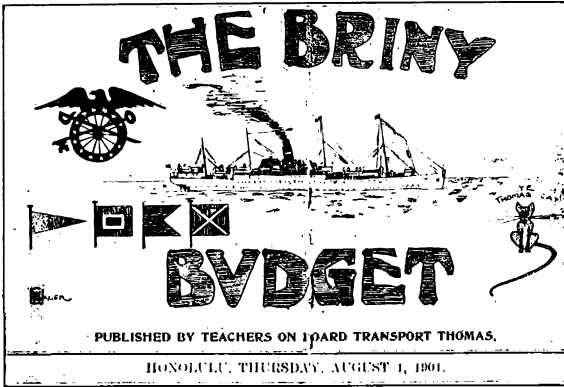


When the Thomas Brought the American Teachers



Did she ever do it? Are they still sending them?

She stayed over faithfully, she didn't make the Thomas that trip. It's a human-interest ship if there ever was one, and its intimate story would be but an amplification of Byron's description of Manfred's soul.

The Thomas, going off the run! My God! We're all getting old!

Through the courtesy of Verne E. Miller of the Philippine Education Company, we have before us the log of the seventh trip of the Thomas to Manila, the one on which she brought 560 school teachers, 160 women and 400 men from 42 states, the District of Columbia, Hawaii, and two foreign countries. We reproduce the title and device of the newspaper the teachers got out at Honolulu, a rare and enlightening piece of Americana of which many copies should find their way to the libraries for preservation. Paving over this one for essential data, we feel somehow that we are desecrating a national memory. The voyage began at San Francisco July 23 and ended at Manila August 21, 1901. Dr. Fred W. Atkinson was then educational superintendent, organizing, with the aid of these teachers, the bureau of education of which the distinguished Dr. David P. Barrows was to become the head.

Of the 560 teachers who made that voyage, ten had been in the islands as soldiers and two had been soldier-teachers in the schools operated by General Otis. Here are those remaining in the Philippines:

Lucifer B. Parker, Mary E. Polley, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Townsend, Charles W. Franks, C. D. Behrens, Mrs. L. R. Sweet, Maye Faurou, A. B. Powell, Mrs. Frances C. Bartter, Mrs. Nellie Louise Cook, Bertha Lincoln, Carl M. Moore, Verne E. Miller, Dr. Charles S. Banks, C. I. Halsey, E. J. Murphy, J. W. Osborn, E. E. Schneider, E. G. Turner, Mrs. J. C. Vickers, T. H. Edwards, W. S. Irely, E. E. Baker, Horatio Smith.

Well, the Thomas is done. Who'll bid on her? She could still haul something, surely—say mules for an African war, or cattle from Australia, or bananas from the Mosquito Coast. Let's have the auctioneer describe her. Harland and Wolff built her at Belfast in 1893, and for five years she flew the Union Jack on the Atlantic run for the Hamburg-American line, under the name of the Persia. Too slow, though famed for the steadiness that has since made her defy the fiercest typhoons the China sea can brew, the owners rechristened her the Minnewaska and put her in the cattle trade between London and New York. Then they sold her to the United States, July 1898, and for a year, as the Minnewaska still, she carried troops, horses and commissary stores from the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico.

Overhauled and refitted at Cramp's in Philadelphia, she became the Thomas, queen of transports on the Pacific, making her first trip via the Suez as a show-off boat—at the request of European governments whose military departments wanted to see the latest thing in army transports. She wasn't the fastest, even then, for at her best she makes but 13-1/2 knots an hour, and ordinarily 12, but she was "the newest, the

The U. S. A. T. (United States Army Transport) Thomas is in harbor, on her last voyage. They are counting her out, apparently they will scrap her or sell her under the hammer for what she will bring.

The very thought makes a tightness in the throat of hundreds of Americans in the Philippines, and brings moisture to the eye. It is too much like selling Old Kate, the family nag, at the homestead auction, when Dad decided to move west. For the Thomas has a real soul if a ship or any inanimate thing may boast the boon. For 30 years she has been the national old-reliable. She has brought us commanding officers, and taken them home, and governors general too. She has brought troops, some of them for the first campaigns, and returned to San Francisco with trooploads of casuals, men who had done their time in the islands.

Time and circumstance are inexorable. She has taken our dead to the homeland for burial. She carried home the body of General Lawton, and of Liscum, killed in China, and brought back Lawton's remains to rest beneath his monument. She has taken wives home for their accouchements, and brought them back with cooing babies in their arms. She has brought us food. She has brought thousands of teachers for the schools, and, accommodating them with her rate of a dollar per day, landed them back home with some of their meager savings. She has taken home the broken old-timer, who has often, in the loved and familiar

environment of youth, with life returning upon itself as the philosophers say it will, been rehabilitated and found himself a man after all.

Alas, truth makes us say it. She has taken home the prisoner, another unfortunate part of the price paid for going nationally abroad, and on her very last trip but one she had in the brig a youth who may shine yet as one of America's great artists. Metropolitan editors know him as a magazine illustrator. She has taken home the fellows who couldn't stand Guam's loneliness, and those who could. Once when she lay at berth on one side of Pier One, the Chautauot, navy transport, pulled in on the other, from Guam. In the midst of the gay crowd on the dock a young wife was waiting, joy in her bonny eyes and youth in her slender figure. But her husband didn't come down the gangway, and there wasn't even a letter; she had come on ahead for shopping, and friends just told her, brokenly, what had happened there in Guam * * * the last night * * *

the last weary twelve hours. And she turned bitterly away, cursing and weeping together. "Wait till I get to Washington!" she cried. "I'll tell that navy department something—sending young people out to a damned hole like Guam!"

"Look for the Blue Can"

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largest, and the stadiest of them all, and her machinery the best and most modern."

She's 476 feet, keel 445 feet, beam 52.25 feet, draft 27 feet. We carry the technical description no farther. The *Thomas* should be made a national memorial, when she goes out of service, and here is something for the Philippine societies in America to do—those Americans who have

been in the islands and returned to the homeland, where thousands are influential who surely can't forget a sturdy ship that has rendered them all unmeasured service. If peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, then let her have her monuments as well. The *Thomas*, too, has a double claim, her honors are equality of war and peace. —W. R.

Iwahig: Where Men are Men By Self-Reformation

Early in January Dr. John Lewis Gillin made a trip to Iwahig Penal Colony on Palawan island with Director Ramón Victorio of the prisons bureau. They were not quite alone. Dr. Gillin's son, John Lewis, Jr., was with him, and two inspectors, not guards, and 111 prisoners were with Victorio. This at the start, on the cableship *Bustamante*, turned for the occasion into a convict ship below and a pleasure yacht above. But presently, beyond the lights of Corregidor and on the outside passage, seasickness joined Victorio and the two inspectors, who lay helpless in their berths.

Dr. Gillin, however, was not much perturbed. He hadn't seen any arms in evidence, and he knew there were 111 prisoners aboard, but to be among prisoners, without any means of defense, was an old story with him. He is a somewhat celebrated criminologist. A professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, he holds the chair of criminal pathology there; and he is the chairman of the committee on crime of the Social Science Research Council, for which organization he made the trip to the Philippines to investigate Iwahig. He had studied Bilbid, the insular penitentiary in Manila, but that doesn't count so much: Iwahig was, quite rightly, his real objective.) Next August Dr. Gillin will present his report to the annual conference always held in August at Darmouth college.

Seven different national organizations are united in the Social Science Research Council: The American Sociological Society, the American Economic Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Statistical Society, the American Historical Association, the American Anthropological Association, and the American Psychological Association. Many reports will be read at their meeting, but none can have more interest than Dr. Gillin's on Iwahig.

"It stands without a rival in the world," is Dr. Gillin's verdict on the colony.

He wasn't uneasy when Victorio and the inspectors got seasick, since he supposed, as he told his son that the prisoners on board, who might easily have mutinied and taken possession of the ship, were men sentenced for crimes against property. He afterwards confessed that he should have been uneasy, when he learned that among the 111 men no less than 11 were parricides, 40 were homicides, and 15, murderers; and the rest were bandits, highwaymen and cutthroats generally.

"Why wouldn't they mutiny?" he asked Victorio.

"Because they wished to go to Iwahig, a privilege they had earned by good conduct in Bilbid, and because they would eventually be caught."

The men, in fact, though they had committed the most heinous and desperate of crimes, were, as prisoners of the state, the highest class of prisoners: in Bilbid, they had become trusties, and at Iwahig they were to be colonists, for such is the middle designation applied to the men making up the colony.

In due course the voyage ended, at Puerto Princesa, where officials and colonists alike had gathered to welcome Victorio and his guests. An old Moro datu, with many notches on his kris, had been at the most distant station, in charge of some 40 colonists there. It was about 25 miles off, the farm comprises about 100,000 acres, and he had walked all day and part of the night in order to be at Puerto Princesa on time.

Dr. Gillin was now to be still further astonished, learning that Captain R. P. Mitra, the colony superintendent, and only 25 others, half of whom are ex-colonists, comprise the entire official staff, and that they are all habitually without arms, save the conventional cane, their badge

of authority. Iwahig is really a place regainful of men's souls. It is under discipline, but wholly free from the vengeance society still commonly seeks in the condemnation of men who have infringed its laws. Colonists there number more than 1800; there are 26 officers and employes, 82 members of their families, and about 250 members of colonists' families, there being 85



Ye Editor (left) interviews Dr. John Lewis Gillin (right) on Iwahig. See text.

such families domiciled on the farm and governed by its mild discipline.

There is, of course, a hospital; and there is also a public school, attended by the children of officers, employes and colonists, without discrimination. Justice seems to be the motto of administration, daily justice, and men's pasts are put behind them. There is a band, a recreation hall; and all the wholesome activities of a free community are carried on, by and for the colonists.



Snaking Timbers Out of the Iwahig Forest

"During my whole visit I saw but two firearms, pistols, which probably couldn't be fired," said Dr. Gillin. "And as we rode over the farm I quizzed Director Victorio about this, he admitting that all depended upon the men's good behavior. And he said this good behavior resulted from several causes, chief among them being the proof, from early instances, that the escaped man is always caught, the second being the certain loss of rating, return to stripes and Bilbid, solitary confinement and leg irons, and further sentence and punishment for new crimes committed."

Victorio also told the *Journal*, "No excuses are ever accepted, and the men know it."

Bilbid is a dreary place for the lifer and long-temer. There is work, well enough organized, but no gain from it; the dormitories are overcrowded, the whole atmosphere rigid, cramped, depressing. When they have earned the privilege of leaving Bilbid, men have put themselves through a voluntary course of discipline that has furnished them with a new character; and when they doff its stripes for the clothes of the colonist, they have put their old lives behind them.

Iwahig has 22 separate activities, given a general classification. Many branches of farming and horticulture are carried on, at many stations, where groups of 40 men or so work under the surveillance of one of their number. The colonists in charge of these stations call up headquarters daily at stipulated hours, reporting what was done the day before and what will be done that day. The inspectors can come along at any time, and see that all has been done as reported.

Coconuts, rice and sugar cane are all important crops, grown on the shares, and upon completing their sentences colonists have already had as much as \$76,000 to their credit, something upon which to begin life anew. Merchants, Filipinos, of Puerto Princesa, assured Dr. Gillin that the best settlers in Palawan are, as a class, the ex-colonists, who have all acquired habits of thrift, industry and sobriety. There is a herd of 2,000 Indian cattle, one of the pictures shows the ox-teams at work. Fine Berkshire hogs are raised by the hundred, and chickens and other fowls abundantly. An irrigation and water supply system is a part of improvements valued at more than \$95,000 made last year, estimates all appearing very reasonable. The colony is not as yet self-supporting, though it will soon be more than that. Let us mention 2,342 coffee trees planted last year, 53 cacao, 44 orange, 1,247 jackfruit, and 37 mango trees. "The para rubber trees in Abukayan rubber station are growing luxuriantly."

Fishing is important.

Many thousands of coconuts are in bearing. To subsidize the colonists costs the public \$0.144 per day per colonist, and out of this must be taken the value of the products accruing to the government's account, before there is a charge against taxes. Captain Mitra wants a revolving fund for the colony, and with frequent auditing, for his own protection, it might well be given him. His report shows work interrupted, abandoned sometimes, or indefinitely postponed, because his requisitions, such as for spare machinery parts, have been cancelled. Iwahig was established February 16, 1904, by R. J. Shields, when Forbes was the commissioner for commerce and police, and so it is a monument of Forbes' administration. The expenditures last year were \$1,282,160 and the income \$1,215,270, the net expenditure being the immaterial sum of \$66,890.