

able to any modification or betterment, consistent with the experience of the times. Why should it be insisted that our children be tied to the parental authority, as was the practice in patriarchal times, and that they be subjected to the perennial control of their parents, even long after they have become mature beings? Why, I ask, ought we not educate our children with the greatest possible amount of freedom in order to develop in them, from their tender years, the inner moral restraints that they need for overcoming evil impulses, without at the same time lessening the respect and obedience that they owe to their elders—who should, in turn, treat them with the love and consideration fitting rational beings, and not as chattels and beasts of burden? Some people still entertain the basically wrong notion that our children are, by nature, incorrigible beings, so strongly inclined to evil that they cannot be permitted to do anything without the previous permission and consent of their parents, thus converting them into automatons doomed to a life of eternal irresponsibility and incapable of helping themselves from the moment they are deprived of parental protection and help.

It is precisely to stimulate the good instincts and suppress the evil that children should be encouraged to assert themselves. Harassing them with all kinds of restrictions and prohibitions, even in trifles, would be to stifle their spirit. Of course, parents should at all times be on guard to advise their children and sound the alarm on prohibited matters, but if in spite of this counsel a serious blunder is committed, parents should administer the corresponding punishment (in order that the children may realize fully the consequences of their bad action), and not be too indulgent and condescending with their children when they misuse their freedom.

It is a poor educational policy to keep on repeating old precepts and formulas and not encourage youth to add, by its own efforts, a new stone to the edifice of posterity. To judge things of the present by the measure of ideas and viewpoints of the past is a sign of narrow-mindedness. The greatest deterrent to progress consists in the belief that the past is "always a little better," something immutable and perfect. If education is at all worthwhile in life, it is because it opens new avenues and unfolds new vistas, repairs the worn-out and corrects the inconsistent. It is just a waste of time to look at the present with tearful eyes, crying in a loud voice over changes and departures from old habits, without recalling that many of the evils and deficiencies of the present are but the results and echoes of the education of the past. We should once and for all admit that the role of education is to introduce innovations, blaze new trails, proclaim new doctrines and try new experiences, for if our aim is simply to perpetuate acquired habits, old customs and primitive ways, the force of heredity is more than sufficient to do that.

Our generation, determined as it is to seek membership in the sisterhood of nations, cannot commit a greater blunder than to repel the influx of new ideas, processes and methods which have caused other nations of the world to rise to heights of power and supremacy. It is the height of folly and a sign of intellectual near-sightedness, nay, a suicidal intent, to believe that we can prevent this invasion by mere lip-protestations and denunciations against the practices of the day. Isolation is a thing of the past. There are now innumerable contacts between different sections of the globe. No country can prevent the coming of foreign commerce and trade, much less that of ideas and doctrines of the age, which, by their nature, are more subtle and penetrating than air and light.

There is a sophism in believing that we of the Philippines are a separate group, that we can with impunity preserve the ideas and habits which constituted our old mentality, and at the same time attain progress along with other nations—in the light of that mentality long withdrawn from the rest of the world. Unless we consider ourselves as a race superior to the rest of the world, which is not only presumptuous but also impractical, we cannot govern ourselves in a manner out of step with the progress of the age. The

fact of the matter is that we are shamefully behind the times, not only in the realm of economic development but also in intellectual, moral and spiritual endeavors, precisely because of our narrow and conservative attitude of mind. One has only to go beyond our borders to be convinced of our backwardness and inferiority, not necessarily in comparison with Occidental nations, but as compared with our neighbors, the Oriental countries. I do not mean to say that we occupy the last rung of the ladder of nations, but we shall soon find ourselves there, unless we make all possible efforts to follow the manners and usages of the modern world and to work in accordance with its experience and wisdom.

Instead of confining our knowledge to local conditions, we should open our windows and see the world without. The fundamental value of education lies in furnishing universal knowledge. We should study not only our present and past, but also the present and past of the world. Our experiences are quite too limited to be self-sufficient—so we should drink deep of the wisdom of the world. We are but an integral part of a single process. The world will go on, with or without us, and the longer we delay our participation in its progress, the later shall we reap the benefits. We can preserve our point of view as a nation, we can govern ourselves the way we please, even in disagreement with the standards generally admitted; but if we are prudent, if we have common sense, if we do not wish to renounce our right to survive, we should familiarize ourselves with, and adopt, the constructive forces by which the more advanced nations have made themselves great, and profit by what they did and how they did it.

Above all, we need to alter our attitude of mind, shaped as it is in the mould of the past epoch, and to enrich it with the ideas of the present. I consider this problem one of the most far-reaching in the Philippines today. I see that there are still many of us who are in love with the preconceived notions and ideas of the past, and they are so out of tune with the thought processes of our age that it can be said of them that they are living in a world distinctly their own. While I believe the past has bequeathed to us many beliefs and practices which are good and useful even in our times, nevertheless, it has also left us certain errors and superstitions in which we can no longer acquiesce—since they have fallen into the discard. To condemn, in the name of the past, our system of coeducation, equal privileges between man and woman, separation of the Church and the State,

woman suffrage, eight-hour days in shops and factories, the dignity of all work and professions, which severally constitute some of the most outstanding principles of the modern world, is tantamount to denying the conquest realized by humanity in solving many perplexing problems which brought about great suffering and miseries in olden days.

I am interested in this University's becoming the source of a new light which shall radiate new teachings more in accord, in flesh and blood, with the realities of life. Filipinos should not live in a world of abstractions, but in the atmosphere of this age in which destiny has placed them. This is the only way to achieve lasting and beneficial progress and prosperity for our country.

MANILA TEXAN VISITS TEXAS

John Wheat has been back to the homeland. He is back in Manila now. In America he visited eleven states. One of them was Texas, his native state. John is just an average fellow, of the type inured to life east of Suez. Of course he is a veteran of '98. Before he went on his American visit he was the gentleman behind the Silver Dollar bar. Years ago, when a series of Sunday afternoon lectures was arranged at the Chamber of Commerce, John bought the first season ticket sold; and he attended regularly. His ethics are plain, but somewhat catholic in scope: honesty counts a great deal with him, and appearances little. When John was visiting Texas, one Sunday morning after breakfast he was sauntering down a business street and enjoying a cigar.

"My," he thought, "it's right nice to be back in old Texas again."

This pleasant soliloquy had hardly begun when a committee of two female *vigilantes* bore down upon him. Two menacing index fingers pointed to his cigar. Why was he smoking, and openly on the street, on the Sabbath? He was depraved, said the vigilantes; he was. . . . It seems he was a great deal that is no longer tolerated in Texas.

"This is my native state," said John, "and this my favorite cigar—a *Manila*. I always have one after breakfast. I never thought smoking was any harm. I learned to smoke in Texas."

This weak defense was wholly insufficient, John only let himself in for further reproaches. The scene on a main street of Dallas was distasteful to him.

"Ladies," he said, bowing, and with a gallant inflexion of the word, "if you will just give me time to pack my grip, I think you will not be bothered by my smoking again."

John took the next train out of Dallas to Mexico, where things went well with him until Calles burned down the town; then, of course, he had to move on once more. He began working back toward the sunset. He crossed Texas to do this, and bade his native state goodbye.

"I don't understand Texas folks anymore," he explains. "I guess I'm dated."

John was a cowboy in Texas in his youth; he has won his saddle in roping contests at old Fort Worth; he is one of those hard-riding chivalrous characters Texas children get excited about in the movies.

Hitting the trail westward from Texas, John stopped at Los Angeles.

"The breadline was just two blocks long there."

At San Francisco he was more at ease, but he went on north. Portland didn't have anything he wanted, Seattle made no appeal. But the newspapers announced the proximate sailing of an *Empress* ship out of Vancouver for Manila; so John left Seattle for Vancouver and caught the *Empress*. He still had the diner card of the train that bore him to seaboard on the Pacific, when he arrived back in Manila. It heralds the all-day lunch service—*individual hot meat pie 25 cents*. John admired this efficiency, for he isn't rich. But the card bears a more ominous line—*No cigarettes sold in Nevada or Utah*.

"America's changed a lot in the last thirty years," is John's verdict. "It's all right, I guess—for them that like it that way. But there certainly has been a change—specially in the cow country."



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