WHITE MAN'S BURDEN NOT SO HEAVY

Yankee's Adaptability Is Equaled by the Filipino's; Harmony Results—Native Works Better; American Rests Better.

To Americanize the city of Manila is one thing; to repeat the process out in the wilds and civilize and unify dozens of differing tribes of savages, is quite another. But Uncle Sam has undertaken the task. Mr. Haskin, in an article of absorbing interest, will tell tomorrow what the results to date have been.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The Americanization of Manila has resulted in radical changes in the everyday life of the people of the Philippine metropolis, yet the Americans who live here have in turn yielded much to the Spanish and Filipino customs as well as to the exactions of the climate. The American population of Manila is only about 5000, out of a total of more than a quarter of a million, but their influence is manifest everywhere.

In the days of the Spanish regime the city reached a point where it was almost as great in population and commerce as it is now, but the conditions of life were very different. There were no sewers, no gas, and but few electric lights. Until 1894 the streets were lighted with oil lamps. There was one short horsecar line, and the various sections of the city were almost out of communication with each other.

Within and Without the Walls.

The Americans have constructed sewers, have lighted all the streets, have built 45 miles of good streetcar lines, and have knitted the various sections of the city into one. One fifth of Manila city is enclosed in the ancient walls, yet to the Spaniard and the Spanish trained Filipino only the walled city—"intramurous"—is Manila. Other sections are designated by other names. In the Spanish days the moat around the wall was filled with water and at night the draw bridges were hauled up and gates shut. The Spanish families preferred to live within the walls, as they still do, but other Europeans and wealthier Filipinos sought homes outside.

Only Four Americans.

Five years before the Spanish-American war the total American population of Manila was four—a lone quartet of American business men. There was a large American business house there, but its clerks were nearly all English. The English colony was compartively large and influential, as it is now, and the English club was the center of that portion of social life which was not purely Spanish.

The Manila club, sometime called the English club, continues to be the senter of the commercial and business life of the city. After the fashion of the Orient, much business is transacted at the clubs at the luncheon hour, and the English club has retained its ascendancy from old days.

Club Life in the Orient.

Club life means much more in the Orient than it does at home. The American in the United States is of all men the least dependent upon club life. If he belongs to a club it is for pleasure only and it is usually looked upon as a thing apart from his serious interests. In the Orient, clubs are the centers in which men of European and American birth gather apart from the Asiatics among whom they live. The club furnishes not only amusement and social divertisement, but it is also the engine through which the pressure of the opinion of the white colony is impressed upon the ruling powers.

Coming to Manila the American readily fell into the club life habit. The Army and Navy club was the first American club to be organized. It soon lost all resemblance to the ordinary army post officers' club and became an important feature in Manila life, including officers of the civil government as well as of the military in its mkeup.

Here is a Boozeless Club.

Nowadays the civil government is more numerously represented at the University club, where "everybody" gathers for the cocktail hour which immediately precedes dinner. Dinner is usually served at 8 o'clock, so that the late afternoon gatherings take place after people have had their drive, the ride, the walk or the game of polo which comes as soon as the heat of the day declines.

Younger Americans find their recreation and social life at the Columbia club, an institution fathered by Bishop Brent, of the Episcopal church. There is no cocktail hour at the Columbia club, for it is a teetotal institution, but there is a beautiful club house, a fine gymnasium, a swimming pool and other attractions of the same order. As a rule the club habit in the Orient is not calculated to make for temperance. The combination of goodfellowship, exile from home and the "chit" system has been known to be the undoing of many a young man. To guard against that evil and at the same time to furnish the features of a club which are necessary, Bishop Brent organized the Columbia club.

The Elks, the Germans, the Spanish and the Filipinos also have clubs of their own. The Elks are building a new home, which will be the handsomeest club in Manila. A new club, to be made up of Americans and Filipinos, is being organized now. It will probably have a great influence upon the course of affairs in the islands, as it will bring Americans and educated Filipinos together in a relation which is now unknown.

Nothing Doing in Siesta Time.

The American colony in Manila has adopted many Oriental and Spanish customs. Every man has a personal "boy" who looks out for his comfort. The "boy" is paid a salary of 10 pesos—$5—a month and in consideration thereof he is valet, messenger, body servant and general factotum. Everybody takes a siesta, and just after the midday lunch practically all of Manila is asleep. Only the American stores and shop keep open all day, all the others are closed from 12 to 2 o'clock. At the lunch hour, when the streets of American cities are always so busy, the Manila thoroughfares are as quiet and deserted as if it were midnight.

Manila's Amusements.

The theatre doesn't amount to much in Manila, because it is so far away. A grand opera company comes out from Spain or Italy every winter, just as it has been doing for half a century, and for a season the city takes on its old appearance and the Spanish element is in the ascendancy.

The majority of the people, the Filipinos, depend for amusement upon their own cock fights, their religious fiestas, the ubiquitous moving picture machine and the amusement park. At Palomar park the American has set himself up as entertainer of the multitude. It is just like the Luna park or White City attractions of any other American city. The roller coaster, the slides, the games and shows, the fortune teller and the dancing pavilion are all there. And the barker—engaged for the sake of his boiler factory voice to tell the merits of the greatest show on earth in three languages—English, Spanish and Tagolog—is a feature of the fun. Despite the efforts of the park to interest the Europeans and Filipinos, the best patrons are the amusement loving Chinese, who like to play and sport and don't care how they spend their money.

Swapped Characteristics.

The Filipinos take their pleasure quite seriously, and in the dancing pavilion at the park the couples move about to the music with as much solemnity as if it were a wedding or a funeral. The whole dance presents an appearance of even greater dignity than a season hop in Cairo, where every man is a prince and every woman a duchess.

In the interchange between the American and their predecessors here, the Americans have accepted much of the pleasure and leisure of the old regime, and give up far more daylight to purely social enjoyment than they would at home. On the other hand, they have taught the older Manila to insist on rapid transit and upon municipal cleanliness.

The American has cut his business hours to the short schedule of the old regime, but he has introduced new systems and methods which have greatly expedited the transaction of business.

Wonderful Trip Up Old Hood

BY REV. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

Our voyage to Mount Hood in a prairie schooner was an interesting one to us and may suggest a pleasant trip to others who contemplate a summer vacation.

We purchased a second hand grocery wagon and after equipping it with brake and other necessities for mountain roads painted it in the patriotic colors, red, white and blue, possibly because we think it the duty of travelers to see their own land first. For instance, what right has any Portlander to sit and pine to see foreign scenery and long to travel abroad or even to the natural wonders of our sister states, who has never ascended Mount Hood?

We packed our camping outfit and set sail, or rather we had a canal experience and were towed as far as Government Camp by our two horses, before setting sail.

The thriving little city of Gresham was our first stop and over smooth roads we glided along to Pleasant Home and ultimately to Sandy, our first camping place. Few Portland people know that by a short drive of 28 miles they can reach a total change of climate at Sandy, nearly 1200 feet above sea level, with its inland atmosphere. In California great boasts are made of the rapidity with which the sick or weak can change climate, by a few miles' drive. Portland is not one whit behind Los Angeles in this respect, only we do not know it sufficiently to impress it upon others.

A Picturesque Drive.

The drive from Sandy next morning was picturesque in the extreme, by prosperous farms, large grain fields, but the owners are somewhat embarassed to know what to do with hay in a summer when every new hay cut seemed to signal the weather bureau for more rain.

Cherryville with its mountain streams loaded with tempting fish was attractive, but we were bound for Mount Hood! Finally we arrived at Salmon, made popular by the famous cooking of Mrs. McIntyre, and the big hearted hospitality of Mr. McIntyre, who kept this store, postoffice, camping grounds and ran the big ranch there for 22 years. The place was purchased recently by C. A. King, and under the new management is still a fine stopping place.

Here we camped and it rained, rained for a week and we stayed and stayed until Thursday, July 29, we cast off our moorings, set out for Rhododendron Tavern, the mountain hotel, a work of art in rustic building—not rustic with a little dab of paint and a part here and there like any city building—but artistically and consistently carried to superb completion in rustic architecture throughout.

There are accommodations for 100 guests. There are lovely little cottages scattered all around among the trees. A writer has recently criticised the naming of it Rhododendron on the ground that she saw only one rhododendron near, but the error should make us all more careful to look up our facts before drawing conclusions, for every one who reads the article referred to can come up and find six large plants just in front of the entrance and in a walk of two minutes count hundreds.

Here is a homelike hotel, built and maintained by two of Portland's well known citizens, ex-Mayor Rowe and the famous fire chief who for so many years had in charge the fire companies of the east side, L. G. Holden, who has brought all the traits that made him so popular with his men and our citizens to make a popular high class mountain home for those who want an outing for themselves and families, where bracing mountain air, restful surroundings and a dozen fish streams tempt the lovers of fishing to the shady nooks "where the cork goes down."

No liquors are served and this indicates the class wanted and found here. When people go to hotels, they classify themselves unconsciously and those who resort to drinking centers for society can find places of their grade nearer home.

Sunday, August 1, was passed in a restful way, walking and driving, and Monday morning we started up the grade for Mount Hood. A jolly party was made up here, consisting of D. H. Rowe and A. L. Holden, sons of the proprietors of Rhododendron Tavern, with their friends from Portland, E. Alger and F. MacMahon. Joyce Kelley joined us later at Government Camp. Mrs. Clarence True Wilson and daughter Virginia and Laura Akin, with the writer, made up the party of eight persons who on Monday evening accompanied by E. Coleman and his assistant guide, Mr. Miles, started up from Government Camp for the four mile climb up steep grade to the timber line.

Here bordered by snow festoonings could be seen as beautiful mountain flowers as were ever picked and fragrant as Portland roses. We were to camp here for part of the night. A big bonfire counteracts the snow and chill of the night. Five young men are arranging to sleep, spreading blankets so that there will be actually something between them and the stars as they rest. Mrs. Wilson and Laura Akin occupy the tent, and the guides are busy putting screws into the shoes of all who are to ascend the glacial peak tomorrow.

It is interesting to hear each of the young men plead for middle place in the bed that must hold five for the night.

Make Early Start.

But almost as soon as it takes to tell the story we are all called at 2 o'clock a. m. to breakfast and at 3 in the morning with the stars to light us we are off on the snow rivers to touch no more of earth until we are 11,225 feet above the level of the sea on Mount Hood. The day was perfect, the party congenial, the guide a master of his profession and built for his task; the snow was firm beneath our feet and we are moving grandly up. When we are to cross a snow field diagonally and the snow has become slippery ice our guide precedes the party and ice ax in hand cuts footholds for us. After four miles of this kind of traveling, we seize a rope and begin climbing the crater itself. As we ascend we find the rocks warm from internal fires and our guide shows us a crevice in the rock from which issues gases, smoke and heat so intense that we can cook or warm our lunches by simply setting things near. One young man remarked, "One look into that crevice makes a fellow determine to be good."

While lunching here the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, pastor of Third Presbyterian church of Portland and one of the most skilfull mountain men on the coast, came up accompanied by his son and Mr. Pratt.

They joined us and we made a party of 13! Horrors! No, not yet. For remember our party of 13 including both ladies reach the summit at 12:20 and government camp at 4 without a single mishap. "Thirteen" is sometimes a lucky number.

On leaving Crater Rock we have a climb to the ridge known as hog back and along this steep, precipitous back bone of the mountain for 700 feet, we make our way, with a yawning chasm to our left, at its foot a crater issuing fire, smoke, lava and some stifling gases with enough sulphur to suggest brimstone and the bottomless pit.

Many Terrors.

On our right is a terrible slide of 800 feet with rocks at the bottom. Neither horn of the dilemma suggests a pleasant fall, so "given the choice of two evils," we took neither but pursued that narrow ridge of snow up to the crevass. This is the place that tries men's nerves and women's very souls. You stand at the junction of two snow ridges, surrounded on three sides by precipices. The worst of these we must cross over to reach a steep snow bank and the only way is to creep on hands and knees over a temporary wooden ladder which our guide places and holds for us and then from a narrow bank of snow climb over an opening in the snow, the bottom of which has not been found though a 200 foot rope has been let down its full length without touching anything.

We must climb over this to the high snow bank beyond on another ladder. There another thousand feet almost perpendicular ridge of snow, steadied and aided by a rope in the dangerous places and then the real fun of running up the soft snow to the glorious summit of our own Mount Hood.

What a day! What a view! There is Portland 60 miles away and Vancouver plain as day. There lies the Columbia at our feet stretching to the ocean in plain sight 125 miles or more. There are all the great mountains of Washington, but we have enough of our own to keep us busy. There stands Jefferson and the Three Sisters just south of us and a clear view of Shasta, California's snow crowned glory, 480 miles away, but it seems like a day's journey over to it. Just here at our feet is Bull Run lake, Portland's pride, a jewell of of beauty, reflecting the sunlight, and furnishing the city the healthiest beverage of the world. But I would like, while I have the bracing effects of this mountain air, to have hold of the men who gave this diamond of a lake the name of Bull Run. The grain fields of all eastern Oregon are stretching out at our feet and we get a survey of our beautiful fertile state that one receives nowhere else so well as here.

Thirteen Names Written.

We found in the rock hewn receptacle the Mazama register book and inscribed the thirteen names with the facts and dates of our ascent and with becoming pride congratulated our guides and each other and especially the two ladies for their pluck and perserverance to the last. At 1 o'clock we started down. Much of it must be done carefully but the work is so much less coming down that we have time for enjoying all the incidents. The climb over the ladders is as dizzy as when we ascended. But the snow has softened under the sun's rays and now we slide down what with such difficulty we climbed three hours before. And sliding, running, jumping we came down the mountain to timber line in two hours.

Go again? Well not this summer! We enjoyed it all especially the completion. We are all wiser, but the glamor which suggests climbing Mount Hood as pure fun has been removed. Let us climb Hood for patriotic reasons; it is Oregon's historic peak. Let us climb it as a nature study; God has blended for us flowers and snow, burning craters and icy gorges, volcanic formations and scenic wonders all in a single condensed study, Mount Hood.

HEALTH OFFICER APPOINTS DEPUTIES

North Yakima, Wash., Aug. 7.—County Health Officer Dr. P. Frank today appointed the following deputies to assist him in keeping Yakima county's health good and its territory clean: Dr. B. S. Cerswell of Toppenish, chief field deputy in charge of all the county south of the Union Gap; Dr. H. R. Wells, deputy on the Tieton; Henry Sedge, deputy at Naches City and vicinity; Dr. Andrew McCracken, deputy at Zillah and vicinity; Dr. A. Alexander, deputy at Mabton and vicinity.

Portland's Great Bargain Store

NEW GOLDEN EAGLE

THIRD AND YAMHILL STREETS

For the Great Working People

Men's Corduroy Pants $2.98 — Men's Corduroy Pants, also youths' sizes, reg. values $3.50 and $4.00, while they last. $2.98

Boys' Wash Pants for 39c — Boys' Wash Pants, in white, heavy, well made, great 75c values, all go at this sale for only ... 39c

Balbriggan Underw'r 23c — Men's Balbriggan Underwear, regularly sold at prices to 50c; great reduction, at only 23c

75c Shirts for Monday 49c — Men's Shirts, soft and dress, values to 75c, attached and detached collars, big reduction ... 49c

OUR MANAGER, MR. J. P. BURKE.

"Busy Burke," whose shrewd buys make possible the amazing values we're offering below. You should not miss this gigantic sale event.

One More Powerful Week

Of the Gigantic "Home Coming" Sale—The Greatest Hurricane of Bargains Ever Held on the Pacific Coast

Straw Suit-Cases $2.38 — Straw Suitcases, light, serviceable, durable—a case especially for women, $4 values, Monday at.. $2.38

Silk Petticoats $2.98 — Silk Petticoats, all colors, all styles, values to $7.50, the remainder of a great lot—Monday at.. $2.98

Parasols, $7 Vals at $1.92 — Your choice Monday of all that's left of our great stock of Parasols, values to $7 —Monday for $1.92

50c Men's Ties for 21c — A great buy of Busy Burke's enables us to offer men's regular 50c Four-in-Hands, Monday for 21c

One more week of this gigantic 10-day sale—your last opportunity to take advantage of the startling buys of our manager, Mr. Burke—"Busy Burke"—whose wonderfully shrewd purchases have set all of Portland at wondering. The hundreds of astonishing bargains offered during the first three days of this great event have gladdened the hearts of thousands of Portlanders, who recognized, in the almost miraculous values offered, the road to true economy. On tomorrow, Monday, we offer the remainder of last week's purchases at greater reductions than ever—your last opportunity to share in the profits of many stupendous buys at from 10c to 40c on the dollar. Don't fail to come early, for many of the offers are short lots that will go the first hour Monday morning. Hundreds of bargains — so many that we've no space to advertise them all.

Windsor 25c Ties at 15c — Regular two-bit Windsor Ties, a great value made possible by Burke's buys —Monday only 15c

Bedspreads $1.50 Val. 89c — Great values in Bedspreads, worth regularly to $1.50, all go Monday during this sale at only 89c

$1.50 Blankets at 94c — Regular $1.50 Blankets, 9-4 size, a sensational value, with regularly to $1.50—go Monday for only 94c

Any Trim'd Hat at $1.98 — Your choice Monday of our entire stock of Women's Lovely Trimmed Summer Hats, values to $9.. $1.98

Great 98c Muslinwear Sale — The result of a great purchase by our shrewd buyer, Mr. Burke, who snapped up an offer of Birkenfield, Strauss & Co., New York, of the entire surplus stock of fine Muslinwear at a ridiculously low figure, we've been able to make the astonishing offer of your choice of a great lot of Drawers, Corset Covers, Gowns, Chemises, Combination Suits, Skirts—in fact, everything desirable in fine lingerie — values worth regularly to $4, all go, what's left Monday..... 98c

$30 Fall Suits Monday $13.98 — All that's left of the great buy of nobby, stylish Fall Suits, bought by "Busy Burke" at a tremendous sacrifice from a financially embarrassed manufacturer, values to $30, go Monday at the astonishing price of, while they last..... $13.98

Just 16 Silk Dresses — All Must Be Sold Monday — There are just sixteen of our great stock of lovely Silk Dresses left in stock—they're in Messalines, Taffetas, Foulards, etc., values to $35. All that's neat and stylish in modes, the best of materials. They were sensational values at the original prices quoted, but for quick clearance—we must have room for "Busy Burke's" buys—we'll sell 'em Monday, in two lots, at the startling prices of $8.88 & $11.11

$3.50 Handbags Monday at 98c — Your choice tomorrow of all that's still here of the mammoth purchase of fine Handbags, all new stylish goods, in all colors and styles, patent leathers, pigskins, alligators, etc., values to $3.50, all go at only..... 98c

Great $1.59 Muslinwear Sale — Another great lot of lovely Muslinwear—fine dainty Corset Covers, Gowns, Chemises, Drawers, Skirts, Combination Suits, etc., in pretty embroidered and dainty laces—great values in this lot worth wholesale to $75 per dozen regularly, but what's left goes Monday at ridiculously low prices, comparatively. "Busy Burke" said "Sell at once," hence they all must go Monday at a price stupendously low for the great values offered, while the lot lasts, Monday ... $1.59

Any Wash Suit in the Store at $4.88 — The $20 Values Go at $3.48—See Window Display

The Wash Suits must go!!! We're bound to sell 'em all tomorrow—in fact, WE MUST—for "Busy Burke" has bought such tremendous quantities of Fall wearables for this great bargain store that we're forced to clear out all goods on hand to make more room on our limited floor space. Cost has been a minor matter in marking these garments—they're all priced at figures that will FORCE 'EM OUT tomorrow—'twill be to YOUR advantage to be on hand early and get first selections. Note the sensational prices.

Your choice tomorrow of any Wash Suit in the entire store, utterly regardless of cost or value, or previous selling prices. All stylish modes and colors, values worth in many instances as high as $35—all must go Monday, and THEY WILL at this price, only .. $4.88

A great lot of Wash Suits in all colors, trim'd in buttons, braids, a few in laces—all styles—values usually worth to $20. These, too, must go tomorrow, and we've priced 'em to go early at the astonishingly low price, while they last Monday, of..... $3.48

$2.00 Blankets at $1.39 — Regular $2.00 Blankets, good size, great values, worth almost double our small sale price, at ... $1.39

$4 Oxfords Mond'y $2.77 — Women's nifty tan, patent and oxblood Oxfords, regular $4 values, on sale at..... $2.77

Canvas Oxfords at 98c — Women's neat nobby canvas Oxfords, white and colors, regular $2.50 values, the pair at only 98c

Any Lingerie Dress Monday $6.77 — $15 Values Choice Monday at $3.77

The Lingerie Dresses—dainty garments in all colors and up-to-date styles—must go at once, too, for room is the question on hand—to be solved only by an immediate clearance of all goods on hand—for Mr. Burke's extensive purchases will more than fill the limited space occupied by our Women's Department. Again have we made no consequence of the cost of these garments—they're all really high grade garments—the best to be found AT ANY PRICE, the values run as high as $30, yet all must go immediately at less than one fourth of this price.

Any Lingerie Dress in the whole store, without consequence of loss or previous selling price—they must go and we've priced 'em to sell immediately. As long as the limited number on hands stay, we'll sell 'em at this ridiculously low price, while they last Monday for only $6.77

Lingerie Dresses in most all styles and colors, the kind that usually sells at prices ranging to $15. You'll never again be able to procure a beautiful Lingerie Dress of such great value at this remarkably—yes, startling — low price, while the lot lasts Monday morning, they will go at $3.77