked in every retail shop.

The proud importer loudly groans,
The big wholesaler wails and moans;
The peanut-merchant's draft was due—
At less than cost his goods he blew.

The bland consumer grins and gloats,
While merchants cut each other's throats,
And banks step in and liquidate,
And *abogados* celebrate.

O blessed land of holidays,
I on your beauteous sunsets gaze,
And wonder how so fair a land
Could breed the jolly cutthroat band

Of guys who work for love or less
And in their loss find happiness:
Because their neighbor lost a sale,
What reck they that they lost *their* kale?

Each season sees them bloom anew
With sucker-money fresh as dew:
One born each minute? Say, old dear,
They're on the increase every year.

But shucks, old timer, cheerio,
Some other things are worse, y' know;
The city fathers never sleep,
For funds are low and debts are deep.

For once they're working overtime—
Strange business in this tropic clime—
Not many things they overlook
That might be taxed by hook or crook.

So get another license new—
To breathe and eat, and *habla*, too;
And one and then one half per cent
You've got to pay the government.

Your business, it may lose like h - - ,
But your gross sales to *Juan* you tell;
The revenue must have its dole
Maskee how deep you're in the hole.

And then some hero up and dies,
His soul is wafted to the skies;
And then again, he may be shot,
Ere he the other fellow got.

His birthday we all celebrate
While large committees pass the plate,
You've got to dig, and with a spade,
To help pay for the big parade.

And close your factory and your shop—
Your men, they need a rest, old top.
To march five miles 'neath tropic sun?
No, that's not work, by gosh, it's fun.

Then there's the orphan and the poor,
The guy who would your life insure,
The prune who missed too many boats,
The coo-coo who once knew his oats.

The ad man who extracts your dough
For programs of the minstrel show,
The athletes drive, the baseball games,
The scouts, and fêtes by sweet-souled dames.

And schools and fools and busted bums,
The uplift twins just from the slums,
The election of some senator,
And alms for the ex-janitor.

And picnic rice Valencia,
And funds for dear 'pendencia.—
If giving blesses all mankind
The merchant's blest from core to rind.

O rich man, poor man, beggar, thief,
O doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief,
O youth and maiden, cleric, seer,
Hark to this message of good cheer.

L'envoy

What makes life sweet and wholesome, who
can say?

For joys of life we all have need to pay,
What is one's poison, is another's meat—
Shoes that fit Juan, pinch old Pedro's feet.
Manila merchants are queer rogues, you know,
Their pulses quicken when adverse winds blow,
Their hardy spirits rise to meet with glee
Each new false blow of mean adversity—
Some way they win, though how's beyond my
ken,

Except, in knowing them, I know they're men;
Their very woes their minds keep ever fit
To meet their troubles with a sharpened wit.

Atlantic Gulf and Pacific Co.

OF MANILA

ENGINEERS

MANUFACTURERS

CONTRACTORS

71-77 Muelle de la Industria
MANILA, P. I.