

I have just finished reading my last recollection of the Indian Helms and believe I could repeat a good part of it. It is decidedly a creditable little paper, and I have read it with unflagging interest since the first issue (a part of which, by the way, I believe I won.)

As I look back over a somewhat busy life, I can think of no one enterprise that speaks more strongly to my sympathy than *Callide*. (Of course I refer to the school.)

My confidence in the capacity of the Indian child for development into useful citizenship and womanhood dates back to childhood when we met on equal ground in sports, box and fights and friendships.

In an hour or so I will be visiting the school at Arook, on the Island of Dumnon, where I gathered together about two hundred little Filipinos, two months ago and befriended two American soldiers as they teach their young ideas to shoot Englishward.

They double intense interest and in many ways remind me of the first installment of *Callide*.

These islands, Balabac, Paragus, Calamianes and Cayas, were under Insurrection rule from the time the Spaniards evacuated, until last June, when I was ordered over to take charge in the name of the United States Government.

The first month was devoted, mainly, to defeating and capturing the Insurrection, and since that time we have been pushing schools and localizing a feeling of confidence in the Government among the people.

There are no Insurrection in these islands now and have not been since July, but the people are poor and the problem of how to aid them in reconstructing their abandoned homes, farms and other industrial interest is a hard one and necessitates constant visiting of the different islands and the taking of personal interest in the local affairs of towns and families.

There is a vast deal of difference among the Filipinos, good, bad and indifferent, industrious, lazy and thoughtless, Civilized, Worn and swayed etc., native

mountain people, they are a gentle and almost (kindness, sea-side) and it would not be to forget "John Chinaman."

The benefits to the Filipinos resulting from John's presence are many, and much that is bad can be laid at his door.

One Chinese merchant married legally to a Filipino, has two daughters in college in Manila and is a hearty supporter of education.

During the recent harvest, while other members of the Filipino families were compelled to leave town in work in the fields, this Chinaman provided board and lodging at his house for some thirty harvestless orphans, so that they could remain in school.

"More education, less insurrection, better business" is the way to run it, when I asked him why he favored schools for the Filipinos.

A prejudiced person might perhaps question the sincerity of his philanthropy. I didn't expect to examine closely the gift horse in this case. In fact there was no chance to put in valid objection as he furnished care, stabling and food.

I can't find it in my heart to object to that kind of a Chinaman, even if he doesn't forget altogether his business in extending a charitable hand to the poor and ignorant. As the Spaniards say, my house is at his disposal.

One of the most beloved natives of my territory is a full blood Tagalog.

He is a man of upright character, against whom no man has a bad word. Even the Insurrection against whom he stood out in favor of law and order, speak of him with respect as an honest man, who lived up to his convictions.

"The people are ignorant and have no heads for independent thought. Until the majority can think for themselves, independent, free government is impossible for the Filipinos"—is the way he states his views.

In other words, peace of any cost and SCHOOLS.

That is the whole thing in a nut shell but don't forget the schools.

—[Red Man and Helper.