

How Celestials Control Business in Philippines

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MANILA, June 25, 1900.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—He is a brown-skinned Filipino Chinese, but he is worth \$1,000 for every hair of his queue. His long-finger-nailed 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 14 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.

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 Rosario street, in the heart of the Chinese business section. You go through a store to get into the flagstone

of a Tagalo; 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 put his stockinged feet upon the table; next he would take them down and rise and gesticulate 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 changed his features with every sentence. He knows this country from a residence of almost half a century and his views of the islands and the people are of value.

I asked first as to 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 30,000 in Manila and perhaps 60,000 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 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 do 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 last twenty years, and we had a great lot of them just after the Americans took possession. They

who could borrow \$10,000. The Chinese are the middlemen of the country. They go about through the islands and buy up the sugar, hemp and copra for export. They have their stores everywhere and act as importers and exporters. They are the wholesale and retail merchants of this part of the world."

"But why can't our American merchants take hold of that business and manage it?" said I.

"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 outsell 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 profits are \$3,000 a year will live upon \$1,000. The American will spend the whole \$3,000 and more. We are certain to beat you in the end."

"It is easy to see why the Chinese succeeds here and the Filipino fails," Don Carlos went on. "Three Chinese will start a business in a small town with \$100 capital. At the end of a year each will be able to lay away \$100 clear profit. The Filipino of the same region may be working for \$6 a week. Each of them will come to the Chinese store on Monday and buy on credit \$3 worth of goods. At the end of the week he will pay this \$3 and spend the remaining \$3 at a cock fight in gambling. If he loses he gets credit for the next week, if he wins he stops work until his winnings are spent. The Chinese is economical and industrious. The Filipino is lazy, thriftless, extravagant and a gambler."

"Then you think the Americans cannot get along without Chinese immigration?"

"I think you must have Chinese labor if you will develop the country. If you establish factories you will need it. You cannot build railroads without it and, in fact, there is scarcely a large undertaking in which it is not here a necessity."

"I believe the Filipino will do better after a time," said I. "They only need good wages and some direction."

"That will make them no better," was the reply of the captain general of Chinese. "You will find them as every one else has found them—absolutely unreliable. Your Filipino laborer will work for you for two days and leave you without notice. You cannot send him where you please. He is treacherous to the core, and you can never trust him. He may be a faithful servant for twenty years, and if angered he will rob or kill you without compunction. The element of gratitude is not in him. Life is not a sacred thing with him. Other robbers steal if possible without taking life, the Filipino and the Malay kill first and then rob. The thief is usually a murderer before he steals."

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, and I don't think they will ever be able to do so. If they ever have control of the government I want to leave. Even the best of them are half savage. Scratch the surface of the Filipino and you will find the treacherous, piratical, bloodthirsty Malay. They are jealous of one another. They have no regard for human life, and when they come into control assassinations will be as common as robbery is now."

"What do you think of the American policy of treating them?" I asked.

"It is too gentle. I should shoot the bandits and ladronees wherever found. A score or so of such executions would make the country comparatively quiet. You can control these people only by fear. Through 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, what 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 shoot 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."

This practically closed the interview, although we talked farther as to the condition of the Chinese and the advisability of their exclusion.

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 that 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 pearl 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 coasts of certain islands. He sold out his boats only a short time ago to an English company for \$25,000.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

VARICOCELE

Inevitable Result of This Disease is the Breaking Down of the Vital Forces of Man.



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Varicocele strikes at the very root of physical manhood and by its insidious encroachments gradually undermines the most vigorous constitution.

To outward seeming the sufferer may possess a normal degree of vitality, but there is ever-present in his mind the knowledge that he is physically below par and that there is a steady depreciation in the Vital Power, which is the best working capital that any man can have.

The man who continually finds himself on the losing side becomes despondent and feels that he is the victim of an adverse fate.

Thousands of men every year are driven to suicide by the belief that their physical maladies, which rob them of the pleasures from the cup of life and give them but drags, are incurable.

Realizing that they are but wrecks of their former selves, feeling the weight of their infirmity day and night, knowing that they are liable any moment to be stricken with Locomotor Ataxia, or some other form of Paralysis as a result of the diseased blood of Varicocele being absorbed into the nerve cells, they decide to end it all.

Varicocele Causes Paralysis.

While I admit that Varicocele is a frequent cause of Paralysis, and is the source of Nervo-Vital disorders of the gravest character, I most positively affirm that the disease is curable by the special method which I employ in my Chicago Sanitarium.

There is no denying the fact that a great many unscrupulous persons claim to cure Varicocele who utterly fail to carry out their promises, but I do not wish my treatment to be measured by any other standard, as it is so far in advance of the means employed by others that it is an injustice to me to compare it to them.



I employ natural forces, combined and modified in an original manner, and ad-

ministered by special mechanisms of my own designing.

The only place where my treatment may be obtained is at the Richardson Sanitarium, Chicago, which is the largest institution in the world devoted exclusively to the treatment of Pelvic and resulting Nervous and Mental Diseases.

It has a record of cures surpassing that of any single specialist in Europe or America, a fact which entitles it to highest rank among Private Sanitariums.

While my literature on the various diseases to which I limit my practice, namely, Varicocele, Rupture, Stricture and Associated Pelvic Diseases and resulting Nervo-Vital Diseases, is complete and explicit, it is impossible for one to comprehend the wonderful work that is being done here without paying a personal visit to the Sanitarium, inspecting it in all departments, talking with patients under treatment or cure, and witnessing the marvelous recoveries that are brought about through the scientific agencies which I employ.

After talking with those whom I have cured of Varicocele, all doubts to the curability of this malady will be swept away never to return.

Only a Few Days.

The time required to cure even the worst case of uncomplicated Varicocele at my Sanitarium is from five to seven days, and in some cases the cure is accomplished in less time. My treatment goes direct to the root of the trouble and eradicates it with a certainty and celerity that is highly gratifying.

The arrangements for the comfort and convenience of my patients are complete in every detail, as my institution is a home and not a hospital.

I will take pleasure in answering your direct questions provided you will write a complete history of your case as you understand it, and will at the same time forward you books describing cases similar to your own.

All correspondence with patients is confidential. Personal examination and a professional opinion is given free of charge during office hours.

Regular office hours from 10 to 4 daily; 7 to 8 evenings and 10 to 1 Sundays. For special appointment telephone South 1029, Long Distance connections.

The attention of those living at a distance is called to the special low rates to Chicago for the 34th National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, in this city, Aug. 26th to Sept. 1, 1900

D. D. RICHARDSON, M. D.

1266-74 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



CHINESE PEDDLER SHOWING WARES TO WOMEN.

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 Filipino 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 Ware. There are figures of dragons and butterflies, celestial processions and hundreds of Chinese characters, giving the choicest of the Confucian proverbs 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 vermilion and the great mirrors, which look out of gold frames from the four sides of each room, have red satin hangings about them.

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 57 years of age. His face is as brown as that

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 coming here, although you say you do it for the good of the people. The Chinese were here before the Spaniards. Our junks came here to trade with the savages hundreds of years ago. We brought cloths, 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 30,000 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?" I asked.

"Because they are inefficient, lazy and untrustworthy. The Filipino 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