

'The Summer Trip,' Chicago Record, August 5, 1899.

"Where are you going this summer," asked Mr. Washington Conner as he sat at breakfast with the Kakyak family.

"Going?" repeated Mr. Bulolo Kakyak. "We won't go anywhere unless the soldiers come up the valley."

"You ought to go somewhere," said the American missionary, shaking his head. "If you can't go to the seashore you ought to go up on the mountain for awhile; or, if that is too much trouble, you might get a tent and an oil stove and go over and camp by the river for a couple of weeks. You see, in America, every family that can afford it goes away from home during the summer. If the men can't get away, the women, at least, are expected to be absent for a month or more,"

"Is it some sort of religious rite--some form of penance-- this leaving home every summer?" asked Eulalie, who had received her childhood training in the mother church.

"Oh, no; nothing of the sort," replied Conner. "It is a social custom. It is one of the methods by which a family may demonstrate its possession of money and its sense of the conventional proprieties. Do you follow me?"

"I don't!" said Mrs. Kakyak, who was the forceful and outspoken member of the family. "You say that in the United States all people who can afford to do so close their houses in the summer and go out and live in lonely and remote places."

"Not at all! The places are not necessarily remote or lonely. There may be big summer hotels, with bands playing and a ball every night."

"But why do they go?" asked Mrs. Kakyak.

"Theoretically, because mind and body need rest after the wear of every-day work at home. Again, those who go away are supposed to escape the hot weather, although I do not urge this as a sufficient reason for the usual outing, because people have been known to suffer from heat at several summer hotels. The real reason for going somewhere every summer is this--if you don't go, people would say you were of no social consequence and couldn't afford the trip."

"I wouldn't care what people said," remarked Mrs. Kakyak.

"This indifference to the opinion of others is the common trait of savagery," said Conner. "As soon as you have become assimilated and have learned what is what, by contact with the sophisticated members of our great republic, your conduct will be governed almost entirely by the desire to avoid being criticised. I may say that the secret of the white man's civilization is this deference to the opinions of others. Don't give any one the chance to talk about you. Don't let other people know everything. Disguise your real feelings and so carry yourself that your outward bearing will compel respect."

"I call that hypocrisy," said Mr. Kakyak.

"Hypocrisy is a harsh term," said Conner, "Why not call it a diplomatic compromise with the convention of society? You will find, Mr. Kakyak, after you have been assimilated, that you will have to do a great many things that you don't want to do, in order to escape the disapproval of that impersonal but dangerous mentor, public opinion. For instance, we have had under discussion this morning the matter of going away for the summer. You can't understand why people should go away, arguing, no doubt, that most people can find in their own homes the best provision for comfort in any kind of weather. But when you come to understand that it is the custom for all prominent people to move from one place to another during the heated seasons, and that persons who do not move are necessarily not prominent, you will have a kindly feeling for the man who economizes all year so that his wife may live at a summer hotel for two months. Now that you are subjects of the United States and have expressed a willingness to accept our brand of civilization, I may as well warn you that if you desire to hold up your head in society you must make it a rule to go somewhere every summer. Otherwise you will find it rather embarrassing to meet a friend in the autumn and have him ask: 'Where did you go this summer?' Fancy being compelled to say: 'I didn't go anywhere. I remained at home.' Go somewhere' if only for a week, in order that you may escape humiliation."

"If you say we must go somewhere, I suppose we must," said Mr. Kakyak, somewhat ruefully, "but, so far as I'm concerned, I'd rather stay at home."

"It seems to me the sheerest nonsense, this thing of traipsing away somewhere when we ought to stay at home and keep cool," added his wife.

"Mrs. Kakyak, I am really disappointed in you," said Conner, "you seem determined to thwart all my plans for your betterment and uplifting. You persistently disobey me. Why are you not wearing your corset and shirt waist? Didn't I tell you to put them on every morning?"

"But I can't breathe with that dreadful thing compressing my body," she replied.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Conner, airily. "You can breathe. You must breathe. Thousands of women in my country wear them at all hours, and not only breathe, but actually take violent exercise, such as dancing and playing golf. I tell you in all seriousness, Mrs. Kakyak, that if you are to be a credit to the United States of America, which has done you the honor of adopting you, you must cease going barefooted and you must pay more attention to your shape."

Mrs. Kakyak was so awed by the missionary's professorial manner that she did not venture to continue the argument, but merely nodded in sullen assent. Eulalie had gone from the house, and Conner followed her. Without knowing it, he had taken to following Eulalie most of the time. She was in the scant shade of nipa, looking away across the rice swamps, and (horror upon horrors!) she was smoking a large cigar.

Conner was at her elbow before she saw him. Quickly she put the cigar behind her, and then looked up at him, doubtful and alarmed.

"Eulalie, of all things!" he said. "Smoking!"

"Ye-es," she faltered, timorously. "I somehow felt that you wouldn't approve of it, but in Luzon all the girls smoke."

"Approve of it? I should say not! What do you think Mr. McKinley would say if he knew that you were smoking a cigar this morning? And after all he's done to make you happy!"

"I'm sorry," she said.

"You have reason to be. It is a most disgusting habit--for women. One of our principal objects in taking possession of these islands was to cure the Tagalo ladies of the tobacco habit."

"Then the women in your country do not smoke?"

"Very few of them do."

"I suppose they are held in contempt and loathing?"

"Well, perhaps they should be, but many of them are very prominent society ladies, and it doesn't behoove any one to hold them in contempt and loathing."

"Well, why do you scold me for doing something that is done by prominent society ladies in your own country?"

"Oh, simple maid of Luzon! Can't you grasp the subtle distinction between smoking as a refined luxury and smoking as an elemental vice, or dissipation? Another thing. The ladies in my country smoke cigarettes instead of cigars, and they never smoke in public."

"Hereafter I will remain in the house while I am smoking," said Eulalie.

"That will be better," remarked the missionary. "There is another matter I want to call to your attention. I notice that you are given to the distressing habit of chewing the nuts and green leaves of the betel tree, thereby staining your lips and giving your breath a vegetable and peppery tang which I do not like when I sit alongside of you. Please stop chewing the betel, Eulalie. It is almost as bad as chewing tobacco. If you must chew something, chew gum."

"What is gum?"

"Is it possible that you never heard of chewing-gum? Truly, you are in need of a few civilizing influences. There is a stick of gum [taking one from his pocket]. It is a rubbery compound, sweetened and flavored."

"What do you do with it?"

"Put it in your mouth and chew it."

"Then do you swallow it."

"Certainly not."

"Just keep on chewing it?"

"That's all."

"You don't ex--that is, you're not supposed to----?" "Decidedly not!"

Eulalie put the stick of gum into her mouth and chewed industriously.

"Do a great many people in your country chew gum?" she asked. "Do they? Why, the manufacturers of chewing -gum have made their millions."

"My jaws ache," said Eulalie, "and I don't seem to be accomplishing anything."

"Keep at it," said Conner, with an encouraging smile. "All this comes under the head of assimilation."

