

roundish, 14 mm. across, dark green, and considered the best flavored of all the fruits of this genus in Brazil.

Both the foregoing species would be likely to thrive in Baguio.

The PARANA PINE, *Araucaria brasiliensis*, is a stately pyramidal tree, 20 to 30 meters high, with a straight upright trunk. It ranges from Uruguay and Argentina to southern Brazil where it forms immense forests, especially in the State of Parana from which its popular name has been derived. The leaves or needles are linear-lanceolate, to 5 cm. long. The flowers appear in August and the seed cones ripen after 10 to 11 months. The cones are round and large, meas-

uring 15 cm. across, and contain many large seeds or nuts, 5 cm. long, about 100 of which make one kilo. They are boiled or roasted like chestnuts and are of good taste. Dried and ground they yield a flour of excellent keeping quality. A starch made from them is much esteemed.

The Parana pine is the principal source of pine timber in South America, the annual output approximating 150 million board feet. This stately ornamental tree, which also might be useful for reforestation, would be likely to thrive in Baguio in common with its near relatives the *Bunya* from Queensland and the *Norfolk Island pine* which were successfully introduced there many years ago.

prefer moving shadows of Broadway to moving shadows of Hollywood.

We do not have the critics' objections to the talkies, that they do not compass the range of the human voice, and that the finer subtleties of vocal expression escape them. The criticism is true, but obvious and trivial. The Phototone at least reproduces sufficiently well to get the show over; one has the satisfaction of this much, and the further satisfaction of imagining the superior excellence of the stage version. Hearing satisfactorily depends much upon real attention the mere will or purpose to hear. You can't help seeing the pictures, however, and you may quite miss hearing unless that faculty is on the alert. Surely this is true of all spoken drama; when the curtain rises, an appropriate and instinctive hush falls on the house—the audience *intently* listens. If your first experience with the talkies was disappointing, perhaps another trial or two will reconcile you to their limitations.

There is a knack to hearing the talkies, and one is commonly green at anything at first.

The talkies will take the English-speaking world and cut into the movies greatly wherever choice lies between the two. The reasons are simple: the talkies demand a better type of show and a better grist of show folk—they are a better show. The movies began with *quips*, re-throwing humor and barn-storming tragedy and seem destined to end there: everything they do they do extravagantly, with the vulgar gestures of burlesque; they delight in the impossible, they preferably choose melodramatics and circus antics; usually they are either too libidinous for children or too dull for adults. Deft suggestion does not suffice the movies; born of Hollywood, they go the whole hog or none. They debase Shakespeare and exalt Kyne and Patullo; and they make Barry weep.

So it came about that, as soon as the magnates were faced with the talkies, actors and plays were in demand. So-called stars whose charms are in their hips if they are women, and in outlandish cavortings if they are men, were suddenly and permanently out of jobs. It is a pleasure indeed to go to the talkies and behold a picture

## So This Is Broadway

By WALTER ROBB

Now that the talkies have come to town, it's time to talk about them. We saw/heard them at the Radio, Harry Everett's house, the old *Majestic*, on Santa Cruz plaza. We saw/heard *Syncopation*, *Lucky Boy* and one other. The apparatus is the Phototone, R. C. A., and the synchronization of labial gesture with word reproduction is well perfected; audible words flow properly with the movement of the lips. The process is mechanical, but the excellence of dialogue, songs and acting, when they are excellent, enables one to note this very little.

Getting immediately to business, what does the final statement above import? It imports that the future of the talkies cannot be achieved by the hit-or-miss method of the movies; the talkies must choose the best of drama, the best of actors of the speaking stage. Mortality among the talkies will come to compare with mortality among dramas, and it will be quite as swift and decisive. In fact, the talkies derive from the drama, not from the movies; the movies are but an agency, a dimensional agency, giving the world in shadows what Broadway and the Strand beholds in the flesh.

Don't put the picture first in going to the

talkies. That we learned quickly enough. We went expecting to hear, to enjoy the songs and revel in the dialogue, and we heard ervey word. To us it was, as it ought to be, just the unfolding of a stage play—with of course certain depictions impossible to the stage because of the stage's limited space. So, while the talkies derive from the drama, the medium, moving pictures and mechanized locution, by which they are given to the public, places them in a field apart from the drama and the movies alike; they will probably take the place neither of the speaking stage nor of the movies, but they surely are a third type of show that is deservedly winning popularity.

One would never see a movie the second time. But *Syncopation* so pleased us that we saw/heard it three times! There's a characteristic of the talkies—the bad ones pall at once, the good ones never. A year from now, five years from now, we see/hear *Syncopation* if we should have the chance. We should, of course, prefer the stage play of any pleasing drama. But we like acting as the art has been developed on the stage, and usually we abhor it as it has been developed in the movies; so we should always



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drama unfold that tells a good story well. The new *dramatis personae* seen/heard in the talkies are quite as able to run the gamut of emotions as the imbeciles of oldtime moviedom were, and they throw no cannipion fits in doing it. They show anger without glowering like gorillas, pleasure without thwacking their heels together, even passion without pruriency. In short, they behave like human beings.

Better one talkie than a dozen movies. Perhaps the challenge would hold even with the veteran movie-goer, that he can not remember having seen a dozen pictures which were even passable. There surely are not twelve first rate movie actors living, men and women together. Truly good ones, such as Chaplin is, need not go into talkies and need not fear the talkies; the talkies will do them good by forcing imbecility and mediocrity out of the movie field and leaving it to them alone. As the talkies must show only good plays or go boom, so the movies, now that the talkies are here, must show much better pieces or yield the field. The process will only be retarded by the monopoly of theaters the movie corporations have on circuits in America, but even this will count but little: the talkie will elevate the whole tone of the movie or elevate it off the lot—where censors have but pricked it on to ruder audacities and debaucheries.

But the talkies will help the movies in another way. Movies will be principally made for exportation, and will therefore cater more to what is really wanted abroad. Those movies which continue to be made principally for America will be good enough to please the world at large. All this is easy to foretell, and Americans living abroad will be grateful that foreigners who only see America through the movies are to have more

exact views of her.

Another thing noticed about a talkie program is the *comedy*. Here again is the speaking stage, not the movie lot. One or two comedians are always enough for a stage skit, and so it is with talkies' *comedies*. The talkies will soon bring us Will Rogers's merry shade, Al Jolson's and the rest. But not Hollywood celebrities.

What about the talkies with Filipino audiences? It is Filipinos who have crowded into Harry Everett's theater. The talkies have a field here because of the instruction in English in the schools, and Filipinos who acquire the knack of hearing the talkies will soon derive material advantage from hearing the English language spoken by those whose profession it is to speak it well. Filipinos will patronize the talkies, too, because they are better shows than the plain movies, and because of the music. Their appreciation of music and of good dramatization will make the talkies popular with them; because all talkies will be tolerable. No quantity of advertising could possibly put over a talkie flop; these will be dead loss—hence very scarce.

It is Broadway the talkies have brought to Manila. Thank goodness for that.

The new *Lyric* theater, where we hear the talkies are soon to be introduced, ought to do well with them; and good luck is wished for the *Rialto* and all other pioneering talkie enterprises. A benefit to the public and to the small theater will be, we think, the patronage that will be distributed to talkies wherever they appear. Patrons will choose talkies carefully, not with respect to the place where they are shown but with respect to their intrinsic merits as good shows.

native; he is faithful so long as he is ruled by force. When the rein is lightened he abuses this weakness and commits crimes. Treason is inherent in them as chivalry is in the Spaniard. Instead of being grateful and honoring the hand which feeds him, he will bite it. Unfortunate is the man who interferes with the designs of Providence."

Why this outburst against the native? What connection had his words concerning Providence with his charges against me? I could not for the moment make out. But evidently the Commissary was under the impression that I was won over by this harangue. His small eyes glittered under their deep lids.

"Come with me, my son. Come. I have something to show you." Without further words he passed through an antechamber and led me to a room with double walls, in a part of the buildings behind the Episcopal Palace. Double doors opened to the Grand Inquisitor's peculiar knock. Within I saw a large chamber lighted by oil lamps. Three black-robed figures were seated at a table in the center of the room; on the great table before them lay an immense crucifix of gold and enamel set with brilliants. At both ends of the table sat two friars whom I knew, Fray Juan and Fray Mateo. The three seated at the table wore high black cowls with openings only for their eyes. Flanking the crucifix were two tall candles whose flickering yellow light gave a sad and gloomy aspect to the chamber. At one side, on a bench without back or sides were seated various individuals, among whom I recognized the Chinese Christian, Santiago Ong-Kiam, and various natives. Through a door opening off the grand sala I could plainly see in an adjoining room stocks for both hands and feet, chains, other manacles, and a long hardwood bed piled with halberds, swords, ropes and daggers. The scene, the air, and my predicament,—for I knew not what Fray Jose might suggest—made me dizzy; I felt a little weak and began to perspire copiously.

"Do you see the yellow book in which they are writing?" asked the Commissary. I nodded my head affirmatively. "That is," went on

## A Triumph of the Cross Over Majesty

By FRANCISCO DE AGUAREÑA

Sometime Private Secretary to His Excellency Don Diego de Salcedo, Governor and Captain-General for His Majesty King Philip IV, in the Philippine Islands.  
1663-1668

(As Translated and Arranged by Percy A. Hill)

SYNOPSIS.—A typical prolonged dispute is developing between the royal governor of the Philippines, D. Diego de Salcedo, and the friars.

### V

IN WHICH IS RECOUNTED MY CONVERSATION AND EXPERIENCES WITH PADRE JOSE PATERNA, COMMISSARY OF THE INQUISITION IN THE PHILIPPINES

Faithful to the orders I had received from His Excellency to get in touch with the news of the city, the day after the wordy encounter between the high personages representing the Church and the State I made my way to the Episcopal Palace, a short distance from that of the captain general. I noticed a great number of people engaged in animated discussion, the most of whom were of the regular clergy. I also noted that two churches were celebrating funeral honors for the rest of some soul, the name of whom was withheld. Inside the Episcopal Palace were, besides the friars, officials, swashbucklers, soldiers, *alcaldes*, merchants and individuals of a dozen other trades; and loud discussions were taking place in both Spanish and Latin.

Making my way among the crowd I suddenly came face to face with Fray José Paternina, the Commissary of the Inquisition, who peremptorily demanded the reason for my visit. I replied that there was no particular reason except to visit my friends, as was my usual custom after mass. The conversation gradually led up to occurrences well-known in the city, resulting from certain differences of the heads of the Church and State. Addressing me directly, he spoke in the following insolent manner:

"You are a Spaniard of pure race,"—as distinguished from the new Christians, converts from Islam to Christianity when the Moors were expelled from Spain and to whom stigma attached—"But, more shame to you, the blood that runs in your veins is not so pure. We know you give little attention to the state of your immortal soul and that heresy is undermining your body.

You, as a good Christian should be arrayed under the banner of Christ to help extirpate heretics from the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, denouncing such as come to your notice, and seeing that they do not abuse society here in Manila. We know of your sinful relations with the woman Lutgarda and we know that this illegal union is contrary to Holy Church canons. She is not sanctified and you are now dwelling in mortal sin. Prepare yourself to repent, or the Holy Inquisition will take means to see that you do, and you will suffer in consequence."

"But, Padre," I protested to Fray Jose, "I cannot tolerate this public affront, this accumulation of insults."

"Wait a moment," he said sardonically, "I have not finished. I will tell you some other truths. You as one of His Excellency's confidantes should inform him of the sinful union of his chamber-woman and his cook. This native has always been a bad subject. The case is not only immoral, but all those who have knowledge of it are equally guilty if they do not expose the sin. We have not yet informed the King of conditions here which are countenanced by his governor, but I advise you as his friend to see that such conduct is immediately rectified or," here he pursed his thin lips, "suffer the consequences." I could see that he thought he already had me in his web—a human spider intent upon his prey.

"But, Padre," I was nettled, yet a little fearful. "His Excellency commands here. Who am I to advise or warn? Besides. . ."

He did not allow me to go on, but continued his tirade. "Yes. When it refuses to suffer more, the Catholic world will rise in revolt against heresy, and tyrants will fall into the hands of God's faithful ones. You know the *indio*, the

The advertisement for TANSAN features a central illustration of a bottle of TANSAN on the left. To the right, a circular inset shows a man in a suit standing at a table in a club, with a sign above him that says "CLUB". The man is looking towards the camera. The text "Yes, Sir!" is written in a large, stylized font next to the bottle. Below this, the text reads: "There are many table waters, but only one TANSAN!" and "At all the best clubs and bars!". The bottle label includes the name "TANSAN" and "ROBERTO TANI".