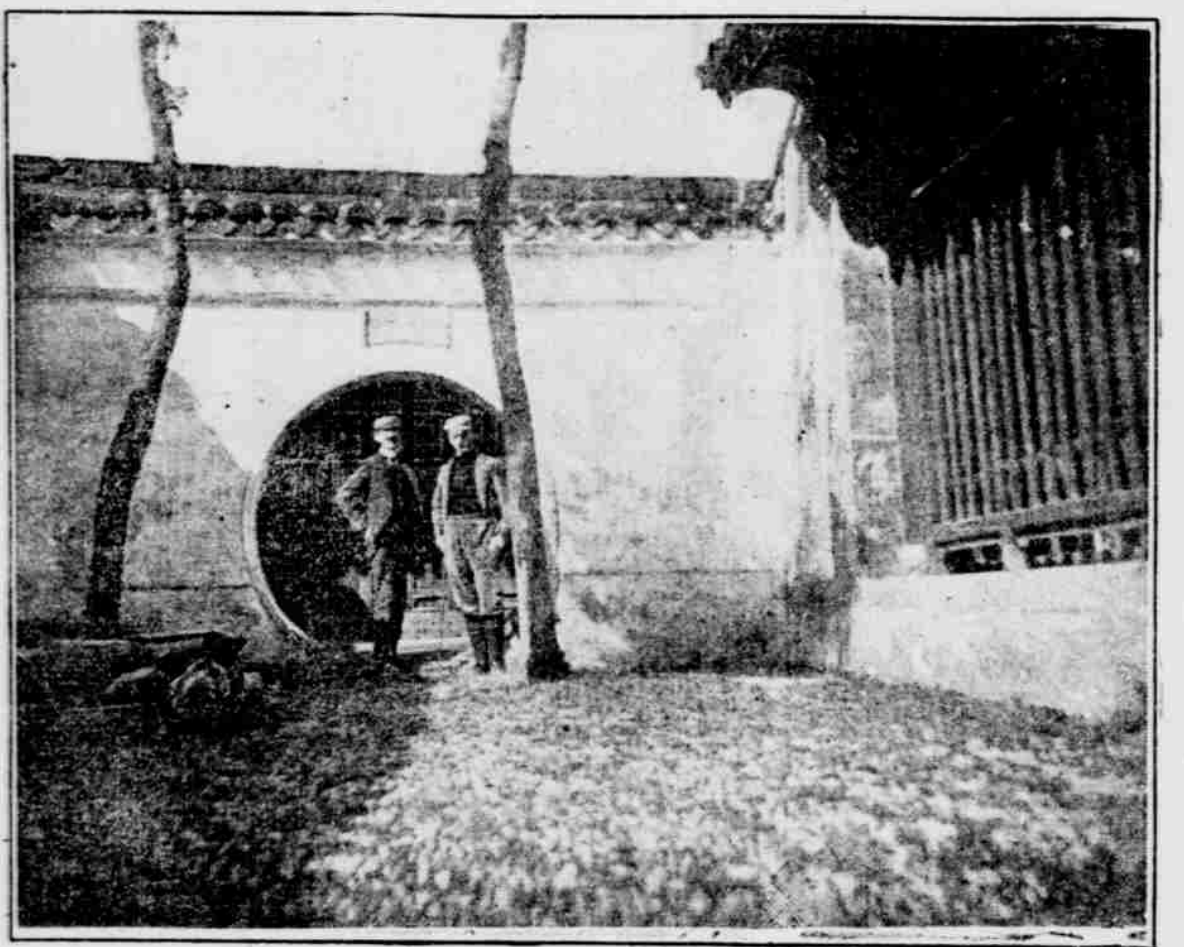


BIG CHINESE CITY OF MILLIONAIRES

HANGCHOW, THE GREAT SILK-MANUFACTURING CENTER OF THE FLOWERY KINGDOM

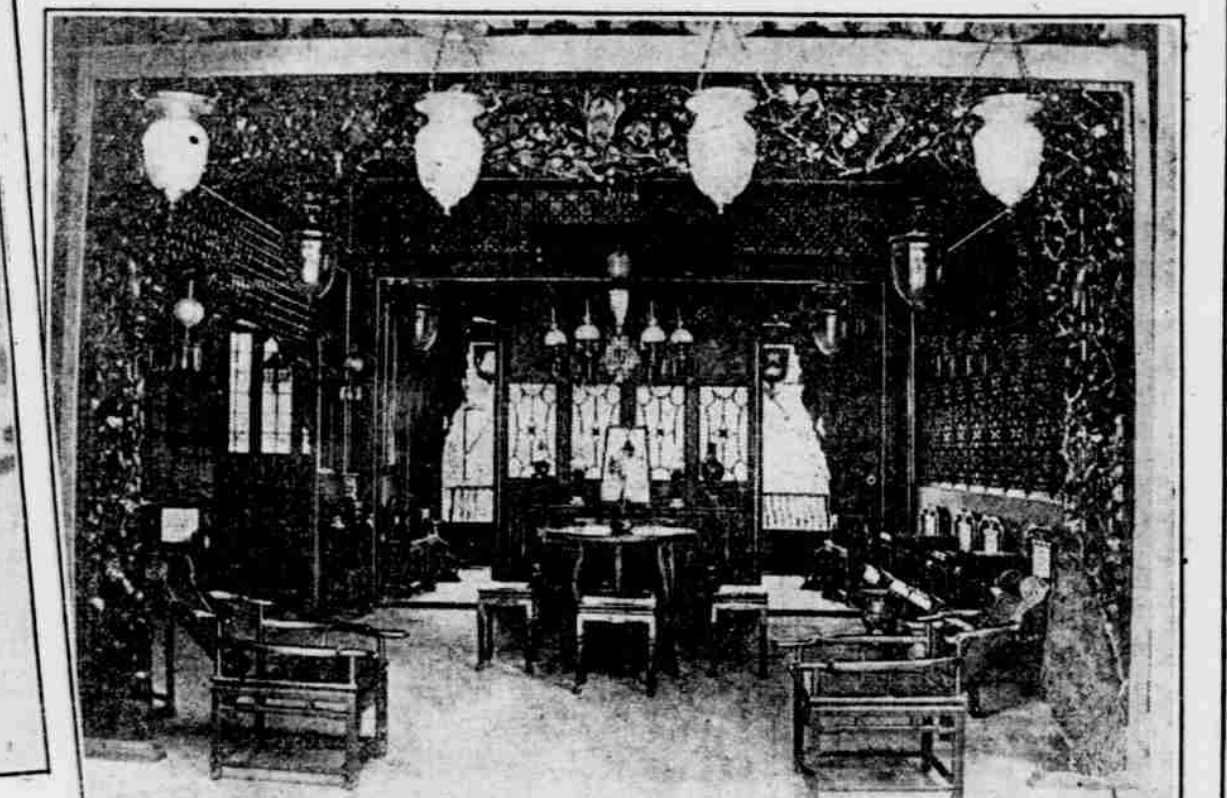


MR. CARPENTER AND
CONSUL GENERAL GOOD
NOW IN HANGCHOW.
MANY RICH MENS
HOUSES HAVE CIRCULAR
DOORWAYS

HANGCHOW'S MANY-STORED PAGODA



THE HAND OF A SILK MERCHANT



IN THE HOME OF A HANGCHOW MILLIONAIRE

HANGCHOW, CHEKIANG, China.
Dec. 28.—Have you ever heard of
Hangchow?

It is the capital of the silk province of
Chekiang and the chief silk manufacturing
center of the great Chinese Empire.
It has thousands of hand looms and tens
of thousands of workers. It weaves silks
of all kinds and it has hundreds of looms
which are employed exclusively in making
goods for the Imperial household.

Hangchow has silk millionaires by the
dozen. It is one of the richest cities of
China, and in proportion to its population
it has more rich men than any other.
It is one of the centers of trade
of the great Yangtze Valley and with
the opening up of the country, now that
the war is settled, it will grow enormously
in population and wealth. The city
is already twice as big as Cincinnati and
larger than any city in the United States
except Philadelphia, New York and Chicago.

Hangchow has grown to this size with-
out good connection with the sea, with-
out railroads and with only canals and
the little River Chentung. It is now pro-
posed to join it to Shanghai and Soochow
by rail, and lines will be extended to
Nanking, Nippon and eventually south to
Canton. The canals will probably be
deepened and a ship canal may some-
time join it to the sea. Foreign buildings
are already going up, although the city
has only been opened up to our trade
the last five years. The Japanese un-
locked its gates to the world and it now
has a large foreign settlement extending
a mile along the east bank of the Grand
Canal about four miles from the city
walls. Near this settlement there is a
big cotton mill filled with modern ma-
chinery and also a new steam silk fa-
ctory. Both are owned and operated by
Chinese.

Next to Heaven in Beauty.
"Above is Heaven, below are Hangchow
and Soochow."

This is an old saying of the Chinese.
They think Hangchow and Soochow are
the most beautiful cities outside Heaven.
Hangchow has been so noted for ages.
It was the capital of China during the
Sung dynasty. Marco Polo, who visited
it in the thirteenth century, called it the
great plain at the foot of rugged, low
mountains, which tower high above it.
There is a lake at the west, and the
city stretches out on all sides over the
plain. I write this description on the
mountain above it. There are temples

to Confucius and Buddha all about me
and I have climbed up here with the pil-
grims who have come to worship in
the temples in order to give you an idea
of Hangchow.

I stand on a high precipice in front of
a Buddhist temple overlooking the city.
For miles in front and to my right and
left is a vast expanse of low, black tiled
ridge-roofed houses, cut here and there
by narrow streets, which are marked out
by the white buildings upon them. Be-
yond these I can see the great walls of
the city itself. They are as high as a
four-story house, and so thick that a
could drive three carriages side by side
upon them without crowding, and I am
told they are 30 miles long.

The Grand Canal.
Beyond these walls extends a vast
plain cut up by hundreds of waterways,
large and small. That wide band of sil-
ver which borders the walls is the famous
Grand Canal, the great artery of Chinese
trade, beginning at Peking, flows
on south through the most populous parts
of the empire and ends here at Hang-
chow. See the thousands of boats which
are moving to and fro upon it. There
are steam launches, great sailing junks
and smaller craft of all kinds. That canal
is the longest in the world. It is
older than Christian America and it has
been now a vast trade. Along it and
over the plain, cut up by other canals,
a crazy-crowd of green, yellow and other
colored crops has been stretched and
sowed together with those bands of sil-
ver water, while everywhere are the vast
orchards of bulberry trees, which feed
the tens of millions of silk worms for
the satins, brocades and silks which
make Hangchow famous.

China's Most Beautiful Lake.

Turn around now and look at the lake
on the western edge of the city. It is 20
miles in circumference and its diamond
bright surface is studded with emerald
islets. Some of the islands have palaces
on them, the homes of the Princes and
rich men of the city. The hills about the
lake are covered with bamboo, plums
and peach trees and the gardens are full
of roses and honeysuckles.
Hangchow extends back from this lake,
a vast plain of one and two-story houses,
with great business streets stretching for
miles through the center. At the right
over the plain, cut up by other canals,
like bird cages upon them rising high
above the black roofs. That is the yamen
where the Governor lives, and where
you will find as many politicians as
about the White House in Washington.
The big building a little further over is
a Mohammedan temple and the tall tower
away at the left above the lake is Hang-
chow's famous many-storied pagoda,
which stands over a white snake, a
human being who was so changed as a
punishment for his sins.
But let us go down and take a walk

through the streets. The city is full of
business. There are miles of stores and
workshops. The people swarm, and men,
women and children are all working.
Every side alley has its little manufactur-
ing establishments. Here they are making
furniture, there they are painting in
lacquer, and farther on is a section where
dolls are made, and the dolls are made
of sheets. It is used as grave-digger money
which the Chinese burn at the funerals
to give the dead funds to establish them-
selves in the world to which they are
going.

How fine the stores are! We walk down
the main business street. It is four miles
in length and it cuts the city in halves.
It is filled with a moving human stream
from dawn until dark. How narrow it is!
It is not more than 10 feet from one wall
of shops to the other, and the signboards
hang down so that we fear to bump our
heads against them. There are so many
signs that they obstruct the light and
make the street too dark for me to take
photographs. Even if it were light I could
not get views. The throng is too thick and
the movement too rapid. The only way
that you could get a photograph here
would be with a flashlight and a balloon.

Scenes on the Streets.
And still the street is full of good pic-
tures. I stop in a store and take out my
notebook and jot down the strange things
all about me. There are two Chinese
greeting each other. Each is shaking his
own hands, putting his fists together;
neither man touches the other. Here
come some coolies carrying a great box
fastened to the middle of a pole, which
they rest on their shoulders. They grunt
and cry out at every step as they move
onward, and both rich and poor get out
of the way. By custom the man who carries
the load is given the center of the street,
and others must go to the wall. This is
for two reasons—one is that the Chinese
naturally respect labor, and another is
that their clothes may not be soiled
against the burden so carried.

Take, for instance, the man who is com-
ing down the street. He is bare to the
waist, and he has two buckets of the vilest
slap attached to the two ends of a pole
which rests on his shoulders. There is a
framework of straw on the top of the
liquid, but the stuff would splash out if
he jostled against you in passing. Behind
him are two coolies carrying a load of
boards on their shoulders, and still further
back are other men with baskets of
gray cooked ducks. There are coolies
toting bales of cotton and silk, loads of
pottery, and, in fact, all sorts of things
used by the Chinese. The dray horse here
is the coolie, and the coolie takes the
place of the wagon as well.

There are many women in the crowd
moving past me. Some of them are gor-
geously dressed. They totter along on
small feet, leaning on canes or aided by
servants. Here and there you see one

sitting in the stores or on the steps, rest-
ing herself during her shopping.
But what is that procession which is go-
ing by now? It pushes every one to the
wall. First come men bearing a bat
on boards, on which red characters are paint-
ed, and behind them boys in long gowns,
with red conical hats. Some carry flags
and others march and dragons on poles.
Some have red umbrellas, and there are
two Chinese officials on horseback, and
behind them a gorgeous sedan chair of
green silk. I look in at the windows as
the chair passes. Its occupant is a woman,
the wife of a Chinese General. She is
splendidly dressed, and the red paint of
her cheeks is spread on in smears.

Behind is a rich Chinese merchant in
silk, and with him are two boys in spec-
tacles, who are perhaps preparing for the
examinations which they will soon take at
Peking.

In a Chinese Silk Store.
There are silk shops everywhere. Chil-
dren are waving most beautiful ribbons
and crepes, some of the finest of Chinese
silks being made by boys and girls under
15 years of age. Some of the stores which
sell silk have factories connected with
them, and some of the silk establishments
are very large. Hangchow has whole
streets of silk shops, some of which sell
hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of
goods every year. The shops are nothing
like our dry goods stores. There are no
drapes displayed in the windows and no
goods on the counters. The interior looks
more like a music store than anything else.
Its walls are covered with pigeon-
holes, out of which long rolls of cloth
stick. To each roll is attached a little
strip of white muslin, bearing the price
mark in Chinese. You ask for what you
want and the goods are then brought forth
and unrolled. Many of the silks are sold
by weight, at so much per pound.

Later on I enter a silk factory. It is one
of the largest in the city, and there are
about 100 girls sitting on the floor pound-
ing at the refuse or waste of raw silk.
The girls look up as I come in, and when
I point my camera their way stammered;
every yellow, almond-eyed maiden jumps
up on her little feet and toddles away at
full speed. They huddle together behind
the partition at the back of the room, and
I hear their voices indignantly scolding,
when my guide says:

"Master, no take picture here. China
girl, he no like you take picture. He
think you make die."

The Biggest Fan Store of Asia.
One of the largest businesses of Hang-
chow is making fans. They are produced
by the millions, and shipped from here to
all parts of China. Some of them are very
valuable, costing \$5 and upward. Some
are made of eagle's feathers, others of
silk, with ivory handles, and many of pa-
per, wood and other materials. The Chi-
nese use more fans than any other nation.

Both sexes carry them, and there are fans
which are proper for men, and other
makes which are only proper for women.
One of the most popular gifts is an auto-
graph fan, and poetry fans are common.
Such things are written in Chinese char-
acters, and when produced by a scholar
are much desired. There are folding fans
and fans with maps of the various cities
of China upon them. Some fans turn in
at the ends. Some are round in shape,
and many are hand-painted and embro-
idered.

One use of the fan is to shade the eyes
from the sun. The most fashionable gen-
tleman's cap has no brim, and the man
who has no fan cannot walk about without
an umbrella. Many of the people go bare-
headed, and as they are shaved to pro-
tect them from the hot sun. In the shade
the fan is either carried in the hand or
folded up and stuck in the back of the
neck, or sometimes in the top of the stock-
ing.

Hangchow has the largest fan store of
the world. It faces the main street, and
consists of many rooms running around
streets and covering a large space. In the
front part of the establishment a dozen
clerks are kept busy showing fans to
would-be purchasers. The other rooms
are workshops where Chinese men, women
and children are making fans, and this
store the business is done in departments,
one set of men making the sticks, and
others painting the leaves, and others
making the nails which join the sticks
together. In most businesses one Chi-
nese makes the whole product, but the
fan business here is organized into many
divisions.

They Paint and Powder.
Among the other things for sale of Hang-
chow are those which sell perfumery and
cosmetics. The Chinese women paint and
powder more than their sisters of the
United States. The ladies cover their
cheeks with rouge. They shave their eye-
brows and pencil out new ones after the
most fashionable arch. They paint the
lips red, and paste the neck over with a
ghostly white. The painting is done by
females of all ages, from little girls to
old women.

Other odd shops are the silversmiths,
where most beautiful cups, pitchers and
other things are sold. Among the curi-
ous articles are silver shields to protect
the long finger nails of fashionable la-
dies. Both sexes allow the nails to grow,
and I have seen men who could put the
palm of one hand on their chin and
scratch the back of the neck without
moving it. Long nails, you know, are the
signs of a gentleman, for no one who has
nails two or three inches long can pos-
sibly do mental labor.

attempt to take pictures, no stones are
thrown, nor, as far as I can learn, are
any rude things said. We have now
grown accustomed to the Chinese, but 20
years ago a party of Celestials in towns
would have been mobbed in many of our
interior towns, and the boys would prob-
ably have thrown stones at them. Cer-
tainly a Chinese woman dressed as she is
at home could not go about upon her
small feet in our cities today without a
crowd of boys at her heels.

The streets here are so crowded that it
would be impossible to do business if the
people were not very good-natured. Very
few policemen are required. In the 14
miles which I have walked through Hang-
chow in going from place to place I have
not seen one policeman. The only evi-
dences that there is anything of the kind
are the black boxes on the sidewalks
where the police sleep at night. Indeed,
I think the Chinese have been much mal-
igned as to their ill-treatment of stran-
gers. I have traveled many thousands
miles in the empire, and as a rule have
received as much courtesy here as in
other parts of the world.

The day is fast coming when China will
be better understood than it is now. This
country is one of the most beautiful in the
world. It has picturesque mountains,
grassy plains and green valleys, cut up
by canals. It is a land of sentiment and
poetry, where even the common people
appreciate learning.

Indeed, everything here has some senti-
ment connected with it. I bought a hand-
ful of beautiful plums the other day, and
reminded on the dimple which each has in
its side, when I was told how the dimples
came to be. Said my Chinese guide: "Cen-
turies ago there was in the town of Kow-
shing a Princess who was noted for her
beauty. She was fond of fruit, and one
day while eating plums picked out an
especially fine one and pressed her little
finger into it. The pressure left a dimple.
She tasted the plum and found it so de-
licious that she planted the stone. It
grew into a tree which bore other plums
equally sweet, but each of the new plums,
strange to say, had a dimple in its side.
The plums were so fine that they became
famous all over China. Gifts from the
tree were carried everywhere, so that the
plum bruised by the finger of the Princess
became the mother of all the dimpled
plums of the China of today."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GEORGE ADE'S MOD- ERN FABLE

OF THE VETERAN TOURIST
WHO TOLD THE TRUTH
ABOUT HIS GAMBLING

ONE evening a Company of Tourists
who knew all about the Fall Line
of Goods found themselves laid
out in a Jim-Crow Town. As usual,
there had been a Good Show there the
Week before, but on this particular night
there was nothing Billed except a Rum-
mage Sale at the Presbyterian Church. So
the Wayfarers stuck to the Office of the
Commercial Hotel, where they borrowed
Cigars and volunteered a few Chapters
from a Busy Life.

The Man who told his Story early in
the Game was at a decided Disadvantage,
because the next Author had to raise him
a few. The one who came in last of all
was sure to be the King Bee.
The Talk Carnival opened with a brief
Session of the Home-Wreckers' Associa-
tion, after which they started in to tell
how they had skinned the Other Fellow at
Games of Chance. They hated to talk
about Themselves, but they had to do it.
The average Poker Story should run
as a Serial. It has a Preamble about as
long as the Moral Law. The Man who is
spinning it, in order to entertain him-
self, begins by relating how he was on a
Sleeper between East St. Louis and
Edinburgh. He tells the Name of the
Book he was reading, the Color of the
Pullman Conductor's Whiskers and the
Speed at which the Train was running.
Having settled these important Details he
slowly approaches the Plot of the
Piece. It seems that Albert Hieronimus,
who used to travel for Skintone, Walrus
& Co., asked him to into the State-Room
and hold Cards so as to make it four-
handed. The Narrator explains that he
had no desire to Play, but he went just
to oblige Al. Then he tells about meet-
ing a Mining Expert from Colorado and
a little Fat Man who owned a Giant's
Furnishing Store in St. Joe. His girl
gives the Conversation in regard to fixing
the Ante and Limit and forgets who had
the first Deal, but anyway they all dropped
out the first time around and made it a
Jack. The St. Joe Man opened it and he,
the Hero of the Story, lingered on a pair
of Sevens, but kept a One-Spotter on the
side and then picked up a Seven and an
Ace and made a foxy Bet of Two Bits,
and so on and so on. When it came time
to change at the Junction, he had every-
thing except their Clothes.

The Little Group in the Hotel Office
listened to one of these Typical Tales last-
ing from 7.30 to 8.45. The Next Man was
reminded of what happened to him in El
Paso when he sauntered into Cy Ryan's
and slipped a big Iron on his leg. The
Bingle O. He caught it and let it lay for a
Repeater, and then pushed the whole
Stack over on the Red and Red came.
Then he spilled a few Yellow beans on
the first 12 and couldn't go wrong. After
playing 15 minutes and losing back 375
he was still 2350 to the Good when he
cashed in.

It seemed that No. 3 knew how to In-
hale a few, for he butted in with a Beaut
of how he put a Crimp in a Faro Game
at Seattle. He told another of the just-
appended-Kluge. He was laid known
balling the Lay-Out while waiting for a
Friend to get through with a Game of
Stud. He caught the Tray and began to
Pyramid. The Tray came right for him
and he handed it out and the Friend
fell in a Fit and begged him to Stop.
He went back to the Hotel with his
Overcoat Pockets full of the Bank Roll.
"But the best I can say about this
with one of those justly celebrated Pipes
about, 'Just before the Fourth Race a
Friend came to me and told me to get
a Piece of Money down on Lou Perkins'.
It seems that Lou Perkins was commonly
regarded as a crippled Goat, and it was
a case of write your own Ticket, the
Price running as long as 25 to 1.

"But the best I can say about this
truthful Clothing Salesman, 'was 200
to 1.'"

He took \$10 worth of Lou Perkins at
20 to 1 and came in sideways nothing
to several Acquaintances in the Grand
Stand. He had landed at the Track with
\$18 and a Badge and he went back with
Two Thousand and then a Lot in his
Pockets that he didn't take the
trouble to count.

Two or three others who had put the
Bookies out of Business and broken the
Hearts of Professional Gamblers, clipped
in to the Symposium and at last it was
up to the old-time Drummer who had
been sitting back doing a Listen.
"I don't belong in this bunch," said
the Drummer, "I never caused a Book-Maker
to hit the Grit. I can win more out of
an Expense Account on one Trip than I
have made out of the Picture Cards in
20 Years. The Fact is that I am a Frier.
Any time that I stand to win or lose
more than a Month's Salary at a single
Toss, I get chilled below the Knees. That
is when I begin to think about that next
Payment on the Building and Loan
Stock. Sometimes I am ashamed of my-
self for not being a keener Sport. I figure
that the Struck of Yellow in me must
be Double Width, or 72 inches. For
Years I have been up and down the road
with you Boys who clean up the Book-
Makers and give the Limerick Knock-
out to every Poker player you meet. I
Toss Easy-Money Talk that I have heard
would fill the Century Dictionary. I'll
tell you that I have been discouraged at
times to think that I had to get my Cush
by my own hand, and that I had to show
all you had to do, any time you were

hard pressed, was to go out and shake
down a Professional. During all my
time on the Road I never met one of you
Followers who stepped ahead of the Game.
I can't understand what you do with all
your Money. Why is it that you, who
have been picking up these Vast Sums
from time to time are overdrawn at the
House, while I, who am in the way of getting
it except by pinching the Salary and
swelling the Sundries, own a Chunk of
Suburban Real Estate?

"There is something else I don't Un-
derstand," continued the Vet. "I see the
Book-Makers wearing these \$500 Sparks
and eating at the Best Places. I drop in
at a Gambling Den and take notice of
the Wheel inside with Pearl the Rings
two inches thick and the free Turkey
Sandwiches. I judge that the Rent and
Lights amount to Considerable. How
can they keep going and lose Money all
the time? I never meet any one who
admits that he is feeding his income to
the Man with the Spotted Shirt. All the
People I meet are big Winners. It must
be that all these Games inherited what
they've got."

When he paused, several of his Com-
panions stretched and said it was about
time to turn in.

MORAL: The Man who gets Cleaned
seldom blows about it. GEORGE ADE.
(Copyright, 1902.)

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