WHAT THE WORLD WAR DID TO US ALL

We proceed immediately to a summary of the major influences upon the Philippines attributable to the World War. As an exposition of our views as to the wisdom or unwisdom of the measures whence these influences have arisen is not germane to the subject in hand, we trust it will be understood that those views have not changed. The facts are merely accepted as facts. Nothing is more stubborn.

From the World War the Philippines were one of the farthest corners of the world away, yet they were profoundly affected by it—socially, politically, economically. And they continue to be affected: there can be no doubt that the World War must be reckoned a turning point in insular history. The islands, too, remote as they are, proved to be an immediate help to America the moment she entered the war. A fleet of German ships lay in Manila harbor, a refuge from the Allied naval scouts on the Pacific; and these ships were seized by America when she entered, repaired and made use of. Their crews were interned. Aside from that, America at once began drawing upon the islands for larger supplies of tropical farm products: for copra, to extract the oil and split off its glycerine content for high explosives; and for sugar, and Manila hemp.

America devised the best masks used in defense against the more deadly gasses used during the last year of the war. That she was able to do this awakened the Philippines to an opportunity, for the charcoal absorbent used in the masks was the charcoal from coconut shell, the best absorbent of gasses found up to that time—if it is not still the best. It is now being utilized in commerce, and prior to the war the shell was a worthless residue from copra making.

Prior to the World War, indeed, the Philippines were a quite somnolent agricultural archipelago with low taxes and a meager treasury. But the war doubled and trebled their overseas trade, their taxes too, and laid the foundation of an industrial era. America's and the Allies' need for granulated sugar was so great that California and Hawaiian capital was drawn to the islands to establish sugar *Centrals* manufacturing centrifugal sugar in place of the low-grade open-kettle sugars theretofore manufactured which could only be sold in China and Japan. As the war closed, Filipinos themselves took up the movement and built a group of the gigantic mills with insular capital from the Philippine National Bank.

This bank too was born of the war and the resultant prosperity of the insular treasury. The treasury was overflowing, new and old industries were reaping fabulous profits, and the legislature waved its wand and brought forth the bank. The bank flourished while the fabulous trade lasted, but the war ended and the postwar boom collapsed, dragging the bank down with it. But the bank is the government, backed in the last analysis by the credit of the United States, so, while it languished in a failing condition, it could not be closed and was eventually resuscitated from the effects of the profiteering debauch. Peace has placed it in more conservative hands. Its primary purpose is to foment native enterprises. To realize how rapidly the industrial age advances upon that of pure agriculture in the Philippines, an influence primarily and mainly due to the World War, it is only necessary to know that the National bank has more money loaned in manufacturing than it has loaned to farmers and planters.

In the World War, America resolved to reestablish her commercial interests on the high seas, to which end she built a great fleet of merchant vessels and aided private and quasipublic corporations. The first effect of this was to make Manila a great shipping point in the Far East, and invigorate the many interisland shipping lines that carry cargoes out to the provinces and bring back to Manila the products of the farms and sugar factories. For the American ships called at Manila, both to discharge the American manufactures the islands kept calling for in greater and greater quantities, and to get homeward cargoes; and they found that they could maintain lines all over the vast Pacific, so long as they could make the Philippines, where they were sure of getting cargoes, a part of the itinerary. The insular government bought the railroad on Luzon, which the increasing patronage made profitable.

America conceived a new importance of the islands, and the islands inevitably got a better opinion of themselves. After all, they really did amount to something. So they worked away, planting more hemp, more copra, more sugar cane: and they kept on manufacturing, more sugar, more cigars, more embroideries, more coconut products.

The first effect on the copra industry during the World War was the turning to the local extraction of the oil, which was shipped, together with the copra meal, to the United States. Nearly forty extraction mills were built. Like other war industries, the business became greatly inflated, helped along to its ruin by loose bank credits, and two years after the war it crashed, company after company going to the wall and banks taking tremendous losses. It seemed that not a pound of coconut oil would ever be manufactured in the islands again, but some six of the mills weathered through, and now they are making about as much oil a year as was ever manufactured in the islands in the heyday of the war speculations.

Things like this have given America another lesson; the islands cannot only produce, they can manufacture; and it is now nip and tuck for copra between the mills in Manila and Cebu and those in the homeland. As a result of the World War and events following it, there is a school of thinkers in America advocating discrimination in the tariff against island-made wares. Some wish to limit sugar, some to tax it; and some complain against letting Manila cigars into the homeland free of duty, while others perhaps would like to see Philippine embroideries taxed out of the market. Opinion is in a flux, prejudices and regional interests are manifest in bills proposed in congress. It is axiomatic that countries can only buy with what they sell, and they will buy chiefly where they sell; and it is now a truth, soon to become an axiom, that America must sell a part of thousands of things she now makes in abundance overseas. A World-War effect on the Philippines was the development of a great market in America, and an effect on America was the development of even a greater market in the Philippines.

For though the customs figures show a balance of trade in favor of the islands, bank exchange rates are in favor of the dollar. Outgoing invoices carry f. o. b. values, and incoming invoices c. i. f. values; all factors considered, and exchange rates do consider most of them, and it is found that the advantage lies with the United States, great as is the boon of the arrangement to the islands also.

Another great influence of the World War on the Philippines in an economic sense is the postwar desire of America to establish sources of tropical supplies under her own flag. She owns very little tropical territory, and the Philippines are the biggest portion of what little she does own. Moreover, they are capable of yielding most of the tropical supplies she requires. They can grow her fiber, her rubber, her guttapercha; and they can also grow her coffee, tea, and silk. The first effect of this new opinion in America was felt in the coconut industry during the Harding administration, when a tariff of 3-1/2 cents gold per pound was placed upon desiccated coconut. Until this levy began to be felt, Ceylon provided America most of her dried coconut meat; but afterward capital came from America (the Franklin D. Baker interests notably), and some was brought forth locally, and factories in and around Manila are now making most of America's dried coconut.

Ceylon has dropped into second place.

This, of course, is just another phase of the industrial age the World War inaugurated in the Philippines. The whole movement has brought about higher wages, while opinion in the legislature, made up as it still is by planter members, slowly yields to resistless pressure. Taxes are naturally still adverse to industry and commerce, and will remain so until the increasing native interest in the new era brings about adjustment. It is an evolution, born of the hunger of the World War and thriving on the economic appetite of the United States.

II

The World War taught the United States many things she had not known about the Philippines, and about the Filipinos. What she learned about their economic resourcefulness has already been briefly reviewed; here will be taken up the Filipino attitude toward America under the severe test of the war. Filipinos bought liberty bonds, but that has often been spoken of; and when the war ended they were drilling a division of troops they had raised for overseas service—service in France—but that too has often been spoken of. Stripped of emotionalism, the underlying facts here are that war appeals to youth, as much in the Philippines as anywhere, and that the bonds kept funds away from better-earning activities only for a short time, when they were disposed of.

These signs were encouraging, of course, but rather in the hoop-la sense; they were at once more spectacular and less fundamental than other Filipino gestures which have received less attention. The division raised and ready, how could America have spared the ships to take it to France? That the green country boys who made up the division would have fought well, once in France, the records of individual Filipinos who "got over" testify. Also, pressed to do so, Filipinos would have bought their quota of more issues of bonds.

But Filipino feeling toward America during the World War was shown better in other ways.

First of all, practically every American soldier was withdrawn from the garrison of the islands, which was left entirely made up of native soldiery; and it remains predominantly Filipino today. Since the war, Filipinos are chosen both for Annapolis and West Point; and graduated, they return to the islands to command Filipino soldiers enlisted under the flag of the United States. No alarm was felt by Americans in the Philippines when this change occurred; and none is felt now or has been felt since the war, though at least two tense situations in the Far East have developed since the war, and one which is increasingly dangerous to world peace now prevails.

The questionable wisdom of some of the steps taken, as the abolition of the old Philippine Scouts organization and the rotation of Filipino troops under the command of officers often green and inexperienced in the islands and totally unfamiliar with the men's language and customs, does not alter the fundamental facts stated here. Bungling can make a mess of most any situation.

But there is other evidence, still more significant. America found she could trust Filipino leaders with some of the secrets of her councils. Out of this trust evolved the plans for the new port at Manila, the first unit of which was begun under Harrison and completed under Wood—Pier No. 7, one of the world's largest and best, standing the Philippine treasury an outlay on construction and equipment of around $8,000,000, and entailing an upkeep of hundreds of thousands of pesos annually. Filipino envoys had gone to Washington to petition for independence; they returned to Manila to vote the funds for this monster pier.

The pier, like the whole harbor and Manila and its environs, is fully protected by Fort Mills, on Corregidor island at the entrance of the bay.

The situation was this:

America had supplied herself with a merchant fleet for the World War which she had determined to keep on the seven seas, as an auxiliary both

(Please turn to page 12)

What the World War Did to Us All

(*Continued from page 10*)

in war and peace. Her plans called for a new port at Manila, both north and south of the Pasig; and while she was going to undertake a great deal of the work, in behalf of the government-owned ships, the islands were to share in it. Here, at this spot on the plans, is the projected site for Pier No. 7, handling passenger-freight ships. When could work start? The reasons were thus and so.

When? At once!

So the great pier was begun and completed, but the harbor work as a whole lags. For one thing, it waits for production to catch up; for another, America changed administrations, grew economical and conservative, and decided to sell off her ships to private interests. But eventually the port will be built, probably wholly by the islands. The original plans called for a free zone at the waterfront, where goods might be stored in bond free of customs charges until reshipped to points throughout the orient. Manila was to become an entrepot of oriental commerce rivaling Hongkong and Singapore. Some rather stubborn facts stood in the way of this ambition, though it is not beyond the possibilities of the future, and even now some members of the legislature are seeking to revive it and create the necessary free zone.

In such manner has the new age born of the war seized upon the imagination of Filipinos.

In addition, new harbors have been opened to ocean commerce and ports are being built at Iloilo and Cebu, metropolies of the Bisayas. At every town where a factory is built, at every port where shipping becomes important, in every community where hat-making and embroidery thrive as household industries, an industrial class begins—taking its inevitable place between the landlords and the peasants. Aloof from their feudal protectors, men are compelled to rely upon themselves. It is all a direct effect of the World War.

But not American manufactures alone have boomed since the war; the fact that the war transformed America from a debtor to a creditor nation and gave her billions of surplus money is having its effect on the Philippines, and the fact that her universities now boom with business courses, schools and colleges of commerce has its persistent effect, stimulated by the aggressive efficiency of the commerce department under Hoover. The rubber report made to Hoover two years ago is the document that has convinced American rubber capital that Mindanao rivals other islands of Malaysia, and the Straits Settlements and French Indochina too, as a field for rubber plantations. The economic survey of the Philippines that was the tangible outcome of the Thompson probe of the islands two years ago, is another eyeopener to Americans and American capital on the march. A new governor general, whose appointment was sought, by the Filipino leaders, utters an inaugural address and an address to the legislature, and confines them almost wholly to money and machines.

He stipulates that they are not ends in themselves, but in the hurried, worried, hectic roar and bustle of American life the Filipinos behold these machines and this money as ends in themselves, so far as millions of Americans are concerned; and the Filipinos, longing for the semi-rustic and pastoral contentment of the era of their fathers, hold back conservatively. They are appalled by the horrors, genuine and imagined, of industrialism and an industrial era.

But the pressure persists, daily increasing; and at last the inevitable is accepted. Mr. Quezon, hard-driven until forced to come out in the open, commands the situation; and at last, in a formal address to the Agricultural Congress September 15, he announces that Filipinos, to preserve their existence, must play the game of industry. He fears exceedingly, but he says he does not fear. He eloquently endeavors to inspire his people with a confidence that their genius is universal, that the new game is one they are really prepared for, and that as they could produce a Rizal and a Luna under Spain—a writer of despairing sagas provocative of violent revolution, and a painter—they can produce captains of industry under America. In the brief ten years they have had in which to learn the rules of the game, there is much promise in support of his hope of the future; but his trepidation is natural, the odds being great. On his part he will hold on to the land; and he prophesies that industries beginning as American will end as Filipino enterprises; such are the conservative tactics he will follow.

He really must grasp both horns of a dilemma. On the one hand lie fallow the fertile fields of Mindanao, unplowed, unpopulated. On the other are the streams of emigrants from over-populated provinces drawn steadily off to Hawaii and California by the lure of high wages. These streams must be diverted into Mindanao, and capital, largely from America, must do it. Apparently Quezon feels he has no alternative, and that he must accept the industrial age in the Philippines as a *fait accompli*. C'est la guerre.

III

The nationalism inculcated by the World War and the world peace did not stop short of the Philippines. As a result, a forthright nationalistic spirit caught on, as if in the very air; as if an indigenous orchid, feeding upon the sunlight radiated by Wilson's fourteen points, flourishing upon the precepts of Geneva and the world court. But the principles of international justice took hold very rapidly; the flower blooming in the ambient of political circles and the University metamorphosed slowly into something more substantial, and began rooting in the soil.

Filipinos now feel themselves a people—a united people under competent leadership. Herein the social changes effected by the war are manifest. In 1916, America gave the islands an organic act prefaced with an assertion that the political independence of the islands is her ultimate intention. That made them saw more social wood, as due preparedness and a stable government were stipulated; and the movement keeps moving, stimulating everyone to move along with it. Coincidentally with the organic act, came many new opportunities for Filipinos in public life. The act substituted a senate for the Philippine commission as a legislative body, and a Filipino cabinet for the commission as an executive body; so here were many new high places for native sons.

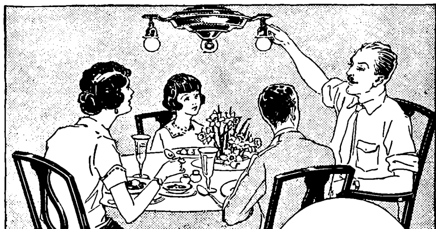
Means were soon found for creating many more good posts, and, by retiring the bulk of the American element from the civil service upon a bonus of a year's pay, of getting Filipinos into old positions, from classroom teaching to the highest technical places. The civil service was rapidly increased in personnel, and continues to be: 20,000 individuals now serve the government.

American officers retired from the Philippine constabulary and went to war, and Filipinos took their commands. Every challenge was accepted eagerly; scribbling for the government with one hand and keeping a college textbook open in the other, clerks pursued their university careers at public expense and either qualified for the professions or for promotions in the service. The ambition was admirable, the means of satisfying it sometimes questionable from the viewpoint of the taxpayer. But the people were on the march, like America; and they still are, and quickening the step. If some fail, in ability or trust, others don't; there is a desire, widely enough spread, to make good and reflect honor upon the race.

Another immediate social effect of the World War was the creation of many comparative fortunes.

Selling the products of their plantations at fabulous prices, scores of Filipinos found themselves rich, in the insular sense, and respected and powerful. Filipino trade became the thing to seek, it is the essential of commercial prosperity; everyone must have it. Planters have moved into town, into Manila, Iloilo, Cebu, and bought properties and built palatial homes and enrolled their sons and daughters in the colleges and universities. They have also sent many boys and girls abroad, especially to America (and home by way of Europe), for the broadening that travel and study impart.

The University of the Philippines is practically an educational war baby, the liberal revenues of the war years made its present prosperity possible—giving not only students by the thousands, but the means of providing for them. It flourishes, but is not adequate to the demands;



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so there are a number of private schools boasting themselves universities, besides the very old Universidad de Santo Tomás, a Catholic institution in the hands of the Dominicans, which has had to leave the walled city and build on the hills a magnificent edifice, already in need of extensions.

The Athenaeum of the Jesuits must soon follow its example, and the land is already bought. Supposing independence granted, Athenaeum undergraduates debated the other day what kind of government the islands should have, aristocratic or democratic; and the applause was for democracy, though the aristocrats marshalled the best arguments. Gayly flaunting the new nationalism, the University sent a debating team over America a few months ago, talking for independence; under the tutelage of a professor, the team won all its debates, and every debater returned to Manila an American tailor's model. There is more conservatism among the women, but new occasions as well as a new spirit induce the gradual substitution of the universal styles for the national costume: girls can't clerk very well, or typewrite, or work in factories or pursue athletics in enormous starched sleeves and awkward trains.

Opinion grows that clothes have little to do with nationalism; the question of modesty, rather than nationalism, claims the boards where woman's clothes are discussed. But the new spirit, that of doing what the world is doing, will eventually dictate definitely to the Filipino woman in her new freedom. A Helen Wills causes every village in the islands to make a tennis court. Bowling is as popular among women as among men; and an Ederle braving the channel sets ambition off in another direction —and in a bathing suit rather than a *patadion*. Schooled by the side of her brother, the modern Filipino girl demands her place in the sun; bare-armed, and sometimes bobbed-haired, she essays all the sports save flying, and no doubt that will come next.

The rakish image of her petite figure in flying costume will soon lure the Filipino woman aloft. As to her courage, like that of all women it is invincible. Nothing would be more astounding to the Filipino who died before the World War began, than to awaken now and behold what a problem the younger generation has become, including the grand-daughter he supposed would sit mooning around until a suitor came to claim her. Conservatism is getting laws into the books about it, but its onward march is as resistless as the tides.

Here is nationalism then, but of what sort? Well, the cosmopolitan sort, eclectic without infallible judgment of what is best to choose, but with enthusiasm to carry it along to an end no one knows or stops to think about. The Filipinos are going somewhere, industry born of the war has given them the money to pay for the journey; and that same industry has made and is making them individual and democratic, so that they strive for the fruits of life, gobble them eagerly and clamor for more. The old passive acceptance of life is passing, not among the masses, where it remains an entrancing study, but among that newer class, sandwiched by a dozen influences between the two oldtime classes, the landlords and the peasants.

The new social influences are organized, the Filipino seems to be proving himself as adept at organization as Americans notoriously are. Clubs of all kinds abound: athletic clubs, literary clubs, college clubs, dancing clubs, business clubs, women's and men's organizations without number. And the country is profoundly peaceful: democracy in itself is very entertaining, exacting of energies.

But the greatest social effect of the World War upon the Philippines remains to be mentioned, the Filipino press.

The new nationalism is by no means amorphous: it has body, soul and spirit, and its voice is the press. Prior to the war the Filipino press was of little weight. It was poorly financed, hardly anything by way of a daily existed outside Manila, and there but one profitable, independent paper: the others were political organs. This situation changed but little until well into Wood's administration, but now it is changing rapidly. Of four dailies in English, two are Filipino. They are well financed, well edited; news of Filipino society is important to them, and news of all kinds—of the business world, the markets, world politics, home politics, college and university affairs. They play no second fiddle. The vernacular press also improves, and prospers. The Spanish papers were never so good. It seems that all three, English, Spanish and the vernacular, are to have perpetual audiences. Knowledge of English only gives a man more facility in his own tongue, adding the ambition to acquire Spanish too.

Literature is as yet unborn, but it will come in due time. The elements of it abound in the lives of the peasants, in their folklore, legends, customs and traditions, and the genius of the new age will at last ferret them out of their hiding places and make them into literature. There is good painting, and a beginning of good music; not as much of either as there should be, but a respectable start, proving the possibilities.

Summing up: The World War taught America that the Philippines and the Filipinos amount to something, and, besides inaugurating the industrial era in the islands, it taught the people what America had learned about them, and many new and adventurous ways of holding their heads up. It set them marching.

IV

The war set the Philippines forward a full century. It hustled Mr. Quezon, Mr. Osmeña along: an Aaron, a Moses, leading their people forth. They behold a new horizon. Behind them lies Egypt, mystical, religious, agricultural. If the people groaned in the building of the temples, if their shoulders were lacerated at the plow, yet there was ease for others; and no hut was so squalid as to lack its Comforter, faith relied upon the judgment of the dead. Before them lies the Canaan of industrialism. There they must go, there must they lead their people. They must claim the land they say God gave them as a heritage, and, driving out the Philistines and the Hittites, all the tribes of the gentiles, make their claims good. Behind them,

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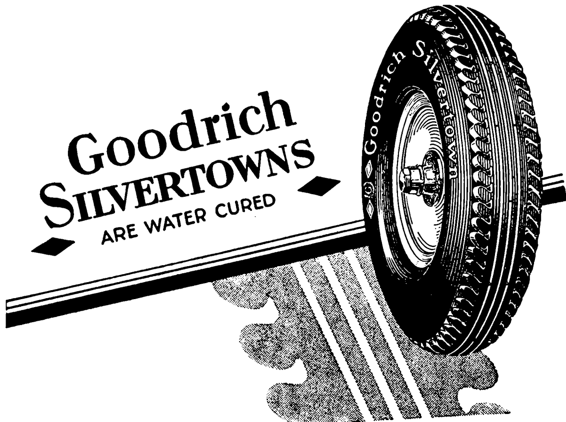

in other words, lies the agricultural age. Even yet the broad valleys undulate with rich harvests, as far as the eye can see from any hill-top; and outside Manila there is scarce a factory chimney in the land. But there are the plantation houses in the midst of the verdant fields, the feudal villages nestled around them, the curfew of the parish spire, and its matin call, beginning and ending the day: not the stentorian whistle at *the works!* And before them lies the new age, the industrial, with its strife and clangor, its hurlyburly swelter and struggle for the things of this world—its forgetfulness and disdain of the pastoral gods. They would turn back—and who can blame them?—but cannot. They must go on, and all but dare not. But, clinging to the emblems of their faith, remembering kindnesses and generosities of the Pharaohs that had once sunk quite out of mind, they *do go on*, first to the travail in the wilderness.

No one now recalls their prototypes in America, it was a century ago. They were New Englanders, the men of Massachusetts the most reluctant among them. For then Massachusetts bloomed with corn, instead of thrumming, as nowadays, with factories. And then there was but one church, the Congregational, which could discipline the heretic Unitarians with ostracism; and the spires of this pioneer church rose in the midst of farming villages, *and the church was the state*. There was no class upon class, no war of tongues and creeds, no palatial residence upon the hill, no thundering mill half-way down, where the river runs, no Irish, Frenchies, *wops* and *bohunks*, so necessary for the mill, but *only* necessary for it, quartered in disreputable poverty *on the other side of the tracks!*

It is there that charity, a condescending charity, must be practiced.

Well may Governor Stimson stipulate that money and machines are not ends in themselves, and well may Filipino leaders feel they should not be. No, they are not ends in themselves, the merest glance at social America today proves it. They are the tangibles of *progress*, that questless but questing journey men make in life, and must always make, with every aid at their command, as the stars must always pursue their ceaseless revolutions—because there is an urge in the soul to do so. C'est la guerre.

Black Chiffon

By Mrs. A. Broad

In the first installment of this Manila romance, published in September, Selma Warburton, left by the untimely death of her husband with an only daughter and only a little life insurance money, slaves in an Escolta shop in order to use the money for her daughter's education in an exclusive school in America; and upon the return of the finished young creature to Manila, with noble self-effacement Selma at last succeeds in getting her married off to a most eligible wealthy young army officer. In this installment it is Selma's turn.

While the newly weds honeymooned in Baguio, Selma sat in her apartment and waited—waited for people to come and call.

The wedding had been an unmitigated success: The arch of iron, formed by twelve brother-officers of the groom, holding their bare sabers above the slowly-advancing young couple; the reception at the Manila hotel; the toasts and speeches; Betty's grace and charm when, with her husband's saber, she had cut the wedding cake; and finally, the glowing reports in the society columns—the flashlight of the ensemble. Precious pegs were these upon which to hang the film of memories: Selma's very soul had feasted.

When Betty and her husband returned from Baguio, Selma was still at the apartment on the boulevard. The leave from the Emporium had not yet expired, she had another two weeks. Betty insisted that she go and visit with them, out at Fort McKinley. Selma hesitated. Betty's love was so young........... young people wish to be alone. But her loneliness at the apartment at last proved too great. Nobody came to call. So she packed a trunk, gave Antonio instructions about the care of the apartment in her absence, and went to Fort McKinley.

There would be just ten days!

How restful it was to loll on the cozy bougainvilla-clad porch of the bungalow where Betty and Albert lived. It was a small bungalow, the ordinary officer's quarters, but it afforded a fine view of the parade ground and the slow yellow Pasig beyond. It was refreshing to lie there and have no worry, no preoccupation; just to lie still and thank fate for the kind turn things had taken. Yes, she really liked it here at McKinley. The people were congenial; that is, the young lieutenants and their wives, the only ones she knew as yet.

The exception was Colonel Wells, he who had given Betty away. He had called, and then had invited Selma for a ride, and they had driven to Manila and back. She who had not received any attention from a man for many years was delighted beyond words. But—a few more days and she would have to go back to work; this ideal life could not last forever. She could not long take advantage even of her daughter's kindness; she would pack on Saturday, and return to town Sunday afternoon, and she had already written the Emporium that she would be at her post Monday morning.

That blustery Saturday morning, while she was busy laying her things out for the packing, Betty rushed into her room.

"Mother! Did I tell you or not that we are going to a dance tonight? Down at the Officers' club."

Selma smiled.

"Well, you could go yourself—now that you have somebody to take you, dear. I'll stay home, I guess."

"Oh, no! If you don't go, Mother, I'll not go either! But why not, Mother?"

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Signed: WALTER J. ROBB
Editor and Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of September, 1927

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