

Jolo and contracted a legitimate Moro union with a noble there. Princess Emma Kiram, fourth niece of the sultan, is in Jolo too, making her home with her mother. She is reported heart whole and fancy free; at least she is still unmarried. She formerly attended the Philippine Normal

School and later the Philippine Women's College. Sultan Kiram has no children from any of his numerous wives. He is nearly 60 years old and when he dies there may be a pretty contest for the throne, enjoying, as it does, retainers or subsidies from the British and American governments.

### Hayden, With Thompson, For Development

Michigan Professor Gives Views About Mindanao



The correspondent with the Thompson mission in the islands from July 9 to October 4 who will probably have the most influence in determining whatever opinion upon government the report of Colonel Thompson may contain, is Dr. Raiston Hayden, of the University of

Michigan, who represented the Christian Science Monitor. Dr. Hayden made an independent study of Mindanao, and the following (from the *Mindanao Herald* of September 18) was verified for the *Journal* by him as substantially his views:

"Mindanao is the greatest land of opportunity under the American flag. This is the outstanding impression that I have received during several weeks of observation of the island. Some Filipino Greeley should make the cry, 'Go south, young man, go south,' a slogan through every province in the Visayas and Luzon. No other people in the world possesses the opportunity for national expansion and personal enrichment which Mindanao affords the Filipinos. The island offers them quicker, greater and more certain returns for the investment of money and labor than the richest parts of the great American West ever gave to settlers from the East.

"Residence in it entails less of hardship and of separation from kith and kin than does that in any other frontier country in history.

"It is the section of the Philippines whose greatness and wealth lie in the future. Furthermore, it seems to me the part of the archipelago in the development of which Americans and Filipinos should best be able to collaborate to their mutual advantage. Already there is going on a very rapid development participated in by both peoples, much more rapid than I had expected.

"One of the most striking aspects, to my mind, is the large number of American planters who have made good, many of them on the proverbial shoestring. The beautiful plantations of rubber, coconuts and hemp, carved from the wilderness by pioneers with little more capital than their own perseverance and brawn, and in spite of all hindrances, are proof positive of what Americans can and will do here under favorable conditions and with adequate financial backing.

"In such mutual effort lies the best solution of the political as well as the economic problems of the country. That the island of Mindanao will develop rapidly, one way or another, however, is almost certain. The world needs what it can produce and will not long be denied what these rich lands owe it."

### Americans in the Easy-Going Eastern Tropics

Reflections on a False Territorial Policy in the East

By PERCY A. HILL

In the Philippines one day is just like another; due to lack of real seasonal changes. Years jumble themselves together until it is difficult to distinguish between them. It must have been the same during the long centuries when the people

dreamed away their existence under the benevolent rule of the friars. In the early days of our occupation Americans often affected surprise when a native did not know the year he was born in, or his age, but this was of course before they themselves had

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As a matter of fact, most men do not mark time by almanacs. They remember when someone died who was dear to them, the year of the big typhoon or when money was scarce and supplies dear. Days and months are significant for what they bring and not for the fortunes attached to them. In the Philippines it is easy to lose track of time, as one day is like to another, all mere waves beating on the shores of time. Americans, domiciled here for any length of time, whose interests show a fair chance of continuity, become in a measure satisfied with their lot if they are of pioneering stock. As in the western states where the covered wagon has long since given way to the iron-horse and the Ford, here also have Americans blazed a way on the western advance.

The struggle for existence is less marked here than in more rigorous climes, and though they are fully aware of world progress, it is viewed in a more or less detached manner. In time the American adapted, to his environs to the extent that he experiences a sense of oppression when he returns to countries in which the populations are engaged in the old, old struggle of successfully putting the clock 24 hours behind them. But he also realizes the old truth that whether in lands of comparative ease or in those that hasten, all men journey to their logical end. In the Philippines this verse is more than a trite saying:

"Earth has no cure for the tease unrest,  
The hurrying haste of Fate,  
Like the soothing balm  
Of the tropic palm  
And the land where things can wait."

Certainly life in the Philippines has its compensations as well as its drawbacks. The conception of the East means more than the mere word. Nor is it a tradition emphasized until it has become a fact.

"To eat of the lotus," said the ancient Egyptians. "The peace of the gods," say the Chinese, and we perforce, with Kipling, call it the "urge of the East." From this obsession, only those are exempt who from their very first day in the orient find that their impulses register dissent. But to the many this call is something inherited, perhaps from that far-off day, when our Aryan ancestors were dwellers in the high plateaus of an ancient East. As Kipling well remarks, nobody can hustle the East, which is a truth best known east of Suez and west of the 180th meridian. Then there is the call of the East, *Boy!* bringing a mulchacho of indeterminate age, bearing a cooling drink, a luxury not enjoyed by all mankind today, whether free or still in bondage.

As a rule the American in the Philippines is a millionaire, that is, he is a millionaire in time. There is more time for recreation, for introspection; or more time for laziness, if you prefer it expressed that way. And the genus homo is as lazy as he dare be in more climes than the Philippines.

Not but that great results have been and are still forthcoming in every line of human endeavour. A mere cursory glance will show you this. But all has been accomplished in a manner allowing people to live normal lives and enjoy a fair bit of the days as they fly. Nobody but a G. O. P. optimist would put *rush* on a letter in the Philippines. There is not the feverish hurry downtown to see how far ahead the other fellow has got; not as much selfishness, and there is more humanity than where organized effort takes these things out of our hands, under the idea that life

and living can be standardized like a modern machine factory. The American in the Philippines has time to shake your hand, listen to your tale of woe; and he can laugh naturally, unafraid that a stereotyped job will slip away from him because of his acting human. This is most emphatically not so in those congested communities of the world dominated by smoking mill-stacks, clanging trolleys and the middle street—forever reminding one he shall live by the sweat of his brow.

In the early days of our occupation of the Philippines the virile men who represented America in the far east were a hard-bitten lot. They were certainly neither weak nor effeminate. The charm of a new land where there were no Ten Commandments had an appeal to men not only of the fighting and pioneering strain but to others of gentler rearing. The adventurer or the soldier who had left home or the army to take up the White Man's burden as they saw it, were not only in love with the life, but the land itself cast its glamor over them. Swaying palm-trees, forested mountains in primeval shell, waves on coral strands, were lures they could not withstand. They had a love for the care-free life that, while it offered them nothing but discomfort and danger, yet seemed to them the happiest of existences. The islands were our last frontier, our last Far West. The early Americans here took little heed of scorching suns or wild typhoons; they drank strong liquor like water; but what splendid vitality upheld them in the savage law of survival. Restless, strong, generous, insistent on their rights, scornful of mollycoddles, they struggled along the thorny path absolutely refusing to be models for school teachers or teary sentimentalists.

In the decade before the Great War, Americans in the Philippines paid less attention to wages and a great deal to service. They believed they were, and so they were, too, crusaders of Uncle Sam in the loftiest sense; hence it was not how much they received, but what they achieved, that they most valued. They were vital, painstaking and conscientious—as is the way of pioneers: a band of friendly spirits on the last frontier, dispensing hospitality and hearty goodwill to all, including the stranger within their gates. They accomplished, and passed on; and many of them rest peacefully in graves where the jungle again claims the land.

One of the greatest drawbacks the Philippines received was the dictum of no trespassing: the Philippines for Filipinos, voiced by a governor of the islands who now freely confesses that his sentimentality was more highly developed than his sense of justice. This altruistic dictum is really one of the reasons that the waste places of the islands still remain a waste to this day, a liability instead of an asset. It stifled effort and initiative. It held back capital and progress. It was content to see the native remain lazy and thriftless, rather

than see him take his place in the economic struggle, which all peoples have passed through that are worth their salt. It also gave them heroes where none existed, it educated youth to shine instead of to serve, and the present inchoate status of the Philippines can be charged to it in consequence.

In the Dutch Indies today are more than 60,000 white men who have built up and are maintaining an economic prosperity that is a credit to them and an everlasting benefit to the millions under their benevolent sway. Here we could have done the same, had not this money-wrench been thrown into the wheels of progress. We were cursed with the altruistic complex, and the infantile complex has followed as night follows day. But for that one unfortunate speech, we would have more progress, more wealth and a happier people here today. It was tampering with an economic law in the name of democracy, for the tasks would have been cheerfully assumed by the men on the ground but for the limitations imposed upon them.

This faux pas was only equalled by the acts of another governor, who was only nominally an American.

Many of the old-timers went away; some have passed over the Great Divide; others have settled down in far-off towns on the edge of civilization, where they remain pioneers today in spite of dicta. An exodus took place on the change of administration in 1913, and the Great War took others. Still there are a few thousand left who believe in American ideals and Americans individually and who hold high the banner of freedom. Their conception of this is infinitely more nearly correct than that of men 10,000 miles away and 10,000 moons removed from the picture—the actualities. Their conception of freedom remains the same today as that enunciated a century and a half ago, the protection of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and they remain unappalled at the mouthings of the few who would like to dominate the many, all in the sacred name of freedom, a fact of which they are daily convinced.

After all is said and done it is blood that counts, more than brains; the fighting and pioneering instinct, and not the cold dictates of policy, that endure. We cannot breed out of ourselves the attributes of the Adam that abides with us. The glory of American achievement rests on the fact that they were American, with something of all our virtues and virtues. The old-timers' conception of freedom means just that: their conception of liberty does not mean license; they have a quarter of a century of experience to base their wisdom upon, and they are the exponents of an Americanism that clings to the old truths, a free individuality and its expression, a pioneering instinct that constructs and does not destroy, and a square deal for others, whether they like it or not.

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