

Don Carlos Palanca.

A Chat With the Captain General of Our Asiatic Celestials.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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Manila, June 25, 1900.—He is a brown-skinned Filipino Chinese, but he is worth a thousand dollars for every hair of his head. His long-fingered hands can sign checks of five figures, and when he winks the twitch of his almond-shaped eyelid often costs some one a fortune. I refer to Don Carlos Palanca, the richest Chinese of the Philippines and the most influential of all Uncle Sam's Asiatic Celestials.

Born in Amoy, in China, the son of a poor merchant, he came at the age of fourteen with his uncle to Manila just forty-four years ago. Some say that he worked here at first as a coolie, but he tells me it was as a clerk in a store. He was thrifty. He made money. He saved. He speculated. As he grew rich he learned that Spanish honor was one of the best paying of commercial commodities and dealt largely in it. He secured rank and position, was decorated with the Grand Cross of Isabella by the government, and christened with the Spanish name "Don Carlos Palanca." He became captain general of the Chinese and Chinese consul general for the island. He held the former position for years and has, in fact, been the real ruler of the Filipino-Chinese for half a generation.

THE PALACE OF A CHINAMAN.

Such is the story of this little celestial king upon whom I called this afternoon to have an interview upon the Chinese of the Philippine Islands. He received me in his palace. It is made of galvanized iron and is one of the few three-story houses in Manila. It rises like a miniature Chicago grain elevator high above the low stores of Riosario street, in the heart of the Chinese business section. You go through a store to get into the flagstone court, about which it is built, and then mount wide mahogany stairs to the second story, where are the business and living rooms comprising Don Carlos Palanca's offices and home.

It is a gorgeous home, too. The rooms are immense. They are floored with the finest of Philippine wood so rubbed and polished that they shine like piano cases. The walls are frescoed, but their decorations are hidden by Chinese embroidery, some of the pieces being big enough to make a quilt for the great bed of Waro. There are figures of dragons and butterflies, celestial processions and hundreds of Chinese characters, giving the choicest of the Confucian proverb and other extracts from the classics in letters of gold on a background of red. Red predominates everywhere. It is the color of good luck and of happiness, and the rooms are full of it. The furniture, which is of ebony and marble beautifully carved, has cloths of red satin over it. The chairs are cushioned with red, the table covers are a bright

most are from Amoy. The Amoy Chinese have been here for two or three centuries. They are the richer element of our people. They own the stores and the most of the exporting and importing business. The other and smaller class comes from certain of the Cantonese districts. These people have been coming in within the past twenty years, and we had a great lot of them just after the Americans took possession. They are chiefly coolies and mechanics such as shoemakers, masons, carpenters, etc.

A MATTER OF HISTORY.

"How did the Chinese happen to come here?" "They came to make money, of course," was Palanca's reply. "That is why every one goes away from home. I believe that is why you people are here, but they found you may do it for the good of the people. The Chinese were here before the Spaniards. Our junk came here to trade with the savages hundreds of years ago. We brought clothes, tea, and rice and exchanged them for gold and other things. The trading was done chiefly from the ships, as it was dangerous to come on shore. After Manila was founded the Spaniards were anxious to have the Chinese come. We had a settlement here 300 years ago, and 250 years ago there were 50,000 Chinese in the islands. Later on the Spaniards tried to expel us, but they found they could not get along without us. The Chinese make it possible for white people to live here. They have taught the Filipinos all they know about farming and mechanics and they are doing the bulk of the skilled work today. I doubt if you can do without them."

"Why cannot the Filipinos take their places?" "Because they are inefficient, lazy and untrustworthy. The Filipinos can't do business. He will cheat you. Take the English banks here. They will not lend a Filipino on good collateral, while they will give a respectable Chinese money on his simple I. O. U. There are Chinese here who could borrow a million dollars in that way. I doubt whether there is a Filipino who could borrow ten thousand. The Chinese are the middlemen of the country. They go about through the islands and buy up the sugar, lamp and copra for export. They have their stores everywhere and act as importers and exporters. They are the wholesalers and retail merchants of this part of the world."

AMERICAN VS. CHINESE MERCHANTS.

"But why can't our American merchants take hold of this business and manage it?" "You might, but I doubt it," said Don Carlos. "Business is done here on a very small margin, and I believe the Chinese merchants will outlast you. They can live upon rice, and their needs are but a few cents a day. You people live on meat and must have dollars where we can get along with cents. The Chinese merchant whose gross

He has a Thousand Dollars for Every Hair of His Head and Rules the Chinese of the Philippines—A Visit to Him at His Gorgeous Home in Manila—He Talks of Exclusion and Says the Chinese Will Have to Come Back—How the Celestial Control Philippine Business—They Are the Jews of the Orient and Have Gobbled Up the Trade—Some Big Speculations and How One Pignall Made a Quarter of a Million Dollars in Hams—The Chinese as Peddlers and Mechanics—A Look at Their Stores—The Meat and How Men of Chinese Blood Have Controlled the Insurance.

A CHINESE VIEW OF AMERICAN POLICY.

"From what you say, Don Carlos, I judge you do not think the Filipinos fit to govern themselves." "No, I do not. I don't think they will ever be able to do it. If they ever have control of the government I want to leave. Even the best of them are liars and thieves. They are treacherous, piratical, blood-thirsty Malays. They are jealous of one another. They have no regard for human life, and when they come to the most treacherous will be as common as robbery is now."

"What do you think of the American policy of treating them?" "I asked. 'Do you think it should be to expel the bandits and landowners wherever found. A score or so of such executions would make the country comparatively quiet. You can control these people only by fear. Though that they may be made respectable citizens. The Spaniards understood this. General Blanco tried the gentle policy and had trouble all the time. His successor began by executing twenty-three of the most troublesome of the Filipinos, and for two years after that there was no opposition.'"

"Suppose you were President McKinley, Don Carlos, that would you do as to the islands?" "I asked. 'I replied the rich Chinese, evidently flattered at the thought. 'If I were the President of the United States I should treat every man who did not support the government. I might give the people some liberty, but I should not allow them to think they would ever govern themselves.'"

"Do you think any of the Filipinos are real friends of the United States?" "Their lips are sweet, but their hearts are bitter," was the emphatic reply. "They say one thing to your military governor and do the opposite. They consult with you and report your plans and thoughts to the insurgents. No, not one of them is your friend."

THE JEWS OF THE ORIENT.

What Don Carlos Palanca says as to the position of the Chinese in the Philippines is undoubtedly true. They are the business men of this part of the world, the best traders of the Far East, the Jews of the Orient. I have found them in every island and in every village. Away down in Sulu there is one rich celestial who has made a fortune out of port fishing and in shipping cargoes of shells and valuable pearls to Europe. He had a contract with the sultan, paying him so much a year for the right to work his divers in certain of the deep waters off the coast of Sulu. He bought every day in Manila a short time ago to an English company for \$25,000.

While in the censor's office at the palace a few days ago a Chinese came in with a cable. It was in cipher, and the man had a Chinese code book, which he showed to the censor, explaining that the message fixed the price of sugar in a big deal his agent had on hand. When the man left the censor told me that the Chinese firm sending the cable did a business of about \$1,000,000 a month, and that it spent hundreds of years ago a Chinese who has recently made \$250,000 in hams. Pork is one of the chief exports of the Philippines to China. At the time of the insurrection against the Spanish rule the pork was closed, and hams became a drug in the markets. This was so in the island of Leyte. One of the Chinese merchants there cornered the pork. He bought every day in Manila a short time ago to an English company for \$25,000.

There are Chinese all over the Philippines dealing in hams. I saw them buying it in southeastern Mindanao. They export ship loads of it from Zamboanga, Legaspi and southern Luzon. They go about among the farmers and buy up the crop. They trade for hams at their stores and buy it in quantity of native dealers and ship it to Manila. It is the same with sugar, rice, tobacco and cotton, and, in fact, with everything in the island there is a profit to be made. The foreign tobacco merchants tell me the Chinese have cut the heart out of their profits, and I hear the same from the English and other firms, which do business in rice and sugar.

THE SMALL STORES AND PEDDLERS.

All of the small retail business and, indeed, a great deal of the large business as well, is done by the Chinese. In a village, if there is a big establishment, it is sure to belong to a Chinese man. They control the trade of the Sulu group and most of that of the Visayan Islands. In Luzon you find them at every cross-road, and their peddlers go about with packs on their backs from house to house and show their wares to the ladies. The dry goods man with a load of bright cotton cloth almost as high as himself on his shoulders is to be seen every day in Manila. Notwithstanding there are whole streets given up to Chinese selling of the same articles.

THE CALLE DE ROSARIO.

The chief business street outside the walls is Calle Rosario. This is a great Chinese bazaar half a mile long, lined with Chinese stores, packed with cottons, silks, hardware and notions. There are hundreds of little caves in the wall so full of cotton goods that there is no room in them for counters or cases. The goods are piled upon the street in the arcade which runs from block to block. The stores have no doors and their whole fronts are taken away to house and show their wares. They are not more than six feet in width and ten feet in depth. But each has one or two pie-plate clerks, and all seem to be busy.

The usual costume of the merchant is an undershirt and drawers. He is always bareheaded and usually barefooted with the exception of his bare toes, which he often drops off. He usually sits in the street outside his store smoking a cigarette, while he waits for custom. He is never asleep, and is always ready to bargain and sell.

The Chinese stores are grouped much according to the articles sold in them. The dry goods stores take up a number of blocks, hardware stores take up a number of blocks, and so on. In other parts of Manila you find stores given up to Chinese shoemakers, tailors and sugar manufacturers. Many of them make sweetmeats and many make candles. One store in the cocoa bean. Making soap from coconut oil is another great industry. It is made in little yellow disks about as big around as a silver

dollar and half an inch thick. One such piece costs a cent of our money.

The Chinese do a large part of the shoe business of Manila and almost all the shoe mending. You see the Chinese shoemaker on every corner. He carries his tools about in a basket and squats down and mends your shoes while you wait. He does some of the washing, but this so far is largely monopolized by the Filipino women who stand in the dirty water of the canals and pound the dirt out of the clothes with a stick. There are many Chinese in the markets where they sell most of the fancy vegetables and pork, and in fact, there is scarcely a place or a business in the whole island where they are not very much in evidence.

KNOW THE ONLY BEGINNING HILL.

The Chinaman here has been of great advantage to the army, although Uncle Sam is now trying to displace him. He has been the litter bearer, going bravely out into the battle fields under the fire of the insurgents to carry off

wart require some other labor than the Filipino can furnish. What Don Carlos Palanca has said about their unreluctance is undoubtedly true. If the United States is to build railroads and public works we will need the Chinese. If we are to manufacture here for Asia we must have them, and if the mines, which seem to exist in the mountains, are to be developed it can best be done with Chinese labor. The question here is not the same as at home. Our people cannot stand hard work in this tropical climate. They will not work for the wages that are necessary in these Asiatic surroundings, and it would seem that the Chinese are the only solution of the labor troubles which are to confront us sooner or later.

As to the danger of the country being overrun by the celestials, they have been here for 300 years, and at present they do not number one-eighth of the population. They have not materially increased from year to year, and any great influx could easily be controlled by future legislation.

THE CHINESE MESTIZO.

Many of the Chinese who come to the Philippines return to China, but a great number remain here and take Filipino wives or, more often, concubines. Don Carlos tells me that hundreds of them are living in comfortable houses and have married the laws of the Spaniards but provided that they must become Christians and be baptized into the church. This order the old regime made a wedding cost all the way from a hundred to a thousand dollars.

NEW JAPANESE MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.



Here is the first portrait published in this country of Mr. K. Takahira, the new Japanese Minister to Washington.

our wounded and dead. He has done a great part of the transportation of goods during the war and has handled the most of the goods of the quarter-master's department at Manila. It is a common sight to see a train of fifty Chinese carrying great boxes on poles from one part of the town to the other, and you find them loading and unloading the transports. There is no doubt but that they are far superior to the Filipinos as laborers, and it is a serious question whether Uncle Sam is not making a mistake in trying to exclude them from the islands. The development of the Philippines

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CHICAGO JOURNALISM.

The Lake City Now the Storm Center of Newspaperdom—History is Repeating Itself—Mr. Hearst's American Recalls Mr. Storey's Times and the Way He Shook Up Chicago's Old Time Newspapers Years Ago.

Special Correspondence.

Chicago, July 16.—It was only a short time ago that Philadelphia was the storm center of Journalism in the United States, so to speak, owing to the lively competition waged against the older newspapers by Mr. Wanamaker's rejuvenated North American, a newspaper that had been running along on old fashioned lines for many years, but is now making things exceedingly lively in the Quaker City.

Chicago newspaper men were very much interested in this contest for awhile, but at present many of them are absorbed with their own griefs, for the establishment of Mr. Hearst's Chicago American, mentioned in this correspondence at impending some days ago, has since then become an accomplished fact. Today Chicago is the storm center of American Journalism. Not that the competition is less lively now in Philadelphia, but more lively here.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

In Journalism, as in everything else, history infallibly repeats itself about once in so often, and Mr. Hearst is only doing what Wilbur F. Storey did exactly what Wilbur F. Storey did here some years ago.

Storey's times is hardly more than a tradition now even among newspaper men, but from 20 to 30 years back, when it was at its best, the Times was the terror of all other Chicago newspapers and the wonder of Journalism the world over. In some respects Hearst resembles Storey in his methods. Storey was always doing something to attract attention, and every now and then fairly staggered his rivals by his unprecedented expenditures. But there was one big difference between the methods of the older man than those of the younger one.

In San Francisco and New York, as he probably will do in Chicago, Mr. Hearst has often spent many thousands of dollars without expecting any immediate return. At the end of a week, or possibly a month, he found that the enterprise was unprofitable, and he discontinued the new venture without the slightest delay. He probably would have stopped "The Times" had it ceased to pay and would have gone into some other business. It was the basis of Mr. Hearst's early in his New York career that he proposed to continue the publication of "The Journal" whether it was profitable or not, and

that is also his scheme with the Chicago-American.

INVENTED THE SPECIAL DISPATCH.

News by special telegram was undoubtedly received by many newspapers before Mr. Storey took hold of the Chicago Times, but he made it much more extensive use of the special telegram than any other editor ever had that it may fairly be said of him that he invented that feature.

His expenditures for exclusive news gathered from the territory directly tributary to Chicago were really very large. It is doubtful, in fact, if any paper today spends much more money in that direction than Storey did. He also used to get tremendously long dispatches from all parts of the country.

On an occasion within the knowledge of the writer, when there were some big doings in Toronto or Montreal, he urged upon his correspondent to send all that was possible. The correspondent included a little too freely in Canadian whiskey and found it impossible to send anything at all. In the circumstances he asked a friend, a correspondent for one of the New York newspapers, to send his "short" in duplicate. Forgetting this arrangement, the correspondent asked another journalist friend to duplicate his report also, and yet another and another. All four sent duplicates of their dispatches, and all were printed in full, making seven or eight columns in all, not more than a column and a half in when it was at its best. The Times was the terror of all other Chicago newspapers and the wonder of Journalism the world over. In some respects Hearst resembles Storey in his methods. Storey was always doing something to attract attention, and every now and then fairly staggered his rivals by his unprecedented expenditures. But there was one big difference between the methods of the older man than those of the younger one.

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THE TIMES' FAMOUS HEADLINES.

Storey was one of the first newspaper publishers to appreciate the value of properly displaying news, and he insisted upon his editors giving great attention to headlines. Some of the old headlines of the Times have become famous and some notorious. One of the latter, which some of my readers will recall, was a sensational thing descriptive of a hanging. It was written by a newspaper man who died in New York not very long ago. He had been on the telegraph desk temporarily for one night and had been criticized by Mr. Storey because his headlines were too tame. The next night the young man "cut himself loose" so to speak, and the result was that he was discharged from the paper as long as he wished to stay.

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UNTIL RECENTLY PRESIDENT OF THE SALT LAKE BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 20, 1900.
Having had my attention called to the wonderful curative properties of the Perfected Oxygenator King, I took special pains to investigate it. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Shertraden and Epperson, managers of the Oxygenator Co. of this city, I was permitted to visit a large number of persons who had purchased Oxygenators, many of whom are representatives of the very best families of Salt Lake City, and with one accord, they spoke in boundless praise of the instrument. In many instances I found that cures had been effected when doctors had pronounced the case hopeless. Being thoroughly convinced through my investigations that the Oxygenator was all that was claimed for it, I purchased one, which I have used in my family with results that have amply astonished me. It gives me pleasure to say, also, that I have found the managers of the Oxygenator Co. of this city to be men of unquestionable integrity. Whatever they may say concerning the merits of the oxygenator, may be strictly relied upon. In conclusion, I unhesitatingly say to all: Don't doubt the power of the Oxygenator for a moment. It is simply wonderful.

Very respectfully, N. B. JOHNSTON.

ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, WUCHANG.



Here is the only photograph ever reaching this country of St. Peter's hospital, Wuchang, China, believed by relatives of the American workers therein to be suffering a dangerous siege at the hands of the Boxers.

vermillion and the great mirrors, which look out of gold frames from the four sides of each room, have red satin hangings about them.

DON CARLOS AT HOME.

It was in the grandest of these rooms that Don Carlos received me. I came by appointment and found him at home with his whole official family about him. There were a dozen fat Chinese, all dressed in silks and satins, and each with a cap on his head. One of the men spoke excellent English, and it was through him as interpreter that I talked with Palanca.

A moment after I entered Don Carlos came in. He is a bright-eyed fellow of fifty-seven years of age. His face is as brown as that of a Tagalog. His eyes are black and twinkling. He has a long black queue and his features are Chinese. He wore flannel pajamas and had a soft white traveling cap on his head. He shook his own hand at me in Chinese fashion, and took a seat on the opposite side of the table from me. He was exceedingly nervous during the interview. His body was never quiet. At times he would pass his stockinged feet upon the table, next he would take them down and rise and gesture like a congressman making a speech, and again would leave his chair and walk about the room. He is a good talker and has practical ideas. He gestured violently at times and clumped his feet with every sentence. He knows this country from a residence of almost half a century, and his view of the islands and the people are of value.

THE CHINESE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

I asked first of the Chinese, who they were and where they came from. Don Carlos Palanca replied: "It is claimed that there are 100,000 Chinese in the Philippine Islands. I doubt it. There are about 25,000 in Manila, and perhaps 50,000 in the other parts of the archipelago. They are to be found everywhere, on every island and in every town. They come from only two provinces of China and from small districts in those provinces. The