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### IRATE RAJAHS

Irate rajahs like Senator José Laurel and Dean Bocobo, whose remarks to law undergraduates on the unrelated subjects of the Central School and missionaries are quoted on the opposite page for purposes of comment here, do not give, but are given unto. Thus they profit by the western civilization they condemn, but it has not modified their real character; and coincidentally with his platform performance we observe Dean Bocobo persisting in a stubborn attitude until he brings about the temporary degradation of the college of agriculture. The alma maters of such men gain nothing from having educated them, and they are types among our present leaders. This isn't said in a condemnatory spirit, but in our usual critical spirit which desires nothing but the opening of the eyes of the people to plain facts.

That's one thought. Now, with more temerity, to the metaphysical. In the realm of philosophy the truth is ever obscured, but our humble conclusion is that everywhere in life the good and the bad are inextricably mingled, and they are thus mingled in the character and activities of every man—and all his experiences, too. No effort whatsoever is worthwhile or compensatory in itself; we are all, from cradle to grave, ground between the inexorable millstones of the gods whose inscrutable will we may by no means determine. Every effort is fruitless, except—yes, we are going to use the trite and awful word—except in its *altruistic* phases. Rockefeller has by no means so much satisfaction, if indeed he has any at all, from a handsome annual increment to his vast fortune, as from the things he may do with this fortune to ameliorate the misery of mankind—of which he feels himself an impotent part like every one of his fellow-men.

You may make a hempen rope. If you turn a profit in making it, this heartens you to make another like it; and it renews your courage, but it gives you no psychic satisfaction. The grave, the end of all effort, yawns ahead of you but a little way, and the making of this hempen rope has bitten into your energies and into your soul. Infinite details have absorbed your faculties, engrossed them in a petty endeavor; and competition, not always honest, has annoyed and baffled you every day. In short, the game *in itself* has not been worth the candle. But when you see your hempen ropes towing steamers to their berths and warping them to piers, and you know that these steamers bring necessities, comforts and luxuries from abroad and will carry away surplus products to markets not existing in your own land, here you do find in overflowing abundance the vicarious reward for all you have done. As you age at your task, but continue it, you know that as you take from yourself, or allow life to take from you, you are giving to others—to those immediately about you, in your family, and to those more remote, who, having your rope, also have employment. It is the same with our Lindberghs, our Galileos, our Leonardo da Vincis, who all, in their different ways, contribute to the building of more stately mansions for the soul by making this transient life more enduring, more compensatory.

And that, we think, is western civilization, miscalled western Christianity, which only accidentally cradled its inceptive principle during the Reformation: the principle that we are all in the soup together and that it is cooler at the top and around the brim. It is really a cult of science, a cult of tool-making and tool-using. Such men know that their redeemer liveth, and that he lives within themselves. They are, they feel more and more, the masters of their fates, the captains of their souls; and, as they are, so are all other men on earth.

If one care to term this a religion, it isn't a religion of despair. It is Ben Adhem's brand—"write me as one who loved his fellow-man." Random manifestations: On the day Bocobo (who says he was misquoted) and Laurel ran oratorically amok, collection of the Leonard Wood fund for the eradication of leprosy begins—the *eradication of leprosy!* It wasn't uppermost that day in the dean's mind, please note, but it was in the minds of others. Missionary Widdoes is completing his three-story hospital with roof garden at San Fernando, Union: the gifts toward it were industrial securities.

Widdoes isn't a bad missionary. Some may be, but Dr. Parish and her companions at Mary Johnston aren't, nor Wilhelmina Erbst, riding the Cagayan circuit and minding her dormitory in Tuguegarao, nor yet others in an honor list too long. Among all men, in all men, all things, too, good and bad alike are inextricably mingled. And does the good overbalance the bad? One answers according to the state of his digestion. Ours is good.

As to the central school, it is not for whites alone but for all Americans and children whose parentage is partly American. It isn't discrimination, it meets an exigency. It is graded, not with our other local schools, except the university, but with similar schools in the United States, so that children may matriculate without reduction in grade. It is largely patronized by the Army and Navy. It helps them, and is as little as this country and this city, enjoying the constant protection of these services, could do in the way of evening up the score. No doubt the tax revenue from the money spent by the Army and Navy is far above the actual expenses of this school.

### LEX SCRIPTA

As we prepared for the press Governor Gilmore still had two days in which to wind up his action on the bills approved by the legislature. His action up to that time is printed on the opposite page. He trimmed the general appropriations to within P400,000 of the budget in order to conserve the treasury balance and forestall lean years, for which purpose he had based the budget on the average yearly revenue during ten years. He had yet to consider the public works bill, but the same procedure applies. Both bills were stuffed, of course: the bulky package was handed to him and he was expected to take off a good deal of the wrapping. One thin light-colored layer was the P150,000 "for expenditure by the Secretary of War" in getting some advisers for the governor. The legislature was thanked for the spirit displayed, but it had been informed that the item was not acceptable. Its obvious objections need no citation here, and now that it is out of the way the President's recommendation gives rise to hope that Congress will appropriate to the use of the governor for Federal purposes in this territory, the \$600,000 yearly that Americans pay in revenue levied upon Philippine products, chiefly cigars, sold in the United States.

It seems to us that the objectionable item was a means of amending *de facto* the organic act without reference to Congress, and that probably some men in Washington favored it at least as much as members of the legislature. Of course every governor would prefer to select his own staff: like occasional Presidents, some might prefer tennis cabinets. With the veto of the item, the provision for staff per diems in the current appropriations was revived for next year; the executive will not be helpless, even if Congress does nothing.

But Congress should do something. The papers say the islands are losing P4,000,000 annually on diamonds and other gems smuggled into the islands; on other days they speak of the flouting of the immigration law, while the influx of certain foreign imports leads to the conclusion that *ad valorem*s aren't always what they might be, nor what they should be. "I wish to sell you diamonds," said a man to an Escolta importer. "But you can hardly sell me diamonds, I import them." "Oh, but you pay duty: I pay none!" The customs service is conspicuously a point where executive administration has been weakened. No doubt Collector Aldanese would be glad to have a part of the \$600,000 used to strengthen it. Goods smuggled into the Philippines can easily find their way into the homeland; in short, it's a matter of Federal concern and the local community and the United States too have the right to Federal aid.

### MARINE VIEWS

We tried our best to get C. E. "Charlie" Morton to write the comment on the new marine legislation, since his committee's report contributed toward it not a little, but the run of affairs prevented his doing so. Three measures, not merely one, were passed. Perhaps all will be approved, two certainly. The bill requiring radio equipment on vessels of specified tonnage has been approved; like action will follow on the *Alcazaren* amendment restricting the authority of the utility commission to the fixing of maximum rates; and then there is the bill (which Morton hadn't seen when we talked with him) that makes new provisions respecting the examination of aspirants for marine-officers' tickets. The *Alcazaren* measure stands out. It is all right, we suppose, on the eve of the elections, to let it appear that it slipped through. But, though it may have escaped the attention of some, it didn't slip through: there were just enough members determined to do something effective about the shipping situation, and they did it. Honor to them all.

But now another tangle has developed around the *Consuelo* at Honolulu, where she is enjoined from returning to Manila with either cargo or passengers or both. She's a Philippine ship, and while the injunction may follow the law, it's an injustice. Even foreign ships may call at Honolulu and book passengers and freight for the Philippines. Our vessels should at least have that right, and the probable outcome is that they will. In the same way, American vessels call at British ports and carry freight and passengers to England. The privilege is reciprocal. But as to Philippine vessels going east from Honolulu, this cannot in justice be done until we have the American registry of ships here.