

FROM A GRADUATE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

We are indebted to a member of the class of '05, who is now a commissioned officer in the Philippines, for the following interesting letter. For reasons that are probably obvious to most of the cadets and alumni of this institution, we must refrain from publishing his name. We certainly appreciate his letter, and hope he will write again.

The Philippines are not what they were in the days of the Empire, and they never were, nor they never will be, what the masses of American people consider them to be. Here we receive the daily papers published in Manila and also the dailies of America come on every steamer. By comparing these two papers you will observe the following: in the ones published here you get correct data and facts in the case of each and every event, with sufficient justice to those who uphold our Government. On the other hand our American papers often are far from the truth, and the American people know little or practically nothing of the real conditions that prevail in these Islands, unless they have been here and had experience in studying the Philippine question, with its many difficult problems that we are daily trying to solve.

Because of the great distance the Islands are from our native lands and because of their having so alien a population they can never be expected to become truly a part and parcel of our government as to ever allow us to rest easy, much less to depend upon their inhabitants as a patriotic portion of the commonwealth. Experience has taught many that the Philippines are physiologically and psychologically different, in fact almost opposite from us. The white man and the brown one have started from entirely different standpoints and the lines of their progress do not seem to be converging. They may parallel but will never meet, and even though they parallel their distances are so far apart as to make and keep the people strangers always. Out here you are better able to realize and appreciate this difference, and to know how un-surmountable is the intervening barrier, than one living in the states. No doubt the people on our Western coast can more fully realize this truth.

The man at a distance may have beautiful theories. (For instance W. J. Bryan who once made a statement after visiting the Islands for a few days, "I could clean these Islands up and have the people under self government in six months." Bryan only saw the highest type of the native people and undoubtedly judged all accordingly.) But even the theories of a philosophic and humanitarian university professor, however nicely considered, that do not always contain facts, and it naturally follows that conflicts will result when such people try to tell the public of something of which they know nothing themselves, and to advance ideas that could never be put into practice.

In the mean time while we are bringing our little brown brother to a proper conception of his duty to his "Great Emancipator" as a patriot and citizen, and are educating the slow and unsympathetic ones to see things in their true light and as they really exist; even to the gentle extent of philanthropically assimilating them (with the soil) by means of sword and bullet. We must all willingly, faithfully and self sacrificingly give of our blood for their enlightenment. For in the end some one must certainly make something of it, but everybody else is going to get the short end. If history and our own American blood that has been lost in these Islands be vindicated; so will be the yawping politician and exploiter. The politician and exploiter will be

satisfied and we, "U. S. & Co." as usual, will pay for their acts with both life and money.

Again there is the sissy man who is always ready to stay at home out of harm's way and tell exactly how things should be done. The higher officials here are no doubt the most able and brightest that America has ever produced, because they have a great problem to solve and the best are required to do it. Practically demonstrating this point I refer to our old Indian fighters in the early days of American colonization. They got practically the same deal. Out in the dreary desert wastes or in the jungles, they suffered from rain, hail, cold or heat, but ever dutifully and bravely fought the battles and blazed the way for the Pioneer, taking the condition as they found them; chancing all the horrors of aboriginal war fare; (including torture and scalping) up hill and down; through forests and wilderness, morning, noon and night; facing the dangers of ambush and treachery—a handful often against hundreds, and yet the sentimental sissy man snug in some comfortable home in the very heart of civilization and luxury, who never knew and never cared to know how it felt to be a real man and do a man's work, was always ready (and is still ready) with his little darning needle to punch a hole in some reputation. He raises up his little squeaky effeminate voice in expression of horror at the "brutal treatment" accorded the gentle, peaceful, truthful and innocent Indians, (Moros, Pulajanes, Ladrones, religious fanatics or insurrectors as the case may be in this part of the world) by the blood thirsty soldier man.

The engagement at Mt. Bud Dajo on Jolo Island, (which is in the extreme Southern part of the Archipelago) on 1906, between five hundred frenzied fanatical Moros, opposing the Army and Constabulary has received the greatest of abuse by the American press. More so than any other one thing which has been called to my notice and to the notice of others in these Islands.

It is indeed a shame that our grand old nation can not procure the services of some few of these most distinguished gentlemen who sit in the cool breezes of an electric fan twelve thousand miles away and unscrupulously publish to the world what outrageous things are happening in the far off Philippines, where American officers and soldiers are killing men, women and children for sport. The barbarian way in which they assaulted Bud Dajo and with no consideration for sex or age slaughtered five hundred of our dear little Moro brothers not sparing one to tell of the terrible deed. This aforementioned wise "hombre" who is bubbling over with great Executive abilities (that he alone knows of) proceeds to publish how inhuman, disgraceful and uncalled for were these actions of the U. S. troops in their murderous wholesale slaughter of the little brown men. This same sissy man then proceeds to explain how the Government of these Islands should be run and the things they should not do, and the things they should do. There he is on the other side of the world and doubtless never saw a Filipino and knows nothing of their habits, customs, religion, etc., while other men from America's highest ranks are striving day by day, and year by year to make these people a true part and parcel of our patriotic commonwealth, which they often say seems impracticable for instead of coinciding it seems often we are diverging. Undoubtedly the nations of the world are looking to these men who stay at home so far away from the field of operations and yet are positive of their abilities in mastering the situation (?), certainly they must be considered the wisest in the land (?), and no doubt the world

ponders over the question why the people do not put these men in charge of the Philippines. Any one that could solve this situation in a few days or years should have the greatest of consideration. But alas!

For once could a few of these friends with their stupendous philosophic mind step over in this direction and inhale the sweet fumes of black powder, and see before him several hundred fanatical Moros or Pulajanes with uplifted bolos trying to get his scalp, do you candidly think he would take out his field glasses and make a careful inspection of each brown amigo before he shot (in defence of life) in order that no mistake would be made and the blood of a fanatical frenzied woman would not be on his hands. Certainly the brown female would sacrifice her life any moment to get his, because Allah has promised them that the more lives taken the greater is the reward in the hereafter. Again consider that the women on Mt. Bud Dajo were dressed as the men and the sex could not be distinguished unless you were very close, then you were undoubtedly in close quarters and only fighting for your life. These Moros at Dajo had been offered every conceivable treaty of peace by Gen. Leonard Wood for over a year, and every offer was refused. They continued to sweep down on the more peaceful inhabitants and pillage, kill, and take everything they wished, then return to their homes in the crater of this distinct volcano and live until hunger drove them out again.

The Renacimiento, a native paper in Manila, receives many of these most widely circulated papers from America, and seeing what the people of our own homeland say in regard to the action of U. S. troops in the Philippines at once publish the same and in this way does more harm than can be surmised in months or years by those who are trying to bring the Filipino to a higher plain of elevation.

Do you think the American forces in these islands are receiving a just and due reward for what they have sacrificed, for these brown brothers, when they, for the execution of their duty receive such encouragement, from their own people, as has been accorded them in a large per cent. of the American Press?

(An Observer Only—One of the Class of '05.)

SUNDAY MEETING OF Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday afternoon, owing to the reports of our delegates to Ruston and to the short address of President Harrington, was of more than usual interest. About seventy-five were out to hear Cornell, Weinert and Cunningham tell of their trip, and to catch a part of the enthusiasm and earnestness with which these boys are overflowing. It is to be regretted that all were unable to go to Ruston. Next year we must have a large delegation. Things are going to hum from now on, and we want everyone in line working for a stronger Association and ultimately an Association building, around which the students' interests can center.

After the addresses, mention was made of a traveling student secretary. He will look after the interests of the College Associations and will be an invaluable aid in securing our building.

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