

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



Catholic School Press, Baguio, Mt. Pr.

THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

The official organ of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheutveld Fathers) in the Mountain Province of the Philippines.

Edited and published monthly

Editor . . . REV. O. VANDEWALLE, P. O. Box 1393, Manila, Phil. Is.

Publishers THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL PRESS, Baguio, Philippines.

Yearly subscription price: { P1.00 for the Philippines
 { \$1.00 for the U.S. and Foreign Countries.

All checks and money orders should be made payable to THE LITTLE Apostle, Manila, P. I.

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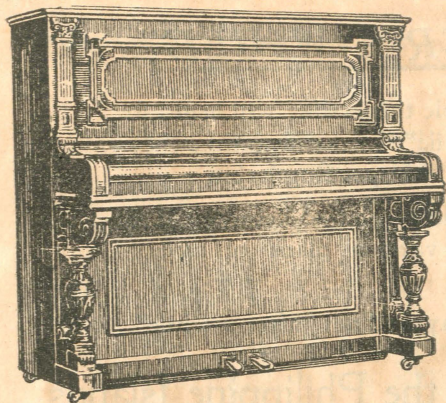
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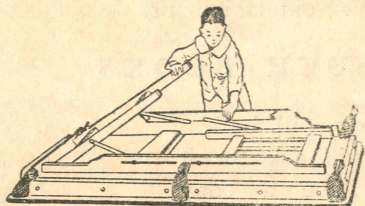
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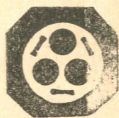
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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

Providence Has His Views

IN THE month of September, 1843, a young man of twenty, by the name of Luis Joseph Martin climbed the mountain of the great St. Bernard in Switzerland. He soon reached the celebrated monastery which gave its name to this mountain. He had come to this place to consecrate his life to God. He explained his holy intention to the Prior of the monastery, but as he had not finished his Latin studies, he was told to return to his home and to apply himself first to his studies and that afterwards he might come back. Luis was disappointed, he set out for home but ere long he found out that his life was to be dedicated to God in the world.

A few years later, an attractive and pious girl, Zélie Guérin, presented herself at the Convent of the sisters of Charity at Alençon in France. For years it had been her desire to become a nun. But in the interview she had with the Superioress of this convent, she was told she had no religious vocation. "Oh my God," was her an-

swer, "since I am unworthy of being Thy Spouse, I shall enter the married state to fulfil Thy Holy will, and I beseech Thee to make me the mother of many children, and to grant that all of them may be dedicated to Thee."

On July 12, 1858, Louis Martin and Zélie Guérin were married in the church of Notre Dame, at Alençon "solely for the love of children, in whom God's Name might be blessed for ever and ever." One of these children was to be the Little Flower; of the eight others four reached heaven before they had reached the age of reason, and the others were consecrated in religion to Him who had refused the consecration of their parents.

God knows best, for He is infinitely wise and His views on us are prompted by His infinite love for His images, His children.

We know such; nevertheless how often do we not murmur, at least indirectly, against the will of God which seems to thwart our designs, which in our eyes seemed to be even the highest and the best of our



St. Theresa of the Child of Jesus and Her Sisters

1. *Pauline* — 2. *Mary* — 3. *Celine* — 4. *Leonie*
— 5. *Mary Guérin, first cousin of the Saint*

(by courtesy of the Cultura Social)

life? Here are two most devout persons. Each one of them wishes to offer their whole being to God in religion. God refuses their entrance into the convent. But God knows best: God knows that they are to give to the world one of the most wonderful Saints: the Little Flower who will attract legions to God. God refused two persons and in so doing accepted many and pre-

pared the way for the salvation of numberless sinners and pagans who will later attribute this grace to the intercession of the Little Flower.

A devout person seems to be absolutely needed for the success of a great work for the glory of God and the success of the Church or of one of its organizations, and lo! death takes him away. Why despair of the work? God knows best and

“out of the very stones He can raise up children of Israel”.

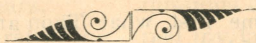
Sickness prostrates us on a bed of pains. Oh! if we were well again, we would do so and so and such great edifying works..... God knows best. If needed, “could he not call legions of Angels” to do that work?

The Church is persecuted all over the world. How can God permit such? First how could God permit the crucifixion of His own beloved Son? But must not gold be purified by the fire? God knows best and if the Church was never persecuted like during our days, never too has the Church been so strong as today: God is always with His Church until the end of the world.

A dearly beloved child dies in the family. What despair! Does God know what is best for the eternal well-being of the child? He loves the

child, He loves its parents and He knows best how to prove His love: there is love in saving, although it may hurt.

Not that at a failure in our good intentions or at a sorry event in our life we ought only to lift up our hands to heaven and sigh with Peter: “Lord save us”, no, “help yourself and then God will help you”. But, when a disgrace befalls us, when we are contradicted in our good resolutions, when we are unable to fulfil our most holy desires, if, after we have done all that we can to please God, our sacrifices seem to be refused by God, let us say: “God knows best” and let us submit to His Holy will, for He knows well what is best for us, and loves us infinitely, and that simple submission to His Holy Will will procure Him glory and bring upon us His blessings in our apparent defeats.



Oct. 15th, Feast of St. Teresa

St. Teresa was born in Spain in the year 1515 of parents who considered it their first and greatest duty of giving their daughter a thoroughly catholic education.

When a child of seven years, Teresa ran away from her home at Avila to go to the country of the Moors, in the hope of converting them and becoming a martyr. Of course she did not reach the goal of her childish ambition and on be-

ing brought back and being asked thereas on of her flight, she replied: “I want to see God, and I must die before I can see Him.” She then began with her brother to build a small hermitage in the garden, into which she often retreated to pray. At the age of twenty she became a Carmelite nun. But it was only at the age of thirty one that she gave herself wholly to God after a vision she had in which she was shown

her very place in hell, to which her own light faults and frivolous conversations would have led her. Not only did she then reform her imperfect habits, but she also reformed her own Order. Never was she satisfied with her day's work if she had not practised some act of charity. Her device was "either to suffer or to die" as if she considered life to be useless when she did not suffer in the service of God. She

suffered much, but as life is short compared to eternity, these sufferings came to an end in her 67th year, and since 1582 when she died saying: "after all I die a child of the Church" she has been enjoying the true eternal rewards of her pains and efforts to please God. Happy are those who understand that life means only a short time to prepare the highest and happiest heaven possible forever.



The Little Jesus and St. Teresa of Avila

It is related in the life of St. Teresa of Avila, that one evening, when traversing the cloisters of the monastery, she met a most beautiful child. Astonished to find him there, she inquired who he was. Let us hear her question and the little Visitor's answer in these touching lines of a poet:

"And who art Thou?" Teresa asks,
 "And what thy name, fair Child?"
 "My name" He answers, and His voice
 Is low and sweet and mild—

"Nay, tell me first what Thou art called."
 Teresa's limpid eyes
 Flash forth her soul's deep rapt'rous love
 As swift to heaven they rise.

«TERESA OF JESUS it is writ
 Upon my longing heart,
 In characters of light and flame
 By Seraph's burning dart.

For Him I live, for Him I die,
 My only love, my joy!—
 But speak and tell me who Thou art,
 Thou gentle, wondrous Boy!"

Again His Voice breaks on her ears
 In all its melody divine:
 «Teresa of Jesus is thy name,
 And JESUS OF TERESA, Mine!"

THE MISSION

A Letter

From V. R. F. Van Zuyt, former Provincial Superior

(Continuation)

Bambang, N. Vizcaya
February 5-1925

Dear Father Vandewalle

I ARRIVED at Bambang yesterday evening, after a visit to all the missions of Nueva Vizcaya. "Deo Gratias": Our Lord has blessed wonderfully the priests of this province, the Catholic Faith has made remarkable progress these last years.

You yourself who the first of the Belgian Fathers arrived here in Nueva Vizcaya, you know by experience in what a sad plight the Church was 18 years ago: without a single catholic priest; but no, there was one, yes, one who had denied the Catholic Church to follow Aglipay and together with him were others who had formerly been farmers, peddlers etc. and then pretended to bring souls to heaven in the schismatic Aglipayan Church. The plight was sad indeed and you know during 10 years our priests'

life in the province of Nueva Vizcaya was a continual sacrifice, humiliation and deep sorrow.

But our Missionaries have persevered. They offered up to God their physical and moral suffering as the ransom of their lost flock and, thanks to God, we may say that they harvest what was sown among so many tribulations. But let us continue the review of the missions at the point where I stopped my last letter from Kiangan.

Friday, February 6. At 8 a.m. we left Kiangan. The weather is fine, thus we may expect a lovely journey. Unhappily it has rained much these last days, thus the road shall be very muddy. As long as we are on the stony side of the mountain, the trail is perfect, but....yes, on the other side of the mountain we butted into the mud, the horses nearly disappearing in the dirt and not without leaving upon us all a coat of the same slimy stuff. At noon we arrive at the house of

our dear friend Mr. Madaran, at Payawan. After a rest of two hours we start again under the consolation that hence our road is a real autoroad, for work is actively pushed thru to make an autoroad between Bagabag and Kiangnan. In fact the road we came over may be called an autoroad. Two years ago an auto passed over it on its way to Kiangnan where in fact it arrived without accident and made a record.....yes, a record of economy in gasoline. Never again shall an auto run between Bagabag and Kiangnan no such an insignificant quantity of gasoline as that pioneer auto, the first to make its appearance in the Ifugao country. It ran on a very special device, long ago invented in the Philippines but used only in cases of great emergency. If the device had been used from the starting point, it would have run from Bagabag to Kiangnan without a single drop of the precious fuel.....and the device?Carabaos. Yes, carabaos had to pull the king of speed on earth..... it looks quite a contradiction, but it was a fact.

At 5 p.m. we arrive at Bagabag. After a journey of 40 Kilometers on horseback, we hope to take a well deserved rest. But we had counted without the enthusiasm of the inhabitants of the town. Father De Gryse, pastor of the place, since more than a month absent on account of sickness or rather weakness and exhaustion, was with us, glad to be home again among his

parishioners. In no time the town surrounded and filled up the convent. They should offer their pastor a feast. We protest; we are tired and need rest. Our arguments are of no avail. And how could they? They could not even be heard; the convent was so crowded that Father Moerman and I myself were forced to retire to some hidden corner from where we could observe all the love of the old and young for "Ama Aquiles" (Father Achilles). All and each one of the hundreds had to see the father from near. All had to say and ask something. A thousand times they said and repeated they were very glad to see him back and....stout.

After awhile the "Children of Mary" disappeared mysteriously. We saw them carry away the chairs of the house. We heard a noise of tables and benches under us. Later we saw some of them steal away thru the darkness and come back with lamps. What had they done?

At 9 p.m. they invited Ama Aquiles to come down in the room where catechism is taught. What could the good shepherd do but obey and we but follow? The room was nicely adorned and brilliantly lighted. Now followed a long and artistic program, that only the inhabitants of Bagabag in the whole province can render.

It was 11 p.m. when everybody went home happy and satisfied and we partook gladly of these feelings in expectation of the desired rest. But here came the brass band.....

djing-boung.....a concert began which lasted.....I can not say how long.....for I was too tired and preferred sweet dreams to harmonious music.

Since my last visit Bagabag's convent and church have changed much for the better. Formerly during the rainy season the Father had to give up his leaky convent and live in a house he rented. But now both convent and church are under an iron roof, thanks to the generosity of some benefactors. If the same or others could only help him now to repair what rains for years have destroyed inside, and to buy some furniture, the church of Bagabag would be one of the nicest of the whole diocese of Tuguegarao.

But I have to visit Santiago in the province of Isabela, where one of our Fathers lives. An auto comes on. I run all I can. "Stop! A ticket for Santiago please!" "We go only to the river". "But is this not a car of the autoline between Nueva Vizcaya and Isabela". "Indeed Father."—"And you run this line with regular cars on schedule, don't you"?—"Certainly, but the other truck is broken somewhere in Isabela."—"And when do you send a car to Isabela?"—"We do not know." Patience; well, I had been told that to go from Bagabag to Santiago one had only to whistle and lots of autos were ready to go to Isabela at any time.

The next day however I had a chance of finding one of these regular cars. We crossed the river

without accident and had a pleasant ride where formerly we suffered a purgatory on horseback. We reached the top of a mountain. Allright so far, but all of a sudden and I do not know how, the bus had her frontwheels in the muddy ditch. Patience! There were no houses in sight and no instruments at hand. Each effort of the machine to get out brought her wheels deeper and deeper in the sticky mud. To try our patience further, a heavy rain soaked those who were watching the efforts of the drivers. Patience! And while practicing to my best this angelic virtue I admired it in the drivers: pebble by pebble they filled up the gap under the sunken wheels and after two hours we started again and off for Santiago.

We pass San Luis where Nueva Vizcaya and Isabela meet and exchange their products: rice, tobacco, etc.

We see Cordon, once a flourishing mission in the Spanish time and now! Four half burned posts indicate the place where the former chapel stood and near these ruins figures a modest little chapel of the Catholic mission of Santiago, while farther the big Aglipayano chapel falls in ruins as an emblem of the fall of the religion itself at this place. Blinded by the patriotic appeal of the Aglipayans, the inhabitants have followed the Church called "Independent Church" but their eyes have opened, they have seen that if the

Aglipayans imitated the Catholic ceremonies, they lacked the true faith of salvation and now: they come back to the true flock.

The road between Cordon and Santiago is now a long street with houses on both sides where formerly only a few were seen. They are inhabited by Ilocano immigrants who arrived here these last years and have changed the waste land around into endless ricefields. May God bless their activity.

At 2 p.m. we arrived at the convent of Santiago. Father Bamps is the pastor. His mission was started long ago by Spanish Dominican missionaries who had nearly finished one of the nicest stone churches of Luzon when the revolution broke out which forced the Missionaries to leave the place and so it remained without a priest for years until finally one of our Fathers undertook to build up again the material and spiritual ruins of the town. He lived in nothing else but a shack. His church was not well enough even for a stable. But Father Waffelaert was not the man to remain idle. First he covered part of the stone walls of the unfinished church and had a nice big church. After this, but only after years of the poorest life and God knows how many sacrifices, Father Bamps, his successor, built a small house for himself.

From Santiago he visits regularly the old mission of Oscaris where the old convent shall before long be a perfect wreck if we do not re-

ceive the means of repairing it.

Monday, February 9. It happens that a truck passes. I do not like to play with chances and take that bus to return to Bagabag.

Tuesday, Feb. 10. Today we go to Solano. Time seems long when one has to wait, but when one waits a whole day for a truck as I do, time seems long an eternity. When I had given up all hope of a chance for an auto, and when the sun had, as my hope, disappeared, there sounded a horn....a bus had arrived for Solano.

We pass the barrio of Tuao with its nice chapel built thanks to the help of the Propagation of Faith of Boston. Since the chapel has been erected at Tuao, a complete revival of faith was observed amongst the inhabitants. What blessings must this chapel bring upon the family who donated it.

Solano. I feel a lump in my throat whenever I look at the ruins of a church and convent built under the Spanish regime. If only the flames which destroyed the roof had annihilated these massive walls. But no, here they stand as an emblem of the greater ruin of faith and religion among the inhabitants of the nicest town of Nueva Vizcaya.

When you arrived here 17 years ago, you found no house for yourself and only a kind of a stable in grass and bamboo for God. We built a house for the priest and a provisional church and the people little by little are coming back to the

Catholic Church. Near the Catholic Church stands the chapel of the Aglipayans. Yes, until recently the sect dominated the town, but lately as their chapel so does their prestige wane. At the last elections the so called Aglipayan priests figured prominently on the long list of candidates. This has opened the eyes of a good many who now say: "now we have seen that in the Aglipayan church there is no question of religion and salvation of the soul, but much of politics. Only one Church stands firm and unchanged: the Catholic Church in which we were born and baptized; so let us henceforth live and die Catholics".

If we had only the means to build a real church in Solano, the town would soon return to the true Faith.

Wednesday, Feb. 11. No doubt

many autos pass thru this province, but in reality we do not see any today: thus we look for another kind of conveyance: a carromata. We find that carriage and we find even a horse to draw it, but we can not detect an able driver. There is no other remedy: the sacristan will drive, he knows how to hold the reins and to manage a whip. We are gone for Bayombong, 5 Kilometers from Solano. Thanks to God we arrive safely, for the road is wide and we do not meet any auto or carromata.....a chance without which we might have lost our life. That dangerous expedition, style wigwag, at angles of 45 degrees, lasted 45 minutes over a road of 5 Kilometers, of which the driver made three fourths on foot and one fourth as a real driver.

(To be continued.)



Pope's Gift to Leper Hospital

The princely sum of 50,000 francs has recently been sent by Pope Pius XI to assist the work of the Leper Hospital at Sheklung, South China. The hospital, which cares for 800 sufferers from the dread disease, usually receives a small allowance per patient from the Canton Government; but owing to the present disturbed condition of Canton, the authorities have not found it possible to pay their contribution. The hospital suffered seriously in consequence, and the Holy Father's generosity has come at a time when it was sorely needed.

(Australian Far East)

Your Responsibility

His Holiness Pius XI, said in speaking of the Missions: That even one soul should be lost on account of our tardiness, through our lack of generosity; that even one Missionary should be obliged to halt because he lacks the means which we may have refused him, is a grave responsibility of which, perhaps, we may not have thought in the course of our lives".

(Australian Far East)

Life is a serious thing. It must not be allowed to evaporate in a jest, but be a happy round of great duties and simple pleasures. — *Canon Sheehan.*

Mission News and Notes

Bontoc.

Father Van Overbergh on his way to Lubuagan from where he will start the new mission of Cagbugao has to remain several weeks at Bontoc. The malaria he contracted during his stay with the Negritos, and of which he is suffering again a severe attack, and a sprained shoulder keep him in bed.

Itoyon.

From a letter of Father Quintelier:

My most sincere thanks to the benefactor who sent us thru your kindness a box of foodstuffs. They are most welcome, for here we do not often see meat and the like. I am badly in need of two sewing machines, but I should prefer foot-machines to hand ones. The girls at school must learn to sew, otherwise how shall our people ever wear clothes?

Kabayan has changed immensely for the better. Many at this place asked for baptism. If we had now only a priest to take charge of this new promising mission!

Lubuagan.

F. Billiet writes:

Everything O.K. in the mission except that I am in bed with a high fever as the consequence of my long journey thru the Apayao province, and the lower Kalinga

country, but I am a little better. We need many prayers. This country is completely pagan. Never before us passed a priest, was Holy Mass said nor a man baptized: the devil has always been in full possession of this country. In Apayao and lower Kalinga it seems to me that the people are better disposed.

Is it the result of the missions of former times? I discovered the foundations of a church in the midst of a valley covered with high grass, near Gubgub. The annals of the Dominican Fathers called that place: San Jose de Tuga. Happily our people in Kalinga are anxious to become civilized and this is a warrant of their highest civilization: that of their soul.

Nueva Vizcaya.

Last August the "Defensores de la Libertad" of the province held a feast at Bayombong. Besides the 300 members of the Bayombong society more than one hundred had come from the other towns. What a sight, their civic procession thru the streets of the Nueva Vizcaya capital was. And what true happiness and joy reigned when the 400 members partook of a fraternal banquet at the convent. 900 members joined this mutual help league. Catholics stick together, organize: union is strength.

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Psychology of the Filipino

By *Hon. Norberto Romualdez*

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands

(Continuation)

The *kumintang* seems also to have inspired the *kundiman* that was sung in Laguna during the last quarter of the 19th century, and the air of which is slightly influenced by Spanish music. You will hear it from the orchestra:

Tempo di Mazurka

No 6

The musical score is written for piano and consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature and a bass clef staff. The first system begins with a 4-measure rest in the bass staff. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chromaticism. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes with a fermata over the final notes of the melody and a double bar line.

The presentation of the kundiman leads me to say something about its name. *Kundiman* is a compound term of the *kung* (if), *di* (not), *man* (also), where *di* is the contraction of *dill* (not) equivalent to *hindi* (not, no). The phrase *kug hindi man*, or its contraction *kundiman* is translated *if not then*, or *although not*. The original words to the music might have begun with such a phrase. This word *kundiman* is also applied to a red cloth much used in the Philippines. The name is applied to said cloth, possibly, because the dancers of the *kundiman* used to wear such red cloth, especially as trousers, as we can notice up to the present time, among

some laborers in the Tagalog provinces.

As to the word *kumintang*, this is a name given to a weed which grows in some regions of this country, the corola of the odorless flowers of which is rosaceous in color. Formerly, this name was given to a certain region in Batangas, and for this reason, the early Spanish historians called the people from such region *cumintas*, to distinguish them from the Balayans, the natives of Balayan.

The kundiman is a melody which has many variations, and some of these variations have adopted the *habanera* time, as the one which the orchestra will now play:

N^o 7

The air of the habanera is from Habana, Cuba, as the name itself indicates. This was a very popular rhythm during the Spanish regime.

Filipino music, as many observe, is languid in its modulations, so

much so, that even in war and epic songs, the characteristic plaintive air is readily noticed, as in this war march called *Estiharo*, well known among the people of Misamis, Mindanaw.

You will hear it from the orchestra:

Moderato

n^o 8

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The music of the Estiharo is undoubtedly the origin of the song called *Harito*, widely popular in some Bisayan regions up to the middle of the last century. The orchestra will now play the *Harito*:

Voice

n^o 9

Subing

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entitled "The Progressive Music Series, Philippine Edition", Book Three, page XXVIII.

Another piece of music called *Abiabi*, which is also influenced by the *Estiharu*, is common to this day in Cebu, and is played in fairs while some game is going on to invite the

people to come in and join. The music bears some marks of the spanish influence, as you will notice from its air as played by the orchestra:

n^o 10

The two-steps, polkas, and other similar airs of European origin, were easily adopted and assimilated in the Philippines, as may be ob-

served in all parts of the Islands. To show this, the popular Samboangan "No te vayas" will now be played to you:

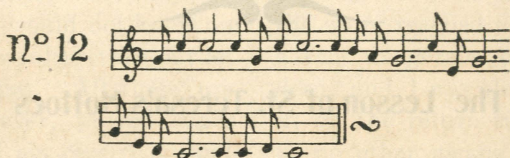
n^o 11

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It must be noted that the title of the song, and its words are in Spanish. It is because the local tongue in Samboanga in the last years of the Spanish rule was practically Spanish, due to the close contact of the natives there, with the Spanish soldiers, Samboanga being then a military station. The Spanish spoken in Samboanga is a mixture of

old Spanish with the native dialect, like that used before, in Ermita (Manila), Paco (Manila), and Kabite.

But in the farthest ends of the Archipelago, we find a special kind of music *ad libitum*. The following is a melody from the Batanes islands, called *Kalusan*:



Passing to that Filipino music as affected by Spanish influence, besides the *habaneras*, of which I have already made mention, there is the *balitaw*, which is more properly a Bisayan air and of a large variety. This word *balitaw* must have the same origin as the Tagalog *balita*, that is, derived from the Malay *berita* or *brita*, which means news, novelty, rumor, narration. In the Leyte-Samar Bisayan, the word *balitaw* has lost its direct original meaning, and is now only used as

an exclamation meaning literally *a story, or really, is it so?*

The *balitaw* is widely extended in the Bisayan Islands, having reached the Bikolan and Tagalog regions.

It is difficult to choose a typical *balitaw* among its varied and diverse forms. I shall pick one at random, the one frequently heard in Cebu, where it must have originated, although it is also common in the Islands of Bohol. The Ateneo Glee Club and the orchestra will sing and play it for you:

The musical score consists of eight staves. The first six staves are a single melodic line in 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The seventh staff is a two-measure repeat sign with two first endings, labeled '1' and '2'. The eighth staff is a two-measure repeat sign with a first ending labeled 'Nº 1'. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many chords and rests.

(To be continued.)

The Lesson of St. Teresa's Mottoes

When crosses would afflict thee,
Oh! let thy watchword be
The holy Mother's lesson:
"Let nothing trouble thee."

If darkness round thee gathers
And fills thy soul with fear,
"Let nothing e'er affright thee,"
She whispers in thy ear.

In every joy or sorrow
Which meets thee day by day,
She bids thee to remember
"That all things pass away."

If lonely or forsaken,
By friends thou art forgot,
Thy God, she doth remind thee,
"Is He who changes not."

When hope within thee wavers,
And distant seems the goal,
"How patience gaineth all things"
She tells thy weary soul.

That nothing in the wide world
Is needful unto one,
Whose happy soul *"possesses*
God's own eternal Son."

So drink the living waters
At any cost or price,
To quench thy thirst, she whispers:
"God only doth suffice."

O sweet, seraphic Mother,
May these dear words of thine
Help to unite me closer
Unto my Love Divine!

The Negritos of North-Eastern Luzon

By Father Morice Vanoverbergh

Missionary in the Mountain Province, P.I.

(Continuation)

APRIL 29th (Tuesday): I did not yet know how far I could rely on Asi's promises, but it was very probable, though, that nobody had arrived because this morning Mr. Padua met a Negrita from the other side of the river, the wife of Bugayong, and she said there were no Negritos there at present.

This morning Mr. Padua went to Nagan to ask the teacher to give our mail to one of the children of our neighbors, if there were any; we were afraid he would not know our names and so would return our letters to Kabugaw. All these precautions, however, proved superfluous, as I did not receive a single letter during my whole stay in Apayaw.

As no Masigun appeared I sent an Isneg to the other side of the river, to invite Masigun's son or any other Negrito to take me to his house. About 11 a.m. the little Herudis came with his small bow and arrows, after having taken some dinner (which by the way was an important event, because the teacher at Nagan had given Mr. Padua a tin of sardines, a real treat for starving people), Herudis and I started on our way to Futtul, where was, they pretended, Masigun's house.

We forded the river in front of us, and after a walk of some minutes, I lost the heel of my shoes: this was only the beginning of my many misfortunes on that eventful trip.

For about three hours we walked either over river pebbles and gravel, or through tickets of bamboo grass with its sharp-edged leaves; now and then we waded through muddy pools or shallow branches of the Abulug. In front of Futtul we had to cross the river again; this time the water reached up to my breast: a very dangerous experiment, indeed, and I was already pondering if, on the return trip, there would be no other means of crossing the water. We then walked through a real cave of arched bamboo grass, where my guide stepped through erect like a spear, while I had to go with head and shoulders bowed downwards as far as possible. Finally we arrived at the identical huts of which we took a picture last Saturday, and one of which was or had been Masigun's; but nobody was at home, and what was worse, the huts were totally abandoned. What could we do?

Herudis entered the forest with the hope of meeting his father, as he thought he saw their dog coming

out of it; and I, in the meanwhile, washed my feet and dried my stockings. After some waiting the child emerged from the forest and told me there was nobody around. After some deliberation, we came to the

My shoes being in a pitiable condition, I walked barefoot for a time, but sand and stones were like burning coals, and I had to put on my shoes again, which would make them useless without repair. We



A Negrito Sharpshooter

conclusion that there was nothing to be done but to go back, the more so as the weather threatened rain ominously.

now took an easier route to the river, but on arriving there and looking at the water, we thought that it had swollen, and really, af-

ter having forded about four fifths of it, we had to retrace our steps disappointed, as the water already reached up to my mouth, and we were still going down, and not one of us could swim; even the current was stronger than a couple of hours ago, as it had rained copiously farther up in the mountains. Having reached the shore again, we took shelter in a Negrito hut, as rain seemed very imminent, and I tried to light a cigar, but tobacco and matches were soaked, so, patience!

After a while Herudis proposed to go and look for his father, and I agreed. He laid down his bow and arrows in the hut and started on his search. I learned later that, after having wandered for some time, he had met a couple of Ilokanos, that all of them had come to the hut where we took shelter, and that, in not finding me, they had been greatly disappointed, and the little boy had shed bitter tears; when leaving the hut, however, they had met some Negritos who had seen me cross the river, and so their anxiety had been changed into joy. In the meantime, the municipal treasurer of Tawit had passed down the river in his boat and I had asked him to help me to the other side: this was the reason why Herudis and the Ilokanos had not found me at the hut, as I was already a long way on my return trip to Siwan. One might think it was a heartless thing for me to do to abandon the Negrito child, but one must remember that the boy would have no difficul-

ty in finding his way and, besides, that he was accustomed to live and sleep in the open air, which was not entirely the case with my poor self.

That trip to Siwan will remain famous. Relying on my knowledge of the road and river I expected to be at home in a short time, but was doomed to disappointment. After having wandered for about half an hour, I came to a certain place which I recognized as one we had passed a few hours ago, and even saw my footprints in the mud, so there could be no mistake. Full of confidence, I entered theicket of bamboo grass, and after walking some thirty yards, I found myself in a small clearing without any outlet. Feeling sure of the direction though, I fought my way through the grass, to the detriment of my legs and feet, as I had not put on my stockings and my shoes were practically useless. Finally, after a terrible struggle with the leaves whose edges were as sharp as razors, a struggle where I was evidently the loser, I came out and walked along the shore, priding myself on the exactness of my prognostications. I walked for about a quarter of an hour, when to my utter amazement, I found myself back again at the exact place I had recognized a while ago by my footprints in the mud. This was too much. Then it dawned upon me that I must have followed a branch of the river without current, and that this was the occasion of my

mistake: and, indeed, I had been stupid enough not to notice the absence of a current, and so could not have observed the direction of the stream; if I had made the smallest use of my powers of observation, I should have looked at the water, and should have seen that this could not be the Abulug, which had very often a swift current, and I should have been on my guard for the direction I had to follow.

cipitously: here the river was very deep in places, and its erosive current had formed several caves on the bank. Here dead branches, grass and other refuse were gathered together, a fine shelter for crocodiles. Having learned that these animals usually run away when they hear a noise, I took the precaution whenever I had to pass these caves, to splash the water and stir the deposits with a long stick before



Rev. Father Van Overbergh taking a rest near the ruins of a Negrito castle

Now I firmly decided not to leave the bank of the river any more, as, in this way, if I continued going up along the Abulug, I should certainly arrive at home. This was very easy as long as the shore was flat and covered only with boulders or low grass, but it was something quite different when the bank was very high and overhung the water pre-

venting in my precious self. And so, after much anxiety and indescribable exhaustion, I came back home, wet and dirty, without stockings and with soleless shoes.

What had I found out worth the while about our little people? Practically nothing; still, I thought at the moment that the trip might perhaps be an occasion of more in-

timacy with the Negritos; and really so it proved to be, as will be made clear by the succession of events.

In the evening a man from Abulug came to visit us: he reassured us about the Negritos, and said that many were coming this way, and that Masigun could be relied upon. He also said that he had heard about my presence here, when still at Abulug, and that some Christians had frightened the Negritos, telling them I should take them to Kabugaw or make them work without salary to repair the church at Futul: and so they consistently fooled these poor little men, but this time at least they would find out the truth and know that I was not only an innocent person, but a very good friend to them.

Later on some school children, Isneg from Nagan, came to see us; they sang school songs and chatted more than I cared to hear. Mr. Padua had not indigestion this time, as he stayed at home all day, so he could afford to spend a part of the evening talking. After some time, I laid down, as I was in need of rest, and this was a signal for everybody to leave. Good night.

APRIL 30th (Wednesday): Our Kagayan, the one we found here at the beginning, came back: he brought us meat of a wild boar with Masigun's compliments. The news that Masigun was here revived my spirits, and I told the Kagayan to invite the Negrito and his son to our house as soon as possible, and

to tell them that I had rice for them. The rice I had promised Herudis as his wages for serving me as a guide, I took away yesterday; so I found myself bound in conscience to pay the fellow. This served as a bait to attract him here.

After an impatient delay, I saw with great satisfaction all the Negritos of the neighborhood coming hither: Masigun and Bugayong with their respective families. As we had good provision of meat now, I invited them to have lunch with us on condition that they helped with the cooking. I hoped by this means to keep them here and get all possible information about our little people. I had, indeed, a long chat with Masigun, which was only interrupted now and then by another Negrito and once by a short visit of the man from Abulug, who promptly saw he was not welcome. I learned a great deal to-day about our little people, took lots of pictures, and felt myself richly recompensed for the hardships of yesterday. Masigun also announced the arrival of a whole party of Negrito worshipers within three days. This confirmed Asi's former statement, and the hint given by the man from Abulug. Let us hope the prediction will be fulfilled.

Before taking our meal, Masigun sent Herudis to fetch some coconuts for us to drink the milk. Long ago he had fixed his hut here, he said, and planted some coconut trees; although they had been abandoned for a very long time, he still retain-

ed the ownership of the same, and so was able to offer us a drink. The meal was a sight worth seeing, our whole house was filled with little black guests. After lunch, the girls washed the dishes (Mr. Padua's saucers and a few others borrowed from the Isneg), and very soon the whole company left: they forded the river and soon reached home on the opposite shore.

In the afternoon we received the visit of Mr. Manuel Llaño, the consejal of Futtul, and Mr. Francisco Llamag, the teniente of Malunog: they were on their way to Tawit, where they expected to meet the provincial governor, D. Joaquin

Luna.

A little later, Mr. Padua invited Kuliana, Masigun's daughter, to come with her companions to wash and cook for us; they were very willing on condition that they went home for the night. It was this same Kuliana who washed our clothes on the first day of our arrival at Siwan.

At nightfall many Isneg school children again came to see us; after some singing, I was happy to teach them some rudiments of christian doctrine, of which to my surprise, they did not seem to be entirely ignorant.

(To be continued)

Room For One More

"I never go to church," said the aggressive politician to the quiet little priest as they sat on the deck of the mail steamer.

"Would you like to know why?"—"It might be interesting," answered Father Tom.—"Well I'll tell why. There are so many hypocrites there".—"Oh you need't let that keep you away," said Father Tom with a smile, "There is always room for one more."

Getting Directions

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a crossroad and did not know which way to turn. Through the gloom he saw a sign on a post. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the march carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read: "Keep off the pole. Wet paint."

Westkerk, Belgium

The burial of Hendrik van Michelen was attended by 272 of his descendants: 14 children, 108 grand children and 150 great-grand children: quite a record.

"Do you have any wish to express before you die on the gallows?" said the judge to the convict whom he had just sentenced to death. "Sure, your honor," he answered, "I would like to learn chinese first."

Higson was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She can never remember anything" he said, "it's awful."—"My wife was just as bad," said White, "till I found the remedy".—"What was it?" interrupted Higson eagerly. "Why," said White, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember, I write it on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking glass."



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

China.

Before long Peking will have a Catholic University under the direction of American Benedictine Fathers. It is greatly due to a Chinese Catholic Mr. Tang-Lien-Tche. In 1917 he sent an extensive report about the necessity of a Catholic University in Peking to H.H. Benedict XV. Msgr. de Guebriant studied the project on his visit to Peking. The Propagation asked the American Benedictine Fathers to establish said University. The archabbot of St. Vincent Pa. accepted the offer and in 1925 bought for \$500,000 the palace of a Manchurian prince to be used as the Peking Catholic University with five faculties, 1. of theology and philosophy, 2. of Chinese and European languages, 3. of natural sciences, 4. of social sciences and history, 5. of exploitation of mines with a school for engineers.

Costa Rica.

The President of the Costa Rica Republic decreed the following to become effective on the first of July last :

1. The children of the primary

schools and schools annexed to the colleges are to be exempted from compulsory subjects prescribed by the rule on Saturdays between 11 in the morning and 2 p. m. in order to receive religious instruction during these hours.

2. The bishop of the diocese is to be encouraged to regulate this instruction and appoint the teachers who are to take charge of it paying them the necessary remuneration and making use of the school buildings and facilities with the agreement of the school boards.

From the appropriation of the ministry of public worship there is to be paid to the order of the bishop, as the work is organized, a sum not exceeding ₡1,000 per month.

Well done, President: it is better to pay one thousand pesos a month to educate people in the fear of God and the law than to have to spend more to punish the offenders of the law, who ignore God.

England.

This summer Lord Halifax and other prominent members of the Church of England held again con-

ferences with Cardinal Mercier of Belgium to find the way of uniting the English Church with the Catholic Church. Last July Lord Halifax in the Albert Hall proposed before the so called Anglo-Catholics in their annual congress the Anglican recognition of the Pope of Rome and nobody challenged the proposition. The meeting began with the Our Father, the Hail Mary and a De Profundis for the souls of two Anglican Bishops not long dead. After that there was a hymn to Our Lady, sung to a Catholic tune. Unhappily Lord Halifax a great leader of the Anglican Church does not seem to understand quite well what the recognition of the Pope means, for he would respect the authority of the See of Canterbury and leave the Anglican Church its liturgy and its Bible. Nevertheless and in the meantime these conversations with Cardinal Mercier and the propositions of Lord Halifax may open the way of complete submission of the Church of England to the Catholic Church of which the first was separated four centuries ago.

Holland.

At the last elections the Catholic party remained the strongest with 31 representatives against 24 socialists and others of different parties of which some support the Catholic program. Never in the history of Holland before 1918 was the President of the Ministry a Catholic. Yet it has been a fact since seven years. Moreover two of the Prime Minister's colleagues in the ministry and

the presidents of both Chambers are Catholics. A priest, had it not been for his great disinterestedness, might even be governing now: for it was to Monseñor Nolens that the Queen entrusted the task of forming the Cabinet in 1918. Instead of placing himself at the head of the Government, he kept altogether out of the Ministry of his formation.

Franciscan Expansion.

A recent issue of the official organ of the Franciscans states that the Order has now a hundred Provinces and "Commissariats" with 1,612 Friaries. The number of its members is 17,799 an increase of 767 in the last two years. In the same period the number of students in its colleges has risen from 3,836 to 5,100.

Philippines.

The "Little Apostle" congratulates most heartily Msgr. Reyes, who was consecrated Bishop of Nueva Caceres on the 19th of September. The Philippines count actually four foreign and five Filipino Bishops.

Poland.

A Concordat was established between The Vatican and Poland, and on the 10th of September the Polish bishops took their oath of office before the President of the Republic.

United States.

Two little children having fallen into the Hudson river, two Sisters in full religious attire did not hesitate in throwing themselves into the water, and at the risk of their own life, saving the tots.



CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

How the Philippines might finally pay the English debt to the U. S.

The retention of the Philippines was urged by Representative Underhill, Republican of Massachusetts, in a conference between President Coolidge and national legislators, on August first. Underhill defended this policy with the statement that the Philippines are a source of rubber supply that would not be subject to British or other foreign domination, but to the U. S. alone. As England dominates the rubber producing countries of the world and furnishes thus about three fourths of grown rubber, the U. S. buys nearly all her rubber from England (185,000 tons a year of which only 10,000 come from Brazil.)

In this connection it is well to consider the debt business trick England played on the U. S. with regard to rubber and her debts. The whole world was surprised when England proposed to pay her debts to the U. S. by installments of \$160,000,000 a year until the whole debt of \$4,600,000,000 would be liquidated. With this unexpected financial move, England re-established her credit all over the world and returned to the gold standard.

But here lies the trick. At the time of this financial arrangement, rubber was worth 17 cents per pound. In a short time it rose to 60 cents per pound, thanks to export taxes imposed by England on the rubber from her co-

lonies. And the U. S. who paid only \$185,000,000 for her rubber bill the year before, had last year to pay \$400,000,000. In other words, by raising the price of rubber, England pays her debt and is millions ahead every year. The rubber consumer pays the English bill. But the U. S. will see by herself that she gets her own rubber from elsewhere and independently of any other nation. Hence the proposition of Mr. Underhill about the Philippines.

Dry Law in the Philippines.

An antiliqor lobby in the U. S. may agitate the next congressional session to force the prohibition upon the Philippines. Their reasons are that the prohibition law must follow the flag (even when the flag is not bound to remain?), that American officers take sometimes a drink at the Army and Navy Club Manila (and what, if this does not interfere with their duties?), that an American officer murdered an innocent young girl after a feast in the above mentioned club (but it happened that he did not attend that feast.....so what then?), but they do not mention that the Filipinos are among the most sober people in the world. Governor General Wood, who seems to understand and to know the conditions and necessities of the Filipino people better than a few fanatic quakers who wish to curtail the private liberty of all for the abuse of a few, and the Legislative leaders of the Philippines more interested in the well-being of their country

than some dry Methodists at the head of the dry movement, declared emphatically their opposition to the Volstead law and the uselessness even of further regulations about the sale of liquor.

Schools.

Osiás, a protestant senator, introduced a bill giving control of private educational policy to a commission of officials for private schools. He was told that it belongs to the Bureau of education to supervise these schools and it was voted that the proposed Commission whose members would not receive any per diems should only be an advisory board to the department of public instruction. Shoemaker stick to your last.

Hon. Palma asks P1,800,000 for the support of the University.

For lack of funds, 13 schools were closed in Marinduque.

Politics.

Senator Osmeña reached Washington to defend the Filipino claim for independence. Senator President Quezon may join him next December, to be present at the sessions of the American Legislature.

Hon. Aguinaldo, the President of the Filipino Republic during the revolution and now president of the Veteranos' association, said he will never permit his society to partake in politics.

Legislature.

The appropriation committee of the lower house presented a bill appropriating P50,082,249.00 for expenditures during the year 1926. If approved without change, this would mean P17,582,520.65 less expenses in 1926 than in 1925. The budget of the Bureau of education amounts to P15,887,832.00, much higher than that of any other department.

Public hearings were held before the Legislature about the advisability of setting the lepers free or not. Gov. Wood said it would be a crime to set them free.

Bills were presented establishing a new Supreme Court for the Southern Islands; favoring the teaching of Spanish in the public schools; providing a fund of P100,000 for public calamities, etc. It may be said that few important bills have been presented until now during the sessions of the actual Legislature.

Foreign

China.

The boycott of the Chinese against Japanese has been lifted up to continue only against England. This had for result that this last month the Japanese imported more into China than the English. A consequence of this in the near future may be that a Japa-

nese be appointed as Director of the foreign commission in charge of the custom duties in China, for in past treaties it was stipulated that the Director of said Commission must be from the country which imported most into China.

As the Russian Bolsheviks are behind the antiforeign movement in Chi-

na and at the bottom of most of the Chinese interior troubles, a nation-wide movement was started against the Reds. It intends to drive the Reds out from Canton where they reign since the time of Sun-yat-sen and have lately been the principal cause of all anti-foreign disturbances. With these Reds out of Canton, peace would more or less prevail soon in China. In the meantime a court has been appointed among the foreigners to investigate together with Chinese officials those responsible for killing of Chinese manifestants in Shang-hai, which prompted the antiforeign movement.

Mexico.

Finally the Mexican Government has taken steps to disarm the agrarians who recently caused antiforeign disturbances, so that the American protest (see L. A. p. 122) has not fallen upon barren ground.

Morocco.

Abd-el-krim seems to be in full flight since the French and Spaniards have united their forces against this common foe. Attacked from the north, east and south, he asked for peace, but as this peace included practically his complete independence, it was refused and now it is said that the Moroccan war may end with the complete Franco-Spanish victory by the end of October. That this war is not overpopular in Spain may be seen by the fact that a regiment of Spanish soldiers revolted at the moment of their embarkment for Morocco.

Persia.

Some Persian tribes have attacked a detachment of soldiers which France has in Persia in accordance with the protectorate she exercises over that country of the near Orient.

Peru.

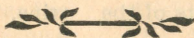
For nearly half a century Peru and Chile have disputed about the province of Tarata between both countries. Finally they decided to submit the dispute to arbitration. President Coolidge chosen arbitrator gave his decision in favor of Peru, but added that a plebiscite should be held in some parts of the disputed province to choose between Chilean and Peruvian jurisdiction. So should all nations in dispute settle their differences and not by force of arms.

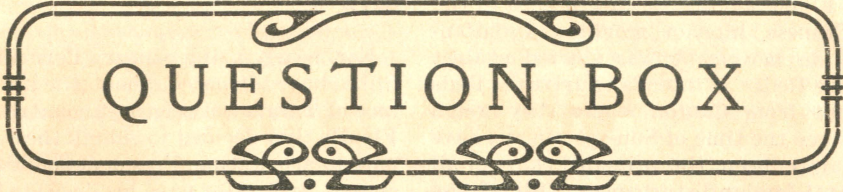
Turkey.

Turkey is ready to declare war against England, should the League of nations turn over the Turkish Mosul region to England. In fact Turkey has already concentrated 70,000 soldiers on the Arak frontier to defend her right upon this country where the English seek petroleum. In the meantime the old great butcher deports numbers of Christians from Angora (8,000) and kills others by the scores.

United States and Belgium.

The American debt Commission agreed to allow Belgium to pay back to the United States \$171,000,000, loaned during the war, over a period of 62 years without interest. \$246,000,000 loaned after the war, are to be paid back over a period of 62 years at an interest of three and a half per cent after the first ten years. France seeks the same conditions to pay her debt to the United States. Although this agreement was welcome in Belgium, it was nevertheless criticised because Belgium signed the treaty of Versailles after President Wilson had expressed a promise of remitting all Belgian debts to the United States, provided Legislature approved it.





QUESTION BOX

Questions unsigned will not be answered. Anonymous letters must find their way into the waste paper basket. We will not publish the names of those who send questions.

Please explain these two questions about the Sabbath.

9.—*What warrant have you for keeping holy the Sun-day preferably to the ancient Sabbath, which was the Saturday?*

Have you any other than the authority of the Church which has a right and power to institute festivals? The Seventh day Adventists say we must keep Saturday holy.

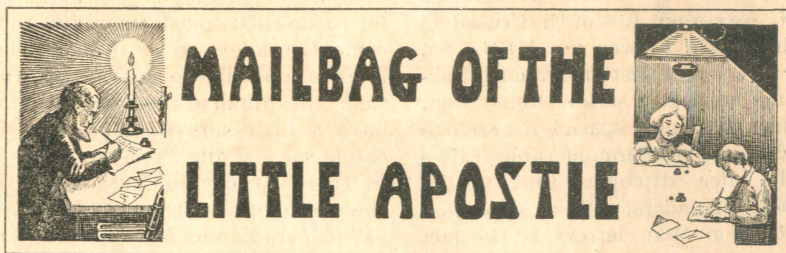
Ans.—Is the authority of the Catholic Church not a sufficient warrant for sanctifying the Sunday instead of the Saturday? Jesus Christ Himself says to Her (to the Apostles: the Authority of the Church He established): “Who hears you, hears Me and who despises you despises Me”, and further: “All power has been given Me on earth and in heaven. As the Father has sent me, so do I send you”. Thus what the Church ordains God approves and commands. The Church substituted Sunday for Saturday as the weekly holiday, in honor of the Resurrection of Christ which happened on a Sunday. The authority of the Church given her by Christ is more than sufficient to admit Her right to make this substitution.

The Seventh day Adventists pretend that as in the old Testament the true Church of God must sanctify the Saturday. If on the sole Authority of the Old Testament which they pretend to follow, they urge still the sanctification of the Saturday, let them too follow the other precepts of the

Old Testament such as that of not eating pork, of the circumcision etc. (which they do not).

Who are those Adventists? They are a religious sect organized in 1845, who number about 62,000 people. The Catholic Church was instituted by Christ Himself as History proves, and numbers 300,000,000 members. If as the Adventists claim, the Catholic Church is wrong because she substituted Sunday for Saturday, where has the true Church of God been between the Ascension of Jesus and the coming of the Adventists? The Church of Christ had always to exist: “I will be with you until the end of the world” said Jesus to His Church. If one admits the Adventists’ Church to be the true Church, then as there is an essential difference between their Church and the Catholic, the Church of Jesus must have disappeared after He went to heaven, to be reestablished by Mrs. White in 1845 the presumptuous interpreter of the Seventh Day Adventists, and even now only 62,000 people would be in possession of the true doctrine against the 300,000,000 actual Catholics and all those who have belonged to the Church since the days of the Apostles, which is evidently an absurdity.

Note: the other questions of your letter can be easily answered by anyone of your catholic companions who have a few notions about the Catholic Doctrine.



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letters to *The Little Apostle, Box 1393, Manila*

Dear Readers of the "Little Apostle":

The Association of the Crusaders of the Little Flower is a complete success. How could it be otherwise? I am sure the Little Flower watches her Association, and her nicest flowers from heaven must be for her Crusader Missionaries, yes, Missionaries as she was thru her help and prayers and as you are who have enlisted as a Crusader under the banner of the Little Flower for the conversion of the Igor-rotos of the Mountain Province.

The other day a dead person was presented as a candidate for membership in the Association. Of course the dead himself did not send in his application.....but one of his relatives. Of course the dead can not join the Association, but their relatives may enlist them that they may partake of the benefits of the Crusaders' society thru the prayers and masses offered for their departed.

"Can MEN become members of the Association?" Don't laugh. This question was put before me by a well-meaning lady. Have men in religious associations in the Philippines become so rare that it seems to keen observers that there is no place for them in a religious association? Of course in the Philippines as elsewhere all over the world, devotions attract more women

than men. It should not be so. Men, too, have a soul to save. Men, too, must do good. Thus: MEN are most welcome into the Association of the Crusaders of the Little Flower and, as they have ordinarily less time and less inclination to pray than the sex, be sure that, if they pray, their petitions will arrive in heaven perhaps before those of the gentle sex.

And yet, that question: "Can MEN become Crusaders of the Little Flower" sets me thinking. Do you know how most of the Missionaries thought of their vocation and felt attracted to consecrate themselves to the conversion of Pagans? It was by reading magazines about the missions. So they learned of the great good to be done in God's barren field; they understood how there was nobody in pagan countries "to break the bread to God's children"; they desired to partake of the great rewards of God's Apostles and decided to become Missionaries. We complain in the Philippines about the scarcity of priests, who, seeing their hardships, may be called missionaries. But do our Catholic students hear and read of priests and missionaries? Are they taught to take an interest in missions, conversions, apostleship etc.?

The "Little Apostle" has found

its way into many schools and colleges, but not 10% of the subscribers are MEN. Again not 10% of the Crusaders of the Little Flower are MEN. So, after all, the question from that observing lady had a serious foundation.

There is no more space left herein to sound the almost innumerable praises of the nice diplomas sent to the enlisted Crusaders. What says more about them than letters is the fact that as soon as these diplomas were ready and sent to the newly enlisted Crusaders, applications simply poured in for membership. The diploma is the work of a Filipino artist. Every family in the Philippines should have it framed in their homes as a proof of Filipino art and at the same time as a testimony that Catholics are only too anxious to co-operate with the Missionaries in the conversion of their brethren in the Mountain Province.

As a conclusion taken from the ingenious question: "Can MEN become Crusaders", let me add here a practical advice. Ladies: invite your brothers to subscribe to the "Little Apostle" and as soon as they read of the mis-

sions they will naturally ask to become Crusaders. Or may be you would prefer to do this: to ask them first to become Crusaders so as to invite them later to subscribe to the "Little Apostle", the organ of the Association. I have a little surprise in store: *to each one of the first fifty Promoters* who send in their list of ten Crusaders during the month of October: *the "Little Apostle" will send a nice ivory Cross adorned with flowers*, as a remembrance and reward. Does this appeal to your heart and zeal? Begin today! Tomorrow might be too late, for only the first fifty promoters will receive the ivory Cross.

Good bye. May the Little Flower bless you all but especially those who work for her Association.

Yours respectfully in X,
Rev. O. Vandewalle.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED

\$5.00 from P. L. N. Y.

The "Little Apostle" thanks most heartily the benefactors. All the Missionaries remember them every day at mass.

Modest Dressing

Under the caption "Queen Wilhelmina and Fashion" the Osservatore Romano publishes the following from its correspondent at The Hague.

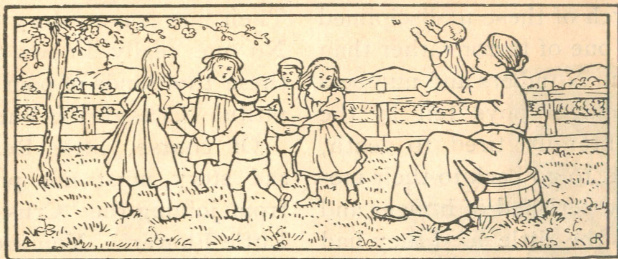
"At a diplomatic reception I heard a lady who had but lately arrived at The Hague ask an old-timer about the usages as to attire at Queen Wilhelmina's court.

"To please the Queen, was the answer, you must of all things eschew modern fashions, for Her Majesty has no use for low-cut décolleté and sleeveless gowns, and she positively abhors shortskirts. And, therefore, ladies be they Dutch or foreign, if they are anxious to find favor with her and to win her esteem, must be careful not to appear at Court, not even for a ball,

in gowns over-much a la mode.

The Queen sets an example of sober dressing. Her toilette, though elegant, is at all time perfectly correct. Having by her own example and her broad hints introduced into Dutch society circles an earnest bent and a taste for propriety in women's wearing apparel, she feels as it were offended whenever a foreign dame fails to conform to these sane and modest habits of the land whose hospitality she enjoys. It is common report in The Hague that the Queen has frequently requested foreign ladies not to spoil the tasteful and sane sense of modesty of the Holland people by over-freedom in dressing."

For the Little Tots



The Childrens' Crusade

THE Crusades were ten in number. They were wars of the European Catholics against the Moors, who had taken possession of the Holy Land and desecrated the Holy places, where Our Lord had lived and died for us. Between the fifth and sixth Crusade there was one which is not listed in history, yet it was the most striking of all. This was the Children's Crusade of the year 1212. It was undertaken by 50 000 children of France and Germany.

A poor shepherd boy of France, Stephen (his other name is unknown) preached a holy war against the Moors of Palestine. He had seen thousands of soldiers pass when he tended his flocks, heard their talk of the Holy Land, and fired by their example, he invited his companions to rouse an army of boys to follow the Crusaders and fight for God too. Indeed many boys from France joined his group.

A German lad, Nicholas, hearing of the wonderful troop that was forming in France, thought he could also gather an army. So he too invited his companions to go to Palestine, to fight for the defense of the Holy Places and if needed to die as martyrs.

In a very short time a great army of young boys was on its way to Genoa in Italy. Of course not all the lads had received the permission of their parents, but quite the contrary. A number of grown people joined them. In vain those in authority tried to stop the movement: the world seemed to have gone crazy for the time. Many believed that God would bless the efforts of children by a miracle and that their Crusade was an inspiration from Heaven.

Alas! it was not such an inspiration, and we, with our modern ideas, can not understand how this movement could have been allowed

to grow to such an extent.

Off the two bands started to meet each other at Genoa, there to embark for the Holy Land. Naturally the march of these undisciplined boys was one of terror rather than of triumph. Numbers and numbers of the younger boys fell by the roadside, literally tired to death, and unable to go back to their mother. Many perished of hunger and thirst, for the little food they had carried along from home had soon been exhausted and there was no management, no provision for necessary things. Finally the German boys, daunted and discouraged, turned back and sought their homes, but many of them never saw them again.

The French boys, though sadly reduced in numbers, managed to reach Marseilles, from which they set sail one beautiful summer evening.

They were never seen or heard of afterwards. A terrible storm arose that same night; two of the seven vessels in which they sailed were wrecked and the bodies of the poor lads, thrown up on the island of San Pietro, told the sad tale.

Of the others, there is little or nothing really known. Many years afterwards, a pilgrim appeared in Europe who claimed to have been one of the young French Crusaders. The tale he told was that the boys had been treacherously sold to Arab slave-dealers, that many of them

had been put to death because they refused to become Mohammedans and abandon their faith and the rest had died in prisons and chains. Their fate is a mystery to this day. No one really knows the fate of these thousands of poor lads whose pitiful "Crusade" is but a name.

Of course, little Readers, this sad story must not prevent you from joining the "Crusaders of the Little Flower". You are not asked to say farewell to your Mamma and to endure many hardships to go and fight the Moors. All that you are asked to do to become a Crusader is to send your name to the "Little Apostle" together with ₧0.50 for which you will receive a nice diploma and a lovely pin of the Little Flower. But then, too, you must say every day one "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" for the conversion of the Pagans of the Mountain Province and during the season of Advent you will be asked to make some sacrifices with which to help the Missionaries of the Mountain Province.

For all this: 30 masses shall be offered during the month of November for the departed Crusaders and their dead relatives and after your own death a mass shall be celebrated for your own soul. In the meantime all the Missionaries of the Mountain Province will pray for you every day at their mass. Does this entice you to become a Crusader?

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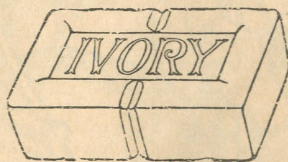
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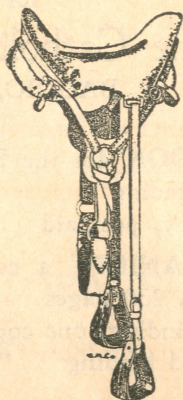
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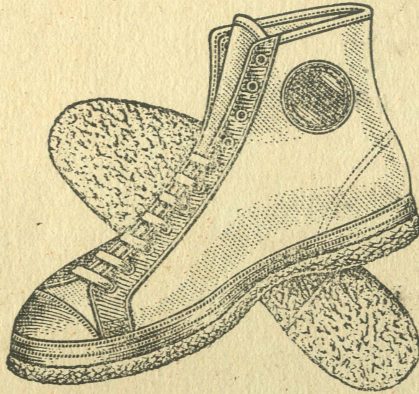
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