OTIS CHATS ABOUT PHILIPPINES

Gives Audience to Globetrotter Carpenter and Freely Discusses Situation of Affairs in the Far East.

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MANILA, March 7, 1900.—I spent last evening with General Otis at his palace in Malacanan, one of the most fashionable of the suburban streets of Manila. His residence is the house erected for the Spanish Governors-General of the Philippines, a great two-story structure, with floors of Filipino mahogany, polished like the top of a new piano, windows of opalescent oyster shells, and walls and ceilings frescoed and painted with flowers, cupids and heathen gods. The ceilings are very high, the rooms and halls large and airy, and at night, when the tinsel and cheapness which characterize parts of the building are softened by the rays of the electric light, the palace is really imposing. It has extensive grounds filled with tropical plants and trees, and the air about it is saturated with the sweet perfume of orange blossoms. There are soldiers on guard at almost every block of the streets that lead to it. My carriage was stopped at the gate, and it was only upon saying that I had a special appointment with the General that I was permitted to pass in on foot. I found more sentries walking up and down under the porte-cochere, and I waited in the hall until an orderly took up my card and returned with the answer that the military Governor would see me.

I found General Otis in his workshop—an office and bedroom combined. It had evidently been used as a parlor or music-room in the days of the Spaniards, for its decorations are Moorish and seem quite out of place with its present practical, hard-working surroundings. Large writing desks have taken the place of the piano, and a plain brass bedstead with a mosquito netting attachment has ousted the divans. Last night the desks were littered with manuscripts, documents and blank books containing translations of the Spanish concessions as to the cable, street-car, telephones and electric lights of Manila which the General had brought home to study. He pushed these aside and for two hours chatted freely with me about the situation and the conditions now prevailing in the Philippines.

Pen Picture of Otis.

Before I report our conversation let me show you General Otis as he appears at first sight. His pictures in the newspapers do not fairly represent him. As photographed he seems to be a tall, portly man, with a big head and luxuriant side whiskers. The real General Otis does not weigh more than 150 pounds. He stands about five feet eight inches in his stockings and is slender in build. His head is not at all large or imposing. The face would be small were it not for the whiskers, which are of silver gray, mixed with black, well covering the hollows of the cheeks, and extending below the jaw a half finger's length. He has an overhanging gray mustache, iron gray hair and very heavy black eyebrows. His eyes are small, bright and black. He has a good forehead, a trifle narrow, perhaps, a straight nose and a rather determined mouth. He was dressed yesterday in a plain business suit, lacking the vest, and he looked more like an ordinary business man than a General in command of one of the world's greatest armies, and the absolute ruler of a country 1000 miles long, inhabited by 8,000,000 of as turbulent people as now exist outside of South Africa.

General Otis' entire lack of military airs is the more striking considering his length of service. He has been in the ranks ever since the beginning of the Civil War, when at 21 he left the practice of law to go to the field. He was wounded in the head near the close of the war and mustered out, but the doctors told him his wound would not permit him to live in the East, and he accepted an offer of service in the regular Army upon the frontier. There he gradually rose until 1893, when he became a Brigadier-General, and then Major-General here in May, 1898. During our conversation I asked him how he came to be sent to the Philippines. He replied that he was pitchforked into them without having anything to say in the matter, and that he was only here because he had been ordered to come.

Not Entirely Satisfied.

Later on I asked him if he were satisfied with the results of his work. General Otis replied:

"I can't say that I am, for I am anxious that the Islands should be in a much better state, and that state, I think, will soon come. I will say, however, that we have put down the insurrection as far as any organized resistance is concerned, and that the condition of the Philippines is now as good as it has been at any time for 10 years. In many places the country is as safe as it has been during the past generation. In Mindanao, the Spaniards did not dare to go outside the limits of their army posts. They were always in trouble with the natives, and in many places had their dead lines over which the Moros did not dare to step for fear of being shot by their sentries. Now our troops are moving about without arms outside the posts, and many expeditions were taken into the mountains. Here in Luzon there have always been robber bands in the mountains which have preyed upon the people. The country has never been really safe."

"Do you think you can make it so, General?" I asked.

"Yes, in time; but we must keep on destroying the bandits wherever we find them. Many of the insurrectos have joined such bands, and it will take some months yet to clean up the country."

"This will, I suppose, necessitate the keeping of a large force here on the Islands, even after peace has been established, will it not?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We shall need as many troops as we have now for at least a year, and perhaps longer. We shall have to garrison the most of the towns and show the people that we intend to protect them. After a year or so, when the conditions become settled, the forces can be greatly reduced."

"How about Americans attempting to travel alone throughout the Philippines? Do you consider it safe?" I asked.

"No, I do not," said General Otis. "I don't think Americans should go into the interior unless they are in parties, or are with the soldiers. There would be less danger, perhaps, for Englishmen, but in the mountains no one is safe. There is no telling when you may be attacked by a band of bandits or so-called insurrectos who, if you are an American, will claim the right to rob or kill you under the pretext of war."

"But, General," said I, "if the organized resistance has stopped, as you say, why can't you declare the war at an end and treat these people as robbers and murderers and hang or shoot them when you take them? This would soon put an end to their business, would it not?"

Would Cut Our Boys' Throats.

"It might," said General Otis, "but if we did that it would also put an end to the lives of 100 or more of our soldiers who are now prisoners in their hands. They would cut their throats as soon as the proclamation was issued. These prisoners are men who have in one way or another wandered away from their brigades or companies and been captured.

"As to the robbers," continued the General, "and in this I include the insurrectos, the people in most of the districts are afraid to inform against them. They not only attack the Americans, but also rob the natives. This is especially so with the Tagalos. Their patriotism is of a pocketbook nature. They are in the war only for what they can get out of it, and if they cannot get anything from us, they will prey upon their own people."

"If that is the case they would fight for pay," said I. "Why not use them as soldiers? England has a native army in India."

"We may be able to do that at sime time in the future," said General Otis, "but at present we dare not trust any large number of them in our ranks. We have about 120 native scouts with our troops at Vigan. They are doing well and fight their brothers quite as well as they fought us. All they seem to care for is their pay. They are liable to be treacherous, however, and we keep a close watch."

"What classes of the people are they who are carrying on the war? Do the better classes really want to continue the struggle?"

"The war," replied the General, "has been largely fomented by the professional politicians, fellows like Aguinaldo and others, who expected to make fortunes out of the agitation. The richer Filipinos, and, in fact, almost all of the property-owners are tired of the struggle. They don't want the Americans to leave them to the mercy of their own people. They have begged us to stay, saying that if we go the result will be anarchy, ending in one or more of the powers of Europe stepping in and taking possession of the islands. This is the feeling of many Filipinos who have taken part in the insurrection. Mabini told me that this was his view, and when I asked why, in that case, he had been fighting us, he replied: " 'Oh! We are fighting for the best terms we can get out of you. We believed that you would grant us more rights if we fought for them.' "

Thought We Would Quit.

"But, General," said I, "did the Filipinos really believe that they could successfully resist us?"

"Yes, I think some of them did," replied General Otis. "They thought they could tire us out. Some think this even now, and some come to me and beg me not to allow the government to take the soldiers away from the country. I tell them they need have no fear of that; at least, not as long as the war lasts, and that when Americans make war they stick together until they have conquered."

"What do you think of these people as prospective high-grade American citizens, General? Are they at all fit to govern themselves?"

"They have a long way to go before they will be what you can call high-grade citizens," replied General Otis. "They are not now fit to govern themselves, and will not be for a long time. They might perhaps be awarded certain liberties of government under our direction, but as to their conducting a republic themselves and honestly administering the government, that is at present an impossibility."

"Why?" I asked.

"It is an impossibility from the nature and education of the people," said General Otis. "They have been trained under the Spaniards, and bred in political corruption. They have little idea of truth between man and man as to political and official acts. Why, I have often had two prominent Filipinos counseling with me over some important matter. Each would assent to the statements of the other, and I would think them in perfect accord, but later on each would come privately to me and tell me not to trust the other.

"The Filipinos have been accustomed to bribing and being bribed, and they cannot get rid of the idea that that is the only way to accomplish results. We have tried them here in the custom-house and elsewhere, and found that they have systematically cheated the government and pocketed the proceeds. I had, for instance, a father and son of a good family in the customs. I sent the son to act as one of the customs officers of Cebu. I soon found that the father and son were in collusion, and that they were sending in false manifests and thereby stealing thousands of dollars. I dismissed them, of course.

"We have to keep a close watch on our customs officials here," continued General Otis, "or we should be robbed right and left, for we have many native employes. The result of our watchfulness is that the customs receipts are now greater in proportion than ever before."

Carpet-Baggers Not Wanted.

"How would a civil government of American statesmen do for the islands, general?" said I.

General Otis replied: "Don't think we want the American politician or statesman, as you call him, for a long time yet, if ever. If the United States organizes a civil service for the Philippines, it should be one carefully chosen, well paid and not affected to any extent by home politics. Care should be taken to get honest men, for the dishonest official would have great opportunities for fraud of all kinds. You cannot conceive the possibilities the officials of the past here had in the way of lining their pockets. Why, I could make $100,000 within the next three weeks if I wanted to use my office for my own profit. These people are accustomed to bribery. They expect to pay for everything, and are surprised that they are not asked to do so. They cannot realize that men may be honest for honesty's sake.

"I think the military government should be kept here for a couple of years. These people need a government that will govern, and that arbitrarily. They need it to protect themselves. There are all kinds of schemes and schemers to contend with. The Filipinos themselves are very cunning. They know how to corner the markets and how to raise and lower prices. They would do so on meat and other staple articles if I did not prevent them. We have, you know, the right to fix prices. I can make meat cost $1 or 40 cents a pound by a stroke of my pen."

"When you have thoroughly pacified the islands will they stay pacified, or will we have continued rebellions, as in the South American countries?"

"I fear there will be occasional rebellions," was the reply. "The Tagalos are natural politicians and schemers. They are revolutionary in their tendencies, and for a long time there will be some among them who will foment trouble for their own personal aggrandizement and profit."

"Give me sme idea of Aguinaldo, General. Is he a strong man?"

"No," said General Otis. "I do not consider Aguinaldo a man of force or patriotism. He is a silent fellow and has gotten a reputation for wisdom by keeping his mouth shut. He has shown by his actions that he has little personal bravery, and that he also went into the war for what he could make out of it. I believe Mabini to be the stronger man of the two. I have him now under surveillance here in Manila. For a time I even permitted him to write for the papers, but he began to attack the United States Government, and I had to stop him."

Plague of Friars.

"How about the friars?" I asked.

"I can't say just what will be done as to church matters. The question of the friars is one of the most serious ones we have to settle. Archbishop Chappelle thinks he will be able to arrange it so that they will be able to stay and hold their property, but many of the Filipinos do not like them, and in many places they will not be permitted to come back to their churches. They are causing me a great deal of trouble.

"Just now they are clamoring to have their catechism recited daily in the public schools. I have told them I could not permit that, and that if parents want their children to have religious instruction they must get it outside the schools supported by the government. We have had a fuss with them as to the marriage question, and there will also be considerable trouble as to titles and church property."

The conversation here turned to the possibilities of the islands, and I asked General Otis if he thought there were many opportunities here for our capitalists.

He replied that the resources of the country were enormous, and that there would undoubtedly be many chances for money-making as soon as the country was perfectly quiet.

"At present," said he, "we need the Army to keep peace and put down the insurgents, and we cannot spare troops to protect American enterprises, such as the building of railroads. There is no doubt, however, that there are many places where roads can be built at a profit. A number of lines have already been surveyed, notably some about Laguna de Bay and into the Southern and Eastern provinces. There are men now in Washington trying to get concessions for constructing such road. Then there are other projects contemplated which will be carried out later on. Some things are hampered by the Spanish concessions, such as cable and other matters, but they will be satisfactorily settled.

"As to the general outlook for the development of the Philippines along profitable lines, I thing it is good, and that there will be many opportunities for money-making here in the future. The country is beyond conception rich, and much of it has hardly been scratched. There are large tracts of virgin soil; there are deposits of iron, gold, copper and coal, and the coal deposits are said to be extensive and of good quality. The mountains are full of minerals and they are practically unprospected. Agriculturally there is no better soil anywhere than in most parts of these islands. The land will support many times its present population."

Labor Question.

"How about labor, General? It is said the Filipino will not work?"

"I think that is a mistake," replied General Otis. "These people have never had a chance to work for good wages. They have never been paid for their work. The Spaniards gave them about $5 in silver a month, about 10 cents gold a day, and many of the officials took out a commission from these wages. Since we came the cost of labor has risen. The men are receiving the full wages agreed upon, and they are working very well. I believe we have already proved that the Filipinos can do the work of the country, and that they will do it if they are fairly paid. At first they could not understand why we did not withhold a portion of the wages for ourselves."

"Do you think they will ever become friendly to the Americans?"

"Yes," replied General Otis, "when through us they see the times becoming good, themselves growing prosperous and their country rich. Many of them are afraid we will form trusts and monopolize all the good things of the islands. They are afraid the Filipinos will be degraded as laborers. They do not trust us yet, but in time this distrust will pass away."

"Then you think our occupation of the Philippines a good thing, general?" I asked.

"Whether it is good for us or not, we have acquired them in such a way that it is impossible for us to give them up. I have never been an expansionist, and I doubt whether I ever will be one in the ordinary sense of the word, but the islands have been forced upon us, and we must go ahead and do our best for them."

"How about your trouble with the newspaper correspondents? They have claimed that you have withheld the news of the war and have not allowed the whole truth to be sent to the papers."

At this question the general's face darkened, and I saw that I was on delicate ground. He answered, however, saying:

"I have tried to have the truth sent home and have interfered with the correspondents as little as possible."

"How about the charge that you have increased the numbers of the Filipino dead?"

"That is not true," was the reply. "I have always been conservative in my reports of our engagements, and have usually reduced the figures to be on the safe side. I have given orders to the officers that they must send out reliable men to count the dead after every engagement, and have done all I could to arrive at the exact truth."

With this the interview closed, and the General went back to his papers.

Hardest Worked Man in Army.

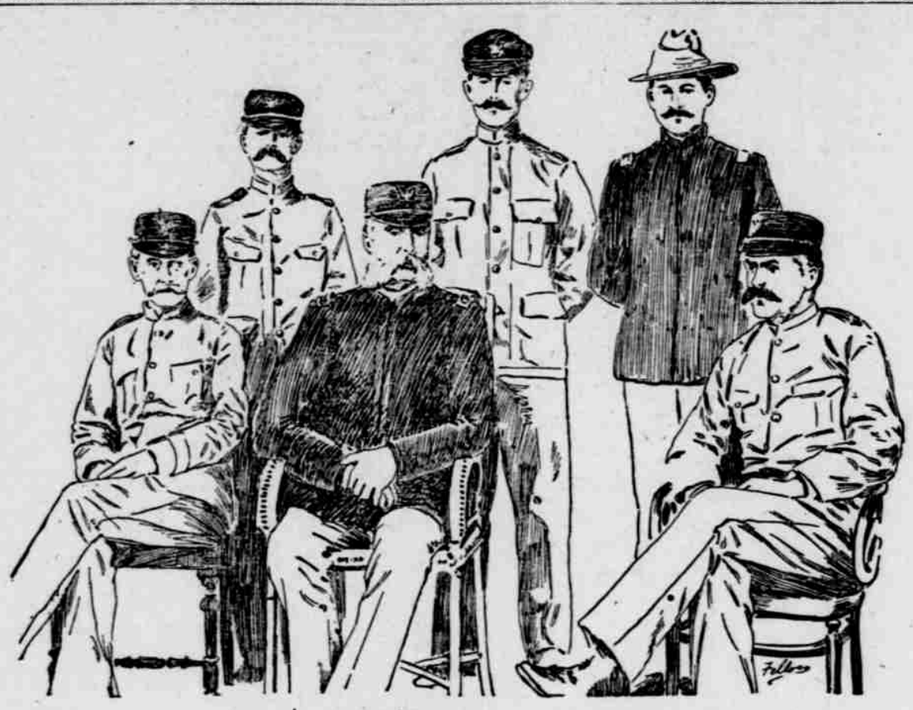
As to General Otis' administration I find here quite a difference of opinion among the civilians and also among the officers of the army. He has strong friends and numerous critics. Some of the generals say privately that they think the war could be settled with one or two short, dashing campaigns, while others, closer, perhaps, in the counsels of the administration, believe that the present policy is the only one that will result in permanent peace.

I find no question, however, as to General Otis' honesty of purpose and his fidelity to his duties. He is the hardest-worked man in the army. He rises at 5:30 every morning, and by 7:30 has finished his breakfast and driven to the palace in the walled city, two miles away. Here he works steadily till 12:30, when he drives home for lunch, returning before 2 o'clock to his desk. He keeps at it from then on until 6, and always takes a stack of papers and documents home, when he leaves for the day. He has an hour or so for dinner, and then works until 11 and often until midnight. Within the past few weeks he has been playing a game or so of billiards after supper for exercise, but outside of this he has had no rest or recreation. He never drives out for pleasure, calls upon nobody, and does not attend either public or private functions. He is possessed by the demon of perpetual work, and is a very fiend for details. He wants to know everything, and I am told there are precious few things which go on that he does not know.

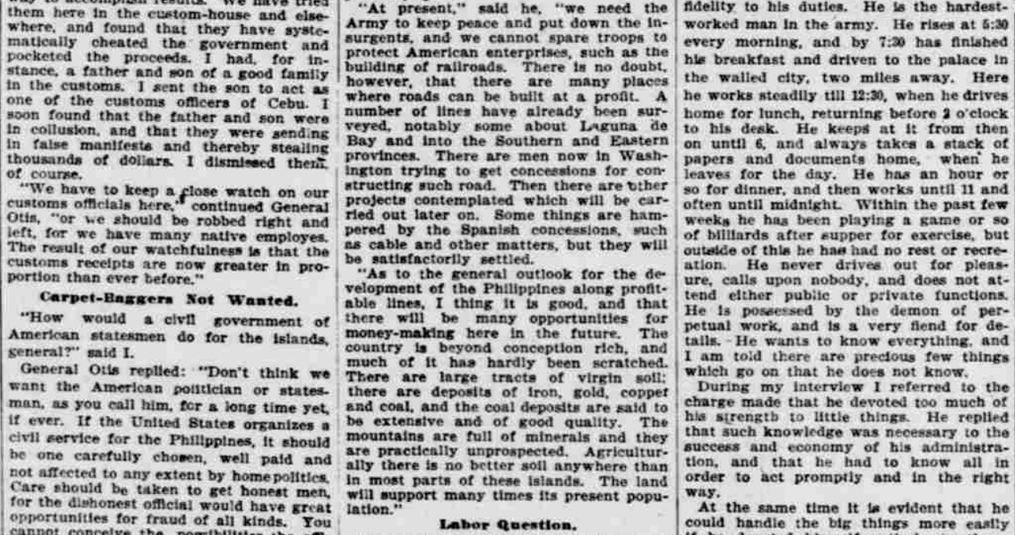
During my interview I referred to the charge made that he devoted too much of his strength to little things. He replied that such knowledge was necessary to the success and economy of his administration, and that he had to know all in order to act promptly and in the right way.

At the same time it is evident that he could handle the big things more easily if he devoted himself entirely to them, and left the carrying out of his plans to his subordinates. He has good men about him. His right hand and chief of staff is General Theodore Schwan, one of the ablest and bravest of the officers of our army, who has just made a new record for himself by his dashing campaign through that hotbed of the insurrectos, the most dangerous provinces of Southern Luzon. General Schwan is an admirer of General Otis, and he thoroughly approves of his policy. The two men are in some ways much alike. Both say they would rather be fighting in the field than at work here in Manila, and from what is known of their characters I doubt not they both speak the truth.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



GENERAL OTIS AND HIS STAFF IN MALACANAN PALACE.



GROUP OF FILIPINO LEADERS—AGUINALDO IS IN FRONT, WITH THE CAP.

Method in Her Smiles.

"I thought you were very fond of Mr. Blifkins," suggested her dearest friend.

"I was last summer," replied the sweet young thing.

"And yet your smiles now are all for Mr. Barkus."

"Yes; you see, Mr. Blifkins had an annual pass on a steamboat excursion line, but Mr. Barkus has some friends in the theatrical business. Between them I am putting in a perfectly lovely year."—Chicago Post.

SAW THE SUNNY SOUTH

NORTHWESTERN PRESS DELEGATES TOOK THE COUNTRY.

A Cordial Reception and the Proverbial Southern Hospitality Everywhere—The Mardi Gras.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 11.—(Special correspondence.)—On Saturday, February 17, 1900, 28 delegates from Oregon, Washington and Idaho pulled out of Portland over the Southern Pacific, bound for New Orleans, to attend the National Editorial Association. For six days and nights we journeyed on, except that Monday we spent in San Francisco. True to Western instinct, the train was scarcely under way when strangers became friends, a spirit of congeniality bound us together as one happy family. Music smoothes the awkward places in life, and thus songs drew us together in harmony. By day we viewed the changing scene and watched the kodak fiend from afar. At night the Salvation Army passed back and forth, and cake-walks stalked abroad. On Washington's birthday our car was decorated, and the evening spent in patriotic toasts. By day and by night we extolled Southern hospitality and looked longingly forward to an elegant reception in New Orleans. We dreamed that the people were lying awake nights conjuring up schemes for our entertainment, and in keeping with our royal blood, and often we wondered if business was suspended in honor of our coming. We trembled for the future of the city, lest tribute levied on commerce should prove too oppressive and stop the wheels of trade.

All this time we were rushing on, and Friday evening reached our destination. No band of music was there to greet us, but a band of pickaninnies was there to carry our grips and sell us oranges. A guide was procured at reasonable rates to pilot us to the Press Club, where committees and prominent citizens must certainly be gathered to receive us. At last we arrive and storm the castle, but find it in the hands of the sheriff. A committee on exploration was appointed and sent to discover a newspaper man, but they had all retired for the night.

The city was full of strangers, and rooms were hard to get. About midnight accommodations were secured, and early Saturday morning we were on our way to Jackson, Miss., where we met the main body of delegates and were recipients of a royal welcome. Brass bands mingled sweet strains of music with the thundering tones of cannon, and the city was in holiday attire. A bountiful dinner awaited us, and the city was ours for the day. Nothing was too good for us, and no little opportunity to serve us or make our stay pleasant and profitable was omitted. Here we found Southern hospitality poured forth with a generosity that touched the heart with its earnest tenderness and simplicity. Early Sunday morning we left for Vicksburg, where we found a reception equal in fervor to that in Jackson. The keys of the city were delivered into our hands, and nothing was left undone that could be done for our convenience and pleasure. Everywhere committees waited upon us, anxious to serve us, to show us points of interest, of which the city is full, and in every way possible shower kindness upon us. The best hotels were open, tables richly laden with Southern delicacies tempted the appetite, and no one was forgotten. With deep regret we left this city of great historic interest, firmly resolved to visit it again at the first opportunity. From here we went to Baton Rouge, but unfortunately arrived after night. Here, as in Jackson, the Governor, Mayor and others met us and extended a royal welcome that will never be forgotten. A banquet awaited us, after which a few visited the old Spanish quarters and united with the kodak fiend in wishing for a bright burst of sunshine.

Early Monday morning we re-entered New Orleans, and again wandered about the city in search of newspaper men. We were successful in finding Colonel J. Y. Gilmore, president of the Louisiana State Press Association, and his son; Mr. Brown and Mr. Augustine, all of whom were incessant in their labors and their efforts to serve us during our stay in the Crescent City. As far as I have been able to learn, however, not a single fair representative of New Orleans interested herself in the ladies of the National Association. Carnival festivities were in full swing, and by noon on Monday the levee was a solid mass of restless humanity, awaiting the arrival of Rex, whose fleet of gaily decked vessels was seen rounding the point below. Opposite where we stood lay the gallant battle-ship Texas, whose guns spread consternation and death among the Spanish at Santiago de Cuba, but as Rex's fleet passed between us in holiday attire, the Texas' guns broke forth midst the din of steam whistles and lesser cannon, speaking for the general Government a cordial welcome to His Royal Highness. Up one side of the Texas and down the other the king led his gay fleet, then back to the levee, where a magnificent chariot awaited him and his queen. Disembarking, he passed through the multitude, then, followed by soldiers and sailors, troops of cavalry and chariots of gold, he passed up Canal street and over the line of march. Gaily decked chargers were mounted by richly gowned ladies and courtly knights in royal robes. From wall to wall this great street was a solid mass of struggling humanity, bent on seeing the grand procession. For many months committees had been industriously at work, spending vast sums of money for materials, artists' services and freight; sending men to Paris to superintend the work of preparation and arrange details for this passing show.

The Cook County Democracy came all the way from Chicago to show its silk hats and clumsy horsemanship, and midst all the jingle of tinsel and gold, jangled its sad and silver strains with the juggle of party politics. The city was filled to overflowing with strangers from all over the land. Quaint in manners and customs, rich in historical struggles, unique among American cities, New Orleans stands alone in the splendor of its Mardi Gras. Fortunes are spent annually to maintain it, and every year it secures a greater hold upon the American people. Other cities have tried it, other cities have aspired to rival the Creole stronghold, but they have neither the experience, the quaint surroundings, the vast sums of money necessary, or the pride that springs eternal in the hearts of these people. From the proud and aristocratic multi-millionaire in his palace, to the cringing picaninny in his hovel, the entire population enters into the spirit of the hour and every heart swells with pride while Rex is passing by. Elsewhere maskers and chariots are arrayed in cheap tinsel and gaudy gewgaws; calico and paper are painted to hide worn-out wagons and broken-down stages, and the imagination is expected to finish up the job by picturing them as chariots of royal elegance. Not so here. Without regard to cost chariots are built to order, and the best artists of Europe are employed to decorate them, whereas maskers are arrayed in silks and satins and often glitter in priceless gems. The day was full of interest and excitement; but with night came Rex in all his glory. The line of march was a blaze of splendor, through which passed a long line of floats, drawn by heavily draped horses, the richness of which passed my wildest expectations.

At the close of the parade Rex received vast throngs at his annual ball. Passing through a great hallway we entered a brilliantly lighted tunnel, and followed it through many windings, wondering where it would end, when suddenly we entered a great court, or anteroom, filled with fountains, tropical plants and flowers. Passing beyond we were ushered into the royal throneroom, where His Majesty and Queen received their loyal subjects. On either side of them sat charming ladies and courtly knights, rich in precious jewels and costly raiment. Returning to the ballroom we found an immense floor, covered with the elite of the city, floating in rythmic splendor on the soothing notes of a waltz. A vast audience looked on in silent admiration until the time of departure drew nigh, when excitement and pleasure gave way to increasing regret that so grand a spectacle as the carnival of 1900 should cease to be.

Tuesday was a day of popular frolic. Streets were full of bright colors and fancy costumes, while on every side jolly maskers vied with each other in their efforts to attract attention and favorable comment. Calico and bed ticking united with many a mask, but forgot the black neck, and this exposed the picaninny. Women of town hied them forth in gaudy gowns or silken pants, seeking whom they might devour. Parties of a dozen or more passed every hour in the day, some with musical instruments and some with tomtoms. Entire bands en masque strolled by discoursing beautiful music, or the seesaw of a horse fiddle. Business gave way to pleasure, and the town turned out for a good time.

Before leaving Portland the Oregon delegation organized for the purpose of advertising the state's resources. No contributions were made by the citizens of Portland, but a beautiful souvenir was issued, for which advertising was secured in Spokane, Baker City, Southern Oregon and other places, and the fund thus secured was used to pay necessary expenses.

A large amount of printed matter was taken along, and among other things Mrs. Edyth Tozier Weatherred took a magnificent mineral collection, that was placed on exhibition directly opposite the St. Charles Hotel, where it was seen by thousands of people. Descriptive printed matter was freely distributed among delegates, many of whom are using it in their write-ups. National Editorial headquarters were maintained at the St. Charles Hotel, but through the courtesy of Mr. McClain, secretary of the Knights of Pythias, Albert Tozier secured commodious headquarters for our delegation, which were maintained at Knights of Pythias Hall, 826 Perdido street, thus being the only delegation in the entire convention with its own headquarters.

On all occasions and under all circumstances the praises of Portland were sung by those so fortunate as to have visited our city last July, and as a tribute to the city and the man, when Albert Tozier was nominated for second vice-president, half a dozen states instantly claimed the floor to second the nomination, and quicker than it can be told he was elected by acclamation. It is not too much to say, the Oregon delegation got everything it started for, recived more favorable notices by the press, and attracted more attention than any other delegation in attendance. It was wide awake, alert, courteous and constantly singing the praises of its state. Vast sums of money have been spent in the past for work of this character, much of which can well be saved in the future. If delegates to the National Editorial Association are selected because of their fitness to represent the state, and are supported to a reasonable degree by business men of the community. There is no denying the fact that newspaper men can accomplish more in this line of advertising our boundless resources than professional immigration agents, whatever their name or pretensions.

W. G. STEEL.

THE PALATIAL

OREGONIAN BUILDING

Not a dark office in the building; absolutely fireproof; electric lights and artesian water; perfect sanitation and thorough ventilation. Elevators run day and night.

	Rooms.
ANDERSON, GUSTAV, Attorney-at-Law	612
ASSOCIATED PRESS; E. L. Powell, Mgr.	806
AUSTEN, F. C., Manager for Oregon and Washington Bankers' Life Association, of Des Moines, Ia.	502-503
BANKERS' LIFE ASSOCIATION, OF DES MOINES, IA.; F. C. Austen, Manager	502-503
BEALS, EDWARD A., Forecast Official U. S. Weather Bureau	910
BEHNKE, H. W., Prin. Pernin Eborthand School	211
BENJAMIN, R. W., Dentist	514
BINSWANGER, DR. O. S., Phys. & Sur.	410-411
BROOKE, DR. J. M., Phys. & Surg.	708-709
BRUERE, DR. G. E., Physician	412-413-414
BUSTEED, RICHARD, Agent Wilson & McCallay Tobacco Co.	602-603
CAUKIN, G. E., District Agent Travelers' Insurance Co.	718
CARDWELL, DR. J. R.	506
CARROLL, W. T., Special Agent Mutual Reserve Fund Life Ass'n.	604
CLARK, HAROLD, Dentist	314
CLEM, E. A. & CO., Mining Properties	315-316
COLUMBIA TELEPHONE COMPANY	604-605-606-607-613-614-615
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SCRIBNER'S SONS, CHAS., Publishers	515
SHERWOOD, J. W., Deputy Supreme Commander, K. O. T. M.	317
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