# CIVILIZING THE FILIPINO

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WHERE THE PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY WILL MEET

ON THE ROADSIDE NEAR MANILA

TYPICAL FILIPINO FARMING SCENE

DURING THE FLOOD TIDE NEAR MANILA

IN AGREEMENT with the somewhat well-known Mr. Meredith, Uncle Sam believes that "civilized man cannot live without cooks," and is putting that belief into demonstration in handling the educational problems of the Philippines.

The Filipino, to be sure, had a civilization and cooks prior to the American occupation, but the civilization was not of high standard. And after several years of close study of the needs and possibilities of our restless little brown foster brothers of the far eastern islands domestic science has been deemed the surest foundation upon which to build.

To begin with, the home and its women has been accepted by educators as the best process of engrafting occidental civilization, education and culture on the stunted, half-wild growth which centuries of Spanish rule left behind. It was the Filipino himself who pointed out the way for the solving of his own personal equation. Primitive as his home life had been he had been living up to the best he knew. When something better was before him he was prompt to see the advantages of the newer way.

The domestic science of the Filipino was not science at all; it was only a crude makeshift, handed down to him from his ancestors. His home was little better than a shack, very small and destitute of furnishings. His diet was so restricted that the idea of such a thing as the art of cookery had never occurred to him.

His clothing was little—or nothing.

With the coming of the American and his higher standard of civilization the Filipino, especially he of the younger generation, saw life from a new angle. He came to the realization that there is more in life than the mere business of living. He found that there is work to do; that he must do his share toward raising the standards of succeeding generations; that he had his allotted task in the bringing of the civilization of his country to a higher level.

The first evidence of this awakening in the Filipino was the change in his method of life. Gone are the open fires over which swung a single pot on a tripod. Gone is the ancient habit of an entire family, including the pups and the rest of the four-footed animals, eating from a common dish. Gone also are the primitive sleeping arrangements.

To be sure the change was by evolution rather than by revolution, but its progress was sufficiently rapid and marked to compel the attention of the American educators who had gone across seas to teach these primitive folk new things. They had gone with a notion that the Filipino could be taught the same things and by the same methods that form the educational system in California and New York, Texas and the Dakotas.

They found, however, that physical environment and previous social experience had bred in the Filipino racial characteristics vastly different from our own and made of him a separate educational problem.

The Filipino was not especially interested in whether or not he received mental training, but he was ambitious, cleverly imitative and keenly alert to the greater creature comforts of civilization which he glimpsed for the first time when the American came and conquered. And for all his reputation for slothfulness he was willing and anxious to work for these things which so suddenly he had come to desire—these tangible and outward signs of a higher civilization.

So it was that domestic science and vocational training became an integral part of the educational system of the Philippines. A half-million Filipino young people are voluntarily in school—there is no compulsory education in the islands. Primary English education is open to all and is incidental to the domestic science and vocational courses.

The Filipino knew what he wanted and he got it, and he is quite as happy as the more sophisticated souls imagine we would be if ever we did get what we want.

One of the most potent factors in making the Filipino, not into an imitation good American, but into a good, patriotic and useful citizen of his own native archipelago, has been the School of Household Industries in Manila. Here annually from all the islands of the group, in ever increasing numbers, young Filipinos are instructed in domestic science and economy. Besides, these young women are taught the more important if less remunerative vocation of successful housewife and mother.

The course in housekeeping and household arts, one of the most important and most widely studied of the several offered by the school, gives the young women a basic education in the three R's, three full years study being devoted to reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar. In the homemaker's course they study hygiene, home sanitation, physiology, cooking and the care of infants.

A short course in nursing is given, and a full nurse's course is included among the vocational courses. Dressmaking, lace making, embroidery, hat making and weaving are among the other branches included in the vocational school and optional in the homemaker's course.

Much as the Filipino needed education along all lines, in nothing was his need so great as in the first principles of sanitation. When the American came the natives, even in the larger cities, knew nothing of sanitation, household or otherwise. It had not been taught the Filipino by his Spanish rulers, who practised the theory that the more the native knew the more discontented and hence the more difficult to manage he would become. Also, the Spanish ruler himself knew practically nothing of the higher domestic arts, and his idea that his home was his castle and what went on within of no concern to the outsider he handed down to the Filipino.

The Filipino, however, was far readier to assimilate the beneficent changes offered by the Americans. He promptly learned that sanitation, both at home and abroad, lessened the danger of plagues, which since time immemorial had mowed down the native population like grain before a scythe.

The Filipino is proud in his own way and has a strong notion of what are his personal rights. Anything akin to tyrannical enforcement of ironclad rules would have defeated the whole scheme. Hosts of domestic science teachers, equipped with the best training, have gone to the Philippines this last decade with high hopes and unbounded enthusiasm for the work before them, only to return presently with blank failure the record of their Philippine sojourn.

Those who have succeeded—and the success of these has been tremendous—have done so through intimate sympathetic understanding of the Filipino, the code and traditions which give him his own peculiar point of view and his essentially peculiar home life.

Nothing in all the course of study offered by the school of household industries has seemed to interest the young women so greatly as the study of sanitation, hygiene and the care of infants. While the Filipino himself may have definite reasons of his own for desiring cleaner and more wholesome living conditions, the younger women have learned that to a lack of knowledge may be charged the terrific death rate among infants. Out of each three round-eyed, smiling babies born one dies before it has lived a year, a victim of ignorance and unsanitary environment. Innate, universal mother love was quick to value and acquire knowledge of anything which results in saving the babies.

But nothing in all the school is so variously interesting as the changes wrought by the study of cooking. In times past the Filipino had the scantiest variety of food, which was prepared in the simplest fashion, meat being a heavy item of his menu. The greatest delicacy of the Igorrote was, and in some portions of the islands continues to be, "pot roast a la Fido." Many of them still eat dog stew, but the majority are beginning to learn that there are numerous other foods vastly more palatable and satisfying.

Even the Igorrote maiden knows that if she is to get and keep a husband she must know modern methods of conducting the modern home, which the men have acquired a liking for.

So it happens that in the cooking classes are the youngest and prettiest and brightest of these future wives and mothers. And even in their dress they herald the new day. The picturesque and fantastic costumes have been discarded for simple checked gingham frocks under all enveloping white linen aprons.

In sharp contrast to these cooking school girls are the young women who are studying in various other branches and clinging religiously to the gayly flowered skirts, tight at the hips, flowing away to voluminous breadth and great trains at the feet, and surmounted by the queer little crisp cotton jackets, for all the world like badly cut kimonos and bunching up about the neck in an ungraceful fashion, always suggesting hump shoulders.

To make beautiful laces and fine embroideries seems to be an almost natural art with the Filipino girls, an inherent aptness resulting undoubtedly from the uncounted generations of lace makers before them. The strong, supple and delicately slender brown fingers are steady as iron. The clear dark eyes are not tired by the intricate, tedious patterns which would mean wreck of nerves and vision of women less patient and tranquil minded.

Lace making and embroidery were not introduced by American teachers, but were brought to the islands centuries ago by the Spaniards. According to Medina's history, needlecraft was taught in the convent schools as early as 1630, and Retana in the early eighteenth century wrote that "the girls easily imitate the laces and embroidery of Europe" and that they perform "such work fairly well in a little time."

The foundation being laid, it was an opportunity quickly seized by the American teachers, and while the instruction under convent teaching necessarily was restricted to a comparatively small number, it is the hope of the instructors of these days that needlecraft speedily shall become of universal knowledge among Filipino women. Also it is hoped that through their aptness for embroidery and lace making there may be opened up for them a steadily remunerative occupation.

In the nurse's training work also the idea has been to provide the young women with remunerative work, but the beginnings in that line were in the face of stubborn prejudice and opposition. The natives were extremely suspicious of doctors and hospitals and it was quite beyond comprehension that any young woman of modesty and good taste should be willing to undergo a nurse's experience.

A campaign of enlightenment had to be carried on before it was possible to establish nursing classes. But the readily adaptable Filipino, once convinced that the finest of young women became nurses among more advanced and enlightened people, speedily abandoned her prejudice. The set of the wind is now as strongly in the opposite direction and the vocation of trained nurse has so caught popular fancy that the number of applicants each year is far greater than the capacity of the training school.

In basketry and rug weaving another profitable line has been opened for women, and by rare good fortune it happens that the islands produce in lavish quantities all of the required materials, which with their commercial values unknown hitherto were permitted to rot in the jungles. Still another line of income is from the preserving and canning of fruits for commerce, a line which at once makes income bearing previously wasted human energy as well as a vast fortune in unused fruits.

So summed up the training of the young Filipino women means that when the Americans came to teach them the desire for a better method of living the new and strangely benevolent conqueror showed them at the same time how the desire might be gratified.

## IN ON GROUND FLOOR

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE.

The underworld in New York is divided into two great classes. First, those who get caught; second, those who don't. The police department, finding it impossible to keep an eye on everybody all the time, had come to the conclusion that Britches Bellman belonged to the latter class. In their hearts they knew that Britches was up to many things; but when they came to sift even one of these things to the bottom invariably they found themselves woefully weak when it came to evidence.

"Evidence," snorted Britches; "I ain't got no use for it. I don't want none of it around me. To —— with evidence."

Now, Britches Bellman, being a citizen of the underworld, had come to the conclusion that for a part of the time, at least, such a citizen ought to reside underneath the ground. He got this idea one day when he was passing the County National bank. In front of the County National bank was a ditch. This ditch is called the subway.

"Gee!" said Britches Bellman, knocking himself on the side of the head, "Get down in that hole, just where you belong."

Now, if Britches hadn't been an extraordinary kind of a man, he never could have pulled off the little scheme that filled his head. But he was anything and everything, from an A-1 con man down to the lowest kind of a strong-armer. In a high hat and a frock coat he was superb; in a business suit he was all matter of fact; in a slouch hat he could scare the wits out of a belated rich old party by just looking at him.

One day a genteel-looking personage called at the office of the subway contractors and announced that the County National bank (which, by the way, was backed by the Democratic boss) had concluded to strengthen its underpinning just a bit. He produced a letter apparently on the letter head of the bank, signed apparently by its president. He was courteously received, as, of course, any representative of the boss' bank would have to be, and he left bearing with him the written direction of the contractor to the section foreman to permit the workmen of the County bank to make any necessary excavation in the subway. This genteel-looking personage, it cannot be denied, looked extremely like Mr. Britches Bellman. A day later a rough, honest-looking workman, wearing a union button and dressed in toil-stained overalls, handed the letter to the section foreman, together with another letter from the bank, stated casually that he and Sam Parks had known each other all their respective lives, borrowed a chew of tobacco, and started in to work.

The work he was about to do he had all planned out on a sheet of rough drafting paper. It was to cut a square hole four by four from the subway in to the foundation of the bank.

"The bank," he said to the foreman, "ain't so much afraid of going as it is of fallin' down. Its pins is weak, or somethin'."

In five hours the genial Mr. Bellman had made himself the most popular man in the ditch. He talked to everybody, sympathized with everybody, jollied everybody.

He was a good workman and he understood his business. But he insisted upon one thing. Every night, when he left his job, he carefully covered up the mouth of the hole he was making with a pile of dirt.

"Some fellow," he explained to the foreman, "might take a notion to finish up my job some night and go clean through the bank, outside and in." The foreman expectorated.

"Gee!" said the foreman, "that's so. I never thought of it." He scratched his head and grinned.

"I s'pose," he added, "that I might take a hack at it myself some night. What d'ye think?"

Britches Bellman, honest workman, shook his head. "If you talk that way," he said, smiling, "I'll have to set a plain-clothes man on top of you. I got to take care of that there bank, and no mistake." He caught the other by the arm. "Say," went on Britches Bellman, "it's a blamed good thing you chaps down here are honest. If you weren't—say, think of the whole lot of banks here on Broadway—you could tap the whole lot, almost, and nobody wouldn't know the difference, not until," he added, "not until they found out."

"And when they found out?" suggested the foreman.

"There'd be a hot time," returned Britches. He scratched his head again. "Now, look-a-here," he went on, "that raises a very nice, delicate, important question in my mind. It seems to me that I'll have to get the bank to put a night watchman down here to set in front of that there hole. It won't do to have any two-legged rats a-burrowin' there when I'm away. I naturally gotter keep the bank protected, because—because," he added, softly, to himself, "I'd like to know if some chap got in ahead of me."

It so happened, therefore, that by permission of the section foreman a burly night watchman came on an hour after Britches left. This night watchman had a bushy beard. Otherwise he had the same proportions of Mr. Britches Bellman. "In course," the night watchman assured himself, "the union wouldn't stand for me workin' day and night, so I gotter plaster on the make-up. And I gotter watch that hole to see she don't get away from me. For when a hole gets away from a man—especially a hole like this one—it ain't no easy job to get another."

Mr. Bellman had worked only a few days and a few nights when he struck something with his spade that gave him joy.

"If this ain't a vein of gold-bearing ore," said Mr. Britches. "I'll wager it's the underground part of the County bank's underpinnings; and if it's that, why then it is a vein of gold."

He was right. It was a portion of the bank's cellar wall. He hastily covered it up, hung around until the whistle blew, then he left and, returning later in the evening, brought with him a new set of sharp tools.

"I'll get this job finished by morning," said this night watchman, "or I'm a Dutchman."

He removed a layer of tar coating; then a layer of cement. Then he struck the bricks.

"Now," he said to himself, "if she ain't more than three feet thick I'll have her through in no time. That's what."

But that wall was a blank wall, and it had been laid many, many years before, when there were no trade unions and no employers' associations, and when cement and bricks were cement and bricks. When the first gray streaks of dawn had appeared in the sky above the subway Britches had not finished. But he judged from the sound that there was but one layer of bricks still to be removed.

"Tomorrow night," said Britches to himself, "tonight, I mean, why—the trick'll be turned to a T. And no mistake."

He took a day off and rested up. He was made of flesh and blood and he was tired. But that night he started in, refreshed in mind and body. A deep peace was upon him, for he knew that in twenty minutes he would be inside the bank. And there was no man in the whole world who understood the inside of a bank as well as Britches Bellman.

One by one he loosed the bricks; he was right; it was the last layer. Little by little the hole widened. He stuck his head inside. It was dark as pitch. He was prepared for this; prepared with a dark-lantern.

"Now," he finally explained, a huge joy possessing him, "now, here I am." The hole was just wide enough to admit his body, and he pulled himself carefully through and dropped down to the inside floor.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed Mr. Britches Bellman, softly, "this is nuts, for fair."

He didn't want to show a light. So he groped his way carefully about across what seemed to be a little room. It was, as he supposed, a coal cellar. He crossed it, and the boiler room; picked a lock and entered still another room. In this room he walked into a wall and stepped back suddenly. As he did so his heel trod upon something soft. Suddenly the room was flooded with a bright white light. Britches gasped and looked behind him.

"You stepped on my corn," growled a voice in his ear. It was the voice of a very big man. This big man placed his hand upon Mr. Bellman's shoulder. Then Bellman looked in front of him. Two other men were looking on, smoking cigars. They wore blue uniforms and brass buttons. They smiled on Britches Bellman.

"Is this the gentleman," said one, archly, "who has no use for evidence?" Bellman gasped again. "The bank," said another, "has been a-watchin' you for two days; they wanted to stop you, but we wanted you to go on, until you finished the—the job."

"Gee!" gasped Bellman, holding out his wrists, "I—I finished it, all right."

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## BETTER TO PLAN THAN WORRY

### Housewife Seems to Have Right Principle, if It is Properly Considered.

One of the cardinal principles of the efficient housewife is to concentrate her thoughts on the work of the hour, and not waste mental energy on the innumerable tasks which the day holds for her.

There is the story of the woman who lamented: "Here's Monday and all the washing's got to be done! Tuesday, the ironing! Wednesday, the baking! Goodness! half the week's gone, and not a thing done yet!"

One efficient woman explained her activities by saying: "I always plan ahead, but I never worry ahead." If she is to give a dinner on Thursday, for instance, the menu is prepared and the main ordering done on Tuesday. She is fortunate in having a butcher she can trust, so that her meats are ordered then for delivery Thursday. On Wednesday she looks over her linen, dishes and silver, and has everything in readiness to set the table the next afternoon. Early Thursday morning she is out, completing her ordering, and by noon everything is ready for the actual cooking. Directly after luncheon the table is arranged, and then she rests for an hour or two. She has even been known to go to a club meeting or a bridge party, much to the amazement of friends who know her plans for the evening.—Exchange.

### Trousers Factories Still Running.

A writer, alarmed by the spread of feminism, wants to know if there are any men left in this country.

There must be a few left. Most of the trousers factories are still running full tilt.—Baltimore Sun.