

Features of Manila, Capital of Philippines

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MANILA, Jan. 22.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have traveled in the neighborhood of 10,000 miles in coming from Washington to the Philippine islands. I have gone almost half way around the world and if I could bore an auger hole through this great, round ball on which we live and fasten my eye to it I might feast on rays of light which are now washing the United States. It has been a long trip, a hard trip and a costly trip. In actual travel, not including the short stay I made in Japan, it took me thirty-seven days to get here. Six days were spent in crossing the United States and seven days more in coming to Honolulu. We had twelve days of smooth sea between the Hawaiian islands and Japan and about ten days, including our stops at the ports between Yokohama and Hong Kong. From Hong Kong to Manila we steamed over 630 miles of stormy sea, our little tugboat of a steamer, the Diamante, bouncing up and down like a cork on the waves, rolling and pitching and twisting its tail about in corkerew curves during the whole of the voyage. This trip is always rough. It is one of sixty hours, during which few escape seasickness.

As to cost, the trip from Washington to San Francisco, with sleeper and meals, requires about \$100, and the fare from there to Manila is \$255. Add \$45 for extras and stay at the ports and you will see that the expense of a first-class passage to the Philippines is just about \$400 in gold. A second-class passage, with the incidentals cut down, might reduce the total to \$250 or \$300, but the loss in comfort would be great.

At present all of the steamers are crowded to their utmost. I found the hotels at the ports of China and Japan full at prices ranging from six to eight silver dollars a day, and at Hong Kong half of those of our ship passengers, who applied for rooms at the leading hotel, were turned away. Here at Manila I am in the Oriente, the biggest and supposedly the best hotel in the Philippines, but none too good for all that. The first night I had a room with three other guests and now I have to fight daily to keep from having an extra bed put in my apartments for the night.

Travel to the Philippines.

The number of people coming here steadily increases and now that the war is practically over Americans will soon be found in all of the islands. A large part of those with whom I traveled were the wives and children, sisters, cousins and aunts of our soldiers and especially of the officers. On

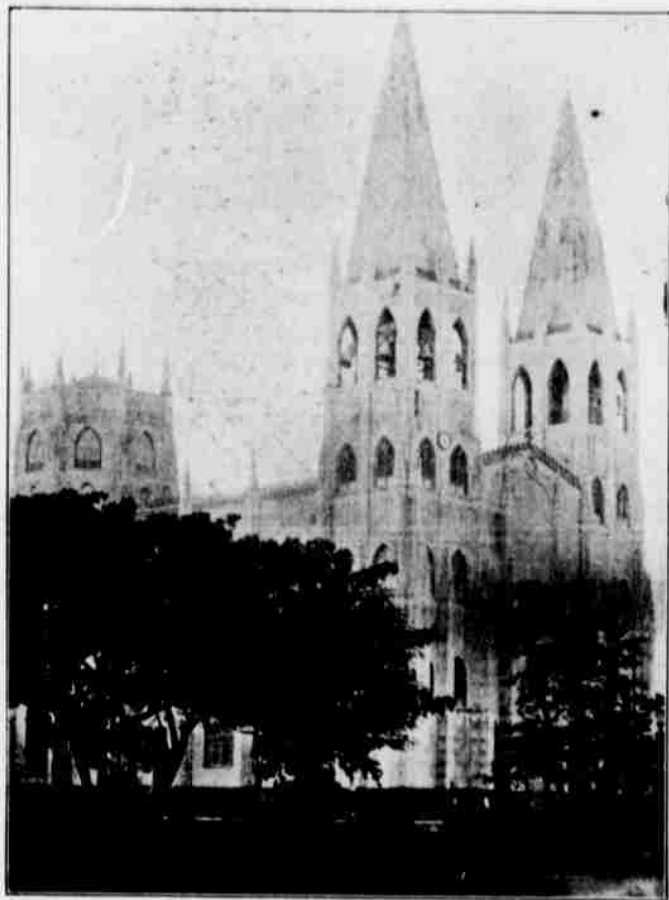
Journal and insert thereon answers to all varieties of questions. I had to give my age, sex, nationality, last residence, profession and to state whether I was married or single. I was made to state whether I had money upward of \$30, whether I had

produced, if they had any reason to suspect the parties they met. He told me, however, he would give me a special pass if I found there was occasion for its use.

Outside of this the city is as quiet and peaceful as any in the United States. The people go about their business as usual and every one is as good-natured and smiling as though the country was not in a state of war.

In Manila.

I am trying to swallow the city of Manila, but it has so many strange features that it



MANILA—THE TOWER OF ST. SEBASTIAN.



CONGRESSMAN ROBERT G. COUSINS OF IOWA.

paid my own passage and whether I was going out to join a relative, and, if so, whom. I put in writing the facts that I was not a polygamist; that I had never been in prison or an almshouse, and that I was neither deformed nor crippled. I wrote also where I expected to go and what to do and a number of other things about myself making up an inquisitorial autobiography of greater detail than any I was required to make during my travels in Russia.

Upon reaching the harbor of Manila I had to make a written statement as to the

sticks in my throat, and it may be weeks before I can digest it. It is like no other city I have ever seen, and I look in vain for comparisons. At times I think I have it in Bangkok, for the town is cut up by rivers and canals filled with strange craft, in which families of these brown-skinned people live and die and do business. At times the canals remind me of Holland, for there are tiled roofs of curious shapes overhanging them, and again you strike a quarter which has some of the aspects of Venice. There are streets like those of old Spain, having bright-colored houses, with balconies and barred windows, which hang out over the streets, and in the older part of the city, which is surrounded by a wide moat and great walls, you are in the Europe of the middle ages.

The business sections are still stranger. There is one made up of Chinese, where tens of thousands of Chinese live and have their stores. The chief street of this section is just like one of the streets of Canton. There are so many Spanish signs and Spanish merchants on the Escolta, the main business thoroughfare, that you might imagine yourself to be in Madrid or Buenos Ayres, and in other places the bazaar-like shops, mere holes in the walls, with their awnings and curtains of flapping, dirty canvas, are not unlike the thoroughfares of Delhi or Agra, in northern India. In every case, however, Manila has features peculiarly its own, features which make it one of the most curious birds in the whole municipal aviary.

Take that building just across the way from the hotel. I can see it as I write. It is an immense two-story structure, with huge balconies jutting out from the second story and overhanging the street. It has a ridge roof of dark red tiles, which curve inward like the corrugations of a gigantic washboard. In each of the tile valleys there is a line or row the greenest of green. The birds of the air have dropped the seeds, the moist kisses of this damp climate have warmed them into life and have grown there a very garden of the air.

Now look at the lattice work of that snow-white and sky-blue balcony which shows out under the roof. See, the sun has caught it and has turned the lattice into a checker-board of mother-of-pearl. Each square in the structure is filled with an oyster or other opalescent shell, so thin that it lets in the light while it keeps out the heat. There are thousands of such balconies in Manila. They wall the second stories of the houses of the better parts of the city, so that the town is that near heaven in that it has pearly windows, if not gates of pearl.

Look again at the house. Where is its chimney? It has none. The town does its cooking over charcoal or fires made of sticks not much bigger than your finger. There is so little smoke that large chimneys are not needed, and in most cases the smoke gets out as it can. Below the balcony you may notice the stores and shops. The first floor is usually given up to business and trade and the better classes of the people live above stairs.

A Bird's-Eye View.

But that is only one house. Come with me to the great galvanized iron church of St. Sebastian. Its tower is the highest in all Manila, and from it we can get a bird's-eye view of the city. We take a carriage, a little black box the size of a good-sized packing case, swung between wheels, and our brown-skinned driver flogs his pony as

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How Chance Made Cousins an Orator

Robert G. Cousins, the Iowa congressman who stirred his New York auditors so mightily with his address on Lincoln the other night, is only a little over 40 and looks younger. In truth, his appearance is that of a whole-hearted, healthy Amer-

ican boy, grown up. He is more than six feet tall, his avoirdupois fits his height, his face is smooth-shaven, his blue eyes are clear and flashing, his manner is earnest, albeit off hand and unstudied, just like a boy's, and his voice, besides being full and round, has the unmistakable ring of youth. It is not lacking in virility, though there are times when its quality is almost harsh, and it always "carries." His laugh, sometimes the quiet chuckle of maturity, sometimes the ringing boyish expression of pure joy in the event of the moment, is catching.

Mr. Cousins is essentially a transmississippi type. For three full generations his family has dwelt in Iowa and his entire training was received in his native state, first at the district school and then at Cornell college, from which he was graduated before he was 23. As a boy he wanted to be a civil engineer and through all the first part of his college course paid particular attention to mathematics. Undoubtedly he would have kept to his first love in the choice of a career but for two things.

The first of these was his chance decision to speak for a prize in the junior year. His classmates were surprised both at his decision and his subject, "Lord Byron," for he had hitherto shown aptitude neither for oratory nor the study of literature. However, he went ahead and gave the whole class, including himself, a further surprise by winning. The second determining cause with reference to his career was the difficulty he experienced on graduation in getting a chance to practice engineering. Not finding a job in that line he got a place as bookkeeper for a Des Moines house. He held this place till he had saved up \$75 or \$100 and then returned to his home at Tipton, where he began to study law, investing most of his capital in Blackstone Commentaries and other law books.

He had no notion of doing anything in politics till 1884. That was the year of the Blaine campaign and Cousins stumped his congressional district for W. T. Shaw, one of

the heroes of the Banks Red river expedition. The next fall Cousins himself was put up for the legislature and elected. He has been in congress since 1893. His speeches on the floor of the house have not been very numerous, but every one has counted. He became known throughout the country as a speaker of real ability in 1896, when he delivered an address, the subject whereof was the course of Mr. Bayard, then ambassador to Great Britain. Naturally the political friends of Mr. Bayard took issue with the substance of this address, but its power was questioned by nobody. Possibly the most forcible utterance of Cousins was made just after the blowing up of the Maine. It was only eight or ten minutes' long, but it electrified the house and the nation.

His favorite amusement is fishing. He likes to spend the summer near a certain Iowa lake wherein black bass are to be found abundantly. He goes out both in the early morning and at sundown. Not many men of his size and weight would relish following the sport after his fashion, for he stands in a moving boat sometimes an hour or two at a stretch while casting the fly. This gives exercise to every muscle in the body besides furnishing an excellent appetite for breakfast. Men who have fished with him say that he always catches enough to furnish a meal for a party. He likes to cook the fish himself and is an adept at the art. He shoots, also, and could make a record as a marksman if he chose. He does not ride horseback and he does not play golf. He thinks he hasn't the time. When congress is in session he walks from the Shoreham, where he lives, to the capital in the morning and back again in the evening.

Like most men who speak well, Mr. Cousins appreciates good speaking in others. He has told his friends that the rarest bit of eloquence he has ever been privileged to hear was delivered by an Iowa lad named Kauffman, the subject being "Science and Poetry." Kauffman was a little chap physically, with a piping voice which never could have been heard in a big auditorium, but the pathos and the earnestness with which he treated his somewhat paradoxical theme made a lasting impression upon at least one of his auditors.

Mr. Cousins works hard and likes it. Ever since the battle of Manila bay he has been studying the constitutional questions involved in the extension of American authority over the isles of the sea, and some day undoubtedly he will express himself with regard to those questions upon the floor of the house, though not until he has made his study exhaustive, for thoroughness is one of his qualities.

Naturally, he tells a story well, but he is by no means a professional story teller. He likes to hear stories but he wants good ones. His reading is voluminous and broad and it includes the best of modern fiction. He has never yet found time to contribute extensively to the periodicals, but he has the taste, the creative power and the habit of studying humanity that betoken the literary man. Until Thomas B. Reed forsook congress for the law he and Cousins were great chums. The latter shares Reed's admiration of the poetry of Eugene F. Ware (Ironquill) and can recite the famous lines about the brassy-eyed bird pup and the Kansas zephyr quite as effectively as the former speaker of the house.

Power

Mr. Cousins is unmarried. Before his election to congress he had built up an extensive law practice in Iowa, a part of which he still retains.



MANILA—CHINESE BAZAAR.

the China, the steamer in which I came from San Francisco to Japan, we had fifty-six women, and children of all ages, from a little ten-day-old baby, whose mother was on her way from Atlanta to join her husband, a lieutenant supposed to be on the firing line, to an Oregon girl of 19, who was going out to marry her soldier sweetheart. On the Doric, which took me to Hong Kong, there were more army women, and on the Diamante we had, among others, a young wife, who was taking her little baby to give it its first introduction to its papa, a captain in the ranks, who had left America before his baby was born.

We had a number of commercial and business men who were going to the islands to look up the prospects for investment and trade, a dentist who had left Japan to accept a partnership with one of the American dentists here, and a lot of young men who were coming out second class and steerage, hoping to make their fortunes in one way or another.

A queer couple in the second class was a German of 60 and his 18-year-old daughter, who had sold out their farm in southern California for \$5,000 and expected to invest the money in a hemp raising ranch in one of the islands. The girl was nearly six feet in height, and her father told me she weighed 205 pounds and that she could plow with a four-horse team as well as any man.

At Hong Kong I saw the first evidence of the rigid martial law which is now exercised over the islands. When I bought my ticket there I was required to sign a sheet of paper as big as two pages of this

value of my baggage, and, notwithstanding I showed the American customs inspector letters of introduction from our secretaries of the State, War and Navy departments, had to open my trunks and allow him to diligently search for firearms. I fortunately had none. The old German was not so lucky. The inspector discovered a revolver in one of his boxes and thereupon gave him a chance of having it confiscated by the government or throwing it overboard. The German preferred not to contribute to Uncle Sam and tossed the revolver into the sea. A great number of armed soldiers came out to the vessel and men with guns at their sides stood at the gangway until the inspection was finished.

Upon landing we found soldiers everywhere on guard. There are 5,000 so employed in Manila alone. They are, to a large extent, the police of the city and the most rigid order is everywhere kept. Everything closes up at 8:30 p. m. and after that no one is allowed to be out on the streets without a pass. Any person walking or driving through the town after that hour will be halted by guards at every few steps and if he cannot quickly show that he is out on business, and that with the authority of the military governor, he will be taken to jail. But few passes are given. I was refused one today by General Schwan, who told me he came near being shot by mistake himself the other night, and that just now he thought it safer and better for me to be in at night, for the police were apt to shoot before such passes could be

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