

FILIPINOS ARE TEMPERATE

G. M. Cotterman, Formerly of Norfolk, Talks of Conditions on Islands.

NATIVES MAKE EXCELLENT SOLDIERS

By Building a Line of Railroad They Have Disproved the Assertion that They Will Not Work.

NORFOLK, Neb., Jan. 28.—(Special)—"In my four years of living at Manila I have never yet seen one drunken native," said G. M. Cotterman, now director of the ports in the Philippine Islands...

"I don't mean to say," he continued, "that the native Filipino does not drink. You rarely find one who doesn't. But he drinks so moderately and so temperately, so to speak, that intoxication is unheard of. And in regard to his liquor, it is interesting to note that, while he is rapidly becoming Americanized in most other ways, he has not yet been distilled into liking American green liqueurs and buttermilk 'whine'...

Postal Service on Islands.

"How does the postal service in the islands compare with that in the United States?" was asked of the man who has organized the post roads and postoffices throughout the country.

"It is much the same," said Mr. Cotterman. "We have free delivery in the cities and rural routes in the rest of the country districts, just as you do here. There are no settled country roads like those of America, with a farm now and then, but the natives live in clusters or barrios, and native carriers deliver their mails to them every day, traveling mostly on foot."

"It is a queer sight to see a little native trot a mail bag weighing thirty pounds over his shoulders and start out on a dog trot for the country. And he keeps on trotting all day long, making thirty miles before dark. The advantage he has over an American in covering the country is marked. The country is cut up into small rice fields, which are always flooded. Little ridges enclose them. If one knows these ridges he can travel all over the islands without ever getting off the ridge, but if you aren't accustomed to the country you will have to cut across the fields and be flooded to your neck in no time."

"The mails are transported mostly by the natives. There is one line of railroad in the islands, owned by an English company and called the Manila Railway company, limited. It was part of the contract which gave this railroad a charter that it should carry the mails free of charge. The Spanish government demanded this. The road was built fifteen years ago and is 150 miles long. There are two little branches off it. The terminals are Manila and Durganap."

Low Mail Rates.

"Postage rates on the islands are the same as here, except that the cost is 1 cent for an ounce instead of 2 cents for one ounce, as here. Mails that go by neither rail nor native go by boat. The government operates fifteen boats called the 'coast guard and transportation service.' They run on regular schedules throughout the islands and to points not touched by commercial craft."

"How do the natives feel toward the American element in covering the country?" "The better element is now satisfied that they are getting the best service they ever had. It is a very small minority that ever talks now of independence. And that minority gets less every day. There is no thought of insurrection against the government."

"In fact," said the posts director, "I never have seen any people so eager to learn anything as they are to grasp the English language. At night schools in Manila you will find men 40 years old, poring over books for the sole purpose of learning to speak English."

"The war? Do we get any of the ragged edges of it? Well, no. The fact is we don't know as many of the details of the war as America does. There are but three American daily papers in Manila, and the cable rates are too high to get much of a report."

Good Place for Women.

"The islands are, it is true, a good matrimonial field for young women. There are mighty few of them all told, and they are prize packages. Nearly all of the American

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STORY OF DEAL THAT FAILED

How a Boston Man Fished the Reorganizers of the Union Pacific.

YOUR UNCLE SAM GOT THE MONEY

Rivals in the Game Lost Out and the National Government Cleared Up Twenty-Four Million Dollars.

John C. Coombs, who died in Boston, Mass., a little more than a week ago, and whose death was by no means widely heralded, earned \$24,000,000 in one winter for the United States government.

These thoughts that we hear of these episodes in which many Americans and a few officers are killed, what are they? "They are the work of bands of robbers who live in the mountains and who rush down on the little towns."

Mr. Coombs saw a great future for the islands. He says that people who have gone there from here are anxious for a reduction in the tariff rates, so that commerce may be established with the United States.

"We hope to see the bill now in congress for a reduction of the tariff passed," he said. "At the present time we pay three-fourths of the regular Dingley rates, and it is prohibitive. The result is that our goods are sold in other countries. For instance, I brought over a number of cigars. The law allows you to bring fifty without duty. I paid 3 cents each for them in Manila and the duty was 8 cents each. The bill now in congress would reduce on American goods and sugar. Spain bought \$10,000,000 worth of our tobacco last year. Of hemp worth \$2,000,000 England purchased \$10,000,000 worth. There is no sugar refining in the islands. Our sugar crop all goes to Hong Kong and then back. Last year we imported \$30,000,000 worth of rice."

Natives Will Work.

"It has been declared," said Mr. Cotterman, "that the natives could not be made to work. That statement has just been refuted. The first electric railway ever built in the islands has just been installed. It is the only big interest owned by Americans in the Oriental possessions. The natives built this road. They were made to do it through the use of competent foremen. They understand how to handle the Filipinos. An ordinary American, going over there can't even get his washing done. It takes a peculiar way of handling them. This company has demonstrated that the Filipino can work and Chinese laborers will now diminish in number there."

Speaking of the conditions and the interest that Americans feel in the islands, Mr. Cotterman mentioned William E. Curtis, the newspaper correspondent, who made a trip to the islands. "Mr. Curtis will find trouble in the ever common. He dined with the officers and participated in their hospitality, but roared when he got away. Consequently they are sore at him. He criticized the customs collector for being too rigid, among others. He also criticized the mail service between here and the islands, declaring that the government should run frequent and fast mail boats. He didn't seem to understand that those boats cost much money and that it is worth \$1,000 to operate the service. And besides that, there aren't a great many letters to go across. Furthermore, it is a twenty-six-days' trip. The irregularity of boats causes Americans to get in the air at first. A boat, for example, may leave San Francisco for Manila and get to Manila behind a boat that leaves a week or two later. The man whose letter started on the first boat kicks because his mail wasn't put on the last boat."

Prospect is Bright.

Manila is a city of about 250,000, and there isn't a story going on in the town. There are no big institutions at present. What it needs is American capital and push, and it will be a great place for sure. There are now 12,000 soldiers in the islands, where four years ago there were 65,000.

Mr. Cotterman, after leaving Norfolk eighteen years ago, went into the railway mail service on the main line of the Union Pacific railroad, running between Omaha and Cheyenne. Then he went to Ogden, Utah, as chief clerk in the railway mail service. In 1887 he was transferred to Portland and in 1895 became assistant superintendent of the Pacific coast division. In 1900 the postmaster general tendered the appointment to Mr. Cotterman and finally accepted it, persuading him to take the position of director of the ports in the new country in the far east.

HUGE STATUE OF BUDDHA

Nighty Reclining Figure of the Oriental God at Rangoon, Burma.

To the eastern traveler the statue of Buddha is a familiar sight. From Colombo, in Ceylon, to Kobe, in Japan, he is everywhere greeted by the same calm, impressive and mysterious face of the eastern deity of perfection. But in no city in the Orient do the form and face of Buddha constitute so frequent or so essential a part of the city's decoration as in Rangoon. Burma.

"I regret to say we cannot do business with you," he told Mr. Coombs. "We have sufficient votes to pass the bill in its present form."

Mr. Coombs said nothing, but bowed and walked slowly out of the committee room. He had his ultimatum. It was now his time to show his power.

He went into the lobby of the house, passed the word along the line to his supporters, and calmly awaited the result.

Five minutes later the clerk of the house was calling the roll. When it was done there was an oppressive silence and amazement was written on the faces of the syndicate backers.

The bill had been defeated.

Syndicate Backers.

Mr. Coombs had both been beaten and had beaten the syndicate. But he made it cost dearly. When, after a long and painful struggle in congress, the bill finally passed, it didn't have the Coombs rider. The syndicate paid \$24,000,000 more than they proposed in the first bill.

Mr. Coombs forced the syndicate to this, because he kept up his fight without abatement after his first defeat. He went to London and proposed a plan to compel the syndicate to make another settlement with the government. He wanted to organize a rival syndicate that would outbid the other. Mr. Sage was personally interested and rumors began to circulate in Wall street that there were to be more than one bid for the property. The result was that the upset price for it was fixed at the full amount of the government debt, with interest, and it had to be paid.

"We could better have paid every dollar of the debt which the Sioux City outfit presented than to have paid the price which Coombs compelled us to give for the road," afterward declared a member of the syndicate. —St. Louis Republic.

Do Animals Really Think?

"We so habitually impute thought to animals that we come unconsciously to look upon them to possess this power," writes John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine for February. "Thus the dog seems to think about his dinner when prompted by hunger or about his home and his master when separated from them. The bird seems to think about its mate, its nest, its young, its enemies. The fox seems to think about the hound that it hears baying upon its tracks and tries to elude it. The beaver seems to think about its dam, the muskrat about its house in the fall, the woodpecker about the hole in the door limb which it will need as a lodging place in the winter. That is, all these creatures act as if they thought. We know that under similar

BEAR PUNISHES ITS MATE

Gratily Flirting With a Female in the Next Case Has Its Ardent Cool.

WOLF! WO-O-O-U!

Mrs. Pike's Peak Rocky Grizzly opened his eyes warily and looked at her mate, Mr. P. P. R. Grizzly, the champion bear of the bear den at the New York Zoological park. The rhinoceros was standing up against the iron fence rubbing noses with Mrs. Northwest Territory Grizzly, who with her pinkish nose mate, occupies the next den to the north.

There has been a scandal brewing at the park for several weeks, and it has delighted everyone, from the elephant to the crocodile. No one of the visitors has noticed it, but the keepers have smiled amicably when they have noticed the gay old Mr. Pike's Peak Grizzly making eyes at the mate of his neighbor. The keepers know what happens when such things are done. They know the terrible jealousy of a female bear and they have been looking for an outbreak for some time.

Mrs. Pike's Peak is more lovely than Mrs. Northwest Territory, but every man knows that because his wife is attractive that does not blind him to the beauty of other females.

Mrs. Pike's Peak has been sulking for weeks. She has eaten very little and has lain in a corner of the yard watching her better half love making through the iron bars.

While her mate rubbed noses through the fence yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Pike's Peak crept toward him. The keepers held their breath because they knew the psychological moment had come. The fascinating Mr. Pike's Peak continued to whisper through the fence. Mrs. Pike's Peak stood up behind him. Mrs. Northwest Territory edged away, thinking she could give the terrible fire in the eyes of the indignant bear.

Quickly, and with the force of a battering ram, the great arm of Mrs. Pike's Peak landed on the ear of her unsuspecting mate. His great bulk toppled over, rolling like a meat sack on the ground. Then he jumped up whistling: "Wolf! Wo-o-o-u!"

His mate was close at his heels, however, and rained blow upon blow on his offending head and finally tipped him over bodily into the tank of his water. There he stuck his nose out of the water and took in the situation. The female bear stood ready to hit him another one the minute he came out. There was a long and angry dispute in bear language, from the whines and grunts of which the keepers quickly learned the meaning of sympathy and the female denouncing. Finally Mrs. Pike's Peak wheeled around and went to her corner. Mr. Pike's Peak scrambled out of the water and hustled into the stone cave. He didn't come out again all day.

"I guess there won't be any more flirting," said a keeper.—New York World.

MUST BE YOUNG IN LOOKS

Means Employed to Check the Ravages of Time and Hold a Job.

Two men of three score and ten met. They had known each other for years, but had not seen each other in a long time.

"One looked venerable, patriarchal. He was white haired, wrinkled, feeble, slow of action, weak and tremulous of voice."

"The other looked as though he might be the son of his friend. He seemed to be no more than two score and ten. His figure was erect, his eye clear and sparkling and his complexion pink with health. His hair was black and thick and his teeth were white and strong. He was quick in action and his voice strong. He was quick in action."

"You carry your years remarkably," said the man who seemed the older. "Father Time has used you kindly. Or have you really discovered the fountain of youth?"

"That's easily answered," was the reply. "The difference between you and me is that you could afford to grow old and look your years, whereas I could not. I have to appear young, certainly not to earn a livelihood."

"I tell everybody that I am only 50 years, which is part true, and I am believed by all except those who know better. They are kind enough to keep my age secret."

"I look twenty years younger because I work to look it. I study my digestion, eating only food that makes tissue and arrests degeneration, drinking at the same time a little whisky. I take cold baths daily."

"All this tones up my health and a tonic assists it along. I exercise daily and this keeps my muscles supple and springy, so that I feel like a young man of about twenty. I enjoy my long walks in the air, doing it with a quick and military step."

"I sleep eight hours and banish worry. My voice is strong because I keep it strong and my eye clear because I keep my brain clear and my health beyond suspicion."

"The rest is artifice. I am beardless because my beard is now white and I shave closely. Massage of the face, electrical and otherwise, keeps the muscles there taut, full and strong, and the wrinkles are kept away."

"I have a complete set of false teeth, and although the hair on top of my head is thin, the color is artificial. In other words, I have had it dyed from time to time, and the freshness of the tint is

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perhaps what contributes 50 per cent to my comparatively youthful appearance. The eyebrows also have to be looked to, and I pencil these.

"Then to be young you must associate with the young and avoid the old. Environment counts for so much. I make you so. I teach a Bible class of young men and attend all their socials."

"That's how I do it, and I think I have stopped growing old. Now, why do I do it? It certainly costs effort and money. But I have to."

"This age, at any rate in New York, has no use for old men. Many do as I do, look 50 and younger when they are in reality twenty years older. Even as young in appearance as I am, I am barely tolerated. If they knew me to be 70 the jig would be up."

"The only old men you see are those who command an income or capital, and all they do is just to sit around and engage young men to carry out their orders."

"The period of superannation is moving forward to the thirties, rather than backward to the seventies. The prime of life is now between 40 and 45, in the estimation of commerce and the professions, and when these years have been passed you may prepare at any moment to be asked to take a back seat."

"A man of 45 years, who is manager at \$5,000 a year, told me the other day that in presuming to become a candidate for a similar place, but at a larger salary, he did not dare send his photograph as a sign of what he was. Photographs do not tell lies and he did not dare send it with

the impression of the forty summers he owned and lacking the youth he assiduously practiced.

"He was 42, but he seemed 34, and by refusing the photograph he obtained what he was after. He told me that in considering the men who filled places like his he found that nearly every one was under 35."—New York Sun.

SEA GAZING IN BERMUDA

Wonderful Life Observed in the Crystal Depths of Tropic Seas.

It was a little parrot fish that started out so briskly on this summer morning. Whether he was eager to keep an appointment or had been unexpectedly summoned to a distant part of the world, one may never know, but one may be certain that the matter was of the greatest consequence so far as the little fish was concerned. Keeping his bright eyes fixed straight ahead, he passed a corner of the reef where the coral was incrustated with mollusks and sea urchins and where a pair of beautiful squirrel fish, deeply engrossed in sentimental affairs, turned to look after him wonderingly through their enormous eyes. Below, in a deep pool, a school of spotted trunkfish played heedlessly, while under a projecting plate of staghorn coral a huge grouper waited expectantly, but as the parrot fish, warned of his danger, turned quickly away, he gave his attention to a pair of gray snappers—great, quiet, ghostly figures, that seemed like two

shadows drifting slowly along, far down through the green waters. A few feet further on and the hurrying parrot fish passed a tall sea fan, adorned with three dainty butterfly fish, clad brilliantly in yellow, were peering into each nook and corner in their search for small prey, while a sober cowfish, with his two conspicuous horns, looked on sedately. Suddenly the parrot fish turned sharply aside to avoid a spot where the reef was broken by jutting rocks covered with green algae; around this a school of bright little sabre-striped sergeant majors were sporting, while just to the right an angel fish, whose blue body tipped with gold first attracted the attention of the mariners so many centuries ago, sailed from under a purple gorgonia with a disdainful air.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Profiting by Accident.

Recently some mischievous individual threw a stone through the window of a dry goods dealer on the west side. Several sale tickets were knocked off the goods in the window. The dealer is now exhibiting the following notice: "Some one has thrown a brick and knocked our prices down. Don't throw another. They can't go lower."—Chicago Tribune.

Familiar, but Not Contemptuous.

"You claim to know a great deal about the tariff." "Yes." "Yet you discourage the discussion of it." "I do. It is like dynamite. The more a man knows about it, the more he feels like letting it alone."—New York Times.

SANTA MONICA, CAL. Dec. 3, 1903.

I have had all the female trouble a woman can have and live. I have had falling of the womb, ulceration, inflammation of the ovaries and fallopian tubes, stomach disorders until everything I would eat would pass away in blood. In short for four years I lived with one foot in the grave, wretched and miserable. I dragged through weary days and restless nights. I had two severe operations and took bottle after bottle of medicine, all without getting any help. My neighbor advised me to take Wine of Cardui, telling me how nicely it had assisted her during pregnancy and through childbirth.

WINE OF CARDUI

I am so glad I tried that grand medicine. Within seven weeks my stomach was in good working order and my general health had greatly improved, so I kept taking the health-giving medicine until the end of three and a half months I felt that I was once more a healthy and happy woman. All aches and pains were gone. I had a fine appetite, good digestion and had gained twenty-two and one-half pounds in weight. Wine of Cardui simply restored me from a wretched, broken down, discouraged woman, to a happy and perfectly well woman, and I am most pleased to add my unsolicited testimonial to that of the thousands of my sisters who have been cured through taking this splendid remedy.

Elizabeth Oaks, Vice-President, Mother's Well-doing Club, Santa Monica, Cal.

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