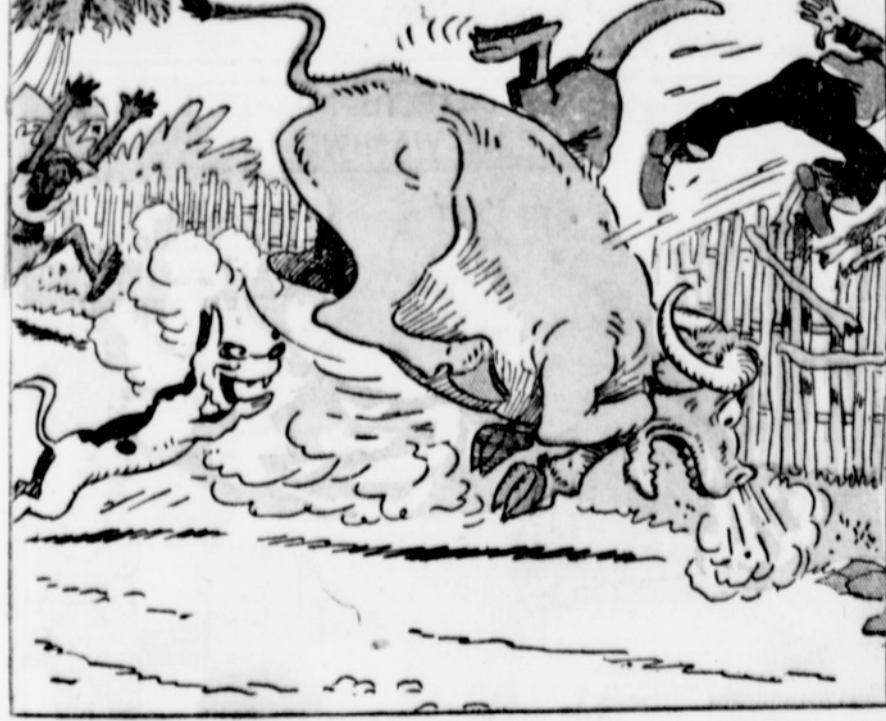
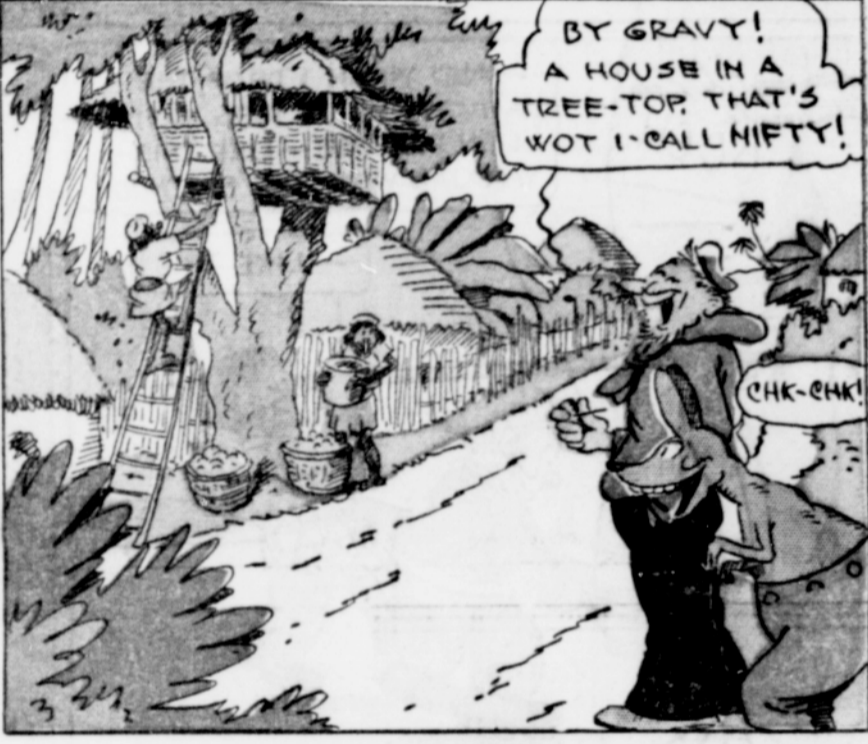


OLD MANILA

When th' Lanui dropped anchor in th' harbor of Manila, Kangy and I went ashore to look at th' town. First of all we strolled along th' waterfront where tramp steamers, Chinese junks, and trading-schooners from all parts of th' South Seas were discharging and loading cargoes. It was such a busy place that it made me think too much of work, so Kangy and I climbed aboard a ferry-boat manned by a grinnin' Chinese. With a pole he pushed th' boat along canals lined with coconut-palms, mango-trees, bananas, and all kinds of houses, some of stone, some of bricks, others of grass and bamboo. Later we wandered outside th' city. There we saw tree-houses, with long ladders reaching up to th' front doors; natives splitting coconuts, so that th' thick meat inside could be dried for copra. Later th' copra

would be shipped to the United States where th' rich oil would be pressed out and made into soap, cold cream, and such like. Our big adventure of th' day was when we rode a water-buffalo. We were goin' along fine, takin' in th' scenery, when a measly swab of a dog hove alongside, barkin' and snappin' at th' buffalo's heels. Th' old boy didn't like th' heel-nippin' business so he lit out with us hangin' on and wonderin' what was goin' to happen next. We soon found out. Mr. Buffalo crashed through a bamboo fence and overboard we went. When we picked ourselves up th' buffalo and dog were gone and a grinnin' native was waitin' to collect ten dollars for his wrecked fence. So we called it a day and went back aboard th' schooner. In my next yarn I'll tell you more about th' strange sights in th' Philippines.



THAT'S A DUMMIE HUSBAND FOR YOU - OIB REEL -

PHILIX, I'M ALL DONE OUT.

THAT'S TOUGH.

THOSE CHILDREN OF OURS ARE THE LIMIT.

How So?

THEY'RE ALWAYS GETTING INTO MISCHIEF.

ZAT SO?

I'M TIRED OF RUNNING AFTER THEM -

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO -

YOU'LL HAFTA WORK MORE SPEED AND RUN AHEAD OF 'EM