

six-year-old cuteness quite captivated the hearts of the ladies, who became her father's patrons. From that time she grew amongst Wo Kee's asparagus, artichokes and vegetable marrows, as happy as a bird; trotting after her father as he worked around his garden, running to and fro for the old woman who cooked their meals, or talking broken English to the ladies who were wont to pass that way, and who always stopped for a few words with the quaint little maid. One lady was so interested that she made a request to Wo Kee that O Yam should be sent to her house every day for the purpose of learning all that a little American girl should know—for O Yam was a native daughter of the Golden state, even though she did wear a long braid interwoven with many colored silks hanging down her back and reaching almost to the heels of her tiny embroidered shoes. But though Wo Kee agreed to the proposal, O Yam would not be weaned from her father's side for even one hour out of the twelve. There was only one person in the world for her, and that was her father. And Wo Kee's love for the child and his care for her were such that those whose knowledge of the Chinese was limited to books could not help but express surprise.

"Ah, no," said Wo Kee one day, "not true that all Chinamen not care for girl child. Some think son better for honor family, and some too poor to keep girl, put her away, but parent-love parent-love always, boy or girl."

Like all Chinamen living in America, Wo Kee was subjected to considerable annoyance from thoughtless boys. One day a number of them, passing his garden and seeing him there, began to pitch earth and pebbles on his back, at the same time making remarks on his dress and features.

Wo Kee paid no attention whatever to his tormentors, but a little figure suddenly appeared on top of the garden fence, and with much childish dignity said:

"Boys, foolish! has not my father a spirit that be much respect-worthy, and if that be so, what matter his face and his coat be not like yours? It be the spirit, not the nose, you ought to love and respect."

O Yam was then 11 years old, and though the boys laughed, they could not help feeling small.

And now word had come from

'Frisco that Wo Kee, who had been called to the big city to see a sick cousin, had met with an accident and was dying—would die that night.

It was the telegraph operator's mother and sisters who carried the news to the Chinaman's little daughter, and explained that if it had been possible for her to see her father before he died, they would have taken her to him; but although the railway ran past the village, the nearest railway station could not be reached within four hours, and the north-going train was due to pass there in two hours.

O Yam received the news quietly—so quietly, indeed, that the women wondered amongst themselves, and after the old Chinese woman had closed the door of the little shack upon them, remarked on the strange and stoical behavior of the Chinese people in general and one little girl in particular. But even as they spoke a small hand plucked at their skirts.

"I go see my father," O Yam said; and there was resolution in her voice.

"Come home with me, poor little dear!" coaxed the old lady, taking O Yam's hand and seeking to lead her along. But the child would not be persuaded, and darted from her.

Presently the youngest, who was walking behind the others, cried: "Mother! Mother! Look at O Yam."

They were standing on a hill below which ran the railway track, and between the rails stood O Yam holding aloft a broom. Tied to the sweeping and upper end of the broom was a magenta silk garment—O Yam's best blouse. It fluttered in the breeze like a banner, and stretched itself out as if to greet the approaching train—not five minutes' distance off.

"O Yam! O Yam!" the women screamed, clinging to one another.

And to their straining ears was borne: "If I no see my father tonight, I no be live."

They understood then; the child was risking her life to see her father die.

"Good Lord!" cried one, "it is the fast express, and the chances are a hundred to one that it will go over her."

The train thundered down. Its breath was on the child.

The sisters covered their eyes, their mother fell on her knees murmuring a prayer.

But the chance in a hundred was

vouchsafed to O Yam. The train stopped—almost too late. And Wo Kee died that night with his little daughter's arms around him.

THE FILIPINO CIVILIZATION.

A portion of the address delivered by Senor Sixto Lopez in the New Century hall, Philadelphia, March 12.

At the period when the Normans were invading Britain, and bringing to Celt and Saxon new institutions and a greater degree of social refinement, the Moors were migrating to the Philippines, taking with them their science and arts. Long prior to the Spanish occupation, the degree of civilization and culture to which the Filipinos had attained was remarkable, and was regarded by many as superior to that of Mexico, Peru or Japan. Their form of government was similar to European feudalism, and was as good in practice as were those of European countries of the same period. Education was further advanced, and was more general than in any country in the world at the time. The people had a written language, Moorish in character, which was taught in almost every village school, and "there were very few," says Dr. de Morga, the first Spanish governor general, "who could not write well and correctly." The religion of the people was similar to that of Zoroaster. When Christianity was being introduced into the islands, it was found that there were words in the language of the Filipinos capable of expressing all the higher spiritual phases and doctrines of the Christian religion.

The industries of the country at that time were extensive. Most of the arts of peace and domestic life were flourishing. There were factories for the weaving of delicate silks and other textile fabrics. Father St. Augustine mentions that the making of cotton stockings for exportation was then a large and flourishing industry. The secret of the manufacture of gunpowder was known to the Filipinos from an early period. They had powder and ammunition factories; and there were brass and iron foundries in Bulacan, Pangasinan, Ilocos and Manila. When some of the European armies were assaulting city walls with the battering-ram, the Filipinos were making double-barreled revolving cannon, or "lantacas," as they were called, many of which were afterwards exported to Spain and South America.

But it would be impossible, without wearying you, to even mention all the industries and evidences of the civilization attained by our people prior to

the Spanish conquest. It is sufficient to say that, with the exception of the religion and the literature of Europe, we have received nothing of value from Spain.

Returning to the present time, or rather to the time immediately preceding the present unhappy condition of our country, I shall endeavor to give you some idea of the Filipinos as they are.

Many recent writers have essayed to describe the characteristics of my countrymen. The thing that strikes one most in these descriptions is their bewildering contradictions and anomalies. Dr. Schurman, for instance, says of the masses of the Filipinos that they are "uneducated and very ignorant;" that they have been guilty of "inhuman procedure;" and that the "Philippine islanders who are educated are few." At another time and place he speaks of "the Filipinos, who in general are most promising, estimable, and even lovable people." He further declares that "they possess admirable domestic and personal virtues;" and that "the educated Filipinos * * * are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and are scattered all over the archipelago." And after bearing testimony "to the high range of their intelligence, and not only to their intellectual training, but also to their social refinement, as well as to the grace and charm of their personal character," Dr. Schurman pronounces the following encomium: "These educated Filipinos, in a word, are the equals of the men one meets in similar vocations—law, medicine, business, etc.—in Europe or America."

These are the words not only of Dr. Schurman, but of his colleagues on the first Philippine commission, as given in their final report (p. 120). It is impossible to harmonize them with Dr. Schurman's own statements of last November, or with the "war head" statements of those who describe the Filipinos as savage, cruel, treacherous, and ignorant "Malays." The peace-loving American who desires to know the truth may well find it difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion if he be guided solely by these contradictory reports. But in reality it is only necessary to bring to the question a little common sense, freed from passion and prejudice, in order to arrive at some conception of the truth. The Filipinos are not strange and unknown creatures, of whom spectacled professors need to write ponderous volumes. I will tell you who and what the Filipinos really are. They are the same as any other

civilized, Christian community. They have their educated and their ignorant, their wise and their foolish, their good and their bad. Like every other people in this world, there are those who are kind and gentle and refined, and there are others who lack these qualities. It is no doubt true that during this war some irresponsible Filipinos have been guilty of acts of cruelty. It is said that some such Filipinos buried alive one of the Macabebe scouts who had tortured Filipino prisoners of war. I do not know whether that is true; I hope it is not. But in any case, it should no more be taken as a gauge of Filipino character generally, than the burning alive of a negro should be taken as a gauge of American character generally. Burying alive is no more characteristic of the Filipinos than burning alive is characteristic of Americans. The charge of atrocities has been common to every war within known history. I believe that there is a substratum of truth in these charges, but I believe also that they are much exaggerated. Yet these isolated cases have been made the basis of a general charge against our people of cruelty and savagery. It is unfair to judge of a people during a period of war, when the worst passions are aroused, and when, of necessity, life itself is held in light esteem. It is, therefore, necessary to go back to the time prior to the insurrection of 1886, in order to obtain a just estimate of Filipino character.

If time permitted, I would like to describe to you the religious and social condition of our people; their family life, the respect of children for their parents, and the love of parents for their children; the position of equality which woman occupies, and the respect paid to her as the counselor and coequal head of the family. But in all these things the Filipinos do not differ from the people of Europe and America. If they can be said to have any special characteristics, they are those of politeness and hospitality, which are not confined to the educated and wealthy, but are characteristic of the artisan and laborer as well.

I would like also to tell you of the wonderful talent of the Filipinos for that highest of all forms of human expression—music, in which they stand in remarkable contrast with all the nations of the east. But what I wish to draw special attention to, as having an important bearing upon the present issue, are the conditions of education, and the national unity of the people of the Philippines.

I have already stated that the Fili-

pinos were at one time foremost among the nations of the world in the extent of elementary education. Had they not been brought, and compelled to remain, under the influence of Spanish mediaevalism they would, no doubt, have maintained that preeminence. But, notwithstanding Spanish indifference and monastic opposition, the Filipino record is creditable to a degree.

My own Province of Batangas will serve as an example of the educational conditions obtaining throughout the whole archipelago, with the exception of Central Mindanao and Sulu islands. Batangas, with a population of over 300,000, had 448 teachers, or one teacher to each 600 inhabitants. Of these only 62 were provided by the Spanish authorities, and these, it should be remembered, were paid out of revenues collected from the Filipinos. The remaining 426 were supported entirely by voluntary contribution. These teachers confine their attention almost exclusively to elementary education, and each teacher gives instruction to probably twice as many children as do the teachers in Europe or America. This, in a measure, accounts for the very high percentage of literacy in the Philippines.

The number of those who can read and write has been estimated by various authorities at from 70 to 90 per cent. of the entire population. My own opinion is that between 70 and 80 per cent. of the people can read and write. This compares very favorably with the 58 per cent. of Italians, 31 per cent. of Russians, and, according to the census of 1887, the 28½ per cent. of Spaniards who can read and write. The percentage in the Philippines is higher than in any European country, with the exception of Germany, France and Switzerland. It is higher even than in some of the states in America, and very much higher than in any of the South American states. This result is largely due to the fact that the Filipinos learn to read and write much more quickly than the children of other countries. Thus, Fray Santiago Paya, ex-Provincial of the Dominican Order, and president of the Royal university of Santo Thomas—one of the most bitter opponents of the Filipinos—had to admit, in his evidence before the Schurman commission, that "the Filipinos have a wonderful faculty of learning to read and write. In Europe," he continues, "it takes children five or six years to read and write, here they learn it with extraordinary facility. . . . As a matter of fact, considering the state of advancement

of this country, education in this country is very far advanced, both in the primary grades and in the university grades."

The record in higher education is also creditable. There was a university in Manila several years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock. This university was founded by a Filipino lady—a wealthy landowner in Binang in the Province of Laguna. One of the conditions of the bequest was that all students, whether Spaniards or Filipinos, who were unable to pay were to be accepted as resident students without fee of any kind. This was characteristic of the Filipinos in all educational matters; they never forget the deserving poor. It was equally characteristic of the Spaniards that as soon as their benefactress died they entirely ignored this condition in so far as it related to Filipinos, only Spanish students being admitted free.

In addition to this college, which is now the Royal university of Santo Thomas, there are in Manila the college of San Juan de Letran, the Ateneo Municipal (Jesuit college), the Nautical college, the Medical college, the Pharmaceutical college, the College for the Instruction of Nurses in Obstetrics, and the seminary of San Carlos. All of these colleges are affiliated with the Royal university, and there are also about 35 private colleges not so affiliated, but which teach the university course up to the third or fourth year. There are on an annual average about 20,000 students in Manila. There are also two training colleges, one for male and one for female teachers. And there are five large colleges for women and girls, some of which have as many as 500 students each.

It must not, however, be thought that university education is confined to the city of Manila. In other parts of the archipelago there are the colleges of Vigan (South Ilocos); Neuva Caceres (South Camarines); Cebu (Island of Cub); Jaro (Island of Panay); and Guinobatan (Albay), all of which are affiliated with the Royal university. In addition to these there are, as in the case of Manila, innumerable colleges and collegiate schools throughout the archipelago, in which the university course is taught up to the third or fourth year.

Now I wish to tell you—and I do so with very great pride—that the funds for the foundation and maintenance of every one of these colleges have been provided exclusively by the Filipinos themselves. This is also true of

95 per cent. of the elementary schools. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, as the Schurman commission admits in its report, that: "A system of free schools for the people has been an important element in every Philippine programme of reforms;" whilst Gen. MacArthur, in his recent report, says: "This almost universal aspiration for education should appeal strongly to American sympathy."

HAIL TO THE MIGHTY CAESAR!

Extracts from advance sheets of the Court Laureate's Epic, on the majestic and inspiring pageant to William of Canton at the installation of the great American empire, March 4, 1901, writ in Hiawatha measure, as furnished to the Cincinnati Enquirer of March 3, by S. P. Butler.

Many moons imperial Viceroy,
Ruling provinces and vassals,
Caught and tethered mortals countless,
Black and red, and brown and yellow,
From the isles and from the jungles,
Male and female of their people,
For the panoramic babel;
Till, at last, the day of glory
Dawned on color scheme chaotic,
On a human herd prismatic,
All, in jargon diabolic,
Babbling plaudits to the Caesar.

Early rose the chant of virgins,
On the wings of incense wafted
To the nation's patron goddess,
Rare and opulent Tarifa,
Lady Bountiful of Commerce.
Round her shrine and round her image
Wove they, singing, votive garlands—
Fairest sight in all Columbia.
Hard by, in a sculptured temple,
Fringed with grove of sacred laurel,
Sang her maids to Saccharissa,
Goddess of the giant Combine
In the sugared field of traffic.
Dotted o'er the lordly city
Pillared fanes arose in marble
To the god, or goddess, regnant
Over many a Trust colossal,
Under royal grant of Caesar.
And each temple, o'er its portal,
Bore the legend—"One from Many"—
Holy text of all the Combines.

Blare of trumpets! Boom of cannon!
To the roar of drums and plaudits
Swept the pageant's mounted vanguard
Full into the Royal Plaza.

Oh, the glitter and the grandeur!
Oh, the legions and the standards!
Oh, the sights grotesque and novel,
And the carnival of color!
Strung upon a thread historic
Came the plebeal groups of subjects—
Marched the Redskins, grim and sullen,
Souvenir of first Expansion,
Rich in feather-duster helmets,
Bright of blanket—sad and silent;
Olive maids, in Cuban plumage,
Clicking castanets with muleteers
In the mazes of fandango;
Saffron girls of Porto Rico,
Raven-eyed and hair of midnight;
Midsea hula-hula damsels,
Brown, décolleté and winsome,
Sirens of the Sandwich Islets,
Garland-decked and crooning love songs;
Tagals fair, and tough Negritos
From the mountain wilds of Luzon;

Captives from the sleepy Cebu,
Where the bamboo waveth ever
And the crocodile lies dreaming;
Fig-leaf fashions from the Pasig,
Erstwhile red with gore of rebels;
Cannibals in clouts and irons,
Brutes carnivorous and shaggy
From the Zamboanga jungles;
E'en the mute, unwashed Alaskan,
And the frowsy Klondike miner,
Muffled hot in robes of sealskin—
Wild and weird composite chromo
Was the human junk, in job lots,
From the Empire's distant corners.

Last of all, into the Plaza
Wheeled a grim and somber cortege;
Stately hearse, with plumes of sable,
Drawn by chargers black and mettled.
Crowling near, and mute in wonder,
Curious the hordes did view it;
Peered into the solemn chamber
Where there lay, on bier, a parchment;
Written scroll, but old and yellow,
Guarded well by silent watchers,
Clad in costume Continental.
None could tell its mystic import,
Why it figured in the triumph,
Ghostlike and uncanny object.
Sudden boomed the voice of cannon,
Rang the bugles of the heralds—
Signal for to halt the columns.
Then arose from marble Terrace,
From the mighty Caesar's presence,
Hannanius, Lord High Keeper
Of the Emperor's mandates.
"Loyal citizens," he thundered,
In a voice of many billows,
"By the sovereign Caesar's edict,
To bedeck this day of grandeur
Comes a small and moidy relic
Of an age long gone, forgotten;
Of a time when in its cradle
Rocked the Empire, pulling infant.
'Tis a musty scroll of parchment,
Yellowed with the dust of cycles.
Once 'twas called the Constitution;
'Twas the Fetich of the Fathers,
Worshiped by them with an homage
We accord to Caesar Divus.
Writ upon its hoary pages,
In a language quaint and stilted,
Are the frail, infantile statutes
Once that bound a race of nurslings,
In the days of flabby childhood;
Days of Continental wampum,
Squirrel guns and caps of coonskin.
Food primeval, tough and scanty,
Served the men who went to battle.
Not on beef, embalmed and luscious,
Nor on viands canned by contract,
Fed the legions of the Eagle
When the land was young and hungry.
As the sapling to the forest;
As the brooklet to the ocean;
As the cabin to the palace,
So the nation in its cradle
To the Hercules of Empire;
So the musty parchment, ancient,
To the globe-encircling edicts
Of the august Emperor.
And in merry jest our Caesar,

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