

AMERICAN SUCCESSSES IN THE PHILIPPINES

HOW THE INDOMITABLE YANKEE IS "HUSTLING" FOR BUSINESS IN THE FAR EAST



CLARK'S PLACE IN MANILA



THE CABLENEWS OFFICE



LOVING, THE BANDMASTER

MANILA, Aug. 28.—(Special Correspondence of The Oregonian.)—The record of American endeavor in the Philippines is a varied story, saddened by instances of wretched failure and illumined by examples of splendid success. When the confident Yankee looked across the obdurate East the rest of the world looked on with a smile—the smile of skepticism that the experienced always bestow upon the uninitiated. Men have grown old in the attempt to quicken the sluggish blood of Asia. That the white man could not hustle the dead-end, mystery-steeped East had long been an accepted conclusion by those who knew it from close association. And so the coming of the American, with his abundant assurance, caused the scoffers to nudge each other while they waited for his measure to be taken. The result has been an all-around surprise. The optimistic Yankee is opening his eyes to the enormity of his task; the frowny East sits smiling in its stupor, and the cunning increase their incentive by the newcomer shows the stuff that's in him.

The Best of the Breed.

Kipling struck the true note when he said the bearing of the white man's burden would call for the best of the breed. The stoic and steady and enduring nature of this slow-going "load of manna" will take the heart and blood out of those who are not Spartan born. The white man or woman who can produce the fruits of success are not strong physically and morally. The hostile climate eats into the vitality of the feeble or indiscreet, and there is a sinking something that gets in the blood of the unwary and makes him spend more money than he earns, causes him to be careless of his associates and renders him indifferent to the good resolves of his youth, all of which are signs that make the devil glad.

While the domination of the Philippines is now recognized as a titanic undertaking, calling for the best service of the best talent we can produce, the fruits of success are worth the winning. The fact that others have failed is an additional incentive for us to succeed, because the true pioneer is not discouraged by the thought that he is breaking new ground. Admitting that failures have occurred in plenty since American occupation of the islands, there follows a collection of specific experiences to show that our widely vaunted trait of adaptability is not a myth; that those who are giving the best there is in them to the solution of their problems are breaking down the obstinacy of this stubborn land.

Clarke, the Pie Peddler.

One of the first Americans to land in Manila after our troops was a young man by the name of Clarke, from Centralia, Ill. Before the smoke of the bombardment cleared away he began to exercise his commercial instinct by retailing pies to the hungry soldiers. The little bakery founded by the pie vendor has now grown into an establishment of large proportions, giving employment to 15 Americans and 30 Filipinos. The Clarke bakery practically supplies the white population of Manila with bread. Four and a half tons of American flour are consumed every 24 hours. When the remnant of the battered Russian fleet limped into Manila harbor this summer, the first thing the admiral did after ordering the fleet to be anchored was to order Clarke to send 300 loaves of his bread for his hungry lackies.

The site of commercial Manila takes its luster from Clarke's. He has also been so successful in the manufacture of candy that his name means almost as much to the Orient as Huyler's, Gunther's and Lowrey's stand for in the United States. A branch factory has been established in Shanghai, and the proprietor is extending his business throughout the entire East. This successful young pioneer believes in the future of the Philippines and is investing his profits here. In the cargo of the ship which brought him to Manila there was \$500 worth of mining machinery consigned to Clarke, which in itself is sufficient commentary on the growth of a business that was founded only yesterday with a capital stock consisting of a basket of pies.

American Firm Wins Out.

The development of the firm of Castle Bros.—Wolf & Sons, American importers and exporters, shows another phase of business success in the Philippines. The

gentlemen in this firm were not of the soldier-of-fortune type, but were trained business men from San Francisco who brought plenty of money with them to establish themselves. They began by taking contracts to provide the Army with vegetables, produce, frozen meats and other commodities, at the same time founding a commission business in flour, feed and fruits. In the course of time they added dry goods, cement and electrical machinery, and began to export native products such as hemp, dried coconuts and cigars.

They are now agents for six of the principal steamship lines, and have just added a fire and marine insurance department to their business. They had to compete with established English and Chinese firms, who knew the puzzling ins and outs of the Oriental trade, that are so baffling and perplexing to the American business man. Although it has been a battle royal for supremacy, the new firm has succeeded so well in "hustling the East" that the volume of their business for this year will reach \$5,000,000, which will be the high water mark for this center.

Lawyers Make Lucky Strike.

Two Americans who are practicing law in Manila have won a case before the United States Supreme Court, the fees of which are larger than most lawyers earn in a lifetime. These two young men are John W. Hausermann and Charles C. Cohn, the former being from Leavenworth, Kan., and the latter from San Francisco. The case in point related to the refund of duties collected by the United States Government from the merchants of the Philippines. It seems that upon the declaration of war with Spain, President McKinley ordered the collection of a war tax upon imports. This imposition of a war tax upon imports, this imposition should have been suspended when the Paris treaty was signed, but was continued during the Philippine insurrection because the officials interpreted the law to mean that duty should be collected as long as any kind of hostilities were in progress. The Supreme Court has decided that international war and local insurrection are two different matters, therefore the duties which were collected after the signing of the Paris treaty must be refunded.

The amount involves between \$1,000,000 and \$3,000,000. The firms who paid this money are to receive 5 to 10 per cent, and the attorneys 2 to 3 per cent. Hausermann and Cohn have worked on the case for five years, in connection with the law firm of Couderc Bros., of New York. Cohn and Hausermann will each receive \$300,000. A motion for a rehearing has been filed on the ground that the refund of this money would be in the nature of a gratuity, because the duty was added to the cost price of the goods at the time, while that in reality the public paid the tax. While this is true, the Supreme Court regards the matter from a legal standpoint only, and it is said that Congress will hardly refuse the payment of a bill against the country which has been approved by the highest court in the land.

Manila has been the scene of many newspaper enterprises. The Cablenews,

with the exception of the Honolulu Advertiser, is the best equipped journal under the American flag outside the States. It was established by Israel Putnam, a Saratoga capitalist, who was formerly an officer in the Regular Army. Mr. Putnam's idea was to give the Americans in the Philippines, and the people of the Orient in general, the news of the world from an American viewpoint. He spared no money in equipping the paper, supplying linotypes, perfecting presses and stereotyping machinery, all of which are run by Filipinos, there being no printer or mechanic of any other nationality employed on the paper. The Cablenews is housed in its own building of concrete and steel, which is the handsomest, largest and most costly of its kind in the Orient. Everything is run by electricity.

About two years ago Mr. Putnam leased the Cablenews to Mr. Frederick O'Brien, a correspondent who is well known in San Francisco, New York and the Far East. The cosmopolitan atmosphere of the paper is shown by the personnel of its staff, the editor being an American, the city editor an Englishman, while the reporters are Irish, English, German and Filipino. The paper is published in English, with daily translations from the Spanish and Tagalog papers, and it is liberally illustrated with half-tones. In former times little news was received in Manila by cable on account of the tremendous tolls, but the Cablenews struggled along under a great burden of expense until it finally built up a clientele that paid.

Exporting to China. Squires & Bingham, dealers in photographic supplies, were enlisted men from Minnesota and Pennsylvania respectively. Both were expert photographers and as soon as they were mustered out of the army went to work with their cameras. Their business has grown until they not only have a jobbing trade all over the Philippines, but are beginning to export to China. They are installing a plant for the manufacture of all kinds of photographic paper and will push their line throughout the whole East.

E. C. McCallough & Co., the pioneer printers and stationers of Manila, have built up one of the finest printing establishments in the Orient. They made a small beginning, gradually adding to their facilities until they are now equipped to do all kinds of book work and color printing. They turn out many of the local magazines and periodicals in a manner quite in keeping with the high standard set in the United States.

Although the difficulty of securing competent labor has heretofore made the East a dreaded locality for contracting firms, two American concerns who invaded the field since the occupation of the Philippines have "made good." The Atlantic, Gulf & Pacific Co., of New York, San Francisco and Seattle, has made brilliant success of its enormous contract to improve the harbor of Manila. J. G. White & Co., construction contractors of New York, were equally suc-

cessful in putting through the contract for building the Manila electric street railway. Both of these companies encountered many of the most difficult problems in constructive engineering, yet they fully sustained the good reputation American engineers have made in all parts of the world.

Loving, the Negro Bandmaster. One of the pronounced American successes in the Philippines is that of Lieutenant Walter H. Loving, the negro band master, who captured the crowd at the St. Louis Exposition with his constabulary band of eighty

pieces. The best bands in the world participated in the musical contest at St. Louis, and Loving was awarded second prize, defeating famous organizations like Sousa's, the Mexican National Band and the English Royal Band. The first prize was won by the French musicians, but there were many authorities who claimed that the Filipinos were equally as good. The splendid showing made by the dusky islanders was a genuine surprise.

Lieut. Loving is a native of St. Paul, Minnesota, and was brought up by Judge Flambeau, a neighbor of J. J. Hill. The colored youth graduated from the St. Paul High School in the same class with the son of his employer. His benefactor then sent him to the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, from where he graduated with high honors. He organized two Army bands before coming to the Philippines. Loving is a band for a day on the ship which took his band to America, and continued the

How "Bob" Fitzsimmons Was "Trimmed" at New Orleans
By the Time He Whipped Jim Hall, the Purse of Forty Thousand Dollars Had Vanished in Thin Air.

THERE are some funny ideas in the world, and now after the years have gone by—grown into something over 12—I can afford to sit back and crack a quiet smile at the things that came off down in New Orleans when I fought Jim Hall in the National Athletic Club, and, incidentally, lost a bunch of money; the same old story, you know: Easy mark, and know-it-all got trimmed again. Of course, it's funny, if it wasn't then, it is now, and I guess we'll all have to get in on it.

On February 19, 1900, I fought Jim Hall in Sydney, Australia, and lost the decision—and not because I couldn't knock him flat any time I wanted to, either, but that's another story, that maybe I'll touch up later. Ever since that fight I've been trying somehow to get another go at Jim, principally because he'd been blowing all over the world he'd found an easy thing out there in Kangaroo-land. I was out for Jim, and I needed him in my business, and it was a long while I took to get him.

However, I came over to this country and landed in San Francisco and nobody there seemed to take much of the Fitzsimmons stock at anywhere near what I thought it was worth. Maybe they thought it was watered a bit, and from what I've learned since it wouldn't surprise me, knowing San Francisco as I do, if they hadn't had a lot of good hot ones put over the plate before that. However, they didn't cotton to me very much, and I had to wait a bit.

All they knew was that Jim Hall had got a decision over me out in Sydney, and Jim had forgotten to hand over all the details at the same time. I followed Jim's trail around a bit, and finally I got an offer from the Minnesota Athletic Club, of St. Paul, to pull off a go with the good James. As I said before, they didn't know me very well, and I had to put up a guarantee of about \$50,000, which I had to have in the ring.

Jim, I made him a few offers that the ordinary professional would have grabbed at and swallowed, hook and sinker, but Jim was a bit shy, and steered clear of the bait. That was July 22, 1891, and I was out looking for other business all the time.

In March I met Peter Maher in New Orleans and dropped him in 12 rounds, and long before the first round was over. Then I put Jim Farrell asleep in two rounds in Newark, and Jim sat down and waited. A week later I went after Joe Godfrey in Philadelphia, and laid him out in one round, and six days later picked up Jerry Slattery in New York, and fastened the craze on his record in two rounds. All this time Jim Hall was fading away a little bit further, and I didn't do any more fighting until September, when I went down in Anneton, Ala., and trimmed Millard Zender without any trouble.

I could see Jim watching me out of the corner of his eye, and I tried to draw him out, but he'd got money mad about then, and he couldn't see it anyway he fixed it. He was still talking pretty big about what he'd do to me when we did meet, but every time he saw a lithograph of me they say he'd shiver and say it was a goose walking over his grave. I went out with a show that winter, and we hit some high spots that kind of rubbed our nice new paint off here and there.

However, at last I managed to get Jim nailed down, and it was fixed that we pull it off in New Orleans. The National promised to hang up a purse of \$40,000, and they did it all right. Then a certain party offered us \$50,000 to come up North and pull off the mill in New York, and the clinch, which is me, wouldn't have it that way. I got up on my hind legs and made a howl which simmered down about like this:

"No, siree, I've got good friends in New Orleans, and I know they get a square deal here. I'm going to stick to my pals in New Orleans."

Incidentally, I'd borrowed about \$5000 from a man down there who was interested in the club, to get me out of a hole, and pay off my show people, and I couldn't see where I came in to toss him in the air. I stuck over for New Orleans, and New Orleans it was.

Here is where the comedy commences. Nobody, but a few wise ones believed I ever had a chance with Hall. My fight with Dempsey ought to have put them wise, but it didn't, and so when the betting was called I was the short end of it, and most of the club outfit could see almost anything but Fitzsimmons. That is not a swelled head or anything like that, but after I'd whipped Dempsey, that lad was always watching out for me and his wife told me once that when he was in

daily drill up to the time of the opening of the exposition, so that his men were thoroughly familiar with over a thousand selections.

During the exposition the band was taken on tour for a short time, and in the different cities where it appeared it proved a big drawing card, attracting a greater number of people than usually attend the big circuses. It proved a great advertisement for the Philippines. Several amusement promoters are now negotiating with a view to taking the band on tour in America, and if this is done it will surely break all attendance records.

The Spirit of Success. The various crusades against epidemics have shown that this is indeed the land of the white man's trial. Meacham and Mudge were two men whose names should live in the hall of fame. Meacham was an inspector who had a weak heart. When the cholera was raging in one district like a scourge, the order came to burn everything in the ground. The day was intensely hot, and the added heat of the blazing buildings made the district a veritable inferno. Meacham confined the flames by the proper zone, then suffered a fatal collapse. In his pocket was found a note from his physician, dated one day before, which told the inspector that if he did not rest it would cost him his life. The plucky fellow had heeded himself to complete his task and had taken the consequences without a hint of complaint.

Mudge was another sanitary man whom the doctors found working with a temperature of 104 degrees. He had been without rest for days. When finally persuaded to desist, he said: "I guess I will take a little nap." The epidemic was checked, but Mudge never woke up. He had taxed his strength beyond the rallying point. Can you discourage or defeat a nation which produces men like these? Has the desert or the mountain or the jungle ever stopped them? Even though the East is benumbed with centuries of inactivity, will they not prevail against it? I leave it to you to answer.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Of course it was some satisfaction to have handed James his, and to shut his trap down about what he was going to do to me, but that money was a bitter wallop. I've got many a worse one in the ring, but they never hurt like that did. And me all but broke. Wow!

However, it's a good saying that it'll all come out in the wash, and it did. I got along somehow, but that lesson taught me a lot of things.

In the newspapers sometimes you've read something like this: "Some delay was caused at the ringside by Fitzsimmons. He wanted the money put up in plain sight, and said he wouldn't go on unless some reputable man held the stake."

Maybe you've thought it mighty queer for a man to act that way, and perhaps you've felt a little bit sore, and had a whole lot of contempt for a man that couldn't trust anybody with the change he was going to fight for.

Well, now, do you blame Fitzsimmons? Do you think he did that for a joke, or because he didn't want anyone to get the hooks into him again. It's the old story, once bit, twice shy, and it's a burnt child that dreads the fire.

I'm going to know where I get my hands on that purse, no matter how things go, and if any more presidents want to gamble, they can do with some other lad's money. However, that's where I have a laugh now and then, when I think of me working like a mule, and the other fellow running down the street with that stack of money in his hand.

It is to laugh—now.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

To a Butterfly. London Punch. (At 90 Degrees in the Shade.) Best apricot, that flitters through the air 'neath summer sun, devoid of care, And underneath, I envy thee, distracting fly. Thou lookest so fresh and cool, while I Can't think I try.

No collar dotted at Fashion's beck, Depends, a moist and crumpled wreck, About thy neck.

No hard boiled shirt, no fancy vest, Lies nightmare-like on thine oppressed And shimmering chest.

I envy thee; ah! would I were as free, Mingling brave, unfettered, 'e'en as you, The public view.

A handkerchief, a string of beads, Or, as the Hottentot conceals To Custom's needs— These, and a brush or so of paint, I'd gladly wear without complaint, Only I mayn't.