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MANILA, June 25.—He is a brown-skinned Filipino Chinese, but he is worth a thousand dollars for every hair on 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 14 with his uncle to Manila, just 44 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, and made money. He saved. He speculated. As he grew rich he feared 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 house, 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.

His palatial home. The rooms are immense. They are floored with the finest of Philippine woods, 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, Celestials and 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 and blue and yellow and is cushioned with red; the table covers are a bright vermillion, 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 the grandest of these rooms that Don Carlos received me. I came by appointment and found him at home with his whole family about him. There were a dozen fat Chinese, all dressed in silk and satin, 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 55 years of age. His face is as brown as that of a Tagalog, his eyes are blue 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 gesture like a Congressman making a speech, and again would leave the 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.

Chinese of the Philippines. 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 20,000 in Manila, and perhaps 80,000 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 these provinces. The most are from Amoy. The Amoy Chinese have been here for two or three centuries. They are the richest 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 past 20 years, and we had a great lot of them just after the American took possession. They are chiefly coolies and mechanics, such as shoemakers, masons, carpenters, etc.

"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 junk came here to trade with the savages hundreds of years ago. They brought cloth, 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 business 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 \$100,000 in that way. I doubt whether there is a Filipino 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 this 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 merchant will outdo 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 \$500 a year will live upon \$100. The American will spend the whole \$500 and more. We are certain to beat you in the end."

"It is easy to see why the Chinese succeed 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 \$5 a week. Each of them will come to the Chinese store on Monday and buy on credit \$5 worth of goods. At the end of the week he will pay this \$5 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 want to develop this 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."

Philippine Kill, The Boh. "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, nor order him as you please. He is treacherous to the core, and you can never trust him. He may be a faithful servant for 20 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."

"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. The best of them are half savage. Scratch the surface of the Filipino and you will find the treacherous, practical, blood-thirsty 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 robbers whenever 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 25 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'd repeat 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.

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 pearl-fishing and in shipping cargoes of shells and valuable pearls to Europe. He had a contract with the Sultan, paying him some two years for the right to work his divers in certain of the deep waters off the coast of Sulu. He sold out his boats only 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 market and was very important.

The Chinese stores are grouped much according to the articles sold in them. The dry goods stores take up a number of blocks of hardware stores have their own section, and in other parts of Manila you find streets given up to Chinese shoemakers, tailors and sugar manufacturers. Many of them make sweetmeats, and manufacture chocolate from the cacao 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 1 cent of our money.

Make Most of the Shoes. 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 most 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 business in the whole island where they are not very much in evidence.

The Chinaman here has been of great advantage to the Army, although Uncle Sam is now trying to dispense with him. He has been the latter-beaver, going bravely out onto the battle-fields, and ship it to Manila. It is the same with sugar, rice, tobacco and copra, and, in fact, with everything in which there is a dollar 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.

Small Stores and Peddlers. All of the small retail business and, indeed, a great deal of the large business

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Palanca told me of 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, many of the ports were 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 product. He bought everything in sight, and when the Americans took possession and opened the port he made a cool \$250,000.

There are Chinese all over the Philippines dealing in hemp. I saw them buying hemp in the Philippines, and they export shiploads of it from Samar, Leyte and Southeastern Luzon. They go about among the farmers and buy up the crop. They trade for hemp 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 copra, and, in fact, with everything in which there is a dollar 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.

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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 shelves, stacked up on the floors, hung from the ceilings and even put outside the street in the arcade which runs from block to block. The stores have no doors and their whole fronts are taken away in the daytime. Some are not more than six feet in width and 10 feet in depth. But each has one or two pig-tailed 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 low slippers, 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 always ready to bargain and sell.

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THE ASSYRIAN DELUGE

STRIKING SIMILARITY OF NOAH'S FLOOD PROVES COMMON ORIGIN.

Genesis Contains Two Versions of the Tradition Picked Together—Causing Repetitions.

PORTLAND, Aug. 16.—(To the Editor.)—The story of Noah's flood, as told in Genesis, is gradually losing its place as an historical event, and is coming to be considered, as it clearly seems to be, a myth from the common stock of ancient fiction. Scientific men have often pointed out the physical impossibility of such an event; but perhaps nothing in recent years has tended more to produce this change of view than the result of the excavations of ancient libraries of Assyria and Babylon; for these have revealed to us a more ancient form of the same story which bears the evidence of being a "poetical embodiment of solar mythology."

This oriental story is told in an ancient Semitic dialect, and is inscribed in wedge-shaped characters upon a tablet of burnt clay. Many thousands of such tablets, collected by Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, about the middle of the seventh century B. C., were stored in the library of his palace at Nineveh, and, though many of them are in a sadly broken and mutilated condition, this narrative has been found in a tolerably complete state. But modern scholars agree that it is only a copy of a much more ancient work.

The tablet which bears this story is the 11th of a series of 12. The series contains an epic, or poetic narrative, and extends through some 3,000 lines. Each of the 12 tablets answers to a month, and to a corresponding sign of the Zodiac. The Assyrian year began with the Spring equinox, and the 11th month, called "The Rainy," is appropriately represented by the story of the deluge. It may be summarized as follows:

The sins of men had become grievous, and, at a council of the gods, it was resolved to bury the whole race under water. But the god of the sea, being friendly to seafaring men, sent a dream to a sailor of Mesopotamia, warning him of what was coming. The sailor's name is said to have been Parnaphistim, and the dream told him to loose no time in building a ship, in which his family and friends, with their domestic animals and a collection of wild creatures and seeds of plants, might be rescued from destruction. So a strong ship was built, and her sides were paid, inside and out, with the mixture of pitch or bitumen, with which the country abounded. The cargo was stored away, family and friends embarked, Parnaphistim following "about the door," or, as we would say, put on the hatch, and a trusty pilot was left alone on deck to do his best for the ship.

And now a hurricane began to rage; rains fell in torrents; the subterranean waters burst forth; a deluge swept over the land, and the wind lashed it into waves sky high. Heaven and earth became mingled in chaotic gloom. For six days and seven nights the tale raged, but the good ship held out until, on the seventh day, the storm lulled. Parnaphistim now ventured on deck, and seeing nothing but a waste of waters strewn with corpses and wreck, went over the destruction of his land and people. Far away, the mountains of Nizar were visible, and the ship was steered for them by an accurate compass, which he had. Then another seven days passed, and the poem, as translated by Professor Jastrow, proceeds:

When the seventh day approached,
A rent forth a dove,
The dove flew about,
But, finding no resting place, returned;
Then I sent forth a swallow,
But, finding no resting place, returned.
Then I sent forth a raven,
The raven flew off, and, seeing that the waters had decreased,
Cautiously waded in the mud, but did not return.

Upon this Parnaphistim liberated the rest of the wild animals, which immediately dispersed in all directions, while he and his family and friends ascended a mountain and offered sacrifice to the gods.

And the gods smelled a sweet savor,
And swarmed about the sacrifice like flies.
The great rainbow of one of the chief gods was displayed in the heavens, and it was agreed among them that men shall not be more destroyed by such disasters.

Professor Paul Elmer More, of Harvard University, in his study of "Assyrian Literature," which was published in The Oregonian's Home Study Circle for February 22 last, after referring to this story of the "Assyrian Noah," says:

"There is a striking similarity between this episode and the story of the flood in the Bible, and unquestionably the two accounts are different versions of some ancient tradition."

Indeed, the Bible account of the flood, like the account of creation, and many other portions of the Old Testament, is evidently a patchwork, composed of fragments of at least two versions of more

separated are recombined in their proper order, each set furnishing an account of the event, coherent and complete within itself, but in many respects discordant with that afforded by the other set. This fact, as I understand it, is not disputed. (Science and Hebrew Tradition, chap. vi.) In the Hebrew text the narrator of one of the principal sets, or versions, usually calls the deity by the Hebrew name "Elohim," which is translated "God" in the English editions; while the other narrator denominates the deity by the Hebrew name "Jehovah," or "Jehovah," translated "Lord." Bible scholars frequently term these two authors the Elohist narrator and the Jehovist narrator, respectively.

The principal discrepancy between the two versions here found placed together is in the number of each of the living things which Noah is instructed to take with him into the ark. Thus in the Elohist account God commanded Noah: "And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, and keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, and of every creeping thing of the earth after his kind, two of every sort shalt come unto thee, to keep them alive." (Genesis vi:13, 15.)

There is nothing indefinite or equivocal about this statement. It is "two of every sort," "male and female"; and we are assured that it is exactly carried out "according to all that God commanded him, so did he." (vii:1.)

But when we turn to the story as told by the Jehovist narrator we find an absolute contradiction. In this "the Lord said unto Noah," "Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee by sevens, the male and the female; and of beasts that are not clean by two, the male and his female. Of fowls also of the air by sevens, the male and the female; to keep them alive upon the face of the earth" (