

'An Unruly Pupil,' *Chicago Record*, August 26, 1899.

Mr. Washington Conner, the American missionary, almost regretted having given Mr. Bulolo Kakyak the "School History of the United States." The contents of this small volume by John Bach McMaster started the Tagalo on an endless train of questions. Some of these questions were very hard to answer, as will be set forth hereafter. The main difficulty of framing answers to the childlike interrogatories lay in the fact that Mr. Kakyak could not grasp the fundamental truth that a white man is necessarily superior in all particulars to a man with a brown covering.

Although the school history made trouble, no fair-minded person will be forward enough to say that the book should have been kept away from Mr. Kakyak. He had become subject to the government of the United States of America, and it was not only his right but his bounden duty to study the history of the country to which he owed allegiance. Mr. Conner knew that the administration wished to bring about the assimilation of the Tagalos by kindly and educational methods, so he started Mr. Kakyak on the volume.

The missionary had a second purpose in putting the head of the family hard at work on a course of reading. While Mr. Kakyak was intent on the history, Mr. Conner and Eulalie were left to themselves. They were together most of the time, not because they planned to be together, but because they could not reasonably desire to be anywhere else. They spent a great many half-idle hours rambling in the groves and across the upland near the Kakyak house. Sometimes Mr. Conner lifted Eulalie over the high incumbrances of the pathway or set her on a shelving rock in front of him and marveled at the quantity of animal glee which this sprightly and squirming little maiden derived from their harmless adventures.

If Mr. Conner neglected his task as schoolmaster it was because he found the role of playmate more satisfying. Often enough Eulalie became the instructor, giving him the names of the gorgeous wild flowers which hemmed their sauntering journeys or addressing the stanch trees by their musical titles. The missionary was interested in the trees. He explained to the girl that the United States prized the island of Luzon very highly because of these hard woods, which in due time were to be made into furniture for the American markets.

"Eulalie, you won't recognize this valley after we've had it for a few years." he said to her one day. "We will have a railway line through here, saw-mills all along the river and probably a new town with trolley cars and a ball park."

"Oh, I hope not," said Eulalie. "It might help your countrymen to make money, but what would become of us?"

"Your family would become assimilated and work in one of our factories."

"I think we are happier in our present condition."

"The object of our modern civilization is not to make people happy, but to make them useful," replied Conner. "Of course, if people can be reasonably happy at the same time that they are making themselves useful, so much the better for them."

"But surely your countrymen will not cut down all these beautiful trees and leave this hillside covered with ugly stumps and tangled brush?" she asked.

The missionary explained to her that a mere sentimental preference for shade and foliage, or what some people term the aesthetic conscience, must never stand in the way of a manufacturing enterprise. The reason for this was that a manufacturing enterprise gave employment to many people and made them more useful than they could possibly be while living in an environment of unbroken fields and uncleared forests.

He said that a hustling American didn't permit his regard for scenery to interfere with plans for money-making. For instance, the landscapes throughout America were checkered with flamboyant bill-boards advertising patent medicines, bicycles and various makes of beer.

"And when the Americans have taken actual possession will we have these huge advertising signs all over the face of the mountain?" asked Eulalie, regretfully.

"Yes, wherever they can be seen from the train."

"Well, then, [hope they don't come very soon."

The missionary had given up trying to correct many of Eulalie's whimsical objections to the American way of doing things. Her bits of spiteful rejoinder amused rather than displeased, giving a continued zest to their talk.

Very few young men find abiding pleasure in the society of a Young woman who is entirely docile and complaisant. The imperfections of a maiden--that is, the disproportion of physical features and the little cloudbursts of temper--give to her an individual charm. One who answered the specifications of a Greek model and professed only the angelic traits would be an intolerable bore. Her conduct would lack the element of surprise. Her companionship would never promise the pleasant irritation of conflict. The young man would know what to expect. There could be no quarreling and therefore no "making up," with its inevitable delights.

If Eulalie's nose had been straight and long, instead of pug; if she had looked down at the ground instead of looking up at Conner with a mischievous challenge lurking in her bright eyes; if she had shown a lamb-like obedience, instead of sly resistance; if she had adopted the conventional and starched shirtwaist instead of continuing to wear the soft body garment which allowed her bare shoulder to protrude--in short, If she had not been Eulalie, it is possible that Mr. Washington Conner would have put her in the class with other members of the Kakyak family and kept resolutely at the work of benevolent assimilation. As it was, he found himself irresistibly inclined to follow her about and look at her, to pursue the soft crackle of her skirt through the narrow and winding pathways of the ascending woodland, to beam patronizingly at her naive inquiries and to admire that odd and elfish beauty which might have escaped the analysis of the critic, but which to him was overwhelmingly present.

In America he had sat in many rocking chairs on many verandas and talked to young

women on numerous topics which did not interest him or the young women, and for some of these young women he had felt a suppressed admiration and a frightened longing, but never, never until he met Eulalie did he know what it was to compromise his dignity and almost refuse to feel any shame in it. Never, until he began to run wild with this kittenish and altogether impossible young creature of Luzon was he compelled to resist the impulse to take hold of hands and go romping. He held himself back from temptation by assuring himself that Eulalie was a child of nature and did not belong in the same social division with one who had been valedictorian at a presbyterian college. Yet, while mentally maintaining this attitude of superiority, his outward conduct proved that she could manage him.

When they roamed together she compelled him to lay aside his coat, although he had told her that a real gentleman must never remove his coat in the presence of a lady. Then she induced him to take off his choking collar and wear only a loose handkerchief about his neck, although he protested that to do such a thing was wretched form.

One day, when they came sauntering down the path on their return from an aimless expedition, the missionary had several wild flowers stuck in his auburn hair. They toppled above his head like an uneasy crown. Eulalie had put them there while he looked into her face only a few inches away, helpless with bliss, and begged her not to do it.

As they came toward the house he was smiling sheepishly, but the smile gave change to an expression of annoyance when Eulalie ran ahead and shrilly called to the family to come out and look at him. It was just the hoydenish act he might have expected of a young person who had never read the Ladies Home Journal.

Here was an awkward situation for a dignified person, who pretended to be an exemplar. Mrs. Kakyak and little Patricio came through the doorway and were loud in their mirth. The missionary hastily pulled the flowers from his hair and had a blushing consciousness that Eulalie had taken tremendous liberties with him.

He was saved from any prolonged embarrassment by Mr. Kakyak, who was squatted in a characteristic attitude under one of the palm trees. Mr. Kakyak called to the missionary and said he wished to ask a few questions. The school history was open in front of him and he had been reading the appendix, which included the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States, together with the various amendments thereto.

The questions propounded by Mr. Kakyak and the answers made by Mr. Conner are of sufficient importance to demand a separate chapter, dealing largely with the proposition that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed."