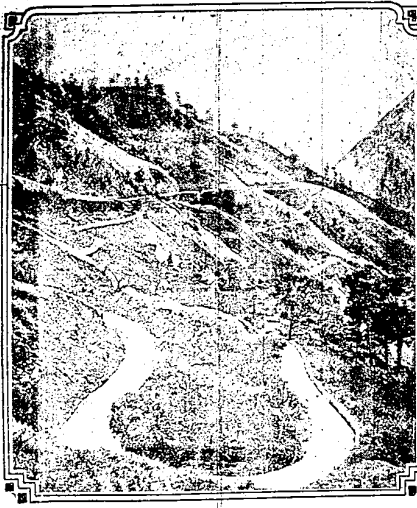


A PHILIPPINE TRAVELOGUE

THE ROMANTIC ISLANDS OF THE FAR EAST ARE BEING DISCOVERED BY THE BEAUTY AND HISTORIC SPOTS—BE- COMING A RESORT FOR THE EAST AND A POPULAR WINTER RESORT.



The Zigzag on the Way to Baguio, Summer Capital of the Philippines.

All aboard! Let's go! We're starting from Manila, the great picturesque, Americanized Oriental city, and will travel by automobile 200 miles to the north to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines. The trip can also be made by train.

We have ahead of us one of the most scenic, spectacular and thrilling automobile trips in the world. We will have excellent roads all the way. The Philippines are, in fact, a paradise for motorists, possessing 3,500 miles of fine macadamized roads.

The first part of the trip is through typical small towns and then across the central plain of Luzon and through several rich and fertile provinces, where tropical vegetation is seen at its best. Here one is impressed with the great agricultural wealth of the Philippines, which represents one of the East's greatest producing areas, with the advantage of immense natural resources for the development of further production. It is regrettable that even in the United States there is far from any real understanding of the potentialities of the islands.

At some points rice fields, looking in the distance like the greenest of green lawns, stretch away as far as the eye can see. If you want color, if you want to feel the romance and mystery of an Oriental twilight, pass this way as the red eyed sun at the end of the dying day is slowly sinking behind the unending expanse of green fields. At first you cry out in ecstasy at the gorgeous scene. But as you ride along, your eyes fastened on the panorama of tints and colors, and with the imperceptibly black Oriental night coming on fast, you become entranced. You no longer try to express your feelings. You cannot. You realize that those now fast changing, colorful masterpieces in the heavens and on the landscape are pictures that no man can adequately describe nor human hands duplicate. So what's the use of trying!

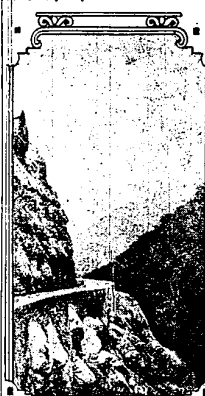
True, these are but impressions, but the traveler considers himself justified in mentioning them, for they are part of the trip to Baguio and return. Indeed, the gorgeous sunsets in all parts of the Philippines leave an impression on the mind of the tourist that is everlasting.

We leave the palms and tropical foliage and enter the zone of rugged pine. We pass from the soft, incense laden air of the warm lowlands to the crisp, invigorating ozone of the temperate zone, all within a few hours' time.

For mile after mile the road now follows the tortuous course of a river, the road lying in the bottom or on the rocky sides of a granite canyon. The Philippines are rich in hydro-electric possibilities. This power is the cheapest power on earth. And it is everlasting. Your traveler is not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he predicts that one day there will be innumerable Philippine government owned hydro-electric plants in this canyon we are now passing through. Think of the possibilities of such a project! Truly the trip from Manila to Baguio is too expensive for the average Manila worker and his family, many of whom may live and die without beholding the wondrous beauties of their own island of Luzon. Think of what a blessing it would be to Filipino mothers and children to feel upon their fevered brows the cool, invigorating breezes of the mountain tops, now so near and yet so far! With the Philippine government owning its own electric railways and hydro-electric plants it would be possible to bring

the trip to Baguio within the means of hundreds of thousands of Filipinos. Not only is there sufficient power in this river to electrify a line from Manila to Baguio, but to operate the street railways of Manila, light the city and furnish power for manufacturing concerns.

But we have now arrived at Camp One. From this point the scenery rapidly changes as the elevation increases. We are traveling over the famous Benguet road, the construction of which through the mountains is a most remarkable engineering triumph. At places the road is blasted out of the solid granite. Riding on the edge of a 100 foot precipice makes one feel like



At times we seemed perilously near the jumping off place.

as on the rim of the world. Some of the turns are so sharp it is impossible to see 20 feet ahead, and we seem to be perilously near the jumping off place. We wonder if it is safe to lean out and peer into the canyon far below, and when we do we are perfectly satisfied we are flirting with death. Yet the trip is a safe one, providing our driver has better nerves than our own. All too soon we reach the outskirts of Baguio, a city among the clouds, and are rather surprised at the modern way we find it to be. In ten years Baguio has grown from a cluster of huts by the now justly famed mountain resort of the Philippines, sometimes called the Philippine Simla. It is undoubtedly destined some day to become a large city.

Baguio ranges in elevation from 5,500 to 6,500 feet and is surrounded practically on all sides by high mountain ridges and "unslicked" towering into the skies at a height of almost 8,000 feet. Aside from the scenery, which is noteworthy, the great blessing of Baguio is its temperate climate, which is indeed a godsend to those impoverished by the tropical temperatures of the lowlands. Not only is the mountain air rich in ozone, but it has been demonstrated to be extraordinarily free from germs of all kinds.

Each year during the hot season the school teachers of the entire archipelago are enabled by the government to spend a month at the teachers' camp in Baguio for recreation and conference on school work. American army officers and their families also go to Baguio for the hot months.

And now that your traveler has you in Baguio, he believes he will leave you there, for there are many interesting side trips to take, and, besides, Baguio is the most delightful place for a vacation in the entire Orient.

C. E. T.

NEIGHBORS IN NEED

By SAIDEE E. BALGOM

(Copyright, 1933, Western Newspaper Union)

With a quiet appreciative smile upon her expressive face, Margery Dale bent her ear in the direction of the room adjoining her own. From observation and audible demonstration she knew that it held four young men. The partition was thin and she could easily catch words beyond normal.

One of the group started a mournful tune on a flute. There was a whizzing noise, evidently made by a pillow vigorously flung. A dodging body grazed the wall. An easel or a chair was upset. A scramble and a scuffle ensued.

"That horse-play will do, fellows!" sang out a mellow, pleasing voice which Margery loved to hear, and which she knew from what the landlady had told her belonged to Nevil Barry, "the leader of that turbulent, happy quartette," as Mrs. Parton had put it. "Foot fellows! I'm thinking they are on the ragged edge of nothing, leaving just their positions. Jolly enough, though, and honest, for they've paid me all up, but I think went without regular meals to do it."

"I'm going down to the old office, to see if there's any chance of the resurrection of our dismal failure, the Weekly Chit-Chat," went on that same engaging voice. "They were to sell the wreck of the layout at auction today, and it may bring enough to settle up the debts and leave us a dividend. If it does, you shall eat tonight."

Nevil Barry had disclosed enough to advise Margery of the circumstances surrounding himself and his friends. It appeared that he had become ambitious as the editor of a country paper, and had managed to get together sufficient to start one in the city. His three friends had literary ability, and they got out four issues of a very creditable sheet. Then Barry's capital gave out, and the audacious quartette found themselves on the verge of bankruptcy.

Margery knew of all this and pitied these exiles of fortune.

Naturally at the echo of her snuff or bit of badinage from the trip in the next apartment, and rather enjoyed her silent companionship with them. She recognized from their conversation that they were a fine lot of fellows, who experienced a true sisterly sympathy in their ups and downs, and amid her loneliness somewhat imbued their spirit of bohemianism as an attractive phase of life. It was two hours later when she heard Barry return on his mission. A turbulent babble arose from his conferees.

"No sustenance!" cried one. "Where's the promised milk and honey, the succulent roast, the toothsome dessert?"

"They're coming, all of them," declared Barry. "For a week we've had nothing but promise of work. I've got something better—prospects. Fellows, there is no dividend from the sale of our former privately possessions, but the assets of our princely venture were sold at auction for a mere pittance to a rich junkman, so rich, indeed, that when I went to see him he considered investing ten thousand dollars in Chit-Chat revived as a mere bagatelle."

"You mean you've found an angel, a backer?"

"Just that; a humble old money-grubber willing to abate as a patron of struggling literature. Next Monday morning all five of us are to enter upon a salary and half interest basis with this ambitious Croesus."

Cheered comment and exuberance greeted the welcome announcement. Amid a merry, excited babble, the voice of Barry arose once more in direction and counsel.

"The landlady is paid up, so we haven't that on our minds," he observed. "All we have to worry about is the food. If we can stick out until Monday, we are made men. My watch is about the only thing left that is pawnable. Ho, then, for our illustrious uncle!"

Margery acted on an uncontrollable impulse. She went to the door as that of the next room opened. She faced Nevil Barry as he neared her.

"Wait," she said, flushed and excited. "I am your next-room neighbor."

Barry raised his hat with the grace of a flushed courtier.

"I have been an eavesdropper unconsciously," she went on. "The watch-don't! And getting through until Monday? I'll help you. I have a little money ahead. And a two-plate gas stove. And if you will be content with my cooking why not have breakfast and supper with me?"

Nevil Barry stared at the lonely girl as if an angel had abruptly crossed his path.

"It's wonderful!" he said simply. "You can't mean it!"

"I do," smiled Margery. "Like yourself, this is my first city experiment. The landlady is your friend. Let me be the same please!"

Decorously, gratefully, admiringly, at eight every morning, and six every evening the boyish quartette fled into the room that held the two-plate gas burner. It was a holy of holies, a haven of friendliness and comfort. And the waiting week was bridged over, and the brotherly four were at work again, and the Chit Chat became a success!

And through it all Margery Dale gained a loving husband and three staunch, adoring friends.



John S. Haggerty, President Michigan State Fair.

John S. Haggerty, though one of the busiest manufacturers of Michigan, finds plenty of time to help foster the Michigan State Fair of which he is President. The administrative work falls on the shoulders of G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager, but Haggerty maintains a close touch at all times. Last year, when the crowds got so big at the gates they could not be housed, he had pickets torn from the fence. Then he stepped in and acted as gate-keeper. In private life, he manufactures bric-a-brac. He has a model farm, and is a good roads enthusiast.

MILLION TO MEET AT STATE EXHIBIT

MICHIGAN NOW HAS LARGEST FAIR IN UNITED STATES—DATES SET ARE SEPTEMBER 3-12.

PROFITS GO BACK INTO CONTINUOUS BETTERMENT

An attendance of a million is predicted for the Michigan State Fair at Detroit, Sept. 3 to 12, this fall.

This estimate is based both on the public interest which has been shown in the fair so far this year, and on actual increase which may be expected over last year's showing.

When the last year passed through the turnstile at the 1932 show, the Michigan Fair had taken rank as the largest-attended institution of its kind in the United States. Every effort is promised by G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager, to make this year's exhibition once again the nation's standard.

"Michigan's state fair," says Mr. Dickinson, "has become the greatest institution in the commonwealth for bringing its people together. No other activity fostered by the state brings any where near so many of its citizens together on common terms."

"In one way, it is the state's greatest educational institution. The character of fairs has changed greatly in the last few years. No one who attends a real fair nowadays can come away without having been mentally broadened and instructed. The citizen can see the vast agricultural resources of Michigan; the farmer sees the prices manufactured products which have given this state so advanced a position in the industrial world."

Every satisfactory feature of Michigan's fairs in the past will be retained this year, and many new ones will be added. Greatly increased gate receipts have made the fair profitable in late years, and under the state law, every cent of profit must go back into the permanent property and the annual exhibition.

Mr. Dickinson's policy has been to put on a better and better fair as receipts warranted. And every time he has spent more money to put on a better fair, the public has insisted on attending it in such crowds that profits automatically increase. Then the annual circle is begun of plowing these receipts back into a better fair and a better show.

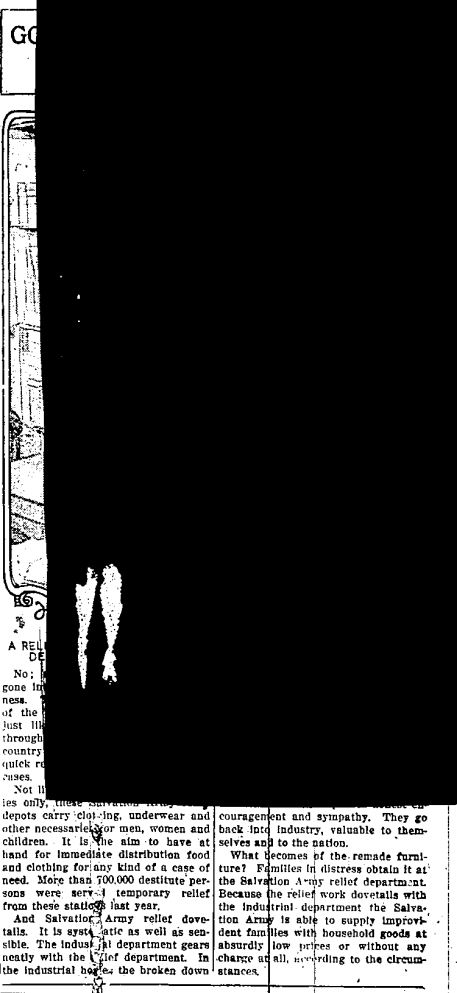
EXHIBITORS MUST HURRY TO GET INTO STATE FAIR

Exhibitors who plan on entering the contests at the Michigan State Fair, at Detroit, Sept. 3-12, this fall, will have to hurry.

So great has been the demand for space in the various buildings that G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager, announces that he is all sold out in certain lines. Others are filling up fast. Mr. Dickinson is loath to close out any certain space without having had from desirable exhibitors of previous years but the pressure for space is growing.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR GREATER THAN EVER

G. W. Dickinson, Secretary-Manager, announces that it will in reality be far more than a million-dollar proposition. In exhibits, in premiums paid, in variety of farm crops and manufactured products shown, he declares it will be far greater than even last year's record-breaker. It is now one of the largest state fairs in the United States.



Do You Love This Old Town?

encouragement and sympathy. They go back into industry, valuable to themselves and to the nation. What becomes of the remade furniture? Equities in distress obtain it at abnormally low prices or without any charge at all, according to the circumstances of the broken down situation.

adv  
jon  
as  
me  
kee  
the  
kee