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"AWAY DOWN EAST."



HENRY W. LAWTON
The Soldier & the Man
By FRANKLIN M. WATKINS

THE people of the United States were shocked on December 23, when a cable message from General of Ohio, in Mexico, to the War Department, announced the death in action on the day before, at San Mateo, in the island of Luzon, of General Henry W. Lawton, the foremost fighter of the American army. General (Old) Bessie's chief with the army. Gross loss to us and to his country.

For nearly forty years Lawton had been in the army, and so men wanting his uniform had done better, more brilliant and more dangerous work. Until within a year and a half the country scarcely knew him. The people had heard of him thirteen years ago as a fearless Indian-fighter, but that work was well-nigh forgotten. If it had been asked who it was, away both in the districts, had captured the devilish Apache leader Geronimo, probably the most cruel, crafty, and treacherous Indian that our army ever had to deal with and punish, and one whom it is thought outside of the army could have reached Lawton's name. After he had taken El Cuyay in the Santiago fight of July 1, 1898, the country noted in awe and learned to respect and admire him as a military man of broad scope, a clever tactician, a persistent fighter, a man of indomitable bravery and will power—a real general. Later when he was in the Philippines, and like a whirlwind swept the Filipinos before him scattering them like chaff, running down and capturing their leaders until even Aguinaldo himself, stripped of his court, family, and personal followers, was compelled to flee into the mountains to become an outlaw. There it was that all the American people followed Lawton, and began to love him and estimate him as his true worth.

Lawton was "only a soldier," as he said himself in the presence of the President, in an address in Montgomery, Alabama, after the Union campaign had closed—just such a soldier! On the trail of a treacherous foe he was a veritable bloodhound. In the presence of an enemy who would fight true and bravely he was a lion-hearted Richard. With a conquered opponent he was just, magnanimous, and sweet gentle. His lips he never seemed to know. He did not scorn the enemy's bullets, but aimed was loyal to a higher pitch. He wanted to win. Where the charge was ground, there was Lawton on the foremost edge of the fighting line. He never flinched nor became he was fearless, not because he was fearless, but because he wanted to see possession, and probably not so much to get an example in his own, as because he could do no other thing and be his self.

Perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to Lawton is that he has afforded the humblest private to endure privations and dangers he did not share himself. He always led his men. The wonder was not that he was killed at San Mateo, but that he was not killed before. From a military point of view he was fortunate in his life and fortunate in his death. The day of glory in battle was his. He died as he would have chosen to die, but the choice was his. He was the only general who allied some battleships with Spain and the Filipino legions, and when the fatal bullet pierced his breast the clouds were making it his command, as a fighter, the regular army, his

country's reward for faithful work as a soldier. Truly his death was a "great loss to his country."

Lawton was in his fifty-sixth year, and since April, 1883, had been a soldier, with the exception of a short time after the civil war closed, when he entered the Harvard Law School, in doubt whether a commission in the regular army would be made out for him. He was a remarkable man in appearance, a splendid target, and it was strange that no bullet found him sooner. He was six feet three inches tall, and he weighed more than two hundred pounds. His jaw was square, his lips thin, his eyes gray, his cheekbones prominent, his forehead high and narrow; his hair was tinged with gray and his mustache is a sandy white. He was not handsome, but his striking features hid his characteristics naturally. True, on his chest, long as to arms and legs, erect and straight in his carriage, he was apple as a youth, and his great frame matched his courageous heart. He could go without food and sleep for days and there seemed no limit to his tireless energy. He was of violent temper when he was aroused, and he did not notice his words when angered. A strict disciplinarian, his men loved him and obeyed him implicitly. He was simply one of them. They endured hunger and thirst, and even walked the streets of Manila feet because Lawton wanted them to do so rather than give up. The Indians called him "Man who gets up in the night" ("Charles Buffalo," and "Sold Boy," and those names were commonly fit for him. He was big in frame, big in heart, and knew nothing, cared for nothing, but devotion to his country and his army.

United States Senator Beveridge was quoted, the day after Lawton's death as saying that Lawton and in his one day had summer with all the front in the Philippines.

"I suppose I shall be killed sooner day. But that is part of a soldier's profession. We go to be soldiers of the sword, we understand that thoroughly."

There was nothing about in Lawton's manner of com-

mand. He did not like the word "soldier" and he was with him daily for several weeks in the Philippines, says that when he entered the South Dakota regiment, his uncle, at Taylor, he rode quiet across the field and said to the soldier, "Get your men into line!" To the Twelfth regular major he said, "Get your men on the move, Major!" Then he went with them. When he saw his men in danger he wanted them, but took as thought of himself. He had expected so often himself that it seemed as if he had a charmed life, but he did not think of that. Wherever possible he did his own fighting. He wanted to see himself where he would have to send his men. In the dead of night he stole up the Paig River into Laguna de Bay, in a pull every side of the ship. He would climb into a chaff berry at daylight to spy on the land. He would not return to withdrawal cover he had been in fight. When word came from General Shafter at El Cuyay in strong fighting, often Lawton had been at it for eight hours, and so to the support of the troops at San Juan Hill, he started, "I can't quit." Then, while the tide was high, he wrote orders, he gave the command, "Forward as you wish," and in half an hour carried the Spanish army back. In the later days of the Philippine fighting he made himself especially conspicuous by wearing a white helmet, and on the day he was killed he made himself better mark by walking about in a long yellow rain coat. He secured information of his increased danger because of his costume, and would not sell his helmet to one of his subordinates who offered him \$50 for it, in the desire to save the general's chance of being hit.

It is impossible to crowd into a short space any adequate account of what Lawton did as a soldier. He was soldier as he left office to enlist as a sergeant in Company E of the Sixth Indiana infantry days ago, immediately after the war was first begun. He was sergeant, his first regiment having expired, he became a First Lieutenant in the Twelfth Indiana, and he came out of the war in 1892 as Lieutenant Colonel and a brevet Colonel. He fought at Shiloh and Corinth and Chickasaw. He went on the march through Georgia. At Atlanta he attracted especial attention by his bravery. He was awarded the honor "For gallant and meritorious service." He led a charge of volunteers against the enemy's rifle pits and captured the place. Twice he sustained desperate attacks of the enemy on Atlanta, he served in the battle of the Clouds, and he fought at the battle of the Clouds. He was in many campaigns under Grant, Sherman and Lee, and in the latter part of the war he often knew him and his work well, and Sherman and Sheridan were among his closest associates in his life, after the war was over, to secure a commission in the regular army.

Lawton secured his commission as a Second Lieutenant on July 29, 1868, in the First Fifth Infantry. He became a First Lieutenant on July 27, 1869, in 1869 he was transferred to the Twelfth regular Infantry in 1872 he served in the Fourth Cavalry, and at that time he had been said that General Sherman would make him the next Lieutenant of the rank. Lawton. When I saw every side of the work, he will prove a great deal more than a soldier, as he has been in the campaign of the West for twenty years. He fought against the Sioux, U-



LAWTON GOING ABOARD THE ARMORED LAUNCH "FLORIDA" AT CALUMBIT, OCTOBER 18, 1899



GENERAL LAWTON AND MAJOR HOWARD AT CALUMITT.

Use and other trials. He did not become a Captain until 1879 and it was not until 1884 that he had grand chance came. The bloodthirsty Apaches under Chief Nachez, but only under the lead of the crafty and cruel medicine-man Geronimo, were on the war path. General Crook had failed to catch the band. The War Department thought one of his messengers, Colonel, and General Miles was sent out to take Crook's place. Miles thought the way to catch Geronimo was to pursue him with a band as diverse as that of the Indians themselves, and with a man as bold as the man who would die rather than give up. His selected lieutenant for this was

It was a terrible task, but Lawton succeeded. Once he had Geronimo in his possession, but at night the Indians and his followers broke away after killing as many soldiers as possible. Edward beyond that, Lawton started on the trail again, a veritable fury. Across desert and mountains, through canyons and river gorges, the band went on without food or drink for days sometimes, the prisoners kept on. There was no rest for Geronimo. The soldiers became hungry. They killed their own for food, and at last, after a chase of 1800 miles, the wily Apaches were cornered in the mountains of Mexico, into which our troops had penetrated by special permission.

Geronimo surrendered on condition that his life and those of his followers should be spared. The triumphant Lawton gave his pledge, and the government kept it. He brought the captured Indians to San Antonio, and his description by a fellow officer, printed in the New York Times of December 30, not only pictures the scene of

their arrival graphically, but reveals the manner of man Lawton was, and shows what his campaigning meant.

He stood in the government's presence at San Antonio, surrounded by the heavy baggage band of Christiana Apaches whom he had hunted on his feet. The exact figures of the inventory numbered among them, stoves, powder, compasses—a description of the outfit of the white men, whose wardrobe had become almost the outfit of the Indians, after twelve weeks of a grueling march of gray, intense to solid that the strips describe by one heavy victim, broken bands, and a detachable shoulder that stood the night, but were based almost in blankets, he saw every such a soldier and a team. To the other officers of the post the Indian paid no sort of attention. The time General Bradley and his staff were spent ordered by figures, standing about as part of a parade scene for their commander, but the legs, massive men with the stables as his wife had shown them he was their superior in business—made that was done by his right, and they hang upon his lightning word.

Then came a life of comparative ease for Lawton. In 1890 he was made a Major and Inspector General, and he lived most of his time in Washington until the Spanish war came. He secured a place in the line in the volunteer forces, and fought in a brigade General in command of the division that took El Cuzco. His work there in two weeks to meet detailed operations. His health became impaired after the fighting, and he took a rest. He had been made a Major General of Volunteers, on January 19, 1899, was left on the transport Grand for Manila. He did not get into the fighting in the Philippines until April 22, but when he started he was a volunteer. He fought twenty-two fights in twenty days. He captured twenty-eight towns. He killed 400 of the enemy. He took Santa Cruz, San Rafael, and the insurgent capital, San Jago. President McKinley sent him his personal congratulations for his work when the only general had stopped the fighting. Leaders of BARBARA WALKER who never followed the special correspondence from the Philippines and so a re-organization of his more recent work. His sweeping march in the north in Luzon, up beyond Cabanatuan and Arayat, his swift, irresistible advance, the capture of members of Aguinaldo's family and cabinet, the scattering of the insurgents, and the flight of Aguinaldo himself marked Lawton's charge. His men again were heroes, and again they lived off the country. For days he and his division were marching—there were on the pursuit with religious vigor.

Then quickly Lawton returned to Manila, and on Monday night, December 13, in a driving storm, he set out for San Mateo. General Olin at Baguio, the next morning, on account of the weather, but Lawton pleaded with him, and he went to his death. He was killed as his dragoons were taking the camp, and after it was all over they gave his body to a heaving and not by one Red by his corpse for a last look at his face, the last resting place their friends.

No record of Lawton should be made without mention of a dramatic incident that followed his death. He had been quoted for and while an saying that he valued "his accursed war" sword very. His friends say he really used the expression, "this damned war." It was interpreted to mean that he did not sympathize with the war on the Philippines. He was really misunderstood. And if it were a vote from the gates, former Minister to Spain, John Barrett, read a letter from him, written in November last, at the New England dinner in New York on December 30. He wrote:

I want to say that the brave work of the whole Philippine expedition is due to the men who were in America. I have to be honest and unambiguously and honestly recognize the work on the ground and not in this America, they, whom I believe to be the best



GENERAL LAWTON GIVING INSTRUCTIONS ON THE AMMUNITION-FLOAT, ARAYAT.

men notwithstanding, would be surprised of the scene of their destruction and destruction, and of the unfortunate state of their political home. If it was shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from me of my own men, because I know from observation, conducted by my own men, that the conditions of fighting is really due to the superior that are met and from America.

This memory has been made of Lawton's genius by the military friend whom I have quoted already, and with elegant force it marks the man:

The man of El Cuzco by the reinforcement of some shining, beyond, great weather who fell upon the sands of Palanin in the First Cavalry, with the red hot ball of his sword, and his forehead was covered in blood. The men were packed together in a line, in the red, in the sun. It is the man who in all the countries the world have called from the war—the white, the black, the brown, which, drunk with the heat of battle, rushed around the fringes, and in America, which fought with Robert Owen, which broke the Old Guard of Washington, which rode up the steps of Baguio, which went down with the Commodore at Hampton Roads, which fought with Philist of Gettysburg—the man of the leader, the leader, the commander, the hero, the soldier, the man, but, before all, the father.

General Lawton leaves a widow and four children—one boy and three girls. He never had time to accumulate property. Without doubt Congress will provide a suitable pension for his widow, and already sympathetic friends are raising a fund to place her beyond the possibility of want. No grand monument can add honor to Lawton's memory. Such a monument, however, could honor the country for which he fought and died.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE MAXIM GUN DETACHMENT OF THE YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—COMMUNICATING WITH KIMBERLEY BY SEARCH-LIGHT.
From a sketch by Lewis Ralph, Ottawa, Ont., Can. Army.



GENERAL PAREDES AND STAFF IN FRONT OF HIS HEADQUARTERS.



BARRICADE IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH

Battle of Puerto Cabello

AFTER President Andrade had been driven from Venezuela by the successful revolutionaries, General Paredes continued to hold Puerto Cabello, nominally in the interest of his deposed and exiled master, though actually as security for the payment of a sum of money. On November 2, General Castro sent General Hale and Eduardo Guzman, under a flag of truce, to propose terms of surrender. Paredes was quite willing to save the lives of these gentlemen in all other respects, but when they spoke vaguely about efforts to raise \$50,000 for their release among the officers and soldiers, he declined to be trifled with. Instead a proposal for placing Paredes, Hale and his army, and General Castro, that his peace proposals should be shot the moment the threatened attack on the city should begin.

Paredes was made by the minister of Colombia, to which country Hale owed allegiance, and by the United States consul, with the result that Hale's life was spared, though he was not set at liberty.

Castro's next step was to notify all foreign ministers that the Venezuelan forces would attack Puerto Cabello by land and sea on the morning of the 15th. Paredes, for his part, sent studiously irritating messages in his antagonism, for he had barricaded the streets and housed with him 500 men he could hold the place for 72 days.

The United States cruiser *Albatross* and the British cruiser *Plata* arrived in the harbor on November 9 finding there a German schooner and a Dutch steamer. A number of Englishmen took refuge on board these vessels.

Late in the evening of November 10 General Guzman, commanding the government forces at Puerto Cabello, about six miles distant, received an order to move forward and attack Puerto Cabello, by daylight his guns were in position on every street that entered the city. Cautionly and slowly the troops advanced in several columns, probing the enemy before them, and it was nearly three o'clock in the morning when they opened fire on the barracks.

It seemed for a time that Paredes would make good his boast for his men replied with such a rapid fire that the attacking parties were driven into the houses. From four o'clock on a small force of the action was vigorous, men tried to walk along, General Guzman keeping his troops under cover of the houses as much as possible.

In order to get active in the harbor, the government troops hurried through the house walls, and thus succeeded in breaking the blockade. Seven batteries were captured in the course of the morning, the most serious loss to the government party being the death of General F. S. Mula, who fell during the advance. From one o'clock on a small force Paredes held his ground and kept the government at bay, before the evening, however, he discovered that almost all his ammunition—about 20,000 rounds—had been used up, and he was obliged to withdraw to Fort Libertador.

The Venezuelan navy was also called upon to inflict such injury as it could upon the attacking vessels. The gunboats *Albatross* and *Chape* arrived off the harbor about eleven o'clock a.m., and immediately commenced bombarding.

On the morning of the 15th the city of Puerto Cabello was in the hands of the government troops but it took several days from the government to restore Paredes to surrender. At nine o'clock a.m. Hale was released. Then a white flag was hoisted above Fort Libertador and all the war ships—Venezuelan as well as foreign—reached the port. Then the ships' surgeons had their turn for some time three hundred persons had been killed or wounded. Many shops and private residences had been destroyed or badly damaged.

In the distribution of rewards and penalties which followed General Guzman was made chief of the Puerto Cabello district, while General Paredes was named as a prisoner of war. General Hale's State received the appointment which he equidly desired, and, according to the latest advice, was military and civil governor of the state of Carabobo. The Venezuelan cabinet which took the more conspicuous part in the little bombardment was led up with a conscript hardly described as "barren heroes."

Castro had carried his point at this town, which for the moment seemed to be the only remaining stronghold of the revolution. His subsequent experience with the government of General Hernandez has resulted in illustrating the methods by which political candidates may receive of few words being the trouble to most voters.



THE WATCH-TOWER.



GENERAL PAREDES



THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE



BARRICADE OF THE MAIN STREET.



CHAPLAIN CHIDWICK READING THE BURIAL SERVICE.



Mr. Wilson, Mr. Root, Gen. Sherman, Mr. Long, Admiral Dewey, and Capt. Griffen.

THE PRESIDENT'S STAND AT ARLINGTON.



CAPTAIN SHERIFF AND AIDES.



THE COFFINS AT ARLINGTON JUST BEFORE INTERMENT.

BURIAL OF THE "MAINE" VICTIMS, ARLINGTON CEMETERY, DECEMBER 28, 1899.



ENTRANCE TO THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING.



PAVILION OF THE GRAPHIC ARTS BUILDING.



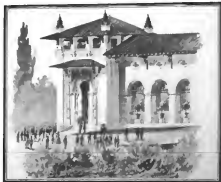
DOME OF THE HORTICULTURE BUILDING.



TOWER OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



ENTRANCE TO THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION PAVILIONS

BUILDINGS UNDER CONSTRUCTION FOR THE BUFFALO PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

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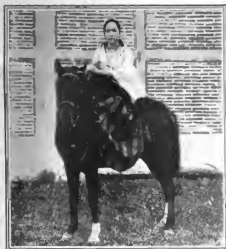
BRIG-GEN GREGORIA DEL PILAR.

BRIG-GEN ISIDORO TORRES

BRIG-GEN ARTIMO RICARDO

BRIG-GEN TOMAS MAMARDO.

GEN EMILIO



AGUINALDO'S WIFE



AGUINALDO'S CA



GEN. LUNA'S FENCING-SCHOOL IN MANILA.



GEN. VILO BELLARMINO.



BRIG-GEN. ANTONIO LUNA.



GEN. EMILIO



GEN. AGUINALDO



GEN. JOSÉ IGNACIO PÁEZ



GEN. PANTALEÓN GARCÍA



BRIG.-GEN. CÁRDENAS



COL. FRANCISCO PRIETO



CARRIAGE AT MALOLOS



AGUINALDO'S FATHER-IN-LAW



GEN. ADONCELLO



PEDRO ALEJANDRO PATERNO



COL. PEDRO LIONZON



BRIG.-GEN. PIO DEL PILAR



HOLIDAY-TIME IN THE PHILIPPINES.

raped to Manila and delivered himself up. He soon made his identity known, and was permitted to go to Hong Kong, where he applied to the American consul general for administrative papers. Articles is now living in the Hong Kong courts for his share in the Spanish prize-money. He has also brought a mail address the writer of an article in the *Review of Reviews* for slander. Of Aguilado he said to me: "He is a bad man, cold and cruel at heart, and cares for nothing but the accomplishment of his own ambition. Aguilado ordered me shot, but my Irish brothers shielded me. For a year I have been dogged from court to court, and allowed a penny's worth of rice and fish a day. They tried to starve me, and many times I had to defend myself from a smothering threat in the back."

Hankins went to Paterno in education and diplomacy in Felipe Aguinaldo, whose activity in Filipino interests has been unswerving. Aguinaldo was the enemy next by Aguilado in trying and got a hearing before the Paris Peace Conference. Facing this, he established a party in Paris and came to America, making his headquarters in Washington, where he made repeated attempts to see the President. While in the capital he issued a number of cleverly worded documents setting forth the Filipino claims to

recognition. It may be well to add, however, that these pamphlets Aguinaldo was aided by minor anti-Americanists, who helped him in the search of personalities and in the search of constitutional clauses that could be construed to give his claims legal grounds. When the outbreak of February 4 occurred, Aguinaldo took French leave, and succeeded in crossing the border into Canada, thence, after a stoppage in Mexico, he slipped away unobserved, he reached London. He has not been able to return to Iloilo although I doubt if he has made strenuous efforts to do so. He has kept alive the Filipino agitation for independence abroad, and, aided by accessory foreigners, has been able to spend his money in considerable effect.

Baldernese Aguilado, a second cousin of Aguilado, is a coarse, hard hearted, and to him Aguilado intrusted the revenues to the Cavite and Batangas provinces. He exercised considerable money by ransoming taxation, and his entire career has been one of force and cruelty. He has pursued the swiftest and most unscrupulous and practiced all manner of extortion upon them. It was reported that he recently tried to escape with his blood money, but was apprehended, and has since disappeared.

According to the insurgent organ, Tomas Macarino is

one of Aguilado's most brilliant fighters. Before the revolution he was a school-teacher in Cavite, but that he let a bit of the insurrection, and after returning from Hong Kong was made a captain in Aguilado's army. For "brilliant feats of arms, having been three times killed," he was made brigadier general, with a post, he still occupies.

Antonio Miranda, before the revolution, was engaged in the powerful occupation of teaching the young who were to shoot at San Francisco de Makabato, in the province of Cavite. He joined the revolt against Spain, and proved himself a valiant fighter. He was in the possession of a great quantity of arms, being the commandant of the "Milicia Terrestre," and when war broke out between our troops and the insurgents he forced himself bravely equipped to meet the emergency. He is at present brigadier general in the southern division, including Cavite and Batangas. He was one of considerable talent having graduated from the college of San Juan de Letran and the Escuela Normal in Manila.

Severino de los Angeles is a name frequently heard in Filipino circles. He is an elderly man, and one of Aguilado's chief advisers. He took an part against the Spaniards, but reserved his talents as a lawyer to point out the



YAQUI INDIANS ATTACKING A MEXICAN FREIGHT OUTFIT.

authorities of American occupation. Many of the high sounding documents issued after Aguinaldo's signature, so many international laws have emanated from his brain. He is a present secretary of the Interior of the Paterno cabinet.

Jose Ignacio Pans is a unique figure in the insurgent army. His presence in some of the engagements has led to the belief that the Chinese were assisting the Filipinos. Pans, however, though a Chinese, is a true child of Philippine blood in his, and was probably born in Cebu, where he was first heard of as one of the proprietors of a prospering iron foundry. His specialty was the repair and maintenance of "the iron" guns. In the first revolution he, with Pio Filon and twenty seven others, formed a regiment of Spanish troops under Colonel Sabido to defend the first stronghold at Iloilo. Pan returned from Iloilo long, where he had found the climate and conditions agreeable, after the treaty of Biac-bian, in June of 1898 and, seeing off his regiment, joined the present revolution. For his act of self-sacrifice, and the conditions of his previous record, he was made a brigadier general and sent to the Committee, the extreme south of Luzon. There he distinguished himself by driving out the English planters and restoring Spanish property. He is probably a major general by this time.

The career of Francisco Bonifacio Velazquez spans the Pacific. He is a member of one of the most distinguished Filipino families in Manila. Young, daring, and gallant, he began a brilliant career as editor of *La Comarca*, the leading Spanish newspaper in Manila. He belongs to the set of which the Lunas were the central figure in its wealth and talent; and when General Antonio Luna joined the insurgents, Velazquez deserted home and became a colonel on his staff. Though a former cabinet officer in the Spanish regime that fought against the natives in the first revolution, he was welcomed by the insurgent ranks as Luna's friend. He followed his general in all his engagements and retreats, and when the marauder between Agribaldia and Luna became severed, Velazquez accompanied his chief upon the fatal march to Kibonobon on the 20th of June. When Luna was run through with a bayonet, Velazquez drew his sword upon the assassin, but before he took effect he was shot dead, and his body left across that of his friend and chief. They were buried side by side at San Isidro. The rebellion is the press agent of the Agribaldia army. He was one of the original distributors of information upon the policies and events of the Filipinos. He was the gladiator of Filipino newspaper men. His mission for covering defeat into victory was unperformed. General Benavides looked his trade as a schoolmaster in Cebu. His latest literary achievement is the collecting and publication of an alleged correspondence between Agribaldia and American officers. As an imaginative writer it is without parallel in Tagalog literature.

Francisco Makabalan Delano, also a brigadier general in command of the forces in Tarlac, is a man who has extreme considerable fighting ability. He has given General MacArthur's forces, and shown more willingness to meet our troops than the majority of his colleagues. He has been a native of Pangasinan. He was a soldier in the first revolution, and when the Buzo-ban treaty was signed, stuck by his gun, and refused to negotiate in Hong-kong. He was therefore distinguished among his

people, and was made a brigadier in the present revolution, though he was very reluctant to join Aguinaldo, but the glare of a gift and not honors proved him to the north. Though not a man of education, he is reputed a very courageous and aggressive fighter. Most of the northern troops carry the same distinction.

Another brigadier general in the north of Luzon, we shall hear be Mariano Llanera. He is a native of Nueva Ecija, but has joined the Hong-kong exiles. At present he has command of all the troops in his entire province, and, being well on his feet, is a man of power and influence.

Meliton Trias, Governor of the province of Cavite, is probably a brigadier general. For a long time he showed a decided aptitude to establish an agrarian unit, as he said, "We have worked with Aguinaldo," but General Luna's advance on Parangar and Iloilo compelled him to fight on foot, and he struck a happy middle course by doing a little of both, eventually joining "our side," has been returning to the camp. He is a friend by agreement to the president, La Guardia family of Manila, and through them General Hughes for a long time was able to keep Trias quiet. At present he has the distinction of being Aguinaldo's Secretary of War, and therefore his loyalty to the independence cabinet may be considered beyond recall.

One of his chief aids and supports in military matters is Felix Reyes, an ex-Spanish captain, who, for irregularity in the Spanish funds, was compelled to seek refuge with the revolutionists. Mayor de los Trias staff.

Aguinaldo's secretaries have been as numerous as his cabinets, but the present incumbent is a long veteran years of age—Colonel Leryba—who speaks and writes English perfectly, having taken a course while banished at Hong-kong.

Montenegro is a native. He looks like an Apache, and fights like one. He was a clerk in the English hotel at Manila, and the grandson of Lala Ayo, the conqueror. He has shown some metal as a fighter, for which service he has been made a brigadier general. The Pilos—Pi-ah and Gargora, usually called—have made themselves quite conspicuous, both on the field and in peace negotiations. They are small, copper upper jaws of the Mexican type—linguists, clever, and cunning. They are both well educated, and speak English. General Pio del Pilar is a member of the Paterno cabinet, and Gargora was a colonel on the staff.

A Trafalgar Incident

THE story is told in the English by Trafalgar's fight. There was no such thing as a ship and port, almost every man among French ships. They have lately appeared as around, which is unpalatable to the natives. The English were separated between the *Empress*, of about seventy four guns, and the *Trautman*, immortalized by Turner's picture.

The incident, taken down from the lips of the officers,

Captain of the *Empress*. Three servants, describes with simplicity how, just after the ship had had her mainmast shot away and all the wreckage cast about the decks of the *Empress*, the *Trautman* closed with her, and boarded her in a hot and bloody fight, in which the *Trautman's* weight was an advantage to the English. However sixty and eighty French soldiers reared three hundred English men with fire and bay. The *Trautman's* boarding party was the deck, first by foot, after four hours' fighting. The *Empress* not only maintained on the decks of their ship, but replied to the frequent fire of not less than four English ships during the boarding from their immediate vicinity.

When the French ship was surrounded it had lost its commander, more than half its officers, including its first lieutenant, and three captains, and most of its crew. Few records of the battle that gave Nara-his greatest fame and cost him his life were an obstacle and study.

Yaqui Indian Troubles

A NUMBER of years ago the government of Sateo County, Mexico, confiscated all the lands along the Yaqui River which from time immemorial have belonged to the Yaqui Indians. This land the government sold to an American company, which gave the Yaqui River for agricultural purposes. Aggrieved at what they considered gross robbery, the Yaqui rebelled, and for twenty years the government has tried to subjugate them, but without success. It does this now from the Yaqui River, and looks to the mountains from where they have never been subdued. For the past few months fighting has been carried on with renewed activity.

The Yaqui in a few fighters. Year after year the Mexican troops have been sent against the Yaqui, and each time they have returned with thousands slain, leaving the Indians still unconquered. The Yaqui fight in the Indian style, from ambush, always taking advantage of the character of the country, with which they are entirely familiar, attacking, retreating, and attacking, and carrying off provisions and stock.

When the discouraged and baffled troops leave after their failures these most of the Indians return on their homes in groups of two or three. The war parties disappear as if by magic, with very little trace to be seen when they come from the small number who cling to their mountain fastness. The present government of the Yaqui is the old trouble, to which are added the constant encroachment on the land and the cutting off of the water supply for irrigating their farms, by the Mexicans, and their inability to get return. The Yaqui believe that if they could communicate with President Diaz, terms of peace would be secured, likely by sending Indian messengers to the government, they are ready to do so, but fear the President's officers. They say they, that the Mexican general in the field had had their envoys shot without mercy, although they carried flags of truce.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE NATIONAL EXPORT EXPOSITION, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION IS TO BE HELD, JUNE 19, 1900

Gov. Roosevelt's Message

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE message which was sent by Governor Roosevelt to the Legislature on Wednesday, January 11, is the last annual address that will be delivered during his present term. There is no important message to Governor Roosevelt which is recognized throughout the country. He is a distinguished figure and what he does and says is worthy of record. It is instructive as well as interesting to regard how simply as a Governor in the official level of a great State, and it is well to do this apart from what a good many people look upon as his national political prominence, which insists upon the moral value of his action, on the one hand, and, on the other upon taking the barbarism of the world altogether too seriously. It would be a great pity to lose the value of his executive services—the valuable lessons that they teach—simply because we do not like his judgment and imperfections. I venture to suggest this to some of the men who, were it not for what they regard as the Governor's divisions on questions of war, would be very glad to point to his record as an administrator of public affairs. I cannot now dwell upon his career, for my space must be almost wholly devoted to a statement of the principal points of his annual message; but there is space to say that he has been an able and able executive, and that he has shown in large affairs a fearless independence of Mr. Platt and the machine. The record has not been perfect. It is true, but what else could Mr. Roosevelt, the Governor, would let you, if you pointed out his place that is in a practical man, and that he sometimes is obliged to consider his means if he is to accomplish his ends. This we know, at least, that he has not allowed the machine, but deeply offended Mr. Platt more than once, and that he has done so in endeavoring to give to the State an honest and efficient administration. We have to thank him for, among other reforms, the repeal of the Black bill for law, and the substitution of a civil service law. Moreover, there has been no question in anybody's mind as to the character of the administration of the civil service law as far as the Governor is concerned. No one doubts for a moment that he would do his duty on the repeal of the Black evasions, and the substitution of a statute in place of it that would meet the requirements of the constitutional provision in letter and in spirit. It is a tribute to the State administration that the question of civil service reform has not been thought of as all his machine imperfections, so far as the chief magistrate is concerned, since the law passed. Besides serving the purpose of this law, Governor Roosevelt will send Mr. Platt by installing upon the appointment of Judge Daly when it was thought that Judge O'Brien had definitely resigned. He did not have the opportunity. It is true, but he gave all the evidence that under the circumstances was possible of his own strategy in the most recent course. In behalf of the independence of the judiciary against Underhill, and the Legislature against the law of the State, he showed a special attitude toward the bench. He also offered the machine by installing upon the passage of the franchise law, and finally in announcing his intention to be

reappointed the notorious "Low" Payne as Insurance Commissioner. There has been a wholesome atmosphere at Albany during the year, and the politicians understood that the chief executive of the State is a man who is not in any way averse to efficiency, and is considering as of first importance the public interests and not his own chances of reappointment. I do not wish to be understood as overlooking the fact that Governor Roosevelt is a politician with ambitions, or that I am a blind and wholesale admirer of his, but his administration seems to me to be so refreshing a contrast to every administration back to Mr. Cleveland's, and beyond that, back to Mr. Tilden's, that I am not only willing, but quite eager, to do that which I think all independent-minded men are doing—to give him credit for his well-doing, and to give the credit honestly without mentioning the qualifying circumstances, for there is no doubt that, looked at in a large way, this administration has been sound, honest, and of great service to the State, and an example of what may be done for the nation. Here is a common sense, intelligent, and trained man at the head of the State, and the independent should stand by one of this kind, even if they do not agree with him entirely, and even if they do dislike to read in the papers that he has

aligned with Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell. The bosses here do not get so much out of the Governor that we need begrudge them an occasional dinner in his society.

THE MESSAGE

After many years, we have a message that deals with public questions in the manner of a statement. An important feature of the message is that which refers to the courts. There had been a feeling that the Governor has not reached the whole truth in speaking of the results of the recent investigation, but that he has craved himself too much to comment on the finding of his special commission. Messrs. Fox and Macfarlane, as to the criminal liability of Albridge and Adams, Superintendent of Public Works and Chief Engineer respectively, omitting the further conclusions of the commission as to the responsibility of the two men. But whatever may have been the justice of the inquiry of these criminals, which were directed at his speech, the Governor has made a full and frank exposition of the whole matter in his message and has fully set forth not only the conclusions of the commission, but the findings of the Black commission recommending the criminal prosecution of the men who had wasted so much of the \$9,000,000 raised to the credit of the people. This incident called not itself by any means, but, so far as the Governor is concerned, the punishment was as severe as could be awarded under the laws of the State. Albridge is no longer in office, and has lost his power. If any one believes that this result would have followed the election of any other Republican than Roosevelt to the Governorship, he has no confidence in the ability of the machine which is not justified by the fact that it is now demanding the resignation of Mr. "Low" Payne. Albridge is not of office because of Roosevelt, and is not of jail by the grace of the statute limitations, of a lack of evidence of collusion between State officers and contractors, of mistake passed apparently in order to give to the officials a large liberation, under which they might be guilty of "grave delinquency," not, however, amounting to offenses against the criminal law. All this is not fresh in the message, and furthermore it is declared that on account of the change in the Department of Public Works the cost of the contract for the eight months ending on the 1st of October, 1898, was \$150,000, as against \$200,000 for the corresponding months of 1899. Here is a saving of \$150,000 for eight months, or \$210,000 a year.

Besides pointing the subjects of corruption in the recent management of the previous administration, the Governor announces that he has examined the whole subject of contracts in their relation to the State and to the business of transportation, and the report of the commission of private citizens, General F. V. Greene being the chief witness, will doubtless be the most important contribution to the literature of the subject that we have had for many years. It is worthy of the acme which the Governor makes that this commission was composed of private citizens, whose line is largely occupied by important private business, but who have willingly rendered voluntary and unpaid service to the State which is the duty of a great deal of time and labor. Governor Roosevelt has been fortunate in securing the unpaid services of



REPRESENTATIVE C. F. DICK,
Secretary of the Republican National Convention.

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(Continued on page 17.)



TABLES SPREAD FOR TWO THOUSAND IN THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Salvation Army's Christmas Dinner

KEEP the pot boiling," said the sign on big brass letters that the Salvation Army posted on the streets of New York just before the Christmas holidays. The message was indeed a fine one in Madison Square Garden to any one who was hungry in New York on Christmas day. The dinner was given and it was one of the most successful ever frequent in New York. Although 25,000 hungry

for 2500. These who could not find places at the first tables were sent to the galleries to look on and wait. There were two tall barbers on the table and part of a child. No one was turned away. Some one asked Captain Price if there were not many "reserves" in the crowd. He replied: "I made up my mind before coming here that I wouldn't be anything but hungry folks to look on. I don't see anything else. I'm waiting on meals of food for any one here to stand." Captain Price has a way of not saying things when he wants to do so, so his words always seemed to have a commendable straightforwardness. There were men of all kinds and some women too at that dinner. There was food enough for all. About one-quarter of the cost was made up in direct contributions. The Army officers cooked and served the dinner. There was no hitch in the arrangement. All told, it went here cost nearly \$2000. It was practical Christianity. Feeding on Christ's natal day. Its exercise was the more conspicuous, for it had a special message: "good will to men."

Americans in the Transvaal

THE number of Americans in the Transvaal before the breaking out of hostilities was estimated at about three thousand, and the question of their sympathy was first on British ears. It was a question of pride between the two warring powers that never the matter largely open to conjecture. John Hays Hammond recently expressed himself in no uncertain terms that the Americans in South Africa are all for England, and to prove this he cites a meeting of the hundred American held in the crisis of 1885, when revolution was passed to take up arms in support of the rebel movement. In fact, a George Washington Post was issued for that purpose. Mr. Hammond himself is an American of South African birth, who has held responsible positions in all the leading enterprises of the country, and he seems to know something of the local and its people. He also avers that the Americans are well esteemed by both Boers and British, and Kruger has shown his appreciation of them

as well as Cecil Rhodes. The report that Cecil Rhodes is on his way in the United States, however, is not correct. The speech from President Kruger, has an element of plausibility in that proposition to induce us more correctly about the attitude of Americans in South Africa towards the Boer. President Kruger has indicated on many occasions his friendship for Americans, and has granted privileges to them that have been denied to the English. At one time he was actually rescued from danger by a party of Americans. It was during the Boer's imprisonment just prior to the capture that he was sustained by a man, supposed to have been made up of U. S. soldiers, and he was warmly received in town by several American friends. These Americans became more influential in the later life of the Dutch President than is generally known, and it was partly due to their advice that hostilities did not break out here after the Jameson raid.

But if Kruger recognizes the value of the Americans and has gone out of his way to obtain their friendship, his aristocracy and hatred for him has been active in calling their help and sympathy. Cecil Rhodes has several times claimed publicly that Gauder F. Williams of Michigan, made him a rich man, and if it had not been for this American genius and danger he would never have succeeded in consolidating the diamond mines. Rhodes and Williams met first in South Africa. Rhodes was then looking around for a man to back, and out of a keen and to make the rich man pay. It was at this juncture that he met and learned of the parallel progress of the Michigan man, and the two worked together with a harmony and co-operation that resulted in the consolidation of one of the greatest enterprises in the world.

Some that these Rhodes had had a strong respect for the genius of the American, and he has been influenced by his American friends to give up the idea of the conquest of any others. A good number of the young men Americans engaged in South Africa making enterprises and they go on with Rhodes and they are now shut up with him in Kimberley. The bulk of our industrial Americans in South Africa is consequently a power that is not to be ignored. Some of them occupy positions in the Transvaal that make their way open to court, and nearly all possess considerable wealth, or are in possession of lands, which in only another name for potential and undeveloped wealth. G. E. W.

AGENTS TO BE HUNG.—Mrs. M. C. Carter's "Satanstoe" is a small article by a well known writer. It is a study of the life, habits, and the character of the man, and is a most interesting and valuable work. Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Write to the publisher, The Book Concern, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SURE OF A DINNER.

persons were fed in the city on that day by the Salvation Army. In fact, each containing a dinner for five persons, were distributed in 2500 copies in the Garden in the morning. Every one of these dinners had been investigated personally by agents of the Salvation Army in advance.



WAITING FOR BASKETS AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

BOKER'S BITTERS

During the holidays no hotel table is to be without them.



CALIFORNIA ORANGE ORCHARD ROOFED OVER.

Roofing Over Orange Orchards in Southern California

WHAT in the opinion of leading orange-growers, is destined to revolutionize the methods of growing fruit has been introduced and has successfully passed the stage of experimentation in Riverside County, California. This is the roofing over of entire orchards, placing a lattice ceiling over the trees covering acres and acres of ground later in continuous enclosure, making the area perfectly capable for use. This method was introduced and is employed upon the largest scale by the Ernest Reardon, near Arlington Place, in Riverside County, and the success of the venture has caused several other ranches in coast portions of their orchards, with intention generally to extend the same. Unusually for many reasons, but for those chiefly that are economic, the method will within a few years be largely adopted, and there are experts who declare that, saving the comparatively few acres that are in the foothills of California, every acre raised in the State will have to go under roof, as the sea encroaching there will here be quit business.

On the Ernest place there are seventeen acres under cover, and the present winter is the second which the trees have experienced thus protected. The results of the experimenting were carefully watched, and quite definite appreciation of the service of a cover is now in hand. The cause of the berries was an acre crop from one by frost and winds. The high winds which sweep from the ocean across the citrus area of California do as much damage to the fruit as do the frosts. Upon such occasions a large percentage of the crop is shaken from the trees well put in, and much of the balance that remains is so crushed and bereaved by breaking through and branches that it cannot be graded much above the quality of culls. These dangers occur in almost one out of every four years, while during all winters there is more or less damage from frost. Frost is no real danger of the orange. Attacked by it, the fruit will appear perfectly sound, the skin will not be killed nor discolored, and the weight and firmness will not be appreciably diminished, but when it cuts into, the cells will be found to be full of juice, and the pulp will be a mass of pulp. Many orchardists, without knowing that their oranges have been hit, shipped their crops to Eastern markets, bearing thereby the heavy expense of freight, only to find that much of their product was unsalable.

It was to avoid these disappointments and losses that the Ernest-Roof was conceived. Experience has shown that the roof makes a difference of 25 Fairs between the temperature beneath it and beyond it. In other words, it makes the difference which determines the saving of a crop where otherwise it would be lost. And not only is the crop destroyed, but the young shoots are killed as

well, and the growth and fall bearing power of the trees are cut back for three years. During the past winter the thermometer on the outside of the cover ranged many nights at 20°, and occasionally fell to 22° and sometimes, during early mornings, as low as 20°. Branches of all sizes upon exposed trees were badly bitten, the only ones escaping being those in the foliage of the trees. Those under cover, however, came out perfectly free from even a stain of the ice temperature.

The trees beneath the roof are of course perfectly secure from harmful disturbance by the winds. Moreover, they do not become attacked by the dust which the winds carry, which necessarily in some manner interferes with the growth of the fruit, and at least sometimes washing the oranges after picking and before sending to market, creating considerable labor and resulting in a less fresh appearing fruit. The covered oranges are strong and hard, solid, juicy, and of full sweetness. They are in quality nearly as good as the oranges that grow upon the outside. The ordinary fall from the trees are about half as many as the covered orchard as compared with trees upon the outside, whereas the covered trees yield larger crops. The use of the greatest advantage of the covered method is that the ground can do, with an application of about half as much water as is required without the roof. This is a country where success of horticulture is largely a matter of water, and where water is scarce is a consideration of no slight moment. It

may cost one hundred dollars to irrigate an orchard of this size, and it may require ten applications of water per year, but there have been two modern most water systems which have the roof was not to be had for any more, and crops were about as well as last because of shortage of water in such an emergency. If any crop matured, it would be that of the covered under roof. The water evaporate being absorbed beneath the cover, they do not carry away the moisture below into the ground and replace it with dry air which again draws moisture, as in the case in groves without a roof, and which the strong sunlight bring out and moisture is not drawn off in this way, and the surface of the land is not baked and hard and requiring frequent cultivating, as is the case with the open orchard.

The frames are built of reformed, being composed of posts, lattice, strips, knees, and wire. The posts are 18 feet long, set three feet in the ground, which allows 15 feet in the clear. They are placed 21 feet 2 inches apart. Grids will be used, are then drawn back and forth after which the lattice frame is strung with wires which reach the structure in two directions. These wires are drawn as near as possible, a man being used for the purpose. Strips are then nailed along the strings on top of the wires, when upon the entire frame is perfectly tight and strong, so that it will not fall, and cannot be blown apart. Such a structure will stand a storm and dry weather, and will not wash or sweep in the least extent.

The frame being up, there is next stretched over it lengths of ordinary chicken fencing wire upon a baling machine, held together by double strands of wire. The lattice are woven into lattice with sport, and they are laid on in rolls of five lattice each. It requires 526 lattice in five, or 51,000 lattice in an acre of 600 acres.

About \$7000 was expended in covering the seventeen acres at \$40 per acre. A covering will stand three, and without substantial repair for twenty years. Its annual cost, therefore, may be reckoned at \$650 to the \$650 as one-twentieth part of the actual cost, and \$120 per year upon the amount expended, as interest. The saving of one crop, however, would pay for the whole of the cost structure, but even supposing that there may be no loss upon the outside from frosts or winds in twenty years, the superior fruit produced by the cover, the saving in water, and the larger crops would more than pay the interest of annual expense so required also. And what is more the grower can carry around with him a mind free from anxiety and worry but his crop might be lost by a change in the weather. His roof is an insurance. For if the weather becomes stormy cold, instead of lightning bolts in spread, or throwing lightning stems into here and there through the trees, or less here-and-there, the method he will stop the cover with light canvas, where upon the thermometer may safely go as low as it is possible to be lowered in the California Valley climate.

It will cost many millions of dollars to cover the orange orchards of California, but when this is done the crop will be absolutely secure, and the orange growing industry will be as certain as its returns as any industry in the world.

JOHN E. BARNETT.



DORMAN B. EATON.

Died December 23, 1899.—[See Page 17.]

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Contraband Question

THE news that English men-of-war have stopped some vessels in Delagoa Bay has caused some excitement in two neutral powers, the United States and Germany. The grievance felt in this country is on account of the alleged seizure of four by the British authorities on the ground that it was on its way to the Transvaal. The German cause of complaint is the arrest of an imperial mail steamer. So far as the first case is concerned, we know some of the facts except that the four was used. Apparently we are not even certain that the four was of American ownership. It has been said that it was owned by an Englishman on an Englishman, and that the latter is the agent of the Beers of Delagoa Bay. It is also said that the vessels are English; but, nevertheless, there is some feeling in this country on the subject, and there have been published some rather extraordinary statements as to the law which governs belligerents in the matter of contraband of war found in neutral ships. It may be well, under these circumstances, to state the law and the practice on the subject, so far as law and customary practice can be said to exist.

So far as the German controversy is concerned, if it be true that the steamer was carrying a German officer and men and material, all constituting an armed expedition on its way to take part in the war, on the side of the Boers, the English captain was clearly within his right in arresting that steamer. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that the Germans are materially aiding the Boers, and this belief may explain the searching of the *Shoebush*, as the German ship is named. The English have the right to stop on the high sea reinforcements intended for their enemy, and a neutral flag does not change the character of hostilities or protect them from capture.

In respect of American bays the question is whether it is contraband of war. There is a good deal of conflict between our international law and between the govern in the question as to whether provisions ever ought to be considered contraband of war, or when they may be so considered. The general rule as to contraband is that it consists of material helpful to the enemy. This rule at once determines the status of arms and munitions of war. They are contraband without any question. What else may be considered contraband, or "conditional contraband," as it has been designated, depends upon circumstances. For example, in a war between France and England it would be proper for France to capture merchant ships, stores, articles for ship building on their way to England, while England might not properly seize such articles on their way to France; while, on the other hand, she might seize horses on their way to France, it not being permissible for France to consider as contraband horses on their way to England. We mention this instance because it is based on a suggestion made by Sir THEODORE THOMAS, and because it illustrates whatever of principle may be said to underlie the law concerning contraband of war. Before the writing of GROTIUS' *De Jure Belli ac Re Militari* and before some of the speculative and arbitrary notions and softened sense of the spirit of war it was the general rule that neutral trade with one belligerent might be entirely stopped by the other, on the theory that anything that would injure or weaken the enemy was prohibited. Boutsier, a nation agreed that as a neutral it would do nothing to sustain, comfort, or aid the enemies of the other party to the treaty, and this agreement was frequently interpreted to mean that the promoter and its goods were bound to cease all trade relations

with such enemies. Sometimes, especially after the treaty of Southampton (1625), it was held that a nation might "interdict by formal notice the trade of a neutral in certain articles with the enemy's country."

Since the influence of GROTIUS was felt, however, the general rule has been that nothing can be declared contraband except arms and munitions of war, unless on receipt by some enemy in the way to injure the other. "It is," as GROTIUS said, "if I cannot protect myself unless I intercept what is sent, necessarily will give me a right to intercept it, but under the obligation of restitution, except there be cause to the contrary." Prior to such provisions came under the classification "conditional contraband" in the view of the publicists and courts of the United States and Great Britain; and if there is any difference of opinion on the part of Congressional authorities, such as in favor of the transportation of provisions and munitions of war, and except in such articles as can be shown to be, under existing conditions, especially helpful to the enemy and injurious to the English operations. To set up such a claim with reference to neutral goods is to make a claim to be absurd. It is said that there is no evidence whatever showing that the particular four in question is even destined for any use in the South African Republic; but it may be that England can prove that it is destined for the Boer armies more operative than that of the Boers and in aid of the Boer in power within the dominions of the courts of the United States, but the burden of proof rests with the English, and they must show that the four is not the general subject of commerce, but it is an armament of the Boers and in aid of the British territory. Certainly, if the Boer armies could cut loose from their native land of supplies and depend on neutrals for their food, the advantage to them would be enormous, and no authority on international law could object to any act by which the neutrals would tend to deprive the Boers of such an advantage.

Even if it be shown that the seizure of the four was justifiable confiscation will not be permissible within the modern interpretation of the rule that it is to apply to neutral goods. Confiscation is only permitted when it is so clearly the intention of the neutral to injure the belligerent offended that he becomes essentially an ally of the enemy for whom the goods are designed. The British Court of Admiralty have held that "conditional contraband" goods ought not to be confiscated, but, in the language of the law, pre-empted—that is, that the power making a seizure of such goods shall pay the fair market price for them; not, of course, the exceptional price which might have been struck from the necessities of a beleaguered place, but the ordinary price. It will still be within the scope of the seizure. Even if the Boer seized in Delagoa Bay, therefore, is properly contraband, its owners will be paid for it.

The question is chiefly interesting because it is apparently the intention of the English authorities to prevent supplies coming to the Boers from overseas, even when they are directed to persons who are neutrals and who will be obliged to transport them over neutral territory in order that they may reach the Transvaal. So far as this country is concerned, it will still be within the scope of the present or future seizure, to assume that Great Britain has no case. As we have shown, a pecuniary damage will be inflicted by such seizures, and all parties concerned can well afford to await the decision of the Court of Admiralty.

THE question involved in the case of Mr. QUAY is not new. Mr. QUAY's term as Senator expired March 4, 1899. The Legislature, after making a vote to choose a successor, failed and a vacancy happened. The Legislature continued in session, and the Constitution of the United States permits the Governor to fill a vacancy only when it happens "during the recess" of the Legislature. The Legislature remained in session until

April 19, repeating daily its unavailing attempt to elect a Senator. After an adjournment, Governor STEVEN, on April 21, appointed Mr. QUAY a new successor. Several cases have been before the Senate involving the question whether the Governor might appoint when the vacancy, either if occurred after the adjournment of the Legislature, was foreseen because it was by reason of the expiration of the term of Mr. QUAY, or of URBAN TRACY, 1891, and SAMUEL BATES, 1892. The Senate decided in favor of the appointees in the cases of JAMES LAMSON, 1828, LEWIS HASTY, 1868, and HERBY W. COBBETT, 1868, the decision was by the reverse of the latter. In 1868, the Legislature failed to elect a Senator, and JOHN B. ALLEN and ABRAHAM C. BUCKWORTH were appointed to a vote after the BARKER decision. For every six years since the Senate has held that when a vacancy is foreseen the Legislature must elect, and the Governor cannot appoint. In Mr. QUAY's case the vacancy actually occurred during the recess.

The Senate has decided that if the vacancy cannot be foreseen, or if by reason of constitutional changes, as in the case of CHARLES H. BRADLEY, 1872, and JOHN B. ALLEN, 1868, the Legislature cannot act, or when the Legislature has had no opportunity to act, the Governor may appoint. Only twice before this case of Mr. QUAY has a Governor appointed after a vacancy occurred, and when there had been an interesting opportunity for legislative action. One of these cases of JOHN B. ALLEN, which was not pressed to a vote, and the other was the first case before the Senate—that of KENNETH JOHN, 1784. The Governor's appointment was rejected by a vote of 26 to 3, and five of the members of the Constitution voted—BALDWIN, KING, LANGRISH, and MARTIN voting against the right to appoint, and GOVERNOR JOHN BARKER, who believed that Senators should always be appointed, voting in favor. This is the precedent upon which the Senate has acted, but so that there is really no precedent that is not against him.

MR. DOUGLASS' philosophy as set forth in the WEEKLY is of the most solid. He says, among other profundities: "You'll find, History, that 'no ally' arms fights in 'the open. Nations fight behind their backs." The truth of this observation has been pushed to upon the English mind, and even back in this country and in Africa. This nation did much of the fighting against England behind trees and rocks. The Mohai did his fighting on the same way, and destroyed HISSA's army. The Boers fought thus at Majuba Hill, and have been working on the same line since that time. It is the policy of General GATACOR. Spain had to contend against the Cubans, who refused to come out into the open. Nations do not always win their fights, but they can never be conquered until the armies support in the mountains, the forests, and the wilderness. The formations of British infantry in the war have simply served to make targets for the concealed Boer sharpshooters. Fighting behind trees and rocks in the method of nations because they are in dread country, to defend their liberty and their country. It is the kind of fighting which can only be overcome by the same grim earnestness inspiring greater numbers than the nation which adopts this method of warfare can possibly hope to muster.

THE recent formation of an American company to purchase the Panama Canal brings that project into prominence anew now. It is especially significant as a sign of the action of Congress not to let us down in developing an organization of the route and the work which has been done upon it. This government is most properly by the treaty of 1846, made with New Granada and taken over by Colombia, which guarantees to the United States and its people "open and free" transit, and the construction of any canal that may be built across the Isthmus of Panama.

THERE is a very friendly feeling towards the United States not only in Great Britain, but in Germany and France. The relations are all illustrating WASHINGTON'S broad philosophy that all international friendships are based on self-interest. So long as we have anything to give, the trade we shall have the friendship of all countries, and we will not let it go. The moment we enter into an entangling alliance with any one, by reason of which the others are excluded, that moment we invite enmity from those to whom our favors are thus denied, and this invitation is not one that is likely to be declined.



A CORNER OF THE PRISON-YARD, PRETORIA



A NAVY 48-POUNDER, MOUNTED FOR SERVICE AS A FIELD-GUN



GENERAL DEL JOUBERT
Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Forces



THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR THE FRONT.
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



"MY BUNKIE"—BY CHARLES SCRIPPS, WINNER OF THE THOMAS B. CLARKE PRIZE.

Annual Exhibition of the National Academy

TEMPORARILY without a home of its own, the National Academy this year houses its exhibition in the galleries of the Fine Arts Building. A month or so later the same galleries will be filled with the display of the Society of American Artists. This is nothing but a coincidence, yet many of us will be glad to see in it an answer. There has abated the rage of the rivalry between these two organizations; the air also is full of suggestions, more or less vague, but certainly sincere, for a closer cooperation between artists. Circumstances may often strangle this sort, and it is not knowledge to suppose that this accidental juxtaposition of the two societies may lead to some form of combined effort that will not interfere with the independence of either. The same would be a great gain to American art, directly as far as New York is concerned, and indirectly as an influence upon the country at large.

If it is not possible to have one exhibition each year truly representative of the different individualities that make up the body of our native artists, the next to best thing is to have two in the thousands of visitors

from other cities would be inadvisable. It would be a show so complete, so comprehensive, so varied, so pleasing in eye, the display and viewpoint of our national art, and constituting the public confidence in it, which, for lack of just such a broad and comprehensive presentation, is largely extended upon foreign pictures.

The Thomas B. Clarke prize has been awarded to "My Bunkie," by Charles Scripps. Exactly why it is a little hard to conjecture. The coloring is bright and attractive, and fairly permeated with light, and the conception of the subject is stirring, but not very convincing. The kind of subject has been better treated in before by

women by Bruce Chase, "A Summer Night—Maine," though it is paid to a smaller gallery, is probably, the better, though I venture to think that this clever painter is apt to overdo depth more than in clarity. Herbert C. Miner's "Autumn" is a noble landscape, full of loving gaze and loving in color; and colors that have less strength and moisture, but considerably more, are given by A. T. Van Loer, C. Hart Ecker, Howard Russell Butler and Paul Fancher. The last man's picture, "The Last Glance before the Storm," is particularly interesting.

Among the portraits in an attractive case by Irving H. Stone of his wife, though the space is not very largely filled. Much better in its quality is one of a gentleman by Frank Fowler, an admirable example of straightforward portraiture—also in Eugene Johnson's "General Thomas Heintz." Edmund Goodenough made a decorative portrait of Madame Bonin, though there is little subtlety in the coloring of the upper half of the figure with which the artist made good use of the face and arms, a rather pleasing feature.

Among the figure pictures there is space in this field more to mention only one, G. R. Huse Janson's "The Awakening." Why it was overlooked for the Clarke prize is a puzzle. It is at least as workmanlike in technique as "My Bunkie" while in the conception of it are added all good natural purpose and beautiful imagination. Mr. Huse has saved high and reached a very high measure of success. (CHARLES H. FORTIN)



"WHERE TIME AND RIVER MEET," BY C. T. CHUBB.

where; for when you examine this picture carefully, you will find some defects of drawing and a wonderful richness in details. Now you are reminded that Louis Paul Bonar very naturally upon his "Landscape with Trees," which has been selected for the first Hallway's prize. In drawing, color, and treatment it does not seem to be the equal of his picture which won the second prize last year, and is evenly inferior to many of his beautiful night scenes. For the second Hallway's committee chose E. Irving Cross's "Along the Quay"—a not very distinguished picture, but only not severely treated.

It may not be far wrong to single out of the whole collection a picture by George H. Spang, "Approaching Storm." In the bulk and weight of the dark clouds, the white mist which passes over the sea, the prevailing softness of the whole scene, there is extraordinary impression. Almost as not relying, though in an entirely different way, is the exquisite tranquillity of Leonard Oakburn's "Moonlight along the Beach"—a grassy mound greyed with moonlight and bordered with sandy flowers, and a peep beyond of blue like water. All two moonlight



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILEEN, BY BERTIE R. WILES.



PORTRAIT OF SYLVIA, BY W. H. HAYS.

NEGRO LIFE IN WASHINGTON. By P. L. Dunbar

WASHINGTON is the city where the big work of this race comes in to be done. Whether black or white the Negro goes on much their level here. It means not whether it is Richard Courcy of Potomac Canal Yards, or Isaac Johnson of the Alabama black belt—in Washington he is a man of a certain class, and in a city of such diverse characteristics it is natural that the life of any portion of its people should be interesting.

But when we consider that here the highest level of modern freedom has been reached most extensively, and, I may say, most earnestly, upon a large percentage

A great deal of the old South, though, as one sees it in Washington is the old black money who mostly travel from a little baby-carriage with its load of laundry work, but who tell you, with manifold pride: "Try, ma, the second of the month, I'm a dollar richer in the bank," or "some of its men get a grade now or in Congress was just actually raised up off'n 'em." But she, like the many Negroes, come to Washington when it is not the Negro for colored people, where they all still hope of possession of freedom, and of advancement. From the old days, when labor brought better rewards, she asked something and laid it in the ill-fated Freedmen's Savings Bank. But the story of that bank, the old woman walks the streets to day, pointing, treading her baby-massage, a historic but pathetic figure.

Some such relic of the past, but more prosperous, think, is the old lady who leans over the counter of a toy and cigar store on Capitol Hill and impudently asks you to roll and find park to her colored customers. Her wares upon her head the inevitable (unless on hands-tooled in which article delight to paint the old manner of the South. No keeps conversing the deep religious to meet of her race, and is usually to her services on level of one or the other of the colored churches. Under her little counter she always has a contribution book, and her customer, white or black, light or low, who is not loath upon to "help de church, make his share."

But who has not and listened to her, an leaning chin on hand, she recounted one of her well-remembered stories of the night doctors and their designs, of the "usual judgment on a stomach case." It is not unwilling to be put or some expense for his pleasure.

The old lady and her stories are of a different cast from that part of the Washington life which is the pride of her proud people. It is in a far cry from the smoky life of the restaurant on the Hill, with its grand and some-what of color, to the great business block on Fourteenth Street and its worldly, shrewd, and cultivated proprietors.

Colored men here made money here, and some of them have known how to keep it. There are several of them on the corner of Tennessee, I think, and they are respected by their fellows as good, responsible, and capable business men. The general commercial law was drafted by a colored member of the board, and approved by their fellow who was admitted to Congress.

As for the professions there are so many engaged in them that it would keep one busy counting or attempting to count the dark-skinned lawyers and doctors one meets in a day.

The cause of this is not far to seek. Young men come here to work in the departments. Their earnings are to a certain extent free. It is in the most natural thing in the world that they should improve their time by useful study. But why stop a preparation in favor of the professional, too say? Are there not other useful pursuits—arts and sciences? To be sure there are. But many young men people clearly love a book, and Lawyer Jones would tell Dr. Brown is an infinitely more dignified firm, and so for the matter—all that is the same of these studies, and there are more dark professors in Washington than one could find in a day's walk through a European college town.

However, it is well that these department clerks should carry something away with them when they leave. What is it? It is the same of these studies, and there are more dark professors in Washington than one could find in a day's walk through a European college town.

The clerk has such wants, and it is so consequently a very difficult matter. There are a great many of them in Eastern Washington. It all runs away, and it is so natural that at the end of the year he is a little long on arrears, and short on gold. The treasury of the school boards, now, seems to be especially difficult. There are a great many of them here, and on the average they receive less than the government employes. But perhaps the discipline which they are compelled to impart to their pupils has its salutary effect upon their own minds and impulses. However that may be, it is true that the banks and building associations to evade each month a part of the salaries of a large proportion of these instructors.

The colored people themselves have a flourishing building association and a well-organized fire insurance company. I cannot say the major part of their race's business.

The influence which the success of a few men will have upon a whole community is indicated in the spirit of venture which the general public has manifested in a few projects. It was never willing or fit to do anything like that. But now the younger men, with the example of some of their successful elders before them, are beginning to see that an over berth in one of the departments is not the best thing in life, and they are getting better enough to do other things. Some of these ventures have grown failures even disasters, but it has not daunted the few, nor quenched the spirit of effort in them, and not without some foundation in fact, that a colored man who succeeds in Washington never left the place. Indeed, the city has great powers of attracting and holding its colored population, for, being in whatever class or condition they may, they are always sure to find enough of that same class or condition to make their residence pleasant and congenial. But this very spirit of enterprise which I have spoken is destroying the force of this inertia, and men of color see even

going as far as to resign government positions to go away and strike out for themselves. I have in mind now two young men who are Washingtonians of the Washingtonian, and who have been in office here for years. But



WELL-TO-DO.

the fever has taken them, and they have voluntarily given up their places to go and try their fortunes in the new and less crowded West.

Such things as these are small in themselves, but they point to a condition of affairs in which the men who have received the training and polish which only Washington can give to a colored man can go forth among their fellows and act as leaveners to the credulity of their race for good or evil.

That the pleasure and importance of a life in Washington are overrated by the colored people themselves is as true as that it is underrated and misunderstood by the whites. To the former the social aspect of life here is a very definite and well-known dream. To the latter it is no thing but a most annoying and unrequited fever. But both are wrong. It is neither the one thing nor the other. It is a comedy of the period played out by various means, who have learned their parts well, but who on that very account are disposed to be quite and avoid a little and watch the comedy.

I can best raise the truth and significance of the commercial life among the Negroes here under a direct light, because the sight of their banks, their offices and places of business are evidence which cannot be overlooked or ignored.

As for the intellectual life, a university set on a hill cannot be hid, and the fact that almost the university and about this excellent high school centers a community in which people of every color of the educational fabric which also, and take into the degree from Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Wellesley, and a score of minor colleges, demands the recognition of a higher standard of culture among people of color than obtains in any other city.

But, taking it all in all and after all again life in Washington is a promise rather than a fulfillment. But it is worthy of note for the really excellent things which are promised.



THE OLD HANNY.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA

of the population, it is to the life of those people that we instinctively turn for color, picturesque, and striking contrast.

It is the delicately blended but boldly differentiated light and shade-effects of Washington to give life the color and the spirit of his who tries truthfully to picture it.

It is the middle class Negro who has inherited enough of white civilization to make him work to be prosperous. But he has no pretense of civilization so deeply that he has become drunk and has forgotten his own idea of life. The chance to him is still the cradle of his racial life, and his preacher a great man. He has not—and I can not wholly deny that he has not—learned the repression of his emotions, which is the mark of a high and civilized civilization. He is impulsive, (sensitive, fervid, and—honest. He has retained some of his primitive aggressiveness. When he goes to a party he goes to enjoy himself and not to pose. If there are outsiders outside his own circle, and he is tempted to pose, he does it with such childlike candor and good humor that no one in the general and they are even, and he forgives his little deception.

Usually in the evening he walks in a warmer moral code is discernible. For instance on other occasions he goes the corner part of the old gentleman who passes me on Sunday on his way to church. An ancestral gift had adorned a head which I know instinctively to be bold and black and shiny on top, but the edges are fringed with a growth of crisp white hair. His face around the wild and

old face. The forehead, most which is lustrous and lightly around the eyes forms in a shadow, and has faded from black to gray green, but although bent a little with the weight of his years, his glance is stern, and however kindly when he smiles, after which he rubs his eyes, while suddenly dropped out of one of Page's stories, the man whose hand is on his shoulder and I have a vision of fifty years ago.

THE PROFESSOR



The Palace

Light House

VIEW OF THE CITY

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, N.Y.

HARPER'S
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1900

CITY OF MANILA, PHILIP
ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



PROFESSOR GEIBELNOW, IN "OPFERLAUM."



WILHELM BIRKE, IN "BOKKSPRINGE."



MADREEA, IN "HOFFENSELBNORIK."

FELIX SCHWEIGHOFER IN SOME OF HIS PRINCIPAL CHARACTER PARTS.

A Clever German Character Comedian

IF the question were to be asked, what is the most successful theatre ever would almost certainly answer, Herr Cooper's Irving Place Theatre. Being merely on the artistic side of the German-speaking communities of New York, Herr Cooper has established a house that presents most of the interesting features of the repertory theatre that one at once the price and the strength of dramatic art in Germany and Austria. Each season his company presents three or four plays or more, and every year Herr Cooper introduces at his house some one of the leading German-speaking actors, who, aided by the members of Herr Cooper's company, present the chief features of their repertory. Two years ago we saw Franz Agnes Horn, perhaps the leading actor of Germany, in his splendid repertory, which includes virtually all the modern plays suitable for an actor. Last year we saw Herr von Bonowitsch in his leading plays of his repertory, which showed him of equal ability in the pastoral dramas of Lessing and Schiller, and in plays of the most unlikable modern drama, such as Heppner's "Fahnenstuck." This year we are witnessing the repertory of Felix Schweighofer, and it is well to be the greatest German-speaking comedian since Heine.

Schweighofer's distinction as a comedian rests in his power of making widely different characters. During all his long life—he has now on the stage thirty-five years—he has used every possibility and trust of the human conscience that could be of use to him in his repertory season, and, added to this, he has an extraordinary power of making the slightest shading of expression or inflection of the voice. He has even to some different art of appearing large—smaller, as the case may require—than his natural stature. His various impersonations are so different from one another and so artistically complete, mark to mark, as a gallery of portraits by different painters. With him the histrionic art is something more than histrionic art or exercise, it is the actual life. It is in evidence. One can remember Herr Cooper when he came to the stage as Schweighofer comedian, has played but few parts, and in none of them is one allowed to forget the personality of the actor. The English-speaking comedian, Christian Stauden, has characters from actual men and women, as Schweighofer does, whereas both men in the appearance of creating them from his own imagination. Schweighofer's power of impersonation is very various indeed. Of all the comedians familiar to our stage, only Cooper is comparable with him in the power of giving life to the skin of widely different parts, and I think of even Cooper as is Schweighofer's aptitude for rendering detail upon detail characters that have an entire absence of temperance or feeling. Absolutely impertinent as the great French actor is, one is always conscious of his individual temperament and character. In a word, Schweighofer has the power, more than any other actor we have seen, of elevating his own individuality in the creation of his different parts.

This power is perhaps Schweighofer's weakness as well as his strength. There are times when Schweighofer is so locked upon the details of what he is doing, an earnest that he is not contented, that one is conscious rather of the effort than of the effect, and Schweighofer is hampered in a similar manner. He is a dilettante. One of his most amusing criticisms in the part of an old French noble, "was he anxious for the young man of the plot in the second act, of his father's daughter. The noble strikes a good ten inches. From the young man he reported in the first act he has become thoroughly old, his hair is covered with wrinkles, his eyes have the usual and weary effect of age, his jaw hangs with the looseness of senility, and he scratches his leg with a flower's oblique-



FELIX SCHWEIGHOFER

tion. Altogether the character has the good-sense effect of the earnestness and dignity of old age. But his earnestness in the action when the lover of the situation requires that he should drop his trunk and retire into the young man of the first act. Schweighofer is so wrapped up by the details of his impersonation that such a step is impossible or next to impossible. If his impersonation of the lover of the situation, toward the end of the act, the means by which he compresses his body become so painfully strict one that one's back aches in sympathy. In getting so far out of his own personality, Schweighofer succeeds in losing the charm of individuality which is perhaps the most precious gift of any actor. If Schweighofer should care to be a theatrical artist, I suppose people would wish to see him in his own part or a play that he might play altogether himself, and thoroughly on Cooper's liberal plan, with his different impersonations, the spontaneous, indefinable charm of the man prevails there. I know nothing that indicates more clearly than this extent of Schweighofer's impersonation skill the essential weakness of German comedians in acting. The weakness of the English-speaking stage is that the people are not apt to level everything out to his artistic individuality, which would be strong enough to do, but in his own personal predilection. In the play of the stage, he "was himself" in a part. Yet it is interesting to be reminded that the true virtue of an artist consists in infusing his own article feeling into all parts, however widely different. Schweighofer does not stray into the style of Von Dyck, and would be it possible to mistake a comedy of Schweighofer for one of Zinnow.

Schweighofer's character as a comedian is pretty fairly indicated in what we know of the character of the man. One anecdote represents him as suddenly burning eleven

loaves to friends, with whom he was drinking in a restaurant, while he marked the occasion in which a student struggled against an entrance he had made years ago. Another anecdote represents him participating in a battle on the Baltic, in a pocket of interest. For three weeks the hotel was shut in by impregnable fort and rules, and one by one the guests slipped away. The local waiter, who was depending upon his master's tips to get married in the autumn, became daily more depressed, and Schweighofer, who, in spite of his usual of recuperation, was found at work on a large part—half of a man killed by the heroism—outlived him heroically. All that he could relate the next and run no longer, and announced to the local waiter that he was leaving. "Good bye," said the waiter, and with a respectful gesture of adieu, but the waiter would be sent out into the 5-6 of the veranda. "There," cried Schweighofer, jumping up and down with joy. "I have it." It was the time and groans and look he wanted for his modern Dan Quince. Another anecdote represents Schweighofer asked on a dark corner of a room, with his eyes directed the descent in his latest play he had taken the part of a peevish quarrelsome, fat good-looking farmer and the play had been successful. The man whom Schweighofer was working, however the judge afterwards would have his left shoulder, upon the judge and fight every inch in his shoulder, and he would be sent to the judge. He judged his sentence in still postponed. "Yes, it is, my friend," said and was greatly pleased out of court. On the appearance of a friend Schweighofer asked some, knothed by the shoulder, and again, and said, in the midst of the discussion: "Yes, but I'm not a doctor, if I had only some means that must not do on his play would have fallen." For the same reason I am obliged to an interesting little pamphlet issued by Herr Cooper's company and the pamphlet contains also a sketch by Herr Cooper's leader of his life and work—like so many of the great German speaking actors, he is an American by birth, but during his long career he has wandered from city to city in the German speaking world. It signs himself "Wanderer." Felix Schweighofer. His own manner as a character comedian is first I have been, able to give only a faint impression; but I could not help wondering, as I saw the smiling observation with which he presents a part, whether he would not have been a comedian if he had had in all his parts a more loose and impetuous individuality. JOHN COOPER.

Baltimore's Mayor

A SMALL, dark, spare man of fifty-five, with soft blue deeply sunken features, eyes mere lines by deeply lined brows, and iron-gray hair and mustache, such is the external portrait of Mayor Thomas O. Hays, who last spring got Baltimore loose from Republican control with one grand stroke. He is a Democrat in name, but in the typical Baltimore appearance and speech, a mixture of Virginia ancestry, Maryland birth, and later Kentucky citizenship, a man of iron will and steel nerves, who rarely smiles, and does not know the name of first-rose of the kind to best a charge or quell a riot without a tremor of the jaw. There is a virile outline of a professional soldier in his build, short, but the steady nose of the side is an factor among all those of citizens from the long his career. His first nomination for the Mayorship, and the very best success of his career, was by a narrow margin the Union J. Democratic, show that his first citizen regard him as an aggressive force for good in the community.

"I think," said he to the writer, in discussing his election, the other day, "that the people of Baltimore, who may never know better than, were so a general to be readily moved on the subject of important municipal government. They had heard Mr. Hooper, a Republican Mayor, who was a great success in his career, and a city was a great business revolution, to be run on business principles, and they had seen his best efforts to better

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE BOSTON MASS.



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IONIC HALL.



GRAND STAIRCASE.

The Temple stands on the Corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, and was designed by Loring & Flegg. The Dedication Exercises were held December 22, 1914.

THE TREASURY AND THE MONEY-MARKET

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

SECRETARY GAGE AND THE BANKS

THE revealed will of our banking system is in this expressed in evidence. By reason of the normal operation of the law of supply and demand in the market, happening this year at a time of unusual activity in stock speculation, Secretary Gage has been obliged to come to the relief of the money market, and has ordered the several revenue collectors to deposit their daily receipts in bank. He had an absolutely legal right to make this order. Under the circumstances, it was his plain duty to direct that the money received from these collectors should be put into the channel where they might be useful to trade interests by selling in subordination in the money-market occasioned partly by the operations of the law of the United States. By reason of the inability of our financial system, and especially of the anti-trust system, the general government is often a disturbing element in the money market, and we command to those of our readers who wish to be thoroughly enlightened on the subject the report of recent Secretaries of the Treasury, especially of Mr. Fairbank, Mr. Winson, Mr. Cahill, and Mr. Gage, and of Comptroller Eakins. The government is always wading in and out from circulation, and sometimes it has drawn a real lead more than it has issued. When this has happened, the Secretary of the Treasury for the time being has brought about a premium in the interest rate on loans, and it does not compensate the interested parties to know that the government has saved two or three per cent. interest on the anticipated loans, on this rate of interest, money in which has earned six per cent. if it had been prevented to supply it in the last year.

Not only did Mr. Gage the right to direct the deposit of the internal revenue receipts in bank, but he had the legal right to delegate one bank as a single depository, or to the extent from which the deposits might be distributed to the other banks which, like the first, had deposited the bonds necessary to secure the government. When the Secretary did this right, and it may be obtained that the manner of performing his duty was judicious. Even if it were not judicious, whatever interest is charged against him for making the National City Bank the sole depository for a shorter or longer period is of very little importance compared with the much larger subject of the reduction of the law which impose upon the Secretary the necessity of extending any direction whatever in the matter. Let us agree that the money which the government collects to from his bill receivable and to be taken from the channels of circulation, ought not to be locked up, as it were, or to run in the hands of the Treasury or the entrepreneur. The head of the Treasury, on the other hand, ought not to be charged with the duty of determining

when the time has arrived for paying out his portion of the bill of trade, and what shall be the course of the bill that he will render. It was intended that the Secretary of the Treasury should collect and expend the revenues of the government under the tax and appropriation laws enacted by Congress. By design he has been charged, directly and indirectly, with the duties of a banker, although, as Mr. Cahill used to point out during the last year of 1908, none of the powers of a banker have been conferred upon him. He cannot fill up his orders where his cash is short, he cannot prevent a man from using his gold by putting up the rate of discount. He can only pay out his several gold when government bills are issued, and run to the help of the money market when Wall Street demands. And whenever he does the latter he is sure to involve right and risk by such frequent relations, the fact which Mr. Gage has expatiated in the last effort to perform a function which ought never to have been laid upon a public officer in this country. For the performance of the function is a duty. It may seem to the uninitiated or the thinking that the Secretary is enjoying the public funds in all of the operations of Wall Street merely, but as a matter of fact he is adding the solid business interests of the country—the merchants who deal in the merchandise of fact, the shippers, those who are engaged in what we designate "bullish business"—to distinguish them from the dealers in securities on the stock exchange.

OUR BANKING SYSTEM

So much of the money of the government as can be saved from the fund that ought to be maintained for the daily use of the Treasury ought always to be in its bank. Under the law, custom receipts cannot be banked, nor there is one that can be saved. During the years of the panic which burst upon the country in 1908 the government found it difficult to meet its obligations, and for the first time in six years in the Treasury is a position to put money in circulation for the relief of the money market. The deficiency of last year—the fiscal year 1908—was \$99,111,500, but for the current year a surplus is expected. Mr. Fairbank, in his report for 1917, said: "Each year for twenty-two years there has been a surplus—the last \$2,844,982 in 1916, the greatest, \$487,345,814 in 1915." The total of this surplus for the twenty-two years ended June 30, 1917, was \$1,261,845,183. This, as Mr. Fairbank said, was "surplus taxation," and should have been returned to the channels of trade as speedily as possible, so that the competitive justice would have been done; but at least some, as a whole, would have resulted in benefit, which would have made up at least in part for the original surplus imposed upon those who had been forced to pay the surplus taxes. If this money could be

to go back, the bank should be a central institution, definitely determined out by law, and organized for the purpose of providing and, if necessary, distributing the government deposits.

The discretion now imposed upon the Secretary of the Treasury—a discretion which he leaves to his staff of determining when the time has arrived for the extension of his relations into the banking business of the country, and also of serving the bank or the banks which are to receive these millions, take charge of them, and hold them in a discreet way which to one should be charged, it is hard to believe, which is perhaps the best of its will, it is hard to foster doubt and distrust of the financial management of the government, and of the whole bank system of the country, which perhaps more than any other of our institutions needs the support and confidence of honest and intelligent men who know what banks are, and not their parasites, their partners, and their beneficiaries. Perhaps if there is any one thing that would put an end to the last money movement it would be the institution of the people among a banked money market, most really take man, in the character and use of banks; for if banking privileges were no longer extended in this country as they ought to be, the seed of "money market" would be less often felt and possible for "money market" would soon cease to be heard in the mean time it would be well if the Secretary of the Treasury were relieved of a duty which is apparently to extend, perhaps a little, but not down upon him if it is not a great deal of unexcused delay, indulgence in which is certainly in the injury of the country.

If half the energy which is devoted to supporting banks, banks and Secretaries were expended in making the banking system, and in otherwise it is to be hoped in the best of it would be reformed money that it is not likely to be, and the Secretary and the banks would be saved from that appearance of will which has caused such a storm about Mr. Gage.

As the Secretary points out in his latest annual report, with a periodical regularity clearly marked, even for the year after year with the occasional weeks, there are instances of various jobs and drafts are given to be fulfilled for the service then required. Then it comes one to be considered, the labor cost paid. The price and the cost are to be marked. The Western bankers and merchants who have banks or credit at work with the bankers in the financial centers find that checks and drafts are not issued to the proper use in question. The bank is in a dilemma in all instances at work with the bank in all right part, but the form in which that credit is extended is not considered. What they need for the use is in a form of credit instrument easily recognized by the people, one convenient to administration, and one which will not be almost being questioned. In short, that need is for paper money or hard cash."

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Some Practical Socialism

It does no violence to our general experience of humanity to believe that professional socialists, refraining though they like to call themselves, will do no other than to exchange a bit of principle for a slice of power. One of the principles of the French socialist party is that no one of its members shall take office under any other function; but M. MILLERAND, its leader in the Chamber of Deputies, is a member of the WALDEY-REUSCHER government.

How to reconcile the fact with the principle was what bothered the socialists at their congress the other day, and the answer in which the principle was stripped and the power retained is reassuring to that part of the world which has no desire to see a republic of property slaves, but not in accordance with the fancy of the unscrupulous elements of the community. The narrative of the course of the discussion in the congress on the question raised by M. MILLERAND's conduct will seem to indicate, more than the most fervent socialists are not above the ordinary temptations that appeal to the average politician, and therefore it is safe to assume that they are not above the appeals of reason. The point is this—that if you ever get a free hand in a place of power—standards, as it were—you get them, and above the noise and bustle of the contest through which, and is consequence of which, he has arrived. And being so the cooler and cooler statesmen, he will not only listen to sensible counsel, but is very likely to accept of it, and will even frankly admit, by talking sense, and even by doing sensible things.

The son of M. MILLERAND was that he had entered into a bourgeois cabinet—the bourgeoisie being the special object of the hatred and contempt of the socialists, and of the beetle of the anarchists. M. MILLERAND is an important man in French socialism. He is, besides, the longest-headed parliamentary hand in the French Chamber. He is a man who, being once possessed by socialism or by any party, appears to be the one man without whom that party cannot get on. But there was the so, and the congress had been called on the eve of its commencement. The socialists began to waver. It was inevitable that the sin would be discussed, and perhaps M. MILLERAND might be driven from it. The subject was calmly and gently adjusted, from mouth to mouth, but at last it not, after a severe manifesto launched against M. MILLERAND by those terrible leaders of socialism, MM. JULES GUYON and VAillant. The session of the congress was, in the words of M. CHARLES, "to decide upon M. MILLERAND's case and to enter the party."

The congress discussed the case during six long and weary sessions, one of them lasting until two o'clock in the morning, and the interruptions were "the most brutal and insulting," says M. CHARLES, "that were ever heard in a public assembly." M. JATREZ argued that while it was generally improper for a socialist to enter a bourgeois ministry, there were exceptions, as when the republic was in danger, or when the acceptance of office by a socialist would possess the principles of the party. M. GUYON insisted on that M. MILLERAND was not saving the republic, and that, being only one among many, he was powerless. His presence in the cabinet actually deceived their friends in the mines and the workshops, who were ready to strike at the first opportunity. Finally believing, by M. MILLERAND's appointment, that they had a friend at court, they had undertaken to throw down their employers, and at CREUSOT and BELFORT they found that MILLERAND had not changed the government in any respect;

they were arrested for the commission of violence in the same old way. It was wrong, thought M. GUYON, to deceive those simple and candid people in this manner. But JATREZ kept on, not mind- ing GUYON's logic or LAZARUS's picturesque account of his masses, until the congress—consisting of fifty of the expected five hundred delegates—declared that while it was wrong for socialists to take office under the bourgeoisie, it was not an exception to the rule, and M. MILLERAND's case was one of them.

The important fact about this congress is that it organized French socialism, and demonstrated that it was not really a serious factor in French politics. The matter was an appetized which to judge whether the exception is presented: whether the conditions permitting a socialist to enter the cabinet, or M. MILLERAND to remain a member of the present government, have arisen. The result was a master a power superior to that of the Chamber of Deputies, to which he is legally responsible. The socialist minister will lose his influence in the Chamber, if he is less easy, because he will be recognized as the servant and mouth-piece of a socialist cabinet, and the Chamber and all political factions will unite against the one faction which has no mind of its own, and with which, therefore, no agreement can safely be made. Moreover, the first attempt of the committee to convert a socialist league into a group will necessarily result in the overthrow of the committee. Socialists are not the kind of people to obey; if they were they would not be socialists. M. JATREZ and M. VIVIANI think that they have established an organized party, the former because M. M. MILLERAND, they are some politicians than socialists. M. CHARLES believes that in this organization, and by reason of the appointment of M. MILLERAND in the cabinet, socialism has made an enormous advance in France. If it has, the outlook is encouraging. The party which carried the day at the congress are led by men who are willing to compromise for power, and who will therefore, as we have said, eventually listen to reason; and the groups that refused to send delegates because they did not want to be bound by the action of the congress began to meet, and will speak with the very spirit of press them together. French socialism is especially worthy of study, because it is the most highly wrought socialism of our time, the socialism most nearly like what all socialism will come to be—except in its methods, its majesty, its practical, and its raising the veil of its own resolutions. Socialism will some day, perhaps, rule some part of the world. It may be France or it may be Germany; but its rule will be brief, for the very causes which led to the decay of the French congress to victory in the cabinet, and its own success, and the impossibility of socialistic government in general will be shown by the failure of this attempted government in particular.

THE amount of Treasury officials upon education and civilization is worthy of notice in the passing review. It is a development of insular politics and boss rule—a perfectly natural and, indeed, an inevitable development. The reason why we have the machine and its boss is that there is money in politics. Hardly any of the party leaders of to-day, so far as municipal offices are concerned, would be in politics at all if it were not a profitable occupation. They made money in larger ways and much more easily in politics than they could in any honest business. For politics as a vocation for gain is distinctly a dishonest business. The money must be made of course, through the possession of public duties and functions, and the energy of effort and the flow of expenditure are directed towards the objects which have the most power in them. Paying street-railway franchises, bridges, lighting contracts, sewers, docks and a variety of other municipal needs are much more attractive to the Tammany or any other boss than education and libraries. New school houses yield a profit, of course, just as new engine houses and new gas-works houses do, and if there is any chance to insert the municipal taxes in enterprises that will reward the industry of the boss and his henchmen, why should the money be wasted in paying excessive salaries to the school teachers, or in providing the funds for keeping open the free libraries, or in making a handsome salary to the teachers and the free libraries which is now being tried in New York will inaugurate a new era of ignorance and illiteracy if Tammany succeeds, and it will succeed unless good citizens strike the kind of protest which will have the power of driving

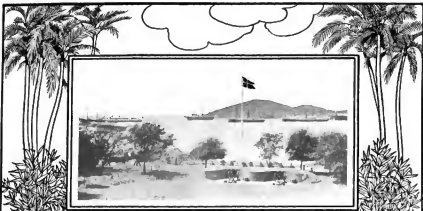
back the bosses into their kennels, and of which they sometimes venture too far.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE gave \$500,000 to the Cooper Union in order that the work of the founder might be carried out to its full extent. The opening of the year has been marked by other generous gifts to educational institutions. Especially notable among these are the gifts by Mr. GEORGE R. BELLING and his brother to the City School, Garden City, Long Island. It is not only to commemorate the generosity of the donors that we mention these gifts, but to call attention to the wisdom displayed by those in leaving to those who have had the determination of the object for which their money was to be expended. It is too often the fashion to give money to schools and colleges for the carrying out of the ideas of the donors, and occasionally gifts of this kind are made here. They may change, or at least learn, the purpose of the institution; and frequently, by not providing quite enough for the donor's purpose, they become burdens on the gift fund, already overtaxed. There is frequently not much generosity in a gift unless the donor has taken the means to insure the general welfare of the institution. Mr. CARNEGIE may not have had a choice in giving to Cooper Union, but at least he has given to carry out the founder's wishes, and we trust that the example will be generally followed by donors in the coast after him.

THE Senate was dominated a disproportionately dignified court by DEBOERLE and the several scores of French monarchists who threaten to rule, and President JARIS do not seem to take account of the government or a President seriously, and it was worth while to find out if any Frenchman would rally to the monarchy, or to any enemy of the present republic, or a leader like DEBOERLE, who were convicted and sentenced to death. DEBOERLE is a member of the General ROBERT's horse and shouted, "A l'Égalité" meaning that the army was to be employed to overturn the government. General ROBERT was willing enough, but something had taught him that the army would not follow him, and that the game was too dangerous for him to play. Now DEBOERLE is sent into exile for ten years, shooting, poisoning, and heroizing generally, and set a ripple across the political surface. The rebel has broken the fort so long in his house, and with which the government has possibly with a view of lessening the attention of the populace from the DEBOERLE trial at DEBOERLE goes to jail, and two other shenanigans go into exile. And there is not even an important party, and with which the government has done as the Bossmaster and the republic tries to make its own way out of its own difficulties.

SOME effort is to be made at Albany this winter to further reform the primary election law. It has been suggested that the next great task of the friends of good government. How many years ago it was suggested by the late DAVID DUREY FIELD we do not remember, but it is surely within a comparatively short time that attention has been seriously attracted to it. California and Maryland have now good primary laws, and New York's law is much better than it ever was before. It ought to be better still. The essential evil of the present law in this State is that it continues to recognize the primary as essentially a party duty or task. As the candidates become official through the present ballot law, the treatment of the nominating machinery as private business is, to say the least, an incongruity. State officers alone, and without regard to party, should set the seal of regular candidacy upon the men who are to be voted for at the election.

ALL friends of the navy will applaud Secretary LEROY's desire to change the present method of rewarding officers for distinguished services. Under the law as it stands, the only promotion that can be given to an officer must be at the expense of other officers. He is passed over the heads of his elders who therefore suffer injustice, some of them being thereby prevented from reaching the highest grade in the service. The idea of Captain Cresswell of the Oregon is a most ingenious and a most desirable one. He certainly deserves an extra reward as one of our captains who served in the Spanish war. He not only got no reward, but by reason of the promotion of the Manila captain he is actually reduced, and is now two years below the rank of his superior. The promotion had been no use at all. The ideal remedy would be to make new numbers for the officers to be promoted. But Mr. LEROY recommends medals and increased pay, and with that suggestion must, if not all, of the captives who fought at Santiago, are content.



The GATEWAY of the CARIBBEAN

By William Drysdale

THE place which is on the way to every other place," is the author's terse way of describing St. Thomas. When he lays his course for any part of the Caribbean Sea, the tip of his long paper flag first hits St. Thomas. To call the little island the gateway of the Caribbean is not merely poetic fancy. The shortest and best course from England to any United American port, by steam or sail, is by St. Thomas. The route from Spain to Cuba or Mexico is by St. Thomas. For the lines from the United States to Brazil the most convenient port of call is St. Thomas. To go from the timber in the Lower Antilles, one goes by the way of St. Thomas. Nature has given this half way house of the sea a position that even the commercial supremacy of Barbados has not over- shadowed.

So great is the importance of this little dot in the Antillean chain, whether considered from a naval or from a commercial stand point, that in a review of the old question of making the Danish West Indies a part of the United States, St. Thomas is the main point for investigation. It is not the largest of the Danish islands, nor the richest, nor the most populous, but it is the one of the three Danish islands that would be of greatest value to this country. And it is the nearest neighbor to the American island of Puerto Rico. The only land lying between Puerto Rico and St. Thomas is in the two islands of Culebra and Vieques, which were politically separated from Puerto Rico, and were surrendered to the United States with that island. The distance from the American island of Culebra to St. Thomas is an American island of St. Thomas is less than twenty miles.

The geographical position of the Danish Islands gives them a peculiar importance in the ruling power of Puerto Rico. The West Indies is not now the only sea land that it was to many Americans at the beginning of the Spanish war, but there are still President-makers who find it hard to distinguish between the Bahamas and the Bermudas. Much easier than making that distinction is

laying a course to the Danish Antilles. A hundred miles from the lower end of Florida lies Cuba, and to reach St. Thomas from there one need only travel toward the straits, and, varying always a trifle to the south. Past San Domingo, past Puerto Rico, almost on a line with the northern edge of the latter, lies St. Thomas, in north latitude 18° 20', about 400 miles east by north of the country end of Cuba.

When Columbus made his second voyage, in 1493, he discovered the little group to which the Danish islands belong and named them the Virgin Isles. Whether the discovery was made on St. Ursula's day, or whether the striking out of the islands by possession preceded that of the possession of the 41,000 virgins, is a question that historians find pleasure in discussing upon. The Virgin Isles, at any rate, they became, and after so many virgins taken as their larger neighbors, the end of the nineteenth century their three almost equally divided between the Danes and the British, each of them belonging to Great Britain, and none to Denmark.

Columbus found the Virgin Isles peopled by Caribs, or Arawaks, hunters, hunter-makers, grove and water gatherers, with light brown skin and wavy clothes. The inhabitants of various nations, with their powder and lead, their fire-water, small iron, and other civilization in harness made short work of the greater sibs. These for a time the buccannars held sway, and during and perpetuating the whole history of St. Thomas, made of that island a little paradise for romantic story—still in position, in fact. A commercial company, headed by Danish and German capital, soon took possession, and continued the civilization process by making St. Thomas the capital port for West-Indian smugglers, and the clearing house for slaves caught in Africa and shipped as merchandise to the Western Continent.

The Elector of Brandenburg was director of this commercial company, which soon extended its operations in the neighboring islands of St. Cruz and St. John. He was succeeded as director by the King of Denmark, and

through that connection the three islands ultimately became the property of the Danish crown. That was more than two centuries ago, but the islands are still dependent in every sense of the word, for their income is never sufficient to pay their expenses.

From the statistics we should judge the present condition of the three islands may be summed up in this way:

	Area	Population
St. Thomas	100	14,700
St. John	100	14,700
St. Cruz	100	14,700
Total	300	44,100

These are the figures of 1908, the most recent obtainable, and they have not materially changed in the last few years.

All the nations have contributed toward making the St. Thomas of today, but the Danes laid the foundation by making it a free port. As it was the only free port in the West Indies, it soon became a great store house for goods that were constantly to be distributed among the other islands. With one of the best harbors in the Caribbean Sea, free entry for goods, and the whole Danish policy of non-interference in his neighbors' affairs, the prosperity of nearly 44,000 inhabitants came from elsewhere.

The Danes and British ate the island, in considering the question of purchase. The island is of volcanic origin, rocky mountains, really unfit for cultivation in the greater part of its area. If we desire to buy farm lands, we can do better. It is incapable of producing enough to support its low inhabitants. But, to be sure, England could do better wheat fields than she has on the island, but soil will fertilize in an odd hour for wheat.

To the city is mostly given the name of the island, though its official name is Charlotte Amalie. It contains



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A PUBLIC WELL.

the bulk of all the inhabitants of the island. Here and there are scattered a few sugar planters, who reach the town by rail moderately well made by the Danes, local iron that is more plentiful than profitable, and work hard at keeping their blacks at work. There is no slave-driver's bark of course on a Danish island, but though the St. Thomas blacks are noted among West Indian negroes for their industry, they still have a certain depression when work is in sight.

The Danes are a clean people and clean people make a clean town. The sickening stinks and swarms of old-time Soudanese or Havana are altogether absent. The streets are paved and sometimes swept, garbage is carried away, and sewage is in any modern town, a town that slopes sharply down to the sea. But this cleanliness is altogether artificial. The Danes make a small showing in the population, and the people of color, who will use their own language and follow their own customs, would soon acquire a real West Indian taint if the government would allow it. Until it is made under to carry a gull-poll away from to empty it into the street, West Indian cleanliness will be largely due to the government that sends "post men."

These other people, the children of St. Thomas, are principally Spanish, Dutch, French, English, and American. They enjoy equal freedom, and freely use their own languages in conducting their business. There are many descendants of Protestant emigrants from the south of France, who came over from Holland after the Revolution of the Elder of Napoleon, and settled in the Brandenborg quarter, just beyond the town. The harbor is a deep round basin surrounded by high hills, the highest point being 1000 feet. At the base of the hills, and following the harbor basin, lies the city, its main thoroughfare skirting the shore for about a mile and a half. How the character of the buildings is an excellent test of the language of the business signs. Frenchmen having followed French architecture, and representatives of all the other nations having followed their example. In general, however, the structures are square, built of stone, with tiled roofs, and low, like all West Indian buildings, on account of the occasional hurricanes. There were great hurricanes in 1818, in 1847, and in 1867.

The harbor of St. Thomas is of sufficient size for naval and mercantile needs and is one of the best in the West Indies. About one-half of the circle is walled by mountains and a fourth by bold rocky headlands. Two of the quarters of these headlands guard the two sides of the entrance, and they alone, with modern naval equipment, would make the approach formidable. In the hands of the United States the island could readily be made the port of Haiti, or Gibraltar as a military and naval station. Many other reefs and shoals render it unapproachable except by the channels. The depth of water in the harbor is ample for all purposes without deepening. In about three-fourths of the harbor it gives a depth of from 30 to 50 feet at low tide. In the other quarter the depth is nowhere less than 15 feet.

Were this once this government had left the island to St. Thomas for a naval station, it would be like to begin the

to estimate how much power the result would have been among island in the city was with a well equipped naval station in the Virgin Isles. When the French were threatening to gain a foothold in the Western Hemisphere, at about the same time, St. Thomas was one of the most important points. What the island would have meant to us in the war with Spain hardly needs more than mention. Certain it would have been barred from the Caribbean Sea, Puerto Rico would have fallen into our hands as easily as the Philippines, the system of our busy harbor defenses need not have been secured. The loss of life and treasure in that short war would doubtless have been reduced one-half.

As that time the popular voice said, "We will not be caught in this condition again." But shall we? The present Congress will have something to say about that. The necessity of acquiring St. Thomas was so strongly felt in the middle of the century that negotiations were opened with Denmark, and the terms of a treaty were arranged between the Danish King and Secretary of State Howard. After frequent discussion in the cabinet of President Lincoln, and afterwards in the cabinet of President Johnson, Mr. Howard determined to visit the Danish islands to see for himself. He sailed in January, 1868, in the U. S. steamer *De Soto*, and went direct to Christiania, Amalie, where he was warmly welcomed by both government and

people. Everything on the island that would hold a sharp or powder was loaded to suit him, and the whole population turned out to do him honor as he drove up past the Blackened and Blackened castles to a well covered dinner in the Government House. These two old castles are miles of miles of the surrounding area. During his stay he spent some hours with Santa Anna, who at that time occupied a villa on a hill not far outside of the city.

This visit determined the attitude of the cabinet in the matter. Mr. Howard was so well impressed with the importance of the station that he immediately opened negotiations with the King of Denmark for its purchase. The question was submitted to popular vote on the island, to sell or not to sell, and the voters were almost unanimously in favor of annexation to the United States. The price agreed upon was \$3,000,000 for the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, and every preliminary was settled. But it seems refused to ratify the treaty.

To speak of a volcanic island is to give an impression of black hills, bare cliffs, scarily barrenness. But volcanic formations in the far North and in the warm tropics have little in common. The whole island of St. Thomas is the summit of a mountain, whose base lies on the sea bottom, but it is a mountain peak in a region of coral and volcanic and first great warm seas, where even the porphyry had the growth of vegetation is quick and strong. There are few long cultivated ridges in St. Thomas, but hard, warm showers are frequent. Vegetation is more than abundant, even where the high, sun-baked, beautiful vegetation of the tropics. Grass spots are covered with grass, barren fields are hidden beneath a thick blanket of undying verdure. Although much of the land is not suitable for cultivation, the same may be said of almost every island in the West Indies, the soil produces all the vegetation that profitable region, and the fruits of the tropics are abundant.

The soil customs of this island Gibraltar offer an interesting field to the student or the writer, but they can hardly be considered in as brief a sketch. Naturally they are many where on a small island the customs of the House, the French, the Spanish, the English, American, Danish, Africans and others meet, but elsewhere without adulterating. No where, perhaps, was the neighborhood medicine-chest ever kept in duplicate. Until recently the sale of medicines was a government monopoly. The privilege was sold to one firm only, but that firm was compelled to keep everything in duplicate, and to stock the two stock-rooms in private buildings, so that in case of fire the people should not go unprovided.

The need of medicines in St. Thomas, however, is not so great as it is in other islands. Experience in the West Indies has shown that sick will with the least repetition it brings, is a proponent of disease, and that health dwells in the most unobtrusive of private buildings, so that it is long lived. There are no rivers to breed miasma in stagnant pools, and the springs are counted on one finger.

The area of the island is only 215 square miles. But in 215 square miles each could be cleared, from that foundation wonderfully large gains may be found.



A TYPICAL HILL-SIDE STREET, WITH WATER-COURSE DOWN THE MIDDLE.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE COUNTRY NORTH OF DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA, FROM THE COURSE OF THE BATTLEFIELD.



THE AUSTRALIAN TROOPS PLACING THEIR HORSES ON THE TRAIN AT CAPE TOWN



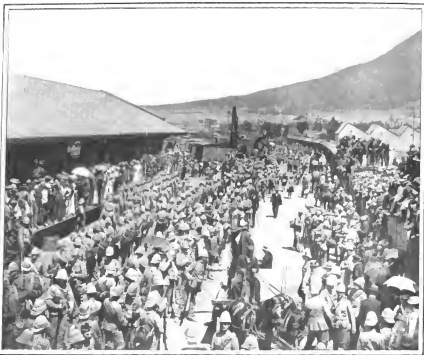
DE WILLIAM J. LEVIN,
Commander of the
Imperial Light Horse



THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE AND GORJON HIGHLANDERS' CAMP AT
CAPE TOWN

Photograph by General G. G. G.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LADYSMITH AND CAPE TOWN.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT ABOUT TO LEAVE CAPE TOWN FOR THE FRONT.

See Page 47

England's Butcher and Baker

If the United States were to suddenly stop the present regular shipments of livestock and meat to England it would be but a few weeks at the most before the United Kingdom would be suffering from the direct famine for the United States has England at her mercy in that most vital point in a nation's life—the food supply.

During the past year England bought of other countries \$230,000,000 worth of meat and \$225,000,000 worth of wheat, wheat flour and corn. Of this enormous bill for bread and meat about 90 per cent, or \$205,000,000, was paid in the United States. In the same period the English people consumed all the meat they could obtain from the United States. In addition, 220,000 head of live cattle, 612,000 head of live sheep, and 1,530,000 head of meat slaughtered animals. It is in this last item that the United States has recently performed its best upon the British meat market, for it is the American dressed beef which supplies the butchers' stalls of all the large centers of population. Any shipment would be felt in these places first and it is here the lead to a great crash of the population is found—the class from which is recruited in times of stress the marauding, desperate, and destructive mob.

England's importations of live butchers' stock have not increased much in the past twenty years. In fact, in 1902, 1904 and 1905 they were greater than for the past year. The importations of dressed meat have gained steadily in volume, until now they are heavy as great as they were twenty years ago. Adding the totals of live and dressed meat, it is shown that the meat importations as a whole, have nearly doubled in twenty years. The total imports tons of live kinds of meat and other animal products rose from \$100,000,000 in 1910 to nearly \$200,000,000 in 1918. The total of all animal products in 1918 is also total of the most bill since 1910. The balance is found in the importations of butter, lard, cheese, milk, rabbits, poultry, and game, eggs and food.

The part played by the United States in this food trade is, as shown, most important. This is not only because of the enormous amount of money which comes to this country from the sale of livestock, but because of the fact that so much of this animal wealth is paid for American labor employed in preparing the material for market. Of the total of \$125,000,000 worth of meat supplied to Eng-

land by the United States, but then thirty million is derived from the sale of live stock. Even this employs a lot of labor in the handling, but nothing like that employed in the preparation of the other \$95,000,000 worth of meat supplies, which are practically manufactured goods. The following figures show how the American meat trade with England is distributed among the various branches of the industry. The sales for the year ending July 1, 1918, were as follows:

Dressed meats, \$2,765,000 pounds, valued at \$9,000,000
Pork hams, 951,200 pounds, valued at \$3,400,000
Beefed hams, 792,000 pounds, valued at \$2,500,000
Bacon, 108,474,000 pounds, valued at \$11,000,000
Beef, 117,162,000 pounds, valued at \$14,000,000
Pork, 30,000,000 pounds, valued at \$3,500,000
Lard, 20,000,000 pounds, valued at \$1,200,000
Other, 1,200,000 pounds, valued at \$65,000

In addition to the above, England bought in the same period from the United States 200,000 head of live cattle, valued at \$25,000,000 and 30,000 head of live sheep, valued at \$207,000.

It must be remembered that all live sheep and cattle imported from England must be slaughtered within ten days of their being. This is done for the alleged protection of the British farmer, though the idea is unjustly illiberal and absurd. The American has no complaint to make, however, for he has a demand at home for all his livestock, and plenty of staff to handle them with. This population has also resulted in a tremendous stimulus to the dressed-meat industry in the United States, the shipments abroad having nearly doubled in the last five years.

If it were possible that England, a country that has the greatest of its commercial enterprise and country, should have allowed itself to drift into this dependent position it now occupies in relation to the United States. No other country has sufficient surplus to supply England's needs, but, with all her industrial possessions, it might have been possible for England to have developed her own resources, so as to supply her own people at least with bread and meat. There has been much talk in England about establishing great public warehouses, wherein provision could be made against famine, but this has not yet been done, nor is it likely.

Considering all of England's needs important to her welfare, they amount to a yearly consumption for food of 4,600,000 imperial gallons. Every day in the past year England consumed 2865 head of cattle, 6529 sheep, and 1027 pigs, valued in foreign countries. This represents a total of 4500,000 a day. Compared with the year before, this was a decrease in the daily consumption of 65 head

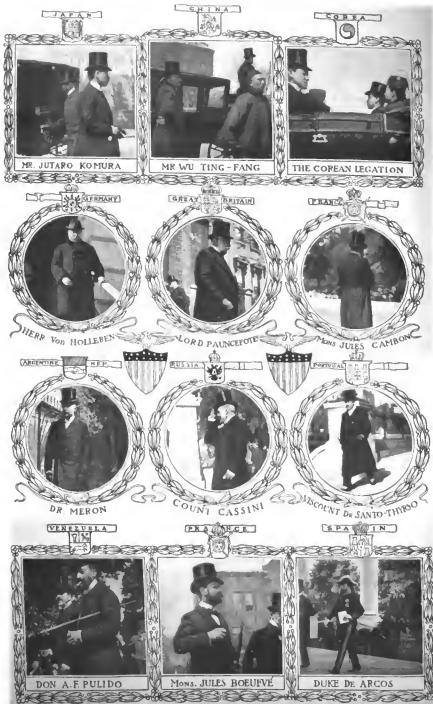
of cattle, but an increase of 594 sheep and 584 hogs. The decrease in the consumption of cattle is due to the greater demand in the home market of the United States, and consequent higher prices. This is the reason for the scarcity of meat in the British market last year, and is an excellent illustration of the direct dependence of the British public upon the United States for the staples of its daily food.

The point of greatest interest to Americans is considering the future of this meat trade with England as a possible rival. While the relative percentage of meat which goes to England from here is still small, it is rapidly increasing in quality as well as in quantity.

The price of meat is governed by the number of cattle and sheep in existence, and the British stock experts are already fighting closely and anxiously upon the number they feel to be best for the future. In these figures they find good basis for the belief that meat will become very scarce, that it is now. In some European countries, as compared with thirty years ago, there are more cattle in every county per thousand acres, but when this is because it is compared with that in the population in the same period it is shown that the number of cattle has decreased relatively. The population in the countries referred to has increased from 140,000,000 to 175,000,000 or 24 per cent, while the cattle have increased only 21 per cent.

The great source of surplus meat in the United States, and here, during the past few years, the number of cattle having daily been out of consideration per 1000 people has fallen from 280 to 265, or from 21,000,000 to 20,000,000. This is 3,000,000 less cattle with a greatly increased population, and one which is enjoying great prosperity, rising wages, and constantly increasing the per capita consumption of meat. In the same time European countries referred to the number of sheep has decreased 20 per cent, while, as before noted, the population has increased 24 per cent. In the United States sheep have also decreased by over 3,000,000 head. In a country in the world has there been of late any increase in the number of sheep as compared with the increase in population except in the colony of New South Wales.

A comparison of commercial relations with England would have a disastrous effect upon the American grain and meat market, but such supposition could not be too long, for, despite her great steel and military power, England is weak at her base of supplies. She would soon be starved out if she quarreled with the United States. This is not a matter of conjecture. It is a mathematical demonstration. J. D. WHEELER



WASHINGTON—SNAP-SHOTS AT THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLYDEBOUT.



THE GREAT VEHICLE POISED FOR A MOMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE SLOPE, THEN TURNED SLOWLY OVER.

A SMALL WORLD. *By Henry Seton Merriman*

I.

There were the shining sun
That round the planets round had circled the sun,
And down the rugged hills, and far into the
Pines with their summits with their shadowy
Merge in their light, and greenly lay in them.

It was midday at the monastery of Monaster, and a monk, walking in the garden, turned and peered in his meditative promenade to down to an ancient stone. The stone of this sacred height is as to be seen that never cannot sleep at night for the least part of a month. There is no running water except the fountain in the park. There are no birds to fill of spring and morning. There are no trees for the most night to stir—nothing but eternal rock and the ancient building so closely associated with the life of its monks of the valley. The valley, a short three thousand feet below, is thickly strewn with poplars, though a great river and the line of railway from Moscow to Barchina run through it. So clear is the atmosphere that at the great distance the contemplative desires of the monastery may count the number of the railway carriages, while no sound of the train, or indeed of any life in the valley, reaches their ears.

It was the monk heard was disturbing, and he hurried to the corner of the garden from whence a view of the winding road may be obtained. Floating on the wind came the sound as from another world, of shouting and the Indian rattle of wheels. The holy man turned down into the valley and soon verified his fears. It was the dike-truck which had quitted the monastery a short hour ago that flew down the hill in headlong destruction. Once there he saw the revolution of the wheel and the monks had seen many, falling down to their death and carrying with them across that frontier the lives of seven passengers, down every man, who, having performed the pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Monaster, had doubtless received their reward. The monks crossed themselves, being human, forgot alike to pray and to call his brethren to witness the scene. It was like looking at a play from a very high gallery. The miniature figures on the top road that before strayed from the bank of the highway to the verge—the four monks stretched out at a gallop in a picture. The dike-truck dived at the monastery had the effect they were lashed to creak. For the monks could see the cinders and splinters flew aside to let the living avalanche go past.

There were but two men on the beam of the di-

ke-truck—the driver and a passenger seated by his side. The monk remembered that this passenger had passed two days at Monaster, identifying himself in the visitors' book as Matthew H. Whitaker.

"I'm ready to take the omen when your name is crumpled," this passenger was saying at that precise moment, "but I do not know the road, and I cannot drive so well as you."

He finished with a curt laugh and holding on with both hands, he turned next look at his companion. He was not afraid, and death sincerely suited him in the face at that moment.

"Thanks for that, at all events," murmured the driver, laughing his ribs with a steady will. Then he fell to rousing the mules. As he reached each corner of the winding road he gave a decisive shout of triumph, as he subtly passed a cart he gave voice to a yell of defiance. He went in his death-of death washed him with a flag spirit, with a light in his eyes and the blood in his heated cheeks.

The man at his side could perhaps have saved himself by a leap a half a mile, with good fortune, but he made nothing more serious than a broken back.

As he had been invited by the driver to take this leap and had surely declined, it is worth a while to pause and give particular notice to this passenger on the runaway dike-truck. He was a slightly built man, dressed in the ordinary dark clothes and with black felt hat of the middle-class squander. His face was brown and sun-dried, his deep blue eyes drew downwards from the nose to the lips in such a manner that cynicism and a subtly protesting tolerance were everywhere. He meditated in an otherwise unobtrusively inexpressive countenance.

"The Reverend does not blame me for this," the driver yelled out, as he headed round a corner with a sort of yelp.

"No—my friend," replied the American, and he looked off suddenly to cure his two loads around his legs and give their warring steeds in a clear track that may down the valley like a stampede. A modest-looking heavily laden cart-draw drew his head into the ditch and kept into the middle of the road. He stopped nimbly and sprang of the leading mule, but was rolled into the ditch like an old lad.

"That is an old proverb," shouted the driver. "Beware! beware!"

As they flew on, Whitaker turned in his seat and caught a glimpse of the man standing in the middle of the road. The dike-truck came speed on in an attitude of apology and de-

layed. "Ah!" cried the driver, "we shall not pass them. Now leap!"

"No," answered the other, and gave his warning about a dozen times on the spiral road, two heavy carts were slowly mounting. There were the long country carts used for the carriage of wine casks, heavily laden with barrels for the monastery. The drivers, looking up, saw in a moment what to expect, and ran to the head of their long teams of eight mules, but all concerned knew in a flash of thought that they could not pull aside in time.

"Leap in the name of a saint!" cried the driver, clutching his teeth. Whitaker made no answer. But he cleared his feet and set forward, his face pale and narrow eyes about to close any chance of life. The maddened mules rushed on, clanking in fire themselves from the passing destroyer on their heels. The leaders swung round the corner, but refused to obey the reins when they caught sight of the cart in front. The teams had long round to act, the wooden blocks were chattered as by fire. The two heavier mules at the tail made a terrific but intelligent attempt to check the pace, and the weighty vehicle shuddered sideways across the road, shuddering and settling as it went. It passed for a moment on the edge of the slope while the mules threw themselves into their collars—their intelligence seeming to rise at this moment to a human level. Then the great vehicle tumbled slowly over, and at the same moment Whitaker and the driver leapt into the tangle of horns and hooves. One of the horses swung right out in mid air with flying legs, and mules and dike-truck rolled over and over down the steep in a cloud of dust and stones.

When Matthew H. Whitaker recovered consciousness he found himself in a rocky disturbed bed-race. He awoke as if from sleep with his senses fully alert, and began at once to take an interest in a conversation of which he had been conscious in the form of a faint murmur. Some time

"A broken ear, my child, and nothing more, as far as I can tell at present," were the first comprehensible words. Whitaker tried to move his left arm and failed.

"And the other man?" inquired a woman's voice in Spanish, but with an accent which the listener recognized at once. This was an English woman speaking Spanish.

"All the other men in this Poor House?" he was always civil and good-looking. He has driven the dike-truck up to us for nearly twenty years."

Whitaker turned his head and glanced again. The speaker was a monk—but good-looking—one of the few who are not in the great house on Monaster. His inter-

RAPID-FIRE FIELD-GUNS. *By Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, R.C.S.*

THE war in North Africa is emphasizing with certain characteristics the value of high-powered field-artillery. The frequency with which the dispersion here assumed the character of British fire by repetition of heavy machine-irreversible the carbons that the longest are supplied with a superior artillery outfit. The most notable illustration of this fact is the two guns sent to the front from the Transvaal Depot Fire Brigade, which, on the 1st of August, were mounted with the most successful results on the coast of Ku-rup. The orders were filed for the most part by the Le Cousté system of France and by the Krupp of Germany. It is not sufficient to say that the Boers possess the best French and German guns. The ground is now fully covered by machine guns that possess the very latest and most advanced types of field-ordnance turned out in the world.

In view of the foregoing, the war in North Africa is peculiarly significant as indicating the relative efficiency of English and Continental field weapons. Two years ago a distinguished American officer, on returning from Egypt, was asked what had impressed him the most with artillery. He answered, "satisfactorily." "The French field-artillery" and added that in his opinion, it led all others. No one now in France here does more in the developing of rapid fire field and naval guns than the well-known submarine engineers M. Court and M. Schœnherz. M. Court in particular has had remarkable success in producing field weapons capable of being worked at high velocities on light carriages. The very important consideration in field-artillery, it should be understood, is the keeping down of weight, for by so doing it is possible to draw a gun and its carriage about as easily. In making such reduction from a field gun, the carriage must possess sufficient strength to withstand the heavy recoil shocks. This strength must be obtained on the least possible weight, otherwise mobility is affected.

The most effective French field piece of to-day of its class is held to be the Court 2.95 inch 1.25 calibre gun. It is wonderfully simple in construction, and for its calibre and length of barrel is probably the lightest gun on the continent of Europe. So strongly built is the carriage and so effective is its recoil attachment that it is found possible to use the shells under severe conditions at the high muzzle velocity of 1800 feet per second. The gun is, in fact, obtained, is readily fired twenty times per minute.

The breaks or attachments for absorbing the recoil of the gun, is a prominent feature of all modern rapid fire field-pieces. Before rapid fire can be secured with a field gun the weapon must be held so as to move but little out of place. Because in this form had to various counter-measures for absorbing the piece. The device now in use consists, for the most part, a spade fixed to the end of the trail, and a hydraulic cylinder attached to some part of the carriage. The spade is driven into the ground at the first discharge, and such successive recoil is absorbed by the hydraulic breaks. Heavy springs, which are compressed with each discharge, serve to run the gun forward on its carriage.

In the case of the Court field weapon the carriage is fitted with an usual trail piece, which later slips down when the gun is fired. At the end of the trail is a pivoted spade which, at the first salvo, takes a firm hold on the ground. Each successive discharge, following the first, is absorbed by the telescoping trail piece. The action of the trail is automatic; for after the absorption of each recoil the gun is returned to position. Not only is the system simple—it is found to be a matter of course, it will be observed, the small mechanism and buffers are greatly improved.

The advantage of recoil breaks for field guns cannot be overestimated. A gun equipped with a checking device will jump to the rear at every discharge. The gun-

ner must then run the piece by hand into position, all of which motions greatly retard rapid fire.

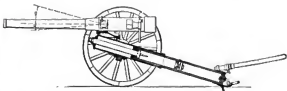
In the developing of recoil absorption devices the French have only had all European gun-makers, with the rare exception of the Krupp of Germany. It is worth this gun-maker gun establishment and the leading French gun-makers it has been a mark and work ever for the next five years. Early in the present decade it was recognized throughout Europe that the French were making a noble but mistake in the development of field-artillery, and the anxiety of foreign powers to ascertain the methods the

in range is not great, but the fire was demonstrating that range is of vital importance.

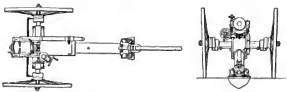
On some other matter, generally, that good shaped efforts are not obtained in addition mark marks it below. The Germans and French use on a type field gun a caliber of 2.95 inches.

The table below affords a comparison between those 6.4 guns of the Germans, French and English which by means of their make and might are particularly in the same class.

The table shows the French gun to be superior in range



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF A COURT 2.95 INCH FIELD-GUN.



Overhead View.

Rear View

THE COURT ELASTIC TRAIL CARRIAGE

French were employing was manufactured at the time Dreyfus was charged with receiving the hydraulic break attachment of the 120 millimeter gun. That was an open case, however, the French have made much else advances. So also have the Krupp, but with the exception of the latest field pieces of the German establishment, it is pretty safe to say that relatively few. French field guns of to-day are as much in the lead of European field weapons as they were in 1901.

As a result of five years of struggle for supremacy, the latest Krupp piece is found to be a little lighter than the Court weapon of the same calibre, though not possessing the range of the latter. The Court 2.95 inch 1.25 gun has a maximum range of 7400 yards. Krupp's 2.95 inch 1.25 gun has a maximum range of 6800 yards. The difference

in both the Krupp and English gun. This is not a new fact, and the only wonder is that the superiority of the latter artillery was not earlier recognized and appreciated, when it was known that French establishments were filling the Transvaal order.

In the recent affairs of General Buller in cross the Tugela the superiority of the latter artillery fire was early manifested. It is interesting to note that the gun there had the field. The important point is the fact that the British pieces were out-ranged.

The lesson to be learned from the affair of the Tugela River is an important one, and it is especially significant in its regard to those nations not provided with field-artillery the equal of the best. Looking back over the past five years, numerous instances are recalled when the

FIELD-GUNS

French 2.95 inch and German 2.95 inch		British 2.95 inch		British 3.1 inch	
Length of barrel	85.00 in.	Length of barrel	75.00 in.	Length of barrel	75.00 in.
Weight of gun	1000 lbs.	Weight of gun	1000 lbs.	Weight of gun	1000 lbs.
Weight of carriage	1000 lbs.	Weight of carriage	1000 lbs.	Weight of carriage	1000 lbs.
Weight of projectile	100 lbs.	Weight of projectile	100 lbs.	Weight of projectile	100 lbs.
Initial velocity	1800 ft. per sec.	Initial velocity	1800 ft. per sec.	Initial velocity	1800 ft. per sec.
Maximum range	7400 yds.	Maximum range	6800 yds.	Maximum range	6800 yds.
Weight of empty carriage	1100 lbs.	Weight of empty carriage	1100 lbs.	Weight of empty carriage	1100 lbs.
Weight of empty carriage	1100 lbs.	Weight of empty carriage	1100 lbs.	Weight of empty carriage	1100 lbs.
Maximum elevation	15 deg.	Maximum elevation	15 deg.	Maximum elevation	15 deg.
Maximum elevation	15 deg.	Maximum elevation	15 deg.	Maximum elevation	15 deg.

* Krupp's gun has a maximum range of 6800 yards, when a propellant weighing 100 lbs. The gun has an initial velocity of 1800 feet per second. The weight of the gun, however, is 1000 lbs., and for this reason it is not here compared with the Court 2.95 inch gun of the same calibre.



THE BRITISH WEAPON Field Carriage for Vickers' Quick-Firing Gun.

ONE OF THE BOER "LONG TOMS." A Krupp 14.5 Calibre (14.5 inch) Siege Gun.



President McKinley

Sec. State

Att. Gen. Clegg

Sec. War

Sec. Navy

Sec. Agric.

Sec. Comm.

P. M. John Smith

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS CABINET
The first presidential photograph of the President as at present constituted.

(Copyright, 1901, by George Eastman, Inc.)



MOTOR TRUCK



PETROLEUM PARK TRAP.



MOTOR BICYCLE.

French Motor Vehicles

ELECTRICITY in America, steam in England and the gas-engine in France—though speaking this has been the general line of development for the science of automobilism, and it should be noted that there has been an equally marked divergence in the type of vehicle favored by the several inventors. The American experimenter has worked chiefly in the field of urban service; the delivery wagon, the cab and the pleasure car. For this line of work electricity is admirably suited, and its employment is now a practical axiom.

The English inventors have paid particular attention to the military side of the problem—the replacement of the automobile as a purely commercial agent. The improvements in the road machine require and the goods they are the classic triad—types of English motor construction, and the properties favor for this sort of heavy work is naturally seen.

In France the line of development has been in the direction of the light road carriage for all round use. In its special form it may be a racing machine, but generally it is the automobile pure and simple the machine that every one may afford to own and is convenient to man and dog. For general use electricity is less applicable, both in equipment and in running cost, and steam is especially in action and hands-pumped by its needing a deathly fuel supply—water and fuel.

The petroleum motor lacks the elasticity of the steam engine, and it cannot compare in smoothness of running with the rotary motion of an electric motor. Its superiority over both steam and electricity lies in its remarkable powers of endurance and its lightness and compactness. It has but one weak point—its cylinder—and an over-complacent construction of the latter leads, these are gasoline-fueled parts on a steam boiler and engine that are subject to injury, and failure, not when means a break down. It varies, sometimes, that a motor intended for use on one way is strong enough to stand not only its normal running load but also the extra loads incidental stress and rough roads. Here the petroleum motor stands easily first. In all the history of road racing in France, only once has the prize been won by a steam-carriage.

In the important element of weight the petroleum motor is in a class by itself. The lightest electrical equipment scales up in the hundreds of pounds, and it is impossible that this kind of load should ever be suitably reduced under the present system of storage-battery use. The petroleum motor can be built light enough for use on a bicycle or tricycle, and indeed the best type of motor adapted for the de Dion tricycle works up to the high figure of two and a quarter horse-power. The invention of rubber-tires has also contributed in great measure the necessity of carrying a large water-supply for cooling the cylinders.

There are hundreds of gasoline vehicles in daily use in the Parisian streets, and, as the illustrations show, they include every type of carriage construction, from the common bicycle and motor down to the motor bicycle. The early inventors naturally took the ordinary type of horse-carriage as the basis of their experiments, and it is only within the last two or three years that any marked modification in form has been developed. But today we have the automobile and the motor standing midway between the bicycle and the wagon, and the credit is likely to go on until the automobile type has been finally perfected.



PETROLEUM WAGONETTE.



PETROLEUM AUTOMOBILE.



THE DE DION TRICYCLE.



THE SEARCH-LIGHT ENGINE

A device recently adopted by the New York Fire Department. The searchlights are used to facilitate the work of the officers in dark buildings in the search for incendiary fires. The beams are so made to converge that they pass over a point of search that light even a large area. Experiments have proved the machine to be practical.



MOVING A HOUSE BY WATER

THEIR feat was accomplished at this Ocean, California. The building shown in the picture, showing its large lightness, is a masterpiece of building about twenty years. Its original site was on Florence Heights—a hill about three hundred feet from the bay. The house was moved down the slope on rollers, placed aboard the barge, and towed ten miles up the bay to Coronado, where it was again placed upon solid ground near the Hotel del Coronado. This is probably the first time that a house has been moved from place to place on a barge.

APPEAL TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. W. J. Brown's husband died of cholera. She says she would have saved his life if she had only known of the medicine advertised here. Write for a free trial.

WEALTH GIVING.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in every city of the United States. They are the most powerful blood-purifier and blood-builder known. Each bottle costs \$1.00.

THE SPHINGE SERVICE AT YOUR BINDERING.—The only place in the world where you can get the best of the world's paper and ink. Write for a free trial.

CHICK'S BARRACUDA.—Chick's Barracuda is the only fish in the world that will eat anything. It is the best of the world's fish. Write for a free trial.

A FINE, OLD SCOTCH.—Absolute Original Scotch Whisky. The only Scotch Whisky in the world. Write for a free trial.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Canadians in South Africa

THESE were from the first on ducks in the midst of the war. The Canadian contingent would give a good account of itself in South Africa. Indeed, they were in the front position to know of the highest confidence in this special body of men. Accordingly, when the attention towards the end of the year referred to the Canadian contingent as a part of the force sent to South Africa, they were in the front position to know of the highest confidence in this special body of men. Accordingly, when the attention towards the end of the year referred to the Canadian contingent as a part of the force sent to South Africa, they were in the front position to know of the highest confidence in this special body of men.

Advertisement for Rae's Lucca Olive Oil. Includes an image of the oil bottle and text: 'Rae's Lucca Olive Oil... Combines Perfection of Quality with Absolute Purity. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy. Established 1826.'

Advertisement for Armour's Pork and Beans. Text: 'You Don't Know Beans' UNTIL YOU'VE TRIED. ARMOUR'S PORK AND BEANS. With or without Tomato Sauce, in one, two and three pound cans. Ready for use. Sold by All Dealers. Armour & Co. Chicago.

Advertisement for Libby's Premier Soups. Text: 'Libby's Premier Soups. Satisfies those who enjoy their soups, delicious, well seasoned food. Made from the choicest meats... Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for Scientific American. Text: 'There's a Reason for Everything. Scientific American. It is a weekly volume of the whole world's scientific discoveries and transactions... Munsey & Co., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City.'

Advertisement for Fastingidious Men. Text: 'Fastingidious Men. Fastidious Men insist upon having their shirts made of Pride of the West. Made by Leading Tailors and Men's Furnishers.'

Advertisement for Books That Have Made Their Way. Text: 'Books That Have Made Their Way. A Book of the Day. Briton and Boer. Both Sides of the Question. The Martyrdom of an Empress. The Novel of the Moment. Red Pottage.'

Advertisement for A Pneumatic Tire. Text: 'A PNEUMATIC TIRE that can be inflated only in the factory in which it was made... The American Dunlop Tire Company, Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for The Novel of the Moment. Text: 'The Novel of the Moment. Red Pottage. By MARY CHLONDONLEY. 6th Edition. We are compelled to recognize the strength of this work, and its success is made entirely inevitable. — The Dial. First Nov. Cloth, \$1 50.'

Advertisement for Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. Text: 'Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. "I tried but cannot sleep... Johann Hoff's Malt Extract — "Gives Refreshing Slumber".'

Advertisement for Harper & Brothers. Text: 'Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.'

BOKER'S BITTERS



GEN. W. A. HAMMOND.
Late Surgeon-General, U. S. A.
Born Aug. 27, 1823. Died Jan. 5, 1895.



BRANCH OF THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, SAN FRANCISCO.
To be built and given to the City by Mayor James D. Phelan.



REV. DR. EDWARD MCGLYNN,
Born Sept. 27, 1832. Died Jan. 7, 1905.

South-African Celebrities

BY EDGAR MEIS

FRANCA KATON of the Johannesburg Daily News

A MAN'S civilization is not in his sword, but when he has to face the trials and worries attendant upon a residence in a semi-civilized country. Anybody can be civilized in New York or London, where civilization runs riot, but it takes more than a mere external coating of civilized usage to enable a man to remain a man in — we say in South Africa.

Go to a land where the rule of society is less severe than here, where men can wear what he pleases, where life is cheap (and being cheap—and you will soon realize that it is in the terrible days known as "social sciences" that know as a really civilized being.

In a land like South Africa was taken liberties with society, and indulges in things which would not be permissible elsewhere. It does not necessarily follow that it means honor or takes liberty, but he certainly does not restrict himself as he would inure to the centres of civilization.

Therefore the men who have made and perhaps unmade South Africa must not be judged by the same standard as celebrities in other parts of the world. Conditions were and are different there, and mankind must temper its actions, like the stone lion, to the actual prevailing.

Men like Kruger and Rhodes cannot be considered in the same light as politicians or scientists, or the like. They are to be classed of their own playing for an empire, by day fighting for a mine to mine. Nor should they be judged too harshly. They are following the dictates of their respective consciences—each an instrument being certain in South Africa—each no man can do better than his best. But, like them all in all, those

empire-builders of the Dark Continent are no wiser than others of their kind.

It was a little after four a. m. when Stephanus Paulus Kruger, President of the South African Republic, made his appearance. He was sitting on the vine covered veranda of his home in Pretoria. He was dressed in a black buck coat, trousers that bagged around at the knees and he held in one hand a large bowl of steaming coffee, that was a frequent welcome to the white in the dim light of dawn from Paul looked decidedly unattractive. His heavy frame, somewhat hunched, grizzled voice—in fact, the least admirable look on a starting resemblance to his picture.

Mr. Leyds, then the Secretary of State for the Transvaal, and incidentally also in the of the President, introduced me to O. van Rensburg, Dutch he called me welcome. He can speak English as well as most D. N. but for diplomatic reasons prefers to be treated by means of the language. He is a member of the corps, diluted upon the benches of Pretoria, and then turned himself on the plea of a sudden meeting.

And all this before five in the morning! Impressions after a lapse of time are apt to be softened, but in the case Paul appeared a hearty, good old man, who showed his hand, and who had just enough shrewdness to make a success of most things he undertook. This impression was strengthened by talk I had with men in full possession of life. They believed in their President as they did in their King. His word was law and his wishes the wishes of his people. He ruled as an autocrat, and often when the Volksraad protested against he threatened to resign and so brought it to terms. And now his fate is in the balance. Either he will be forced into private life, or he will be the first President of the United States of South Africa. Which shall it be?

The bravest man South Africa has produced so far is William J. Leyds. Born in the Transvaal, educated in Europe, he is a diplomat and scholar of exceptional ability. Tall and austere, he would never be considered a Boer, as the Boer has been pictured. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Perhaps the best criterion of this is a letter written last month to me:

"It is with great pleasure that I received your letter. You are not a stranger to matters concerning our republic, and I can only regret to mention that I have not so many, yet there are some cases to which parts of the world who, like you, having through residence a fair knowledge that our cause is just, and dignified, will not feel that they are to be allowed by our advocates, and to inform the world at large that we have serious business for that which is good and right.

There is one point in your letter to which I wish to draw your attention. You say, "Added by the nation, the Boer will give a lead generally." Nothing would be further from the minds of the Boers of the republic than to endeavor to make use of any national matter as they give in their strength against their Boers, and it will be within your knowledge that in their former struggles, when to feel in doing business with them, they have enough to do in their own right. It is necessary to their nation to the extent men to take part in a circle between nations. But even if they had no national conviction, their grasp of the political situation would be sufficient to make them obtain from you a warning. For the moment might be terrible. I say so much in this matter, on these minute information in the effect that the terms of our situation are actually being followed by the Boers. It may be taken as a fact that I should rather have simply been made one of the fact of our country. But even if our government can only deal with present against this one lightning proceeding.

"Born in a garter, in the gutter level," applies to the late Henry James, better known to fame as Henry Bunbury. Born in the Whitechapel district of London, he was at an early age forced to work along by himself. So he turned juggler and musician, spreading his carpet on the sidewalks, rattling his bagpipes and juggling with eggs. This done, he collected the penny which gentlemen reproducers gave, and thus managed to eat.

Being of a loving nature, he accumulated enough to go to the Cape, where diamonds had just been discovered. Once there, he jumped into the playing of Zouk's in the Kimberley Town Hall—a fact which it still re-

membered throughout South African with deaths of dread.

My first view of him was in front of the Queen's Theatre, Kimberley. He was indulging in a rough and tumble fight with Lieutenant Smith, the manager of the house. A few friends separated the pair, that millionnaire repaired to the Central Hotel across the way, and expressed his opinion of his opponent in language both picturesque and to the point.

Yuloville, well known, vain in a degree, however was not a pleasant companion, he had a natural though rough wit, and a heart that was large and charitable. He was a merry glib, too. Once in the Kimberley stock exchange, he secured the job that was about to overtake the Kelly had with him. A bank had failed, there was no water to run the mines and stock were falling heavily. Then the crowd slipped into the break. Without flourish of trumpet he brought all that was about to crash after him, bear after bear, and when they had called Henry Bunbury stock juggler, had brought his million dollars in a bare market, and the situation was most

"Win Plot" Zouk's had the story of Mayday Hill, in the home of Lindley De Beers, in Johannesburg. It was a simple story, simply told, but it was a story of that's nevertheless the triumph of the people.

"We had about given up hope," said he, "when, after a month, we decided to make one more trial. So, in the night, Lindley (that General) had secured Mayday Hill during the night, and we decided to take it. It is commonly thought that we had nearly as many men as the English had a reality we had less than one hundred. Twelve of our best marksmen were posted on Laing's Nek, and the rest ranged around the rear of the hill, where it is clear was the greatest. But before we began to fight we saw our men in the night and prayed to our God for help. And He heard our prayer. How well was South history will say."



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The entire Building occupies 92,000 Square Feet of Ground, will accommodate 2500 Employees, and cost, exclusive of \$112,000.

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Nos. 346 and 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

JOHN A. McCALL, - - - - - President.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1st, 1900.

ASSETS.	
United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds (cost value \$138,312,694; market value, Dec. 31, 1899)	\$144,526,786
Bonds and Mortgages (716 first liens)	39,297,517
Real Estate (72 pieces, including 12 office buildings)	17,082,000
Loans to Policy-holders on their policies as security (legal value thereof, \$16,000,000)	11,557,714
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at Interest	10,050,049
Stocks of Banks, Trust Companies, &c. (\$3,154,232 cost value; market value, Dec. 31, 1899)	6,956,500
Loans on Stocks and Bonds (market value, \$4,177,693)	3,276,450
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,254,390
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,208,423
Premium Notes on policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$3,400,000)	1,850,404
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1,366,116
Total Assets	\$236,450,348

LIABILITIES.	
Policy Reserves (per certificates of New York Insurance Department, December 31, 1899)	\$192,024,261
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment	2,990,563
Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company	3,507,699
Accumulated Surplus Funds, voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide Dividends payable to policy-holders during 1900, and in subsequent years:	
FIRST —(Payable to Policy-holders in 1900)	
To holders of Annuity Policies, the part of which matures in 1900	\$4,176,107
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies	594,124
To holders of 5 Year Dividend Policies	125,254
Total in 1899	\$4,895,485
SECOND —(Payable to Policy-holders, subsequent to 1900, as the periods mature):	
To holders of 20 Year Period Policies	\$17,983,264
To holders of 15 Year Period Policies	7,323,811
To holders of 10 Year Period Policies	571,637
To holders of 5 Year Dividend Policies	279,585
Aggregate	28,862,362
Other Funds for all other contingencies	6,965,423
Total Liabilities	\$236,450,348

CASH INCOME, 1899.	
New Premiums (Annuities, \$1,517,926) \$10,356,887	
Renewal Premiums	51,761,615
TOTAL PREMIUMS	\$42,118,502
Interest on:	
Bonds	\$6,121,603
Mortgages	1,862,656
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by reserves on policies	736,406
Other securities	376,785
Rents received	890,805
Dividends on Stocks	244,469
TOTAL INTEREST, RENTS, &c.	10,232,761
Total Income	\$52,351,263

EXPENDITURES, 1899.	
Paid for Losses, Endowments, and Annuities	\$16,022,768
Paid for Dividends and Surrender Values	6,184,209
Commissions and all other payments to agents (\$4,628,069) on New Business of \$208,300,000; Medicine Examiners' Fees, and Inspection of Risks (\$627,798)	5,156,898
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph Postage, Commissions on \$956,552,905 of Old Business, and Miscellaneous Expenditures	6,392,527
Balance—Excess of income over Expenditures for year	19,625,893
Total Expenditures and Balance	\$52,351,263

INSURANCE ACCOUNT, ON THE BASIS OF PAID-FOR BUSINESS ONLY.		
In Force, December 31, 1899	373,934	\$944,021,120
New Insurance Paid for, 1899	99,357	202,309,080
Old Insurances revived and increased, 1899	1,118	2,873,077
TOTAL PAID-FOR BUSINESS	474,407	\$1,149,203,277
DEDUCT TERMINATIONS:		
By Death, Maturity, Surrender, Expiry, &c.	38,631	87,331,292
PAID-FOR BUSINESS IN FORCE	437,776	\$1,061,871,985
Gain in 1899	63,842	\$117,850,865

COMPARISON FOR EIGHT YEARS.			
	(1891-1899)	Dec. 31, 1899	Gain in Eight Years
Assets	\$125,847,200	\$236,450,348	\$110,603,148
Incomes	\$1,354,194	\$2,271,263	20,517,069
Dividends of Year to Policy-holders	1,280,340	2,782,748	1,608,408
Total Payments of Year to Policy-holders	12,671,461	22,206,077	8,536,496
Number of Policies in Force	122,803	491,776	294,370
Insurances in Force, premiums paid	\$575,699,840	\$1,081,871,985	\$406,182,390

Certificate of Superintendent of State of New York Insurance Department.

I, LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, a MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY having no Capital Stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of the said Company outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1899, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be \$192,024,261.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that the admitted Assets are:

\$236,450,348.

The General Liabilities, \$2,990,563. The Net Policy Reserve, as calculated by this Department, \$192,024,261, making the Total Liabilities, per State Laws,

\$193,014,864.

The Additional Policy Reserve voluntarily set aside by the Company,

\$3,507,699.

The Accumulated Surplus Funds voluntarily reserved and set aside by the Company to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1900, and in subsequent years,

\$28,862,362.

Other Funds for all other contingencies,

\$9,065,422.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

LOUIS F. PAYN, Superintendent of Insurance.

News of Warfare

I—IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE return of Lieutenant Gifford and the *Trojan* from the Philippines. General Wood in the *Warrent* dated December 30, advised General Gifford that the *Trojan* had been captured by the Americans. Gifford's report was that the *Trojan* was captured by the Americans on December 10, 1901. The *Trojan* was a steamship of 1,000 tons, built in England, and was used by the Spaniards for the transport of troops and supplies. It was captured by the Americans at Zamboanga, Mindanao.

A crew of nine men of Manila the new campaign began to develop its principal features during the first day of the year. General Wood and General Wood's staff were in Manila, and General Wood's staff were in Manila, and General Wood's staff were in Manila.

The surgeons inflicted a slight loss, and then retreated inland. General Wood's staff were in Manila, and General Wood's staff were in Manila, and General Wood's staff were in Manila.

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II—IN SOUTH AFRICA

General French found that he had a 9000 men to divide. He left from Grahamstown on the 11th of January. The *Asar* however has been generally seized the town. Under date of January 11, it reported that four companies of the 1st Regiment advanced by night against a hill which was held by the enemy. The result was that the companies retreated to camp, where the forces, attempting to hold the ground, was outflanked and compelled to surrender.

An accurate disposition, not surprising after General French's position, was entered in the *Argyll* at Bulwer. On January 11 a force from this stronghold seized Bulwer, and held the position until General Gifford came up with his reinforcements from Newcastle.

For the relief of Colonel Baden Powell's force at Mafeking, Colonel Plumer with about 2000 Highlanders was sent to be ready to march from Fort Tilly, beyond the north-east Transvaal border.

The Boer story that had perfected its work along the Tropic River, now returned that General Buller's relief column north of Orange could not be sent out to relieve, but could be sent out to relieve, but could be sent out to relieve.

General Buller's relief column north of Orange could not be sent out to relieve, but could be sent out to relieve, but could be sent out to relieve.

General Buller's relief column north of Orange could not be sent out to relieve, but could be sent out to relieve, but could be sent out to relieve.

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Little Cigars
are excellent little cigars for all ordinary about smokes. They are made of the very best imported whole leaf tobacco and every variety in quality. Any intelligent smoker who will try them will adopt them as a part of his smoking habit.
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A weekly catalogue of the best and most useful articles in the world. It is a valuable reference work for all who are interested in the progress of the world. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

ary 7, was not a general one. It was a protest against the admission of a general one. It was a protest against the admission of a general one. It was a protest against the admission of a general one.

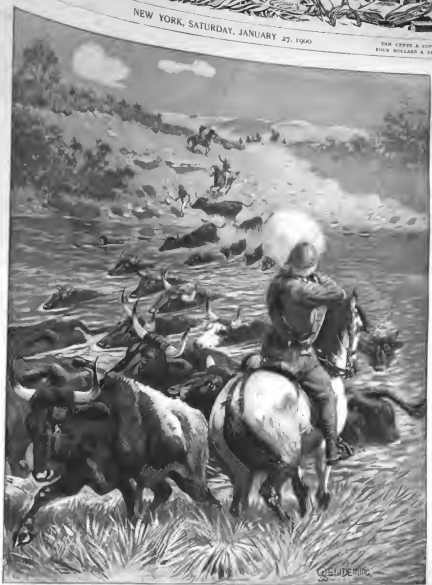
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THE development of our Pacific coast trade is an unmet factor in the expansion of a new steamship building. The Pacific coast trade is an unmet factor in the expansion of a new steamship building. The Pacific coast trade is an unmet factor in the expansion of a new steamship building.

This is the reason for the adoption of larger ships for the transoceanic trade. Fewer small ships will be built, and greater ones will be built. This is the reason for the adoption of larger ships for the transoceanic trade. Fewer small ships will be built, and greater ones will be built.

The transoceanic trade is an unmet factor in the expansion of a new steamship building. The Pacific coast trade is an unmet factor in the expansion of a new steamship building. The Pacific coast trade is an unmet factor in the expansion of a new steamship building.

Vol. XLV — No. 110
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A SUCCESSFUL RAID.
BRITISH SCOUTS AND KAFIR BOYS CAPTURING A HERD OF BOER CATTLE NEAR THE MODDER RIVER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 27, 1900

Terms: 50 Cents a Copy—\$4 on a Year, in Advance

Foreign Post on All Communications to the United States, Canada, and Mexico

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square

LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Let us Start Right

THE Senate has been wasting its meeting hour for a number of days in most deplorable fashion on the President's policy in the Philippines. Whether Mr. McKINLEY, or Mr. HAY, or Admiral DAVIS, or General OTIS, or any one else is to be vindicated or condemned, it may be well to have the varied information for which Senators are calling. By all means, let us have all the documentary evidence that bears on the truth of history. Let us have the story of our war with the Filipinos told concisely. But, pending the forthcoming of the testimony, let the Senate stop talking on the administration's policy, until it has something practical before it, discussion of which may be followed by the solution of at least one of the problems with which we are confronted. The future policy of this country cannot be settled by compromise or by delay. It must be determined by the action of Congress on a bill for the temporary or permanent governmental control of the Philippines. It is not to extend the Philippines, it will be to surrender them in principle in a bill; if, on the other hand—and we think this assumption the more likely to be the true one—it is the purpose of Congress that the Philippines shall remain permanently a part of the territory of the United States, we need by merely a simple provision for government. But every day devoted to speech-making, no practical proposition being before the Senate, is a day wasted. In passing, we are inspired by a sense of duty to the grave question, involved in such a Senatorial recommendation, that the Government should appear on record on the moral aspects of the subject, and we hope that we shall have no more speeches devoted to the exposition of the mere money value of the islands.

The country will demand a government for all our colonies based on a higher ideal than that of commercialism. If we should confess that there is nothing in the Philippines or in Puerto Rico but the dollar which can be picked up there by the adventurous speculator, the person or party responsible for the admission would, we fancy, face ill at the hands of the people who want to war to save Cuba, from the barbarity of Spain. Mr. McKINLEY understands his countrymen better than to urge upon them the wisdom of the prize; and he tells Congress, in his own well-measured, that if a better proposition has been offered, he will be glad to accept them. "It adds," he adds, "in a spirit worthy of our race and tradition, a great opportunity comes with the offer." Mr. McKINLEY contemplates governments for the colonies which shall elevate their people. What he has said on this subject in his messages and his speeches is supported by the acts of his offices in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and in those parts of the Philippines which have been freed from insurgents.

So far, at least, the religious spirit and judgment of the nation have been respected by the Government. But we have been told that nothing has been done to offend against their customs and habits. But schools have been established, the courts have been opened; the transaction of judicial and all official business has been relieved of the burden and taint of the corruption which was inseparable from the old Spanish rule; the cities and towns have been policed; their sanitary conditions have been vastly improved—in a word, civilization has dawned upon these medieval and savage countries, where, if we are justly and unreasonably alone, had been imposed by the circumstances of war. So intense has been the activity of the military officers charged with the task of ruling in Puerto Rico, for example, that they would seem to have neglected not only the commercial exploitation of the island, but its commercial needs, if it were not for the fact that, in respect of

commercial regulation, the government has been powerless until now Congress is in session.

Puerto Rico is the case, we are persuaded, which demonstrates most aptly how inadequate arbitrary Senatorial FOREBARR has introduced a bill, not providing for such a government as the President suggested in his message, but still providing for the appointment of executive officers by the President, and Senate, and for a legislature, in the choosing of which the people of the island should have an important voice. It therefore differs from the suggestion of the President, which was that there should be a free legislative council, consisting partly of Puerto-Ricans and partly of citizens of the United States, appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. Senator SPOONER has introduced a bill providing for a temporary government of the Philippines, and the measure, if it should have been thoroughly approved. It follows the precedent of the resolution under which Hawaii is still governed, giving to the President power to exercise all functions of government through the agency of any persons he may select "for administering and governing the inhabitants and affairs in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion."

It is with Puerto Rico, however, that Congress ought first to deal. There is in that island a crying need for relief from the drastic incidents of our tariff law. The Puerto-Rican planter and hard-ship suffer under all the disadvantages and hardships of our customs law, and enjoy none of its benefits. As is shown in the reports of Secretary Root and General Gougeon, it is a crying need, under our rule as they were under the rule of Spain, nor can they be until they are admitted into full commercial partnership with the United States—that is, until there is free trade between Puerto Rico and the United States, the Islands and Territories. The economic conditions and the commercial distress of Puerto Rico afford to Congress its first opportunity to enter upon the task of creating colonial governments. Thus far no very serious effort in this direction has been made, for the examination of General DAVIS, in view of the fulness of his report to Secretary ROOT, like the speech-making in the Senate, seems to be a waste of time.

Puerto Rico's government will probably be a matter of the chief importance, and care should be taken to be prepared with the utmost care. Upon one point only are we disposed to insist in anticipation of the report of the committee on the Pacific Islands and Puerto Rico. The bill that is introduced should afford an opportunity for the expression of the special committee. The Government must doubtless be a political appointee, and it may be that the office will always remain political, but this ought not to be the case. The law should provide for a colonial officer, who should be appointed by the President, and who should be appointed. But, apart from the Governor and the Attorney General, there is no reason why the other officers, such as, in quote from Secretary Root's plan, "Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor or Comptroller, Superintendent of Public Works, and Superintendent of Education," should not be appointed and commissioned under the same system, nor any reason why the fiscal officer and Secretary of State should not at first be detailed, if necessary, from the Treasury and State departments at Washington. By all means, so far as the features of the colonial government establishment is concerned, let the country start out right. It is only in that way that Mr. McKINLEY's hopes can be fulfilled and needed good kept out of court.

PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale, who has been making a tour of the Western cities in the interest of his university, lately made a speech before the Candle-light Club of Denver, in which he touched upon an interesting subject. Discussing trusts, he said that indiscriminate denunciations of trusts and the use of such public opinions might go far towards controlling them. "When a man," he said, "operates a trust against the public good, don't invite him to dinner; don't call on him socially. Don't give him socially. Whenever you make a man understood that by doing these things he is disapproved and condemned by public opinion, you have set in motion the strongest force in the business or political world."

There is no doubt about the efficacy of the remedy. President HADLEY prescribes it in a comparatively few places, and in a position to apply it. Very, very few can hope to give the promoters of trusts by delinquent to ask them to dinner. So many of them come to New York to live that, if necessary, they could spend all their spare evenings dining with an an-

other. Moreover, the general public, when it sees any man, trust, democracy, or especially prodigious and tyrannous, is apt to conclude that there must be great profits in anything so bad, and to go quietly and buy some of the stock. For such investors of course it is embarrassing to know upon the margins of a trust whose profits they hope to share.

Social ostracism is a great weapon, and, justly used, may, and does, reach evil doers who cannot otherwise be punished. But it is only used to restrain officers that are well understood and very generally condemned, and the intensity of ostracism, where it exists, seems hardly well enough understood to be reached in that way. Most of us are still uncertain whether trusts have been born of greed or are merely an inevitable development of the growth of the country, and the trouble and which are not. Public knowledge of their existence, to be much more extensive and accurate before public opinion can exert such for their regulation or restraint. There is much perfectly new, days in many minds about political and industrial trusts, and the growth of such trusts, the greatest number is used as a warrant for many acts and policies the immediate effects of which are hardship and seeming injustice.

THAT the German treaty has at last been ratified by the Senate is a matter upon which the people of the United States are to be congratulated. We can now proceed about our own business in our own way, without having to consult the convenience of a pair of axes and a red-tape semi-belligerent power in a dubious capacity, who might at any time have drawn us into their quarrels, with which, under normal conditions, we could have no concern. We may have our English location and our German contacts with a depth of affection, but we are not to be drawn into inspired periods, but upon the whole, in matters of business, it is just as well that settlement should be left out, and that we should get upon a basis which facts face, and which deals with conditions, not theories. A permanent arrangement of any kind is a good thing to avoid. It involves, in its settlement, a combination of two parties to an agreement against the third, and to that extent any situation which comes into being under a belligerent may be unsatisfactory to somebody. The result will be the case, as in such a combination as has existed in the Russo-German matter, has been shown by the experience of the three-headed Caribbees that has been protecting the interests of the Spaniards for the past twenty years. Now, thanks to a diplomatic stroke that is worthy of the name, we have a peace treaty, and every body is satisfied. England is out of an engagement that never did her any good; Germany has come into possession peacefully of territory she has long coveted, and Uncle Sam has a new spot on which to plant a flag, without creating a disturbed banner may flap without creating a disturbance of honor or blood.

It is to be hoped that the recall of the treaty from the President means no more than an amiable desire on the part of the Senator from Arkansas to acquiesce in the country with the fact that he is still looking after the interests of his constituents.

ELSEWHERE in this issue of the WEEKLY is published an article of special interest to all readers who are concerned with problems of public education. In writing it, Mr. F. W. HAZEN, lately a delegate to the Peace Congress at The Hague, is chairman of the advisory committee appointed by Governor HOBART to make a plan by which certain unsatisfactory features of the educational system of the State of New York might be amended. Mr. HAZEN tells briefly and clearly what was the trouble, how in the course of years the functions of the State Board of Regents and the Department of Public Instruction have come to overlap, and in a somewhat to conflict, creating friction and wrangling between two bodies both of which are worthy and useful. The desire of the advisory commission for the creation of a State Department of Education is to include both the warring bodies, and for the assignment of definite and separate duties to each of them. It is to be hoped that the State Board of the parties interested and in all interests of education. Only so to one point has there been serious criticism. The plan provides for a Chancellor, to be chosen by the Board of Regents, but stipulates that if first Chancellor should be appointed by the Governor. It is HAZEN's explanation of the propriety of choosing the first Chancellor by a method different from that to be followed in the future is of especial interest, and is adapted to allay criticism of this detail of the commission's plan.



"THE OCEAN IS A BRITISH POSSESSION."

show difficulty by the capture of St. Pierre and Miquelon (Halifax and St. John's, New Brunswick), would be so useful for naval bases. Operations could here be simultaneously directed against Martinique and Guadeloupe in the West Indies, where two strongly fortified naval stations—

Keystone, Jamaica, and the island of St. Lucia—are while may strike down. Then, again, Madagascar could have been attacked from the powerful naval station of Mauritius, a comparatively short distance to the east. To the southwest on the African coast the British port of Durban. New stations could have been attacked from Mozambique on the east coast of Africa. The Japanese possessions and provinces of France are a rich source of Black Sea, Singapore, and Trincomalee in Ceylon, all fortified naval and coaling stations of the first importance. This is not a complete enumeration of the naval bases available against France. Such an enumeration would show that the whole colonial empire of that country would be endangered in the event of war with Great Britain. And the French colonial empire is, with the exception of the British, far more extensive than any other.

In view of these facts, what special peril can be said to menace the British Empire on account of the war in South Africa? An eminent American naval designer, writing on this topic, most modestly that the whole continent of Europe could not land one soldier in South Africa or anywhere else against the will of England, and that if King had meant to crush the Transvaal she will do it simply and nobly by means of her overwhelming sea power. This does not agree with the conviction of those who state the integrity of the British Empire on events or future moves in this war. As long as sea mastery remains to one of the belligerents, a steady supply of troops and munitions of war can be poured into South Africa, and the best men willing to fight there for British supremacy has been certified.

Undoubtedly the loss of imperial prestige will have a bad effect upon the dark-skinned population under British rule. In South Africa a black soldier rather for or against the British would be disastrous, but the progress of the war thus far has not made it imminent. There is, however, a Pacific Island position among the hills of northern India that has the least of French. There is another in Central Africa which Kitchener's victories did not touch. But any weakening in the allegiance of subjects there has been more than counteracted by the support of the self-governing colonies. This has been given with a heartiness that has already solved in part the problem of imperial unity for purposes of defense, and points unambiguously to further consolidation of the empire. The Australian and Canadian contingents have done more for that great cause than many years of political agitation

could do. From the military as well as the naval point of view the action of these colonies has discovered for the mother-country a new recruiting ground—previously guarded, of course, by local control, yet promptly offered in a grave crisis of the empire. It would be hard to imagine any serious British war of the future in which this procedure of loyalty will not be followed. If the colonies have not yet contained the seed of this significant departure, they have at least revealed a reserve that will be strenuous to fight for the maintenance of the whole empire. That



"THE LONGEST REACH IN LAND-GRABBING."

result alone enhances the temporary loss of prestige from a few reverses in South Africa. It may also help to explain why no Continental government acts, although good and people may revolt and threaten. Probably none of them dreams it expedient for the present to be more than an interested spectator of British wrangles fighting under cover of the navy's guns. There is no real encouragement for them in Madagascar and Cuba. A downy epidemic of that kind would not shorten the striking distance of a single British ship of war.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BOER PRISONERS IN THE CAMP OF THE NORTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT AFTER THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

The standing Prisoner is the Boer who tricked the British by writing a Flag of Truce, and was condemned to be shot—Photograph by Lester Rolph.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—CHARGE OF THE ARGENT AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS ACROSS THE RIVER BELOW THE DAM AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER, NOVEMBER 28, 1899.—DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The Officers are equipped with Helmets, in the same style as the Boers, and their distinctive Mark, being removed from their Uniforms, is readily to be seen from the same. The Boers are equipped with Helmets, in the same style as the Boers, and their distinctive Mark, being removed from their Uniforms, is readily to be seen from the same. The Boers are equipped with Helmets, in the same style as the Boers, and their distinctive Mark, being removed from their Uniforms, is readily to be seen from the same.



BRITISH ARTILLERY SIBBLING THE KOPJES AT MAGERSONSTRAAT, DECEMBER 31, 1900
 DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY EDWARD H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE ROYAL ENGINEERS BUILDING A RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE MODDER RIVER
 DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"
 The Iron Structure Moves up by the Bars & to be seen in the Background. The crossed Train is on the Embankment.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, AS IT APPEARED IN 1889



MODEL OF QUAI DE LA SEINE BY BÉCHOU.
To be placed on the Palace of Fine Arts.



THE UNITED STATES BUILDING.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE



THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.



MODEL OF MINERVA.
For Palace of Fine Arts.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AS THEY APPEAR AT PRESENT.



THE LITTLE CLOCK STRUCK, THERE WERE TWO SHOTS, AND HERNANDEZ FELL FORWARD.

A SMALL WORLD. By Henry Seton Merriman

THESE, señora—*I have made it myself!*
The proprietress of the *Vista of the Moor's* Mill sat down upon the table in front of her, in a cracked dish containing an omelette. It was not a bad omelette, though not quite so perfect as the one which she had just prepared. The man looked gaily and drew himself up. As handsome a man could surely be forgiven a broken omelette and some charcoal, if only for the sake of his gray blue eyes, his shining brown hair, and his soft smile.

He looked at the señora and laughed in the manner of a man who had never yet failed to "get on" with women. He held his arms with four open gestures, and moved looking with approving words upon his own handiwork. He was without the shadow of the strolling vim which runs the other hand on the beach in front of the *Vista*, offering a smooth-crested shade to the sunniest spots in all Malaga, and the fiercer sun beat down upon his face, which was tanned a deep healthy tan. He was clad almost in white, for his trousers were of canvas, his shirt of Spanish linen. He had his waist he wore the usual Spanish faja, or bright red cloth. He was considerably picturesque, and while so tanned so good natured, so unobtrusively elegant, as to be quite indistinguishable in his clientele.

The *Vista of the Moor's* Mill stands, as every tourist, at the entrance out of the *Val of Ercos*, looking down upon the farther valley, through which runs the highest road of the *Vista* to Seville. Some day a German doctor will start a new healing establishment here, with a table of salt at one end, and every opportunity for practicing the minor virtues—and the *Valley of Ercos* will be the *Valley of Ercos* to boot.

"Ah! It is a good omelette," said the host of the *Vista*, as Miss Chryse took up her fork. "Though I have not always been a cook—not yet an innkeeper. He rubbed one finger, sleek it from side to side in an emphatic gesture, and laughed. There he sat and drew and drew and laid down into the valley, with a grave face and a good omelette.

The man had a history, it appeared—and, still rarer, was willing to tell it. She gave her mouth of the Spanish race, or perhaps of all men, to ask any questions.

"Yes," she said, pleasantly. "It is a good omelette." And the man turned sharply and looked at her, as if she had said something startling. She raised his eyes, and showed surprise.

"It is nothing," he said, with a laugh; "only a rather dull—*a mere accident*. It is said by the peasants that the mind of a friend lies with wings. Perhaps it is so. As I looked down into the valley I was thinking of a man—a friend. You—*senora* of a maid who was a friend of mine, although a gentleman! Educated, yet—*senora*—haughty, and Latin. And I—*what am I?* You see, señora, a peasant who wrote no cook."

And he laughed heartily, only to change again suddenly to gravity. "And as I looked down into the valley I was thinking of my friend—and, believe me, you speak at that moment with something in your voice—in your manner—who knows?—which was like the tone and manner of my friend. Perhaps, señora, the peasant was right, and the mind of my friend, having wings, flew to us at that moment."

The lady laughed, and said that it might be so. "It is not that you are English," the innkeeper continued, with easy volubility. "For I know you belong to no other nation. I said so to myself—the moment I saw you riding up here on horseback alone. I rided up stairs to see that that dame was an English noblewoman, and she said, and Juana replied with a modulation that I should think my nose when the air was so deep. She said that if it was the Pope of Rome who came on horse he must not wake the child. No, I answered, 'but he would have to go up stairs to see it,' and Juana did not laugh. She sees no cause to laugh at anything connected with the side—oh, all it is a serious matter."

He was looking towards the house as he spoke. "Juana is your wife?" said the English woman.

"Yes. We have been married a year, and I am still sure that she is the most beautiful woman in the world. It is not wonderful! And she will be jealous if she sees me talking all this while with the señora."

"You can tell her that the señora has gray hair," said Miss Chryse, prettily.

"That may be," said the innkeeper, looking at her with his head on one side and a gravely critical air. "But you still have the air"—he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands—"the air that takes a man's face. You know?"

Miss Chryse, who had dealt much with a simple peo-

ple accustomed to the statement of simple facts in plain language, only laughed. There is a certain rough parity of thought which vanishes at the advance of civilization. And cheap journalism cleans this, cheap grammar have not yet reached Spain.

"I know nothing," went on the man, with a shrewd regard out of the hood. "But the señora has a lover! He may be fatuous, he may be absent, he may be dead, but he is there—the *dead* he is there!"

He reached his broad chest at that point where a deadly experience told him that the heart was to be found, and looked up to heaven all with a change of expression and momentary gravity quite incomprehensible to most of Northern youth.

Miss Chryse laughed again without self-consciousness. Uneducated people have a way of arriving at sure at these matters that interest rich and poor alike, which is rather refreshing, even to the highly educated.

"But I who talk like a wester woman, forget that I am an innkeeper," said the man, with a truer note than is often found under these lines. And he proceeded to wait on her with a great air, as if she were a queen and he a squire.

"If Juana were about it would be different," he said, whipping the stool from the table and sliding the chairs to the best table. "And the señora would be properly served. But what will you? The side is but a fortnight old and I—*am* sure at my trade. The señora takes coffee?"

Miss Chryse intimated that she did take coffee. "And you, perhaps, will take a cup also," she asked, although the man bowed to his best advantage. He had that perfect *senor*—*senora*—a certain innate gentleness—*which* is the characteristic of all Spaniards. His manner indicates an appreciation of the honor and conveyed at the same time the intimation that he knew quite well how to behave under the circumstances.

He went into the house from which all the doors and windows being open—*since* the sound of his conversation with Juana while he prepared the coffee. It was quite a fresh and open conversation, having Miss Chryse for its object, and saying that she had not only found the market good, but had eaten it all.

Presently he returned, with the coffee-pot, two cups, and a small jug of cream on the tray. He turned the handle of the coffee pot towards Miss Chryse, and conveyed in one inimitable gesture that he would take his coffee from so other hand.



AN OLD CHURCH IN NORMANDY.—By EDWIN D. MARTIN.



GEORGIA PINES.—By GEORGE INNES.

The Evans Sale

WHY nearly a year has passed since the sale of the Thomas B. Clarke collection. That was a notable event in the art world. It was the first in which a collector of exclusively American pictures had passed his treasures on the market. The event made a profound impression in New York, and interest in the sale extended throughout the country. An opportunity of deciding whether that interest was more than a passing whim will be afforded by the sale of the William T. Evans collection at Club King Hall, on January 31 and February 1 and 2, after public exhibition in the galleries of the association, the American Art Association, in Manhattan.

The conditions in this instance are very similar to those which have been a constant element in the purchase of American art. Mr. Evans has been a consistent collector of American art, and his purchases are exclusively in works by his own countrymen. The prohibition has been for "total" quality in a picture.

Even in the first picture which he bought, "Sunday Morning in Virginia," by William Homer, the application of color is so apparent. It is an open, pastoral little scene, saved from being commonplace by the softness of the color. But since those days both the painter and the public have developed.

Mr. Homer, through a long series of pictures, in which the optimism for storytelling has broken down into a fair sense of the possibilities of painting, has reached the position of being—in the estimation of our finest of the Eastern market—masters of all time. There is one example of his latest development in this collection, "Weather-beaten," a

large water painting in spray upon the brown walls of the coast of Maine—but the best thing he has done, but a smooth record of the beauty of water and the majesty of his stirring world. The water of this painter's power is the loyalty with which he has adhered himself to the spot of coast, living in constant companionship

C. Minor. And it is worth consideration that those pictures could not have done so well if, being Americans, they had not devoted themselves to American landscape, and that it is just in this respect that American figure painters fall behind. Until an American figure painter can find his inspiration here, as American writers have done, he will not reach the full measure of artistic possibility.

A fair description of the collection is that it represents a high level of excellence, both in quality and in variety. It includes, for example, the work of Alexander H. Wyant's hand, eight of Homer Martin's, and numerous by George Innes. The list could be enlarged by the addition of living painters, but the above have laid down their standard here, their standard in modern art.

Wyant is the recognized poet of American landscape. His pictures have been called scenes to exist, not to satisfy; for they are so deeply so perfect, past anything to put with such just perception and brilliant technique, their master so shiny, clear, when and so serious, and the emotion which they express so and so, a clear, and beautiful. His pictures are already more, and the presence of so many other examples in one sale must give it an undeniable distinction. The reputation of Homer Martin is fully established, and his work needs only increased acquaintance by the public to become more widely recognized.

Mr. Evans has been one of the very few who, by the offering of prices and the purchasing of American pictures, will be known as one of the truest patrons of American art, and the sale of his collection will prove a splendid chance of investment to those fortunate enough to be buyers.

CHARLES H. CURTIS.



AN EAST RIVER IDYL.—By H. W. RANSOME.

with the scene, leading all its moods, reaching at length its inherent end, and drawing from it inspiration for his own. It is by the same way that the landscape impression in this collection have reached their own maturity—such men as Alexander H. Wyant, Homer Martin, George Innes, Henry W. Ringer, J. Francis Murphy, and Robert



IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—By A. H. WYANT.



AUTUMN.—By J. FRANCIS MURPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.



Types



A. D. ...



Types



Band Concert in the



A Street Scene

SKETCHES IN MEXICO

Copyright by ...



of a Mexican Town

—BY E. BLUMENSCHNEIN.

A GREAT MEXICAN STATE CAPITAL

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

A LARGE city equipped with all the attributes of a modern capital, and standing like an oasis amid a desert of barbarism—such is Guadalupe, the seat of government for the great state of Jalisco, the metropolis of western Mexico, its ruins of ancient times the glory of the Aztecs, as her people proudly term her. Up to 1800, when the Mexican Central Railway reached the city, the isolation of Guadalupe from the outside world was almost as complete as though it were situated in mid-ocean. Indeed, it would probably have been more accessible in the latter case. It is an easy matter to go to Guadalupe now, and it is a far more objective point for tourists, as well as the journey with all the luxury of modernized Pullmans.

Guadalupe is now less than the train-serve miles away, showing like a large island in population against the barren surrounding plain. Fringed with the verdure of orchards and meadows, crossed with flowers and lawns, and dominated by the great twin spires of its large cathed-

ral, it has been in existence for three and a half centuries. This is due, in a considerable degree, to the fact that it has always stood the almost of the railway in a Mexican city, when the authorities are partly certain to issue an order that all the buildings shall be fireproof. It happens that the prevailing color when the city was worn are some buff and drab, relieved with white masonry. It gives the same sort of London for one wooden "Colonial" architecture in the United States. The Guadalupe has not recently affected the Parthenon and the Quaker in her garb, as shown by the recast iron tones of many house walls in the outskirts, that would have escaped the edict.

The cathedral has an exterior that is a veritable architectural masterpiece, and the interior of it is heightened by the rest of grandeur from "Colonial" buff and white that it wears. It gives an unobscured surface the effect of wooden carvings, and makes the huge outer size look extremely homelike. The interior is so good, with its three lofty nave supported by sturdy rich and beautiful columns, that it is rare that the exterior could not always have been as well, and when we learn that the building was begun in 1773 and finished in 1818, we perceive that the present ugliness is due to a remodeling that took place in consequence of the great earthquake of 1822 which three days later two old towers. The new ones simply that replaced them are 200 feet high and externally bulky in appearance. Pictures of the cathedral as it formerly looked show an edifice of the same general type as the great parochial church of Oaxaca.

In the vicinity of the cathedral is the finest Mosque in Mexico. It is a "Cocoquet", and is said to be better than the famous one in the Louvre at Paris. It is difficult, however, to locate a comparison between palaces so far apart. It is certainly a remarkably beautiful work, and to the art-loving tourist in Mexico it is first in preference to any the journey to Guadalupe. When the French took possession, the picture was severely injured. They endeavored to find it, and finally effected its removal for its discovery, but fortunately the secret of its hiding place was legally kept.

As in most other Mexican cities, there are many open squares or plazas, occupied by carefully kept public gardens with fountain, plants, trees, and blossoming shrubs. These, together with the glimpses of the handsome palaces or houses courts, caught through large open doorways, filled with flowers all the year round, give a good appearance, which, with the cleanliness and neat aspect of the city, the fact of a clean washed face, brightly shined up for the street, and the appearance of the architecture.

The popular gathering place is the Plaza de Armas, a comparatively small and perfect square, two sides of which are occupied by the State Palace and the cathedral. The two streets leading from the Plaza are named for the two great protectors of the very neighboring provinces—Bilbao and Washington. The plaza becomes at night an open-air club-house. There are four circles in the work in hand in the main position, and nearly everybody turns

out to promenade or to stand in groups by the way, or sit and chat on the benches. A stranger very soon learns to know by sight almost everybody of any account. The



MARKET-DAY

climate is so uniform that the weather interferes very little with their evening gatherings. The altitude, a little less than a mile above the sea level—5400 feet—



OX-CARTS BRINGING HAY TO MARKET

more a dry atmosphere and an even temperature that make the place a paradise for persons with pulmonary complaints. It is never oppressively hot; the air is both soft and pure, the summer evenings are balmy, but even then are usually cooled by a thin blanket before they break. Guadalupe is the most important educational centre in Mexico outside of the national capital. There are large schools of law, medicine, engineering, and fine arts, besides other technical and trade schools, and high schools for other arts. These schools are all supported by the state government, whose educational system is remarkably liberal and enlightened. It is, indeed, more so, and probably more so, than that of any State in the American Union.

The law prescribes universal education and makes it compulsory. Parents who do not send their children to school are punished by law or imprisonment. Education is absolutely free, from the lowest to the highest grade, if parents are too poor to support their children while at school, their means are provided by the state. And any scholar who, having passed through the common school, desires to continue his studies in any of the advanced institutions need in without means, receives an allowance from the state, sufficient for maintenance, as well as to be studied his desired course.

Due to a lack of the complete absence of beggars and other objectionable characters in the streets. Their presence is forbidden by law, which is rigidly enforced.

The advanced course accepted by the state of Jalisco, in education is due back to the liberal and enlightened laws and to the traditions early established in its history.

The public institutions of Guadalupe will compare in character with those of almost any other capital in the world. The crown of them is the noble Hospicio, found Guadalupe, Jalisco, the Cuban. The citizens intend it is beneficial if an asylum for the aged, infirm, and destitute can be found in any other part of the world capital. It is a promise holder, where both hospitalities and reforms and the aged and infirm find a refuge and a home.



THE CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA

draw-spirals which are much more picturesque and inspiring than a distance that they prove as near as possible.

The place at once impresses the stranger by its massive proportions. Instead of being at the outskirts, the railway strikes boldly into the city and almost reaches its heart. As the suburban gardens, with their masses of foliage, give way to long lines of houses, among which a considerable distance the train slowly and gradually city.

The quality of general picturesque that characterizes the most of Mexican cities is notably lacking in Guadalupe. The other surroundings can find an abundance of picturesque in detail and a great deal of real beauty. But as a whole, the city makes a decidedly commonplace impression, and it has an unattractively modern aspect for



THE HOSPITAL

It is a vast and pastoral structure in the eastern part of the city, facing a broad avenue approaching it from the center, and lined with orange trees for two blocks. It is 607 feet long by 208 feet wide. It is composed, in fact, of a series of buildings, connected with general colonnades of stone with arcades and open galleries. There are as many as twenty courts, filled with tropical growth of both soil flowers, combining to look upon, giving light and air to all portions of the enormous establishment, and making it a place of pleasant, fruitful work. The water is impressed by the soft blue tenderness in the management. A kindly interest in the personal welfare of the workers is evident, rather than the merely mechanical and perfunctory method of administration that too often prevails in such establishments. This is particularly marked in the nurseries that are engaged still about the neighborhood in herds because of unfortunate circumstances of birth or poverty. The girls, for instance, instead of being situated in artificial cells, are allowed like any children in a comfortable atmosphere, and they grow in justice, untroubled they follow their individual preference in their attire. They are taught the accomplishments usually deemed desirable for well bred young women. Through simply and honestly, even actively, in appearance and heart, they ready to take for students of Vassar and Wellesley. Some remain in the institution as teachers after they have completed their studies, but they mostly go out into the world well equipped for life and money amply well.

Another great institution, connecting with the Hospital is the Casa de Curacion de San Felipe, or Charity House of St. Philip, founded in 1804 and supported by private contributions. Its main object is the education of poor female children, who are reared for until they are twenty-one years old, when they receive a small sum of money on leaving.

The Escuela de Artes, or School of Trades, a manual-training school for boys, is a state institution established in 1841.

The great Hospital of Mexico was established in 1781 by Philip Alameda, at a cost of \$250,000. Since 1857 it has been a state institution. It occupies a square 1530 feet on each side.

A great state institution is the Penitentiary, begun in 1848, and not yet entirely finished. There are 100 cells. There is a school in the institution, which is attended



A WATER-VENDER.

weekly people here visit there. From this fact is derived the name *Tenacatque*, which means "Place of Joy," and was applied by the Indians, who then were nearly one element in the population, and are mostly pattern.

San Philip is the main seat of the great pottery industry of Guanajuato. The Guanajuato pottery is famous throughout Mexico. It has long been carried to even the remotest sections of the republic by wagon and mule train, and may be purchased at nearly every local fair.

About three miles to the southwest from Guanajuato is the great extent of the *Switzer River*, the *Salto de Jesus Maria*. It is often called the "Niagara of Mexico," and indeed it has a considerable resemblance in general effect to the great falls of the North. The river which is about 200 feet wide at this point, precipitates itself into a beautifully long and thin of falls, stretching fifty feet high. The edge of the large and rugged limestone plate that under the gorge, dipping with an evulsion manner from the apex of the escarpment, adds to the beauty of the scene. The force of the water here is such a measure fraction of the enormous water-power of the escarpment. With the largest water made in the district (transmission of electricity at high potentials, the utilization of this energy in the city of Guanajuato has been a problem of no difficulty. Five miles to the southwest of the city this great barrier is something over 2000 feet deep. It is a picturesque delivery, making one of the most sublime and widely beautiful groups of natural scenery really ever available in the world in Mexico.

The trip from Atlixaco down into the bay area and back is commonly made on the backs of *chalecos*, or "hombres," and it is a unique and most delightful ride.

As the falls descend, the scenery becomes more impressive. Finally the culms appear, not over the great bare faces, with its depths still far below. When the rays level is at last reached, one finds ourselves in a narrow gorge-like valley bounded on either side by gigantic mountainous cliffs, rising 2000 feet or more above our heads. The height is even greater in effect by reason of the narrowness of the bay area, the distance seems to be twice the tops of the cliffs being hardly more than half a mile.

The vegetation in that of the full tropical, and the atmosphere, which grows very dense after the sudden transition from the table land, is like that of a conservatory. Here and there, on either side of the river, are patches of comparatively level land of a few acres. These are carefully cultivated with sugar cane, and orchards of tropical fruit for the Guanajuato market.



A TRAIL IN THE BARRANCA.

by those converts who prefer study to employment in the shops.

There are notable public institutions in the city, established in 1911, where over a million dollars in aid from the sales in that portion of Mexico is annually raised, and the public library, established by the state in 1903, and having over nearly 25,000 volumes.

Before the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was built the Teatro Degollada was the largest in the New World. It was built by the city in 1853 but the exterior is still unfinished. The architecture of the interior is strikingly good, with a proscenium arch and general lines of remarkable grace. The total decoration is close a series of fresco illustrating *Don Quixote* "Drama Comico." The theater is now brilliantly illuminated by electric lights.

Another notable architectural work is the enormous new city market house, recently finished. It is well supported by a series of arches with dozens of stone columns.

The notably elegant aspect of the Guanajuato multi-tale is in keeping with that of the city itself, and is probably largely due to the remarkably numerous great bath ing establishments. Some of these were founded by the municipality, and others are private undertakings. At all there are swimming pools, and the price of a bath is so low that almost anybody can afford the luxury. At 22 *Huertos*, the chief of the private undertakings, the various bath rooms are ranged around a most enchanting garden. The tranquility of some of Guanajuato's estuaries and canals. With the exception of one small line, it is all in the hands of one company, organized by outside capital and it centers in the *Puerto de Armas*, where the street cars run in all sections of the city at three cent fares, and to two important suburbs. One of these suburbs is the beautiful city of San Pedro de Tlapacapan, which lies considerably above the level of the valley, and is therefore the favorite summer resort for the capital, and most of the



THE PENITENTIARY.



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TOWING ARMY SUPPLIES UP THE RIO GRANDE



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A COLORED CARTOON WITH THIS NUMBER

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR



THE WATER-CART AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.

DRAWN BY A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. M. REAY

This cart was moved toward the front after the British had been fighting some ten hours without food or drink. It made such a good target for the Boers that it had to be abandoned, but many soldiers made reckless by their halt cover to get water. Several were shot, and some dropped dead from exhaustion after drinking.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A COLOR SUPPLEMENT)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900

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Mediation in South Africa

It is evident that President KILGREN has not abandoned hope of foreign intervention, and that he continues to prefer the United States as a mediator. Just before and until the outbreak of the war he invited interference of this kind, and appealed to the world to prevent the "destruction of the Dutch republics." Whether or not Mr. MCKINLEY, our former consul at Pretoria, bears a message from President KILGREN to President MCKINLEY, there is no doubt that the former would welcome warmly an offer of mediation from the latter. There are strong diplomatic reasons for an appeal on the part of the Boers to the United States. In the first place, the new form of our being the greatest republic makes us, on general principles, the power to which the Dutch republics would turn. In the second place, it is consistent with KILGREN's repeated avowal that he should seek to keep us from taking up an attitude not pleasing to Great Britain. It seems best, therefore, we are naturally supposed to be. It may therefore turn out that Mr. MCKINLEY bears a letter from President KILGREN to President MCKINLEY, asking permission that the United States assume a mediatorial role over the South African business. This is the news which comes from Rome. It is a most interesting suggestion, when regarded from the point of view of our own interests; but what we wish to point out is that such a proposition would not be an extraordinary one for the Boers to make. He perceives as clearly as any American the difficulties in the way of its acceptance, but he is intensely anxious for peace with absolute independence. There is no reason that the Boers now desire any more than this, although they would probably demand the restoration of a part or the whole of Natal if peace should happen to come as a consequence of Great Britain's defeat. The sooner the peace comes, the better doubtless for the Boers, and naturally the better for civilization.

As to the attitude which the country ought to assume, the question presented to the administration is difficult. Notwithstanding the Hague peace conference and its treaty, which has not yet been ratified by the United States, it may be safely predicted that nations will continue, for a time at least, to follow the habits of the ages and to decline to be guilty of what interested parties may regard as officious intermeddling. When intervention between fighting powers is talked about in Europe, it is a "concert," or a combination of powers, which threatens or which is feared. Bismarck, for example, during the siege of Paris, when he demanded him such trepidation, did not fear Russia, or Austria, or England alone, nor any one of them united with Italy. He was constantly expressing his dread of an attempt of what he called "the neutrals," meaning all the powers together, to "march" from Germany to the front of her victory." In the same way, it was the concert of the powers of Continental Europe that threatened the realm between ourselves and Spain, and it was the union of England to join, and her threat to cooperate with us, in the operations, which she prevented any interferences. Going back to a reminder day in our history, NAPOLEON III. was prevented from offering to mediate between the North and the South because England refused to join with him, and because he would otherwise have been obliged to ask the Emperor of Austria to resign that a new departure like that of the Hague conference is to change the traditional conduct of nations, and especially to guide that of the United States, which has not yet formally accepted the treaty. In a sense, our country found in the way of which it was using mediation in our own quarrel, has so recently shown us what we regarded as a favor, while the other was not represented at the

Hague. We are not discussing now what ought to be our standard of morality when the opportunity of bringing a war to a conclusion is presented to us; we are merely stating the ascertainable attitude of the official mind, due to tradition, and especially felt by all worthy men who placed in power, which prevents them from doing anything that will invite hostility or unfriendly feeling or even a snarl. To a democracy like our own it is always open to the people to change the official mind.

WHEN JOHN BRINKER wrote the *Modern Painters* he gave a splendid impetus to naturalism. He and the pre-Raphaelites laid the foundation, which they enjoyed and which the artist and the lover of arts at present smile. But from that extraneous cause such that is good out wholesome, and out of Brinker's writings has come a closer insight into art, its standards, its ideals, and its beauty. To-day that insight offers the spread of the recognition and veneration of beauty due to BRINKER—at least it must seem first to the mind that rejoices in the circulation of the books and the softening and expansion of the mind and the eye. It is a pleasure to find in a much larger place in England and America for Brinker's poetic prose, which his work in the cathedrals, and especially in the Gothic churches of France, has so elevated the souls of many that it may truly be said to have surpassed the canon of the world. It is one of the most interesting incidents of a visit to French cathedrals in the north that we encounter there a most sincere admiration of BRINKER among the French persons who have charge of the buildings. They have recognized the man who has saved their life, the beauty of the historic architectural achievements of their race, and through whose inspiring voice they have arrived at a stage of artistic development which permits them, not only to recognize but to feel the artistic and historical value of religious and of the people. There are men who were in charge of the cathedrals at Amiens who talk with you half a day, if you will listen to her, on the virtues of BRINKER, who, to her mind, discovered the beauties of her church. And there is an old man in Rouen, whose name is the perfect Gothic church at St. Omer, and whose worship of his church and its secret has led to a recognition of the purely artistic within him, so that he is called Pierre Brinker. On his watch-gard hangs a picture that BRINKER gave him, and he looks at it with a pride in the "great Englishman," painted by BRINKER himself, and presented to the old verges as a Christmas gift. What an summary of good must have been accomplished by the man who had the power to awaken the spirit of religion in so many souls, that for a while would have probably continued to dwell in darkness!

A RECENT communication from Secretary HAY to the House of Representatives, has been just printed, disclosing the interesting fact that the government of Hawaii is under the control of the local courts, if the Supreme Court of the islands is correct. Mr. HAY's communication gives in full three decisions of the court, and they are very interesting. They all proceed on the theory that the old laws of the island are in force until Congress shall legislate, our Constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. The first case arose under the provisions of the resolutions of Congress continuing the existing laws of Hawaii. The complainant contended that the Congress did not have the right to extend our own tariff law to the island, and insisted that the resolution was in contravention of the provisions of the Constitution requiring that "all duties, imports, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States. The court simply replied, and decided that the Hawaiian tariff was properly in force. It also held that, whether territory is acquired by conquest or treaty, the old laws must govern until Congress adopts new laws. The judges asked the question whether the Constitution terms whether it applies, containing themselves with holding that the Constitution does not put itself off effect at once, and that Congress must have a reasonable time in which to legislate. In another case the court held that a conviction for crime was good, notwithstanding the fact that it was reversed by a grand jury, as required by the Fifth Amendment of our Constitution, and that he was convicted by a vote of 10 to 2 of the petit jury, notwithstanding the Sixth Amendment. In still another case a civil case was brought by one of the twelve jurors who was permitted to stand by legal order former Hawaiian laws. If recognized to the Seventh Amendment of the Consti-

tion of the United States. Under the resolution for the temporary government of Hawaii there is no appeal to the courts of the United States, so that the question as to whether the old Hawaiian law or a new law in force, rests with the judges, and the civil Congress continues to govern the Hawaiian Court of Hawaii in the complete manner of the islands.

THE character of the Anna Tuckley legacy of \$200,000 to the Anna Tuckley College of education of the modern teachers of our education to become intensely practical. Mr. TUCKLEY as the President of the college association, has left the money for the purpose of founding the Anna Tuckley College of Education and Finance. The purpose of the school is to teach the solutions, the principles on which property should be managed and important affairs conducted. It includes instruction in diplomacy and finance, public and private. Thus was the college was supposed to be a way of instruction, on the moral and spiritual traits of youth were to be cultivated and cultivated, where the reflective and reasoning powers were to be strengthened and the imagination inspired, where what was called a "liberal education" was to be given. The school was then prepared to enter into any part of the field of action with all the equanimity for his part first preliminary training could give him. But the demands of modern life have sought a change, and much of the college course is dedicated to what CARLTON has called "following his German masters in the 'broad and latter' arts." Nothing so practical as the idea of Mr. TUCKLEY has yet been advanced, and if the school is well conducted, we have no doubt that many a young man who proposes to make his way in the world, and who has done his apprentice work by means of his instruction. And it is well that the school is to be a post graduate course, in part at least, and that its practical attractions are not necessarily to interfere with the study of the humanities and sciences.

RECENT returns presented by the Bureau of Statistics show that the United States is, next to the United Kingdom, the greatest seller in the market of the world, and that we are selling our own coal. Since 1875 our annual exports of domestic merchandise have increased from \$407, 100,000 to \$1,253,000,000, or 112 per cent, while the increase in British domestic exports has been only 10 per cent. In 1875 the value of British exports was \$500,000,000, but in 1895 the excess was only \$34,000,000. In the business of importing, Great Britain is far ahead of us, her imports always exceeding her exports, while the exports of this country are always in excess of her imports. In 1895 the value of the imports into this country was greater than that of our exports by \$276,000,000. The account of the United Kingdom was the other way by \$246,000,000. The amount of exports and imports does not, of course, constitute an accurate gauge of a nation's wealth, but it is certain that the more we increase in foreign commerce such as that which this country is not enjoying that does not signify an enormous addition to the aggregate wealth of the people. It is very evident that the time is very near when the United States will be as rich as the richest country in the world. Potentially she has long been so.

SOME of our more conspicuous over-governments of the last few years have been over a portion of their space to a consideration of the House of Congress. A reform or more to add to the list of the selected few names of our legislators has been printed, and, on the whole, it bears interesting reading. There is, indeed, quite as much of an interest in the national capital. What is more encouraging, the fund of humor seems to be on the increase rather than otherwise, and while it will of course be many days before the Congress annual Revised will be an acceptable to the public as our periodically published schoolbooks, it may be said without fear of contradiction that there is hardly an issue of that journal which does not contain at least one hearty laugh. All of which is a good sign, for where there is class, heavy laugh for there also is to be found sanity, clear conviction, and a healthy mind. Identified with good health and prosperity.

Whatever may be said by carrying criticism, Congress is, after all, the outward and visible expression of the public mind; and when this embodiment of the public condition comes to be regarded in its daily and its weekly life, that drives us ever away we may assure ourselves that there is much health in us.



BATTERY B, R. C. A., PASSING THROUGH MEICALBE STREET, OTTAWA, JANUARY 13



BATTERY B, R. C. A., LEAVING OTTAWA FOR HALIFAX, JANUARY 13
Temperature 6° below Zero.

THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA



BRINGING IN A BULL PRISONER
Photograph by Louis Kuhn



GEORGE W. STEVENS,
Correspondent of the London Daily Mail. Died of Fever
at Ladysmith, January 20. [See Page 110.]



BOER SCOUTS.
Photograph by Henry W. Schmitt



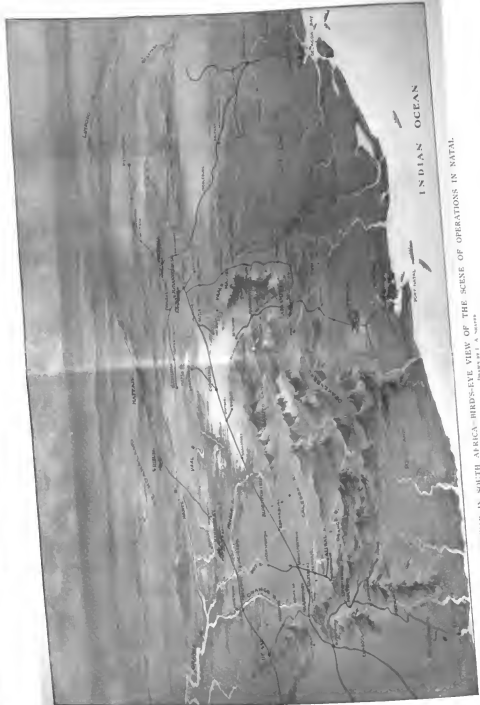
REVIEW OF SQUADRONS C AND D, ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED RIFLES, BOUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA, BY GOVERNOR-GENERAL LORD MINTO IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Photograph by S. J. Davis.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—STORMING A KOPJE AT GRASPAN.
 DRAWN ON THE FIELD BY LEONARD RUSSELL, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The Boers were overthrown in a strong position which was death-circled by assault by the men of the Lancashire and the Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Natal Brigade. The Boer losses in this single movement are reported to have amounted to forty eight per cent of the number engaged.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS IN NATAL.
 DRAWN BY I. A. WATSON.

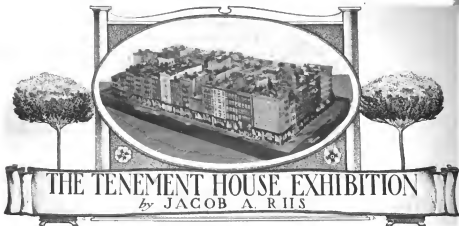


BRITISH TROOPS BURYING THE DEAD AFTER THE BATTLE OF MOHBER RIVER.
FROM A DRAWING MADE ON THE FIELD BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE GUARDS LOOKING FOR THEIR DEAD ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BELMONT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LESTER RAUSH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE TENEMENT HOUSE EXHIBITION

by JACOB A. RIIS

THE tenement-house question is the question of the health, comfort, and happiness of the vast majority of the people in modern cities, and therefore always timely for discussion. It would be a good thing for New York if we had been paid to it earlier for it has come to pass, through the overcrowding of our tenement-house quarters—the case of Manhattan Island, the extreme rapid growth of its population, and the consequent difficulties of transportation—that the oldest American city has been called by the bad name of "the hovel-city." Happily it is not to be taken literally to mean that there are no houses in the houses in which the wage-workers of New York must live. If that were true, our boasted civilization would have achieved indeed by the shortest cut its own destruction. But it does mean that a house can be made only with great difficulty in such surroundings as the "double-decker" tenement office with twenty families under one roof, and that the difficulty must grow with the years, as the new generations come to whom the name means birth or coming. That is a danger so distressing to engage the earnest attention of the statesman, the philanthropist, and the patriot alike.

Forty years ago we began to see this rather dimly, and in a moment of impetuosity with things as they were, closed out the Five Points slum. We banded the weeds that rooted in our streets, and cut ferns thousands wide down through to their last-rooms to let in the light, in a single year. A long while after we took Murray Hill by the throat. More recently still Bow Alley and Kerevalve were wiped out. In the place of those mean paths and play grounds and with the sunlight came decency. The worst of the rear tenements, which the Tenement-House Committee of 1844 called "infant-slaughter-houses," on the showing that they killed one in five of all the babies born in them, were destroyed. Warring came and closed our streets, which for forty years as the weeds had left them a generation before. Philanthropic landlords built model houses, in which the home was provided for, and showed that such tenements could be made to pay.

New York is not nearly yet a clean city. But now, in pursuit of the progress of its present rules, it has taken more than one step backward toward the slough out of which it was pulled with such toilsome effort. The tenement-house exhibition that is to begin shortly comes at an opportune moment to check its backsliding. It proposes to show to the people of New York just what are their city, and where the help is. It is set on foot by a committee of private citizens cooperating with the Charity Organization Society—most properly so, for the most charity begins by the home.

Cities often see the pure in our great reforms, and may be glad to leave it so, without caring for the dirt which municipal government should be always clean of the best thought and the highest lights of the people.

It is enough if it can be made to follow. When the houses of the old tenements became a matter of public concern in 1873, out of the agitation came, as the result of competition levied by the citizens committee, the "double-decker" plan of tenement, with its alcoves and "cozies," which was then considered to be a long stride toward better things.

And so it was; but the better things were yet to come. Twenty years' experience has shown the air shaft to be largely a delusion and a snare. Instead of bringing down fresh air, it sent down foul smoke, and the light it gave, gradually enough most of the time, was doubtless bright at the terrible risk of fire, that makes life in such a tenement a constant nightmare. Wherever fire breaks out, it means of the air shaft at once a huge fire upon which it travels in every form with inevitable speed. The problem set the architect in the earlier competition was how to make the most out of the twenty-five feet but another work to be a masterpiece of fire-proofing exhibition, but it is a sign of the change that has been wrought in the

public mind that the conventional fire bolts and a subterranean plan in the place that have been laid for it. Plans for fifty and seventy-five foot tenements and for whole blocks are called for. The twenty-five-foot lot has practically been given up as hopeless.

The exhibition will present not only the good and the bad side of New York, but what other cities at home and abroad have done to meet the problems that are now posed for it, to see how proper all modern economic ideas. We shall see what London and Chicago and Glasgow have done to please their working men decently, and to give their children the chance to grow up into men and women with healthy minds and bodies, which was denied them in long. All the statistics will be those of crowding and crime, of streets that run up a fourth way of the side in case of the water, and of those modern progress of light and cheer, the parks and the play grounds, the play pens, the cooling-air locks, and the libraries, that are breathing into the slum in front, back, and rear every day. It is the first attempt that has been made to gather up all the results of forty years' battle with the slum, and present them in a way so comprehensive that he who reads may find. It is not conceivable that the lesson should fail to be a salutary one.

The model of a block of tenements which is shown in the heading to this article, exactly as they stand, fairly presents New York's problem. The block to the south is bounded by Canal, Fulton, Bayard, and Chrystie streets. It covers 80,000 square feet, and in 1892 it sheltered 3300 human beings. It is safe to say that its population to day is not under 5000. In its plan and its crowding it is typical of all the rest of that East Side, where the population is jammed as nowhere else in the world. The picture of the Riverside tenements shows to what use a block of that size has been put in Brooklyn. Looking from the old dock alley in the Wallbury Hotel to the park that is three or four times as long way, and it was weary travelling when enough, but yet it was worth all it cost. Play grounds and big handsome school houses with room for all the boys and girls who come, stand like tall sentinels along it today and tell of battles fought and won. Where they are the gloom of the slum has been banished, but there are too many corners where it hides yet. Until light has been shed upon the last of these, and decent living conditions have become the rule rather than the exception in the houses of New York's wage-workers, the struggle begun with the Tenement House Exhibition of 1893, is not to cease.

When the exhibits have been shown, in turn to the wealthy on the Avenue whose money built the tenements, and to the people of the East Side who live in them, they will go to the bounds of the large cities in the country, and will go across the ocean in time for the Paris Exposition. Evenly there they are to find a prominent home in this city, where the committee will announce its work of education and of appeal to the public conscience.



A DOUBLE AIR-SHAFT



THE MULBERRY BEND PARK, NEW YORK.



THE RIVERSIDE TENEMENTS, BROOKLYN.



THE FOUR WERE SEATED AT A ROUND TABLE IN A CORNER OF THE PARK-GARDEN.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD. *By Brander Matthews*

CHAPTER I

"Mrs. Brookfield considered a beauty" repeated Dr. Hayer, the avuncular, in answer to the Frenchman's question. "I should say so! Why there are lots of men who will tell you that Mrs. Brookfield is simply the most fascinating woman in New York."

"But what I thought," said the Countess d'Armauge, the archeologist, who was studying profit-sharing in America for the *Review des Deux Mondes*—"she is all that is most charming. And her husband is a man of such talent, he was at the Bazaar Arts for three years I have seen constructions of his which are very-great good."

"Oh, she's the wife of the architect, is she?" asked Mrs. Sappin, who had brought Dr. Hayer and d'Armauge to supper in the palm garden after talking them to the opera. "I suppose the case in New York with us were almost just alike, and she must be the daughter of the law of the doctor. Now he is charming, if you like, it is worth while to be of his law to have Dr. Brookfield come to your parlors and tell your papa and what you say."

"And he's a good judge of a horse in the stable?" said Mrs. Sappin's husband, known generally as James.

"That's a well-matched pair of Kentucky boys he has for his brother-in-law, I saw them on the Avenue today, and I said to myself that the man who picked them out knew what he was about."

"But you, the doctor, is the most very suitable," the Frenchman agreed. "It is a house very agreeable, they have been very grateful for me. And the young Mrs. Brookfield is exquisite."

"I know the doctor, and he's a dear," Mrs. Jimmy Sappin returned. "I've known him ever since I was six weeks old, of course I've met him too. But this Mrs. Brookfield—how is it that I know her? Who was she?"

"The four of them were seated at a round table in a corner of the palm garden. It was after midnight of a Friday early in December, and the room was full of people who had been in the opera and in the theatre. The well-dressed women—a little too much jeweled, some of them—seemed to know one another, and exchanged news now and then from table to table. They were started suddenly by the song couples here and there who had up-

parately come in from the country to see the sights of the town, and who could hardly see what they had not looked at, and were never more than in the spirit of about them."

"Who was Mrs. Brookfield?" repeated Dr. Hayer who barely repressed a yawn, and who enjoyed being in supper with a social leader like Mrs. Jimmy—"she was a St. Louis girl I believe and kept her at Narragansett Pier when he was building old Justice Hoffman's house. She was a Miss Buchanan—Buckingham—she is, I suppose, and it's a fact that she has the tiny foot of the pros and the supple crook walk. But she has very light hair for a woman."

"There are also blondes in Spitz," the Frenchman interrupted. "But Mrs. Brookfield is not really a blonde, only when the sun makes shine the gold of her locks."

"You would call her a blonde then?" Dr. Hayer asked. "Perhaps you are right, but I have thought of her as rather like herself."

"If that was the I was in the breakfast with the doctor today," Jimmy Sappin broke in, "and guess it was from what you say, well, she has hair the color of old-fashioned molasses, simply, only a little darker, maybe. And she's a good looking girl, I caught a flash out of those dark eyes of her—blue." And in default of other topics made of eyes-blue. Mr. Sappin took up his glass of champagne and repeated it.

"But her eyes are not blue," the almost-colored said. "They are brown."

"But guess I should say," Dr. Hayer asserted. Mrs. Sappin laughed gently. "What's the matter with my eyes that you can't see about the hair?"

"You can see that, I assure you," d'Armauge answered. "Perhaps they change in color—that has been seen, it is not very unusual."

"As he said this the Frenchman looked at Mrs. Sappin with interest. He had a wide experience of women and he had not perceived that Mrs. Sappin was so secure in her own beauty, with its calm and subtle radiance, that she was not petty jealousy of another woman's looks. He started into his eye the single gun that hung from his neck in a black ribbon, and he searched here and there as would a wary of this loadstone of Mrs. Brookfield.

"Her eyes are all right," persisted Dr. Hayer, who some perceptions were greater than d'Armauge's. "And she can do anything with them even out of the window of a couple of feet." And he looked toward Sappin.

"Oh, Jimmy is no judge of beauty," his wife declared,

she, modestly said d'Armauge—"how can you say that when you are the living proof?"

"Think you are intensely pretty," but I know what I mean. Why, I've never found him call a sleep girl pretty!"

"She was pretty too," maintained Jimmy as Mrs. Brookfield was not favored his wife with the green made that was so becoming to her.

"You're kind, his wife smiled, and made no reply. Dr. Hayer was lost in thought. "It isn't that Mrs. Brookfield is so very pretty either," he began again, "though she has a certain superior beauty of color rather than of line. But she is fascinating that's a fact she is, and her cleavage is often suggestive of more looks."

"That is true," exclaimed the Frenchman. "Beauty is one thing and charm is another."

"All this does not explain to me how it is I haven't happened to meet this paragon of yours," said Mrs. Sappin. "Even if she is a cousin from St. Louis, she has married into a good family here. Even Brookfield used to go everywhere who is let first come back from Paris, how is it I haven't seen her? That is a little queer, isn't it?"

"Did you say her name was Pauline?" asked Jimmy. "This must be the daughter of a niece or something of that old bachelor who had a stock farm in the blue grass country."

"She is his granddaughter, I think," the avuncular explained.

"He owned the old leader of the best in hand I showed last month," said Sappin. "Doesn't she like her?"

"Yes, he did just after the Brookfields were married," Dr. Hayer answered. "She was at the Fair two years ago and kept her hair short, and they were engaged before the summer was over. They couldn't be married all February, and old man Sappin died a week after they were off to Mexico on their wedding tour. She was devoted to him and I think she is rather emotional anyhow, so she put an angry mourning, and she wouldn't go anywhere all that spring. In the summer they went to Europe—and the London season, but she wouldn't go, and that sort of thing. Then her lady was here just about a year ago. Ever meant to give a series of dinners at that she might meet people, but the lady wasn't quite right, and Dr. Brookfield sent them off to Florida as soon as she was able to get around."



THE EXPANSIONIST.—BY J. G. MILLET



MADELINE.—BY W. T. DANA



A SUMMER GIRL.—BY ROBERT PECK



FATHER AND CHILD.—BY J. A. WETMORE

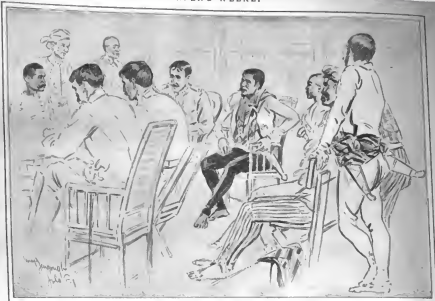
THE PENNSYLVANIA
ACADEMY EXHIBITION



A FRENCH RIVER.—BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



IN THE GULF STREAM.—BY WINSLOW HOMER



DATO JOKAIMIN TESTIFYING BEFORE A COURT MARTIAL IN JOLO PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

REPRODUCED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENDISCH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Dato Jokaimin's head man captured three American soldiers who had deserted from the garrison of Jolo. When the prisoners were brought to trial the Dato was invited to appear before the Court Martial and testify. He fell without arms and he was not allowed to take the oath. He was also allowed to read the Court would not accept from him any testimony concerning events in Jolo which would be detrimental to the reputation of the American military force.

familiar picture, but to be found in a constantly increasing number, and that it expresses itself not only in manual dexterity and technical knowledge—qualities, itself possible—but also in the first-class individual manner in which our painters, young and old, are looking at nature and recording their observations.

How well this is exemplified in many of the landscapes shown at Philadelphia, such as John White's "The New England Pine-woods," Leonard Heilmann's "Autumn Twilight," Dwight W. Tryon's "May," J. H. Twisselmann's "Waterfall," and "Summer Evening," by Charles H. Davis! That they are true to nature goes without saying and is consequently a small matter, what gives them chief and enduring charm is that they render certain phases of nature with a knowledge of determination and fitness of expression that can only result from long and intimate acquaintance with some particular kind of scenery. For wood, sky, water, and rocks are not the same all the world over, they vary with the atmospheric conditions which are local, and it is just in the atmosphere that the inherent spirit of the landscape dwells, and its variations of mood and sentiment are so subtle that only long and patient—in fact, living—study can help the painter to know them. Moreover, the landscape is an intimately part of the soul. He that has been there and experienced with that close before he can see to be a matter of his art. From which it follows that an American landscape, to reach his best possibilities, must paint the scenery of his native land.

Some trouble in search of subject, and their work betrays it—technical facility and knowings without real insight or depth of expression. Two examples pointed in France by W. K. Schickel all illustrate this truth. They are without individuality, and yet it was for the purpose of just this quality that I found his two landscapes last year so admirable. But then he had painted wooded scenes in his native State. In every branch, and draw a characteristic landscape.

Another class of landscape-painting is shown in this exhibition—characterized by purpose of decoration. Frank W. Benson's "A December Study," in which good

use is made of natural surroundings. But the more striking example are two others, by Bryson Bingham, in which, in large measure, he has won the subject's character from a decorative point of view, and knifed it

in just such way as leads itself to decoration. By most of our noted painters the value of landscape is expressed. Mr. Bingham has the business and methods of a good mural decorator, and his treatment of landscape is as unscrupulous in this direction that when his chance comes I look to his doing decorative work of a most interesting kind. Following this line of thought one looks in a mental for expression of the artist's character as well as for technical skill in the painting and for general pleasant effect. "What a handsome woman" should be our first impression, and then, after close study, "How was it painted?" The final impression, and the one that will remain with us longest, is of a human personality revealed. It is only rarely that one finds a just balance of all three qualities in one person. In varying proportion they exist in Sargent's "Calvin K. Brewster" and "President Hayes-Smyth Colfax"; Louis Paul Debona's "Mr. Richard Croker"; Cecilia Beaux's "Mother and Daughter"; William K. Chase's "Robt Chase"; Edward Simmons's "Boy Thomas Hill"; Knapp Coffey's "W. J. H. Frank W. Benson's "Portrait of a Little Girl"; J. Alden Weir's "Mother and Child"; Fred Hays Mosler's picture with the same title in two portions by Milton Luskwood, and "A Family Group," by George de Forest Brund. The American figure-painter is a great talent ignoring the possibilities of subject; favored by American life, experiences in the individuality of his temperament and he, and this subtlest of emotions or in the creative feeling. I have in mind such pictures as Alden Weir's "Child," Charles Basson's "The Fisherman" and John W. Alden's "The Talker." Our American, H. O. Thayer, choosing to expatriate himself to France to be colored, but for too long a time in the academy in Paris, just what he sees, kinder his landscape with the old familiar air of Claude Lorraine. His earlier pictures, but surprisingly, caught more of the story than his spirit, but his last ones, "Fading" and "Christ and Nicodemus" more particularly the latter, reveal happy, convincing, and genuine, and picture a quality of the writer, and color that are most convincing.

CHARLES H. CAPPEL.



DATO TANTUNG.

REPRODUCED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENDISCH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

The Dato is a typical Moro chief, and was formerly the leader of the Tual Tual pirates. He has abandoned his predatory practices, and has proved himself friendly to the Americans.



W.A. Rogers.

NOV. 11 1876

VICE-PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES
THE ROUGH RIDER



"ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS"—By *Arnold White*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

ARRIVAL OF THE AMBULANCE-TRAIN AT ORANGE RIVER CAMP FROM THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT MODDER RIVER.

DRAWN BY GORDON M. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Negro Education

It is a singular fact that while those who are thinking most intently, and presumably most accurately, on the race problem agree that education must be worked out slowly through education, some of the politicians and leaders in the South are advocating a policy of destroying or limiting the means for the teaching of the negro. The Superintendent of Education for Virginia, for example, has declared that "negro education is a failure," and there is now before the Legislature of Mississippi a proposition to freeze the school funds between the whites and blacks in proportion to the taxes paid by each respectively. This is the practical manner in which it is intended to deprive the negro of the South of at least part of such of the advantages of free schools as the negro enjoys. The argument, and doubtless the unconscious belief, of many Southern whites is that the negro is too heavy upon them, and that all the money they can afford for school purposes is needed for the education of the white children. It is not necessary to distribute a sinister motive to all the people who wish to end even the school money for the negro children thereby to increase the appropriation for the white children. The truth is that in some sections of the South, especially in remote agricultural regions where the negro is most feared, the white children, under existing conditions, receive actually less schooling than the negro children. The professed cause of this, as it has been stated by a Missouri woman in these columns, is that the girls of the negroes are kept at home, and therefore, in harvest time, when the big boys cannot go with them, they *perforce* remain at home. In many other sections the poverty of the people makes any taxation onerous, and the whites naturally, in their desire to decrease their public burden, think first of cutting off the appropriation for negro schools.

It is true that the safety of the girls in neighbor hoods where the blacks are feared is not to be assured by the closing of schools for the blacks; and the conditions that lessen their educational opportunities will, to say the least, not be improved. On the contrary, the danger will be aggravated and dilatory increased if the blacks are to be further brutalized by condemning them to a permanent state of ignorance. And it is here that we touch the really serious in the proposition to decrease the existing opportunity enjoyed by the negroes for education.

Mr. T. THOMAS FORTUNE, to whom both news and both sections of the country are deeply indebted, in a letter to the New York Sun expresses the fully of the Missouri proposition thus:

As far as the Missouri scheme of dividing the school funds is concerned, say may it if it means to: but before she reaches the end of the sleeper she will discover that it is vastly cheaper to build school houses than to build jails, to support school teachers than to support constables and a militia force to put down the criminals reared in the school of illiteracy and St. Ignace's ality.

Mr. FORTUNE points his moral with statistics, which show that Missouri has almost twice as many prisoners for the race that was in slavery and in the blackest conspiracy ignorance thirty years ago. The negro has never had a perfectly fair proportion of the school moneys. For example, while the blacks constitute 20 per cent. of the average population in the Southern States and the District of Columbia in 1897-79, only 20 per cent. of the total

school expenditure was devoted to them. Since 1870 the blacks, according to Mr. FORTUNE, have received about \$100,000,000 of the \$115,000,000 cost of the Southern public schools, and yet of the 27,425 teachers employed in the Afro American schools, 95 per cent. are negroes who have been brought out of the bondage of darkness and educated to the very schools where they now teach. This fact alone is a quite sufficient to confound the generalization of the Virginia Superintendent of Education.

It is true that in the South a much larger percentage of the blacks than of the whites are located in the great cities. It is also true that the South has white criminals secure punishment often than negroes, and that the actual normal difference between the races is not accurately shown by the comparison. Still, it is true that the negro is the worst element in the South, and that the negro children are the avowed themselves of school privileges are, proportionally to the total school population, fewer than the whites. But the difference is really very slight. The colored blacks constitute about 35 per cent. of their total, while the colored whites are 40 per cent. of theirs. The statistics of average attendance show even a slight difference. It is 62 per cent. for the blacks, and 63 per cent. for the whites.

When the differences in heredity, home and social influences, and opportunities for the ambitions are considered, and when we remember the condition of the blacks at the end of the civil war, these statistics ascribed by Mr. FORTUNE, indicating the Southern intellectual advance. There are facts that cannot be wiped out, any more than can the existence of the children of slaves, who are preaching, practicing law and medicine, conducting business enterprises, writing for and editing newspapers, inventing farms, and, what becomes the most important instance, the negroes are carrying on skilled trades. The instructed negro may be only half educated, it is true, but the race is marching upward. The storm and stress period of the South is still open to it. The curse of slavery has not yet been removed. But it is clear that the schools are sending the light into the dark places, and that anything that shuts off or reduces the brilliancy of the light is inimical not only to the negro, but to the whites themselves, to the South, and to the whole country.

It matters little that WILLIAM GORREL, the victim of a Frankenstein of his own creation. The assassination is a deplorable climax to a light of unusual bitterness out of which the friends of the negro are hoping the creation of the new state to emerge with a record that would outstand by destruction. Despite the height to which party passions even in the elections of last autumn, the record of Kentucky as a law abiding State was equal, and its race superior that of any other State. It is disturbing that at the crisis moment, through the act of some cowardly fanatic, the fair face of a community that had apparently successfully passed through a great moral struggle with its own prejudices for crime should be so widely blackened. There will be those here, raised at all quarters the several countenances for this appalling act of murder, but the pens that seek to hold the State of Kentucky rotten to the core because of the bullet of a dastardly assassin should pause before giving expression to an sweeping an indictment of a community. The act finds nowhere outlet of palliation. There is somewhere a word that can be said that detracts from the heinousness of the crime. No act of GORREL or of his followers, past, present, or to be anticipated, can be the excuse for the creation of the new state, but in seeking out the causes and in placing the responsibility for the murder, Kentucky's struggle against her lawless elements must be taken into account, and the commonwealth give due credit for having for so long a period of time held her borders in peace and clear. From one end of the State to the other there is expressed only the deepest abhorrence of the crime, and it all rings with sincerity. While partisan feeling runs high, and in a state of such excitement that at the writing some may be led to what excites the people will go, it is evident that no mind that is worthy of consideration harbors any thought but one of some regret over the incident. High and low the sentiment is the same, and it were a persons thing for any just man to claim that Kentucky as a commonwealth benefited by the creation of a new state by the proper method of settling questions of public interest.

This is a time for sympathy for a stricken State, not for her condemnation and relegation as a whole to the limbo of the criminal. Meanwhile it may be for the State of Kentucky in no other her going that she has been blackened by such a deed, which she has no cause to regret it. There are serious

lines ahead for the commonwealth, but if by law and better elements stand firm for law and order, there is no doubt of the ultimate triumph of the right.

THE complete and striking victory of the Boers at Tloen Kop is in its superior grandeur on one side and inferior grandeur on the other. Thus far, in all the operations in the field the English have been outclassed in leadership, but no troops in the world could perform more daring deeds than those performed by the officers and men of the British side. The war is one of the most awful that the world has ever seen. The battle field is a scene of butchery, and the flower of the English army has suffered most. The end is not far, but the empire is resolved to conquer. It must conquer, or peace must be compelled by mediation, if the empire is not to be dissolved. No matter on which side one's sympathies may be in this war, we must all agree that the British Empire is a splendid structure, and that the progress of England round the world has been marked by the establishment of the reign of law and order and justice. Any harm that may come to that structure will be an injury to the world and to civilization. It is not necessary that the Boer should go on, but it is absolutely necessary that the British Empire should remain erect.

THE question of taxation as it has been raised in New York by Governor ROOSEVELT's tax commission is both important and sensitive. The question of taxation is one, then, that has made from that some details as to the taxation of the State banks and trust companies, which the proposal to levy a small direct tax on mortgages for the benefit of the State taxation for local purposes on mortgages being thus forbidden. The great objection to the tax is that it will fall upon the mortgagee—that is, upon the real estate—and will thus be a double burden on the owner. The commission believes that the measure of taxation will not fall on the owner of the land but on the owner of the mortgage. An examination will be made of mortgages in California and this theory; but, on the other hand, the other theory is fortified by the experience of Maryland. In that State, the law taxes mortgages and forbids the banks of the State to accept the mortgagee to pay the tax, directly or indirectly.

Nevertheless, the experts of the Baltimore trust companies and savings banks say that the law is evaded by raising the rates of interest and by other methods the result being that the tax in effect falls on the mortgagee. It is this theory that the tax on mortgages is very likely to have a good deal of effect on the Legislature of New York, whose members are not likely to savor the wealth of the thousands of farmers who think that they are already overtaxed.

THE Atlanta Constitution, in a recent issue, weighs against "The Man Who Knows It All," and with well-directed irony holds him up to ridicule and contempt. The only difficulty in the way of a definite acceptance of the argument of our brilliant Southern contemporary lies in the fact that with a characteristic direct it seeks to locate the egregious caricature somewhere outside of its own territory. As a matter of fact, "The Man Who Knows It All" is to be found all over the United States—North, South, East, and West. Wherever in this broad land there is a qualified voter, there is "The Man Who Knows It All," and one of his stand behind every ballot that is cast, whether it is counted or not. Wherever there is a man of intelligence, there is a man who may some day become a voter, there also is to be found another who knows it all, or who shortly will; and in many quarters, too, are not only those men and youths gifted with unassessable, but here and there a Woman Who Knows It All, like up her skirts in every direction.

It is the quality of self-confidence that has made the American citizen so successful an individual in the battle of life. Knowledge is power, and the man who possesses it to its utmost limit should be, and often is, able to control his own destinies. The trifling errors in some quarters by the procreants of Men Who Know It All is very easily accounted for, since differences in relation to definitely accented traits are always conspiring to the one who is placed on the defensive. But to attack an inferior is easy; it is the quality of knowing everything, and treating with drastic care a special community for giving them success, is a cruel judgment, a mistake.

It is The Man Who Knows More Than All who should be feared instead, and be sometimes is: and it is the quality of knowing everything, and treating with drastic care a special community for giving them success, is a cruel judgment, a mistake.

It is The Man Who Knows More Than All who should be feared instead, and be sometimes is: and it is the quality of knowing everything, and treating with drastic care a special community for giving them success, is a cruel judgment, a mistake.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BRITISH ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT CAPE TOWN
DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



THE SHOOTING OF STATE SENATOR WILLIAM GOEBEL, IN THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS, TUESDAY, JANUARY 30
DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. A. ROBERTS

KENTUCKY'S POLITICAL ANARCHY

WHEN William Goebel was shot, in the yard of the State Capitol in Frankfort, Kentucky, on the morning of January 30, the greatest political crime in any State of the United States since the days of 1857 was precipitated. It was the end of one stage of a blood political contest and the beginning of another. The first stage of the contest was the retirement of Houston and various spurs points in a struggle which had been for a long extended time then and the first victim of this contest was William Goebel, the man who had arranged it all. Who shot Goebel from behind is not known. The assassin was probably someone who realized that Goebel was about to be declared Governor under the operation of an illegitimate law known as the "Goebel law," and that nothing but Goebel's death could prevent such an untoward result.

The second stage of this criminal political situation in Kentucky came on the night of January 31, when the 14th article of the Constitution and the 10th article of the Legislature met solemnly in the Capitol Hall at Frankfort, while Goebel lay motionless in a hospital in Lexington, and a decision was taken as to whether he should be declared Governor. The Chief Justice of the State administered the oath to him. Pledged up to him, he signed the declaration to enter the Constitution and to enforce the law, issued a proclamation to the people appointing an adjutant general, and ordered the troops that Governor Taylor had called to the Capitol to be sent home. Then and there began a system of dual government for Kentucky. Each in its day, Governor Taylor by reason of his constitutional prerogative, had directed the Legislature to meet in London, Kentucky, on February 8. The Constitution of Kentucky says that in this case, however, no provision the Governor may dismiss the Legislature and continue it in some other place.

It was evident, early on the morning of January 31, that the Democratic members of the Legislature, looking over the messengers' accounts on Goebel's life, would declare him Governor-elect, simply because he had been shot, and not because of any justice or right in the case and Governor Taylor obstructed the Legislature to prevent the formal declaration of Goebel's election. At this writing the two governments are in force, with the prospect of an immediate appeal to the Federal authorities for the maintenance of the republican form of government in the State. The outlook is for a condition of anarchy, the prospect of bloodshed is not remote.

William Goebel, responsible man that any other man for the condition of anarchy existing in Kentucky, is his fourth year. He has great personal energy and personality. He had been known as a clean man personally, and it was only his overreaching political ambition that first brought about the many conditions of affairs in Kentucky and drew the attention of the entire country to himself. Goebel, a self-made man, was born in Nelson County, Pennsylvania, in 1863 and went with his parents to Covington, Kentucky, in 1884. When only twenty-three years old he became a law partner of John G. Carlisle. At twenty-seven he was a member of the State Senate. He straddled justice by his energy and self-reliance. He became notorious in the year 1890, when he shot and killed a well-known Kentucky citizen,

John Stanford, in Covington. A sensational attack had appeared on Stanford in one of the newspapers of the town, and Stanford attributed its authorship to Goebel. He met Goebel on the street and the latter would neither affirm nor deny the authorship. Each man drew his revolver and Stanford fell dead. His widow, who was the proud mother of the crowd that Justice Marshall became known as the homicide, and today is in a sanatorium.

Goebel next attracted attention in 1895. He played a twofold part in the gold and silver agitation of that time. He wanted to get to the national convention in a gold delegate, and after he was elected through the aid of such men as Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Lindsay, he became a free silver speaker. Shortly after this it was given out that he would be a candidate for the nomination for governor at the next Democratic convention. In 1896 the Legislature of Kentucky was Democratic. Goebel was a Senator, and he drew up and caused to be passed the famous Goebel election law. The bill was vetoed by Governor Bradford, who passed over the veto and became the law of the State.

The Goebel-election law, as we have already a published method of voting on election. It provided for the appointment of three State election commissioners to be chosen by the Legislature. All things the way in the of the Democratic party—middle class of the Democratic party. The State commissioners selected county commissioners

two of whom were to be of the majority party, and one of them of the minority party. The county commissioners selected the election officers of each precinct, with the same majority and minority representation. The law was so planned that the minority representation in the more eligible precincts were practically nonexistent. The law also provided that in the election for State officers no appeal in case of contest should go only with the Legislature, the courts having nothing to do with the case.

In June, 1896 the Democratic convention was held. There were three candidates for the nomination—Hardie, Stone and Goebel. Goebel had the lowest rank, but made a compromise with Stone to defeat Hardie, promising Stone the nomination. Then he accepted a large number of delegates and finally, by parking the convention hall with voters, secured the nomination for himself, after a week's struggle of dark and parking. Instead of this there was a great row, and the independent Democratic member, former Governor John Young Brown, for Governor. The Republicans had already nominated William S. Taylor.

A large campaign followed. It was a campaign of epithets and abuse. The last president Democrats threw their strength to the Republican candidate, Taylor, who was the fear of the masses was elected by more than 2000 plurality. It was necessary that the Goebel election boards in many counties prepared numerous brands. A great contest for a fair count arose throughout the State, and the case was being fought on a point of the civil law as well as the State in the county held to the State House without any regular further trouble. The State found, during the work of the people, decided that Taylor was entitled to the certificate of election according to the law of the State, and it was given to him, and he was sworn in as Governor.

Goebel insisted that he would still be Governor. He gave formal notice of contest, and when the Legislature met a committee was chosen to go to investigate the case. It was composed of ten Democrats and one Republican. Other committees were appointed the election for contested seats, and several Republicans were appointed for Democrats. At least the day's work for closed testimony in the case and then one day a trial had all necessaries arrived and several hundred of them under arms camped at the State House to oversee the Legislature. Many of the mountaineers became lawless and badly many of them were sent home. The force of the war being nearly opposite to what was desired.

Fool arguments began as to the government's contest, and it was evident that a derelict would be made while forty-eight hours, and that Goebel would be declared Governor. While he was passing through the yard of the State Capitol on his way to a meeting of the Legislature, he was shot down by some one who was probably connected in the Administration Building, and in the Capitol. His life was destroyed almost from the start. At the time of this writing it was thought that Goebel would survive only a few hours, but whether William Goebel lives or dies is of little consequence. It is the fact that the terrible thing of London as exemplified in the methods of the assassin, and that it will be a long time before the nation has progressed in the list of crimes.



WILLIAM GOEBEL



IT WAS A COLUMN HEADED "WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY."

THE ACTION AND THE WORD. *By Brander Matthews*

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning when Evert Brookfield came down to breakfast he found his father standing at one of the dining-room windows with the newspaper in his hand. The steam was over, the sky was brilliant again, the wind had risen, and the atmosphere was singularly pure. The number headed the window where the doctor was looking out at the men shoveling the snow from the sidewalk.

The young architect noted how big his father looked in the morning glare, and how strong the doctor seemed in spite of his threescore years and in spite of all the expense and sickness of four years' service in the field. The new admiration for the father was equal to his affection. Evert was proud of the doctor's record in the war, of his prominence in the profession, of his popularity in society. Harder across himself, he rebuked intensely his father's sterner sense. Better modesty, and even self-depression, he had never seemed to be gratified that his father had made a friend of him and a companion when he had been little more than a boy.

The rapture of the moment and the clapping of the picks on the pavement must have prevented the doctor from hearing his son's footsteps on the polished floor, for he did not move until Evert had laid his arm on his shoulder, and said, "Good-morning, father."

Then Dr. Brookfield turned and shook hands heartily with his son. "Good-morning, my boy, good-morning! And how is Celia after her first appearance on any stage?"

"I think she is well, father, with the usual excitement of a great success."

"It was a great success, I see by the paper," said the doctor.

"You don't mean to say that there's anything about it in the *Post*?" asked his son, with a starting of amazement.

"Why not?" Dr. Brookfield inquired. "They put ev-

erything into the newspapers now—even things that are really important."

"What does it say?" Evert inquired, a little ashamed of the eager interest with which he had extended his hand.

"It is not so bad as it might be," his father declared.

"It is a matter of course, but how these fellows can't help being vulgar now. Probably they have no suspicion how vulgar the world is."

Evert opened the *Post* and read the paragraph the doctor pointed out. It was in a column headed "What is Going On in Society," and it began by stating that "the beautiful Mrs. Evert Brookfield was all hearts, but right at the performance given by the Amateur Club and patronized by the most exclusive set," and it went on with a description of her costume, ending at last with a detailed catalogue of her charms. "Her wistful eyes, her jewel-neck, her gleaming braided hair, the exquisite grace of her demeanor, all lend perfection to a performance of the 'Happy Fair' which will be remembered as an epoch in the history of private showings in New York."

As the landlord read this history of his wife, printed in a newspaper for thousands to see, he flushed with indignation.

"It might be worse," said his father, with a comical smile. "It says Celia is pretty, now it might have said she was ugly."

"Oh, they couldn't do that!" cried her husband, indignantly.

"Of course it would not be the truth," the doctor explained. "But the public doesn't require an affidavit for everything it reads in the paper. I suppose this creature is right in saying that the performance had a great success."

"I suppose so," his son answered, a little regretfully.

"I am not sure—yes, it was, of course. But really, unless very well-so well that I'm afraid she will start to act again."

"Oh, you don't want her to?" the doctor asked.

The son laid up the *Post*, and then threw it on a chair.

"I don't want to have that sort of thing written about my wife, do I?" he protested. "And I don't know that I should care for being talked about. I was glad that she was enjoying herself, that she was successful, that she was admired, but I hated the publicity of it. I did not like having other men's strings at her."

"She was my wife, after all. She belonged to me, and it was an impertinence for any other man to gaze at her. That's about, of course, and I know it, but it's the way I felt. I know half of the people in the house, I suppose, and the whole affair was as private as anything of the sort could be, and yet—"

"And I don't wonder they stared, either, for she did look lovely."

"I don't doubt it," his father replied. "She knew she was being admired, and that it would naturally make her look her best. And Celia likes admiration."

"What amuses you?" related her husband.

"She likes it more than most women, I think," answered the doctor.

"She deserves it more than most," his son replied.

Dr. Brookfield laughed a somewhat laugh, altogether like all his characteristics. "You need not stand up for her so if I am attacking her, my boy. You must know how fond I am of her, and what a pleasure it has been to me to have her so in the house. She is very kind to her old father-in-law, and very considerate always. But she's a woman, for all that, and she likes to show through a cloud of masculine admiration—your first of all, as a matter of course, and then, too, old as I am, and the help's young as he is, and then every other man's."

His son smiled a little kindly. "I am afraid you are right. In fact, I am sure you are—right. I wish I could see you always thinking about Celia and clearing her, and I've noticed that she can't help having men to fall in love with her, only to be greatly grieved when they do, and she is honestly mortified at it, too. Why are you giving a rare and unusual amount of nature and care to her and men of that sort—an attention quite different to kind friends that they pay to other women, and she enjoys that, too, although she probably hasn't really looked



Lieut. Col. Arthur Lee
Attaché, British Embassy



Admiral Dewey
General Miles



Count Vinci
1st Sec. Italian Embassy



Von Rebeur-Paschwitz
Dir. put. von Bohlen u. Halbach
Attaché, German Embassy



Chinese Legation on New Year's Day
Minister Wu Tingfang & Mrs Wu
Const-Ruan Minister, Sun Sen, Chiao
Worship, Ministers & Wife Mrs. Wu



Lord Pauncefoot
Lady Pauncefoot

SNAP-SHOTS ABOUT WASHINGTON

Catherine in the street, said after he has got the Methu-
en's building finished?"

"Oh, then it wouldn't matter," she replied, coolly.

"True," said the doctor, "it would not be worth while
then."

"When shall we have him so dinner?" she inquired,
eagerly. "The sooner the better, I suppose. And for
Eve's sake, I'll be so nice to the old man as I know
how—"

"Hold up! hold up!" cried Dr. Brookfield. "You
mean's outside it, so you will this all. If you were to
look at the old fellow like that, and if Mrs. Catherine
should see it—well, it's good by to that connection for
the sky scrapes."

"Is there a Mrs. Catherine?" Cath asked, in dismay.

"Oh, I didn't know that! That's too bad, isn't it? Have
we got to talk her into it?"

"I'm afraid that we must leave both Mr. and Mrs.
Catherine if we wish to accomplish our purpose," the
doctor observed. "And so must pick the people to meet
them very carefully so that they shall feel they have been
well treated, and that they may go away with a lively
sense of good friends to come."

"Oh, I see," she smiled, "I see! How many is all?"

"Fourteen, I should say," her father-in-law answered.

"We are three and they are two—five. And the Jimmy
Sardons—"

"That was Mrs. Sardons Mr. Talmu stopped to talk
to last night, wasn't it, Eve?" she interrupted.

"That's so," her husband replied.

"She is handsome," said the doctor, "and her husband
is handsome—"

"I didn't get a good look at her last night," Cath re-
minded—but I shouldn't say she was so very good look-
ing. Maybe she won't be feeling very well then, but it is
a fact you men often call a woman good looking when it
can't see it at all."

"You are not the first woman I have heard making a
remark like that," said the doctor smiling. "Do you
suppose the letters in men's eyes differ from those in
women's?"

The doctor entered the dining-room with half a dozen
newspapers in his hand.

"Are those the papers, Wilson?" cried the young wife,
glorifying them. "Thank you." And she began to turn
the pages with an anxiety that seemed to her husband
almost feverish.

"Here's an amusing little paragraph," she said, after a
moment's search. "Join issue to it." The youngest
club acted "A Happy Pair" last night at Woodstock

Hall before a very select audience, and Mr. Gurvey Talmu
repeated his former triumphs." And looking about her?

"Not a word!" asked her husband.

"Not a word!" she answered, handing him the paper,
and then opening another.

She passed through the pages in vain. "Why, there
isn't anything at all in this one!" she cried at last.

"The first news the most surprising after all," the
doctor remarked, dryly. "It always has the news—what
there is of it—and plenty of it, too—such as it is."

"And there isn't anything in these, either," she de-
clared, placidly, dropping the rest of the papers on the
floor one after another.

When his wife had taken her seat again at the break-
fast table, Eve's was surprised to discover that he was
sharing her disappointment that her performance was not
mentioned, in spite of the fact that he had been only at-
tended by the perusal of the one paragraph in which it
had been considered.

He looked up and found his father's eyes fixed on his
with a humorous twinkle in them, and then both men
laughed.

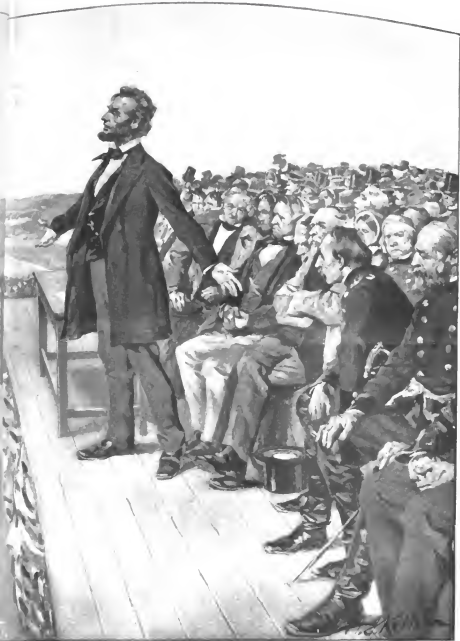
Cath was absorbed in her own thoughts, and did not
hear them.

(See on opposite.)



LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT G

DRAWN



YSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863

L. KELLER



M. SALLÉA



MME SUZANNE ADAMS AND MME LAFFAY



M. POL PLANÇON

OPERA-SINGERS OFF DUTY. *By Gustav Kobbé*



M. POL PLANÇON

EDOUARD DE RENZKE, MME. HAFLESON,
AND JEAN DE RENZKE.

MME SEMBRICH AND MME DE LUSAN.



MME. ADAMS AND MME. SEMBRICH.

A prima doesn't tell you when opportunities are off duty and have opportunity to enjoy themselves. Her answer will be, "Never."

It is a fact that opera stars in nearly first opportunity to see each other in a social way except when the company is on tour, making a "concerto jump" in a special train. During the season in New York there is but little chance for visiting or other diversions. Even if there were, the same singer has to take of her voice before her second week's recitals which few ordinary mortals appreciate. So members of the company would, for instance think of calling on Madame Emma on a day when she has to sing. They know she wants to sing her voice. Probably the next day the other prima donnas are to sing at a matinee or evening performance, and Madame Emma would not think of calling on them.

But when the company is on tour in its own special train, or in Chicago, where they sing in the Auditorium, and most of them reside in the Auditorium Hotel, there is some little opportunity for social amenities. Even then, when they meet, the topic of conversation is apt to be their life employment, in the ordinary sense of the word, an operative gets out of life. On days when there is no performance or rehearsal she has to break up her notes with an accompanist of the piano. If she has an engagement at the photographer's to be taken in costume—that means half a day going. Then there is a stack of letters to be read and answered or thrown into the waste basket—most of them from girls, would be prima donnas, who want to come and sing for the great artist and hear her opinion of their voices. A walk, a little drive to get a breath of air—that perhaps stops up a prima donna's medium of enjoyment on an off-duty day.

I once read an account of the rare that was taken of a certain millionaire lady and I thought what a poor life they must have. An opera singer is a great deal like that lady. A slight cold that ordinary mortals would not know how they had, incapacitates her; so it can be imagined how careful she must be that neither conditions are just right when she sustains it. In fact, her whole mode of life must be regulated with regard to the preservation of her voice. Madame Nordica once said to me: "I am so tired to rest what I don't want that I don't know what I want."

Many prima donnas, on nights when they are not singing, retire as early as half past seven or eight o'clock. That is hardly conducive to social enjoyment. It is regrettable for the fact that opera stars have so few performances of opera from the front of the house. An exception for one of the best known American prima donnas once told me that she had never heard a Wagner performance from before the front-logs. You rarely see any singers of the company at the Metropolitan in the audience. It is only when they stand and look on as some together on the Auditorium in Chicago that a prima donna will occasionally slip from the hotel into a Wagner performance of one of the hours and have a performance. In Madame Emma's case, a life at the Auditorium is a good deal like this on board ship. You pass from the hotel to the theatre as you would from your state room to the saloon or deck. There too the members of the company have some chance to see each other and enjoy themselves.

At the little social gatherings which they arrange among themselves no members of the troupe are more welcome than the de Bourke brothers. These two great singers know how to throw aside stage business and conduct when it comes to an evening's amusement.

Both have a great facility for treating people and making them a thoroughly good time in the latter case. Madame Nordica tells a capital anecdote to illustrate the singer's skill in "imitations" of animal voices. Some months ago



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The World of Finance

THE most significant feature of the financial situation for some time has been the ease of the money market that would seem to contrast with the stringency of a few weeks ago.

The abundance of money in the market was the sole cause of greater ease and lower rates. The difficulty in stock market conditions led to effort.

While the stock market continued inactive it was slowly making its way. There was little trading in the stocks of the leading nations which we had thought for some time.

The varying fortunes of the South African war were to have had their effect in this country.

The general feeling seems to have settled down to a conviction that Great Britain has a pronounced trend on her banks, but that and fall to rise in the end and in the next three or four years cannot be seriously affected in any substantial way.

Despite of the stock and money markets the condition in this country continue very bright. As to the market for iron and steel together they advance on unexpected year of prosperity.

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THE WAVERING LINE.
AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE AT MAGERFONTEIN.

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The Abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty

FOR nearly two years it has been evident that the British government was seeking public opinion on the subject of the abrogation of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty. Evidently Mr. HAY's representations and efforts began to be effective while he was ambassador in London. It was during that time that the Spectator, who often speaks with authority on the intentions of Lord SALISBURY's government, began to suggest that the treaty ought to be out of the way, and it is at least an interesting coincidence that the issue of January 27, which reached this country ten days before the signing of the agreement terminating the treaty, contained an article reviewing the advice to the British government to surrender its pretensions to exercise with the United States a joint control over any canal that may be built across the isthmus. The article, as the Spectator pointed out, is that thus far the treaty has stood in the way of the building of any canal, either by private capital or by our government. It is just, in speaking of this new convention, to say that Mr. HAY has again given evidence of the possession of native diplomatic skill, obtained by a training in diplomatic methods which it has fallen to the lot of very few of his predecessors to enjoy.

The treaty with Great Britain one of the way, the situation is relieved from an important complication. It was of course suggested by the leaders in Congress that the long negotiations on the subject were about to reach a successful conclusion. For Mr. HAY's bill does not consider the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty as an obstacle, and provides for negotiation with Nicaragua and Costa Rica only. As Mr. HAY's is the next word of Speaker HENDERSON, it must be assumed that this omission was due to the knowledge of what was going on in the State Department.

The interlocking canal situation is, therefore, in this condition. Under an act of Congress, Admiral WALKER's commission is now investigating the Panama route. This "Isthmian Canal Commission" is charged with the duty of "examining the American interests with a view to determining the most practicable and feasible route for a ship canal." In his annual message Mr. McKinley said that the work of the commission would require "much labor and considerable time for its accomplishment." At the same time he urged upon Congress the desirability of speedy action.

Mr. HAY's act is also contemplated by the President in this suggestion. And with the view of the administration are not known as to these particular matters, information received from Washington leads us to believe that this is the measure most likely to pass, if any bill becomes a law this present session. Secretary of State HAY has the bill authorized the President to acquire from Nicaragua and Costa Rica the territory necessary for the construction and defense of the canal. This being accomplished by negotiation with the two Central American governments, the President is ordered to direct the Secretary of War to build the canal from Greytown in Nicaragua to the bay of Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan River, the waterway being of sufficient capacity for the use of vessels of the largest tonnage and draught. The Secretary is also to construct the necessary harbor and forts for its defense. The sum of \$145,000,000, or so much of it as may be needed, is appropriated for the work. Nothing is said touching the neutrality of the canal, but that is provided for in the treaty with Great Britain just mentioned.

It may be that the President will find negotiations with Nicaragua and Costa Rica difficult, or it

may be that the Isthmian Commission will make so favorable a report on the Panama route, which is now favored by an American company, that the strong propensities which have long existed in favor of the Nicaragua route will be overcome. There are difficulties in the way of a treaty with Nicaragua, which we merely mention without discussing. Few American companies are interested there, both of which are ardently opposed to the plan of government ownership and control through independent negotiations with Nicaragua. One company is the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, which was chartered by the United States on the 15th of October, 1899, by the Nicaraguan government. The other is the KYER-CRAIG syndicate, which has a concession from Nicaragua, and claims a consequent right of preference to the Maritime Company. The latter has protested against the actions of the Nicaraguan government, and has appealed to this government. As to the cost estimated in the HAY'S bill, it is interesting to note that the members of the old Nicaragua Commission, of which also Admiral WALKER was the leader, except Colonel HAY, believed that the canal could be built for \$118,000,000, while Colonel HAY'S thought that \$125,000,000 would be required.

THE LORD bill of the present Congress, "to amend the postal laws relating to second-class mail-matter," is a different measure from that of previous Congresses. It is now a bill to increase the cost of periodical literature, published for sale, to those subscribers who live west of Chicago. It provides that the rate of postage charged for mailing periodicals one thousand miles shall be one cent a pound or fractional part thereof, and two cents a pound or fractional part thereof when the distance exceeds that amount. In other words, if the subscriber for a Boston, New York, or Philadelphia newspaper or periodical lives one thousand miles to the west—say, in Chicago—the postage on his paper or magazine will be at the rate of one cent per pound; if he lives in St. Paul, it will be two cents. There is no reason why the readers beyond the Mississippi should not have their periodical literatures as cheap as those who live east of it. The bill, moreover, discriminates in favor of Western publications. This is an unwarranted and something for which Western publishers are not responsible. But, as a matter of fact, a Chicago or St. Louis periodical would be carried to the Atlantic seaboard on the east, and to the west or south a thousand miles—say, to Chicago, Denver, or San Francisco—on the west, while the publication would be transported for the low rate only within one thousand miles to the west or south. The bill, we suppose, is intended to increase the income of the Post Office Department from second-class matter. But certainly, even if this is proper, it is not to be done at the expense of those who live west and south of Chicago and St. Louis.

THE Senate has ratified the arbitration treaty adopted by the Peace Conference of The Hague. It may be interesting, therefore, to restate the conditions to which the country has committed itself by this treaty. The powers agree "to use all endeavors to effect by pacific means a settlement of the differences between them" in cases of serious differences they promise to "have recourse to the good offices, mediation, conciliation, or arbitration, or to any one or more of these friendly powers." Powers not committed to the arbitration are invited to extend their friendly offices to disputing states, and it is declared that "the right of offering such good offices to any state is not incompatible with the conflict, even during the course of hostilities, which act one state be regarded as an unfriendly act." The mediator is to reconcile conflicting claims and to propose settlements. The decision of the mediator is to be regarded as conclusive, if the conflicting parties consent. If the mediator choose the method it is stated that the compromise or loss of suitable understanding is not acceptable to either party. The acceptance of mediation may not suggest proposition for war, but they are not to interfere with actual hostilities, once they are begun, without the mutual consent of the conflicting parties. A singular provision is recommended—the suggestion of the American commissioners—for special mediation. It is a limited application of the law of the duel. Two powers between which there is a pending war may choose between two courses, to submit to a settlement. An International Commission of Inquiry is established for the verification of facts in cases of minor disputes not affecting the vital interest or honor of states. Upon a report of this commission the disputants may choose to submit to a settlement, or to continue to arbitration. Every nation signing the

convention undertakes "to submit in good faith to an arbitral judgment." A permanent court of arbitration is to be established, with headquarters at The Hague, under the direction of a permanent secretary-general. The court is to sit in all arbitrations, unless the powers concerned prefer a special arbitral tribunal. Each of the signatory powers is to appoint four persons "of recognized competence." Questions of international law, enjoying the highest moral consideration, and prepared to accept the functions of arbitrator." From the list of these members of the court, who are to hold office for seven years, but who may be reappointed, the powers are to select arbitrators. All these provisions have now been adopted by the United States, except that our representatives insisted on not being held obliged to depart from our traditional policy of abstention from European politics, and stipulated that we should not be understood as relinquishing our position as to the Monroe doctrine.

THE bill reported by the Senate committee on the Pacific islands and Puerto Rico does not propose a permanent government for the island. It is merely a temporary government that is suggested, and action of this kind is taken to meet the people of the islands, who are in need of a military government. Governor DAYTON, a most able executive, and his services have been of great value both to the island and to this country. Still, the people want a civilian, and they will be gratified. It is even suggested in the report that the islands should be settled by fixing the rate of duty to be collected on its imports into the island at twenty-five per cent of the rate of the DUTY act. Indeed, the committee frankly state that it is their opinion that the island, now the property of the United States, should enjoy the privileges of free trade as they are enjoyed by the States and Territories of the Union in accordance with our constitution.

In other words, the committee, or rather a majority of it, agree with the President, Secretary HAY, and General DAYTON, and they reject, or modify, the bill which provided for free trade because, they say, it is essential, "in view of the urgent necessity for a revenue for Puerto Rico, to impose a duty on imports into the island. One of the great levers of the revenue of the island would be the reducing of the rate of the island with that of the United States.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has made an interesting suggestion as to the National Guard under the present law. He suggests that we might as well make a heavy artillery organization. This is the era of artillery, and the United States is backward in the essential arm of the military service. It possessed hardly any trained artillery at the opening of the war, probably because the authorities were under the impression that artillery arm, however, enormously increased in relative importance, and those who are interested in the army in Congress are beginning to take measures to relieve the situation and to remedy the evil. How great that evil is may be judged from the fact that while there are less than 2000 artillery soldiers now in the country, the 2000 mounted and provided for require a force of 25,000 men. Under these circumstances the progress of Governor ROOSEVELT's proposition is apparent. If the National Guard and the militia regulations of the States are to be made effective, they should be organized, as the regular army should be, with an intelligent recognition of the needs of the service, and of the relative importance of its several arms.

THE force with which the feeling against the HAY bill is running in New York State is a wholesome sign of the civilization of the community. The energy naturally led in the movement against the law, which was doubtless needed for the purpose of the law, but for which it has been employed. It was extremely excited for the promotion of honest and decent work, and so doubtless it shows a surprise to many who originally favored it. No one doubts that the Governor is a genuine sportsman, and he is not the one to be led away by the prejudices of those who are not, but in his usual regard he recognized the law as protection of private fighting and resolution of the most kind. Four deaths, at least, have resulted from the fights that have been held since the present law was enacted. One person stands in prison on a charge of murder, and another is in prison on a charge of murder. It is very easy to say that the respectable elements of the community are in favor of, or opposed to, any particular measure, but it is difficult to prove it. However, it is probably absolutely true that every citizen of New York State is in favor of the current law in favor of the repeal of the HAY bill.



J. C. N. BECKHAM.

THE KENTUCKY INSURRECTION

by JOHN GILMER SPEED



GOVERNOR W. S. TAYLOR.

There has been nothing so plain as the political situation in Kentucky since the reconstruction days in the 30's, when the carpet bag adventurers were plundering all the States where the negroes were sufficiently numerous to admit to the operation. It seems likely, however, that before HARPER'S WEEKLY goes to press the technical civil war which has prevailed for decades will have ended, and the actual civil war which was finally precipitated at any moment will have been averted. There was only a disposition to accept compromise, but so much party spirit existed that compromise to be based upon the proposition that that party was entirely right. It was difficult to arrange a method of settlement. But a method was finally agreed upon, as will appear when I get to that part of the story. Taylor, the Republican, undoubtedly received a plurality of the votes cast and was fairly elected Governor. But, according to the law, the General Assembly had the final jurisdiction of a contest for the governorship. The best people in the State were on Taylor's side. Public opinion was with him. While, however, the contest was pending in the Legislature, the capital was invaded by a mob of armed and drunken mountain desperadoes, brought there by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. This mob announced that it had come to see that the Legislature should not interfere with Taylor's right to sit as Governor. Here was a legislative body sitting as a court, harassed by an armed mob while the case before it was under consideration. There was almost instantly a change of public opinion. Taylor's claim that he could be held responsible was not accepted, the burning looting of the mountain men without any well-organized force of the police did not make the amount of law and order as was put the result to the General Assembly.

By the Republican office holders had to depend entirely upon the action of the State to defend them in the possession of their offices. It was apparent that the General Assembly, after this visit of the mountaineers and the consequent escape in public opinion, meant to arrest Taylor and put his Democratic friend, Gwelin, into the vacant place. The morning of the day when the Legislature was expected to take this action, William Gwelin, on his way to the Senate of which he was a member, was shot down in the State House yard by an assassin concealed in one of the State buildings, presumably in the Executive

Building where Taylor had his offices. This crime brought matters to a crisis.

Taylor declared that no insurrection existed in the capital city. He therefore addressed the General Assembly to meet at such place as Letcher County. He announced that the State House would address and demand all persons left from pursuing the members of the General Assembly from coming either to the legislative chambers. Though he did not declare martial law, there was actual martial law existing the afternoon of the crisis of his own career. Now the insurrection may be said to have been in full swing.

The authorized law work a condition of affairs could be brought about in a State where the people are indignantly independent and ambitious, one will have to go further than that last summer, when Gwelin forced his election, and so direct away from his party many of the best men.

For many years the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has been the chief employer in Kentucky, and has always expanded lines of railways touching diverse sections. The company was assumed to be the first work of construction by the city of Louisville, and for many years that city held a large block of stock in the railroad and hence assisted in its management. This provided citizens an interest in the railroad, and the railroad an interest in municipal affairs. Longer back than twenty-five years ago the Louisville and Nashville Company was the greatest influence in Louisville municipal affairs. A man could not be elected justice of the peace or school trustee without the sanction of the Louisville and Nashville politicians. It was a most beneficial political condition, and when it is recalled it seems a wonder that the

high spoiled people of Kentucky did not reach a quarter of a century ago.

The loss of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad has been viewed all over the State, and now the company endeavor to start an influence in State politics similar to that which ruled and almost ruined Louisville in the first few months. There are few large towns in Kentucky, and therefore the agricultural people are always largely represented in the General Assembly. Now the farmer in Kentucky like the farmer in any other part of the United States can be easily induced to believe that it is always a matter of compromise versus law. The insurrection and actual war among the different parties in the Legislature led the fact to a more or less extent, and when people, thinking the Law, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Change was among them was William Taylor, a man of remarkable conversation of purpose, energetic, keen in action, and undoubtedly a man in the foreign world who he made his plans. His moral superiority among the politicians quickly made him the Democratic leader, and in the region conducted a machine which should be absolutely his. He knew that to attack a national corporation was popular. So the Gwelin machine was entirely and unconsciously opposed to the Louisville and Nashville. This made it necessary for that company to be its legislative agents, though there had been some long before Gwelin's time.

So that Gwelin might be unchallenged in his personal agency in his home district—that is, in Congress, which he won the Ohio River from Cincinnati—was provided an annual from Colonel John Gwelin and shot him dead. He was regarded on the ground of self-defense, but there were those even in his own party who were not prepared to see a man with such a record as the Civil Executive of the commonwealth. He was a prominent candidate last year, however, and had a splendid following in the convention which met in Louisville last summer. There were three candidates—Harris, Moore, and Gwelin. I do not remember how many delegates there were. But if there were 200, the strength was something like this: Harris, 50; Moore, 200; Gwelin, 60. Gwelin proposed in those that they vote and organize the non-official against the State, and that State should have the nomination. This was agreed, but after Gwelin secured the nomination, his committee on organized vote kept on sending Harris and Moore delegates.



ARRIVAL OF TROOPS IN FRANKFORT.



CHANGING THE GUARD IN FRONT OF THE STATE HOUSE.



ADJUTANT-GENERAL COLLIER.



COLONEL WILLIAMS.



STATE HOUSE AND EXECUTIVE BUILDING



MILITIA GUARDING GOVERNOR TAYLOR'S OFFICE.

ill the General delegation would everything. This General was bought. The conspiracy was killed, and all of the most decent Democrats in Kentucky went into the opposition. It was apparent even before the election that if a fair election General would be beaten. But he depended quite as much on election day which bore his name, as he had passed it through the Legislature. This law provided that the vote of each county should be returned by a board, and that the vote of the State should be returned by another board in Frankfort, which the General Assembly should have the final decision in case of contest. The method of appointing the canvassing boards assured that the majority of each board, and the State board as well, would be Democratic.

Kentucky is strongly Democratic, and has been so ever since the War, except with the defeat of William Goebel. But in 1895 when the Democrats declared for the free change of office, there were so many accidents from the risks that the Republicans carried the State for McKinley, and William O. Bradley was elected Governor. This was the first time a Republican had been Governor, and as the State had a chance to take advantage of the Democratic division and stoppage has own party very greatly. But Bradley was not an able man, and the contrary he was a very naive man, and what was almost as bad in the eyes of the "Bourbon class" in Kentucky, he belonged to that class known before the war as "poor whites." As Governor he looked ludicrous, floundering when he should have acted and acting when he should have remained that things should be left alone. The election day this morning Taylor, an apprehensive of violence and fear, kept his militia under arms, and so some orders at the polls. This hour Bradley trembled and yielded the moment a rumor which was his chief support. But he was elected, but the election was so unscientific that the many voting boards invented for the very purpose of leaving Democratic success declared that he was elected. And on December he was inaugurated, and the optimism and peace-loving in the State hoped that the incident was happily closed.

But the General Assembly was Democratic; as, more than that, Goebel's body had been taken. This Goebel would fall to continue under the circumstances, realization of the consequences to the people and dignity of the State, which he knew he believed. And in this contest he was not one of winning, however, acting as the independent, the moral, and the religious opinion of the State was opposed to him. There were some travelers who could not be counted on by the law, even though the Democratic political machine was so much his property as the pistol and the bowie knife he carried in his breeches pockets. At this time of opportunity occurred the visit of the armed and Frankfort each of mountaineers over the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. There was no longer any doubt that the Legislature would do. Public opinion instantly turned around to Goebel, and now it was a fierce conclusion that Taylor despite his election by the people, would be ousted. It was also certain that the people would support in this highland revival of their judgment at the polls. In this emergency Goebel was shot and the things happened as I have described in the beginning of this article.

The General Assembly, not being permitted to meet in the State House, adjourned to meet elsewhere, but was prevented by the militia, acting under orders from Taylor. This, by direction of Goebel, who was lying at death's door, but not then conscious, the Democrats of the two Houses agreed in a document declaring Taylor assassinated and Goebel elected. Goebel was then sworn in as Governor, when Beckham, who was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor. The lawyers who maintained the law were naturally divided. Goebel could not be put in office by this political sword stroke of the majority of the General Assembly, but that there had to be a meeting of each House, and then a joint session. These meetings were held in a hall, the State House being closed then, and formal sessions were held. Then both Goebel and Beckham were again sworn in, and Kentucky had two sets of State officers, each set claiming title by due process of law.

Mountain Taylor had physically strengthened his position in the Eastern Kentucky and the State House grounds were converted into a military camp, protected from attack by triple belts and sections, with loaded Gatling guns commanding every avenue of approach. But the moral support was all the time weakening. The chief officers were ex-Governor Bradley and an Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge. This covered both camps. Indeed, I have no doubt in saying it was a fair estimate. The Democrats had appealed to the State courts to



SPEAKER TRIMBLE.



EPI LILLARD AND COLONEL JACK CHINN, WHO WERE WITH SENATOR GOEBEL WHEN HE WAS SHOT.

rescind Taylor by injunction from interfering with the meeting in the capital of the General Assembly. The court officers who attempted to serve notice of this proceeding on the Governor was arrested and kept a military prisoner for several days. When a writ of habeas corpus for the production of the man in court was given to the sheriff that officer was already subservient to the process in whom the writ was addressed. So we see that civil government was suspended by Kentucky although civil was not declared a state.

After lagging five days, Goebel died, and Beckham was sworn in as Governor in his stead. The death of Goebel has long been expected, but his death for a while made the excitement more intense and the circle upon the will representatives of the people very wide indeed. Up to Tuesday, February 8, there had been no collision between the civil and military authorities, though a few Adjutant Generals had been appointed and this militia could be brought out very easily. Then there was a possibility that a hot-headed judge, reviving his hubbly to the authority of his court, might order the sheriff to organize a posse evadent and carry out the mandate of the courts by force of arms.

It was at this time that representatives of the two parties got together to arrange a way out of the difficulty, and an event a civil war which would possibly have to be suppressed by Federal authority—that is, by the army of the United States. Up to this time the really first act of the State had not been called upon to take part in the dispute which had resulted in destruction and technical civil war. But this emergency they came forward as they usually do, they were very Christian, an American comradely, and made themselves the instantaneously through which a compromise was law. Several times a month all of the contestants, and through which peace will be broken between the factions. There were seven men on each side, and there is not a name among the fourteen that was not known and honored place in the esteem of Kentucky. The soldiers were and had in a way not called on law, and those who were tried and true came to the front and did their duty fearlessly as men and as soldiers.

The agreement had never been signed, and, really, as follows. That if the General Assembly declared that the Democratic candidate for Governor and Lieutenant Governor were entitled to the office, and if the political opponents shall submit without further protest, that both parties shall in their best endeavor to spend the Goebel election law and maintain a fair law in the State, that candidates shall remain in state per till Monday, February 12, that nothing shall be done to hinder the General Assembly from meeting and taking action, that the State central board on either side shall not divide any outside till the main question is settled, that the State troops shall be moved from Frankfort; that State officials shall have immunity from charges of treason and assault.

Since this unfortunate crisis arose I have heard over and over, and I have read the same things in newspapers, that the Republicans were a bad lot and not fit for self-government. Little did those men and their writers understand the Kentucky character. This is not an appropriate time to bring about Kentucky and her people, but the facts set forth in this novel show the people as a whole as the good representative men of the State took action in this was a general acquiescence in their verdict. Even the war that threatened to be a fever, on either side, of what each side secretly believed was the law.

They have the law out there as much as we have it in other parts of the world, when they break the law it is individual against individual, and not made against constituted authority. Society is bound together in Kentucky, as in every other well-governed commonwealth, by a respect for the law and a submission to it. The mountaineers of whom mention has been made have little respect for the law, but they only know it in terms of its penalties. It was surely a mountaineer who killed Goebel. The lowland Kentuckians, the fine dress gentlemen, stands in the view that only the mountaineer in that State who first fired the shot.

Even though these circumstances are shrouded, able to Kentucky and make a blot upon her history, it leaves these poor judgments that we consider the greatest prevailing cause, especially the encouragement of a rich corporation, and thus the suppression of the popular will by an unscrupulous and avaricious minority, that they may be able to think more kindly of a high-spirited and independent people who have never been accustomed to a similar display of selfishness in the conduct of their public affairs. In this time of trial they have displayed a selfishness which would be almost reprehensible in any State capital in the Union.



THE CAVALRY QUARTERS IN GENERAL GATACKE'S CAMP



THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE INFANTRY RESTING AT THE FOOT OF A KNIP



THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE INFANTRY MARCHING TO FINCHAM'S REK

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—GENERAL GATACKE'S DIVISION AT QUEENSTOWN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE W. NICHOLS.



A BRITISH BRIGADE.
FROM A SKETCH BY LEITCH RAEFFL, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



LORD METHUEN RECEIVING DESPATCHES FROM KIMBERLEY.
DESIGNED BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



EMBARKATION AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, OF THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Great Fire in Honolulu



THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRE.



RUINS OF KAUKAKAPILI CHURCH



REFUGEES MARCHING UNDER GUARD.

THIRTEEN blocks of Chinatown burned, the famous old Kawaakapili Church destroyed, and 4300 people made homeless—these were the results of an attack on January 30, by the fire department to burn several condemned buildings in the infamous Kakaia district of this city. For a few hours the whole city was threatened with destruction, as a fierce Trade had begun blowing and the fire company was badly crippled by the loss of an engine. Only by great efforts of the white residents, acting in unison with the National Guard and United States troops, were the panic-stricken Chinese, Japanese, and native Hawaiians prevailed from scattering over the city, and carrying with them the contagion of the deadly bubonic plague.

For some time holdings in the Chinese quarter, which have been found impregnated with plague germs, have been burned. This effective method of sanitation was put in force on Saturday last, but sparks from the burning buildings were carried to the neighboring Kawaakapili Church and it was soon in flames. Desperate efforts were made by the fire department to save this church, as it was

the oldest edifice on the island, had the finest organ, the only beautiful stained glass window, and the only chime of bells in Honolulu. A fire-engine was run up close to the building, but like pent-up gas the hot air within found vent, and so rapidly did the flames spread that the firemen were forced to abandon their engine.

From this place the fire swept like a whirlwind over the blocks of small buildings that formed the Oriental quarter. The Austrians and Hawaiians rushed out with what they could seize and the open spaces were filled with a terrified mob. Large quantities of fire wicks were stored in the shops awaiting the Chinese New Year and the explosions from these added to the general alarm. The police and National Guard, fully armed, formed a cordon around the district, and they were aided by all the able-bodied white men in town, who came rushing to the quarter armed with saw handles and pick axes. In a short time the refugees, who numbered 4500, were herded in public squares, and when the fire was partly subdued they were marched between armed lines to Kawaakapili Church and church-yard. All these people had been strictly quarantined for weeks, and it would have been

found to the safety of the city had they been allowed to go at large. Many of the Japanese were divided with fright, but these were subdued. Carts were provided to transport the feeble women and children and such household goods as were saved. The Japanese seemed almost only on receiving their highly colored dresses, the Chinese seeing their babies-pierced, gurgling by sea, and upon eating, while the Hawaiians seemed content to hear away their people consumed passions.

In the church the women and children were placed, the men being accommodated in tents in the park. Some women had just given birth to children, and other babies were born after the normal. Clothing and food were furnished. All day during the white soldiers labored for the homeless ones. There were no church services, all being occupied with the work of good Samaritans. The following day most of the refugees were removed to the detention barracks, where they will be kept till all danger of infection is over.

It is believed that this big fire has cleaned out the seeds of the plague, and that the danger is over, as for two days there have been no new cases.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BOER TROOPS FORTIFYING A KOPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WITH THE BOER LINES.



A WINTER'S NIGHT ON



ROADWAY.—DRAWN BY EVERETT SHINN.

FORTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1899.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	\$36,994,231.94
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	24,914,879.61
United States, State, City, and Railroad Bonds, and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 30, 1899 (market value over cost, \$1,371,713.45)	159,969,062.00
Loans secured by funds and stocks (market value Dec. 30, 1899, \$21,214,995.00)	17,134,800.00
Policy Loans	2,671,489.17
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	13,311,335.50
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at Interest	18,371,871.74
Balances due from agents	643,128.99
Interest and Rents due (\$160,374.22) and accrued (\$294,121.65)	504,495.87
Premiums due and in process of collection	3,007,245.00
Deferred Premiums	8,274,334.00
Total Assets	\$280,191,286.80

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1899, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 30, 1899.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor,
Alfred W. Haas, ad Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund for Reserve on all existing policies by Society's valuation (Computation by N. Y. Insurance Department \$216,227.77. See Superintendent's certificate)	\$216,227.77
All other Liabilities	\$2,888,314.03
Total Liabilities	\$219,073,809.03
Surplus	\$61,117,477.77

In the foregoing Statement the rate of interest assumed for the future in computing the reserve on each class of policies corresponds with the rate which was employed in computing the premiums on the same, as stated in the Superintendent's certificate below.

If, in computing the Reserve on all outstanding policies, it should be assumed that only 3% will be realized in the future, the Surplus Assets, after deducting all liabilities, would be \$54,903,794.

The Society holds a larger amount of Assets in excess of Total Liabilities than any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe in similar computations.

All interest actually realized in excess of the rates assumed will be added to surplus for the benefit of the policy holders.

An appropriation of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1900 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

J. G. Van Cise, Actuary. R. G. Haas, Assistant Actuary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, JANUARY 31, 1900.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, and in conformity with the rates assumed in the calculation of premiums on the policies so valued, I have caused the policy obligations of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 30th day of December, 1899, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest; and by the American Experience Table of Mortality, with interest at three per cent., and at twice and a half per cent., as assumed in premium rates; and I find the same to be \$216,227.77.

Louis F. Fays, Superintendent of Insurance.

DIRECTORS.

James W. Alexander,
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Wm. A. Whelock,
Marcus Hartley,
A. J. Cassatt,
Cornelius N. Hhon,
Henry G. Maynard,
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C. Leidy Blair,
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Levi F. Morton,
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Thomas T. Ebert,
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John E. Searles,
Samuel M. Inman,
Geo. W. Carleton,
E. Bondinot Colt,
Joseph T. Low,
Alanson Trank,
J. F. De Swarna.

OFFICERS.

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James H. Hyde, Vice-President.
George T. Wilson, Third Vice-President.
William Alexander, Secretary.
William H. McIntyre, Assistant Secretary.
Edward W. Lambert, M.D., Edward Curtis, M.D., Medical Directors.
Gage E. Tubell, Second Vice-President.
Thomas D. Jordan, Comptroller.
Sidney D. Ripley, Treasurer.
James B. Loring, Registrar.

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	\$41,366,514.35
Cash received for interest and from other sources	11,511,194.21
Income	\$53,878,208.86

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	\$11,871,682.25
Matured Deferred Dividend Policies	1,946,192.91
Annuities	2,063,315.00
Amortized Values	596,318.58
Dividends paid to Policy-holders	2,065,384.27
Paid Policy-holders	\$24,107,541.44
Commissions, advertising, postage, and exchange	\$412,843.26
All other payments: Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, etc.	\$270,500.69
Sinking Fund. Reduction of Book values of Bonds purchased at a premium	\$12,000.00
Disbursements	\$34,882,925.99

ASSURANCE.

INSTALLMENT PREMIUMS STATED AT THEIR CURRENT VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	\$1,054,416,422.00
Assurance applied for in 1899	\$237,356,610.00
Examined and Declined	34,054,778.00
New Assurance Issued	\$203,301,832.00

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1899, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Bondinot Colt, J. H. Dusham, Special Comptroller
T. S. Young, H. J. Fairchild, of the Board of
G. W. Carleton, C. E. Alexander, Directors.

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Illustration of a vintage car.

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The Weak and Ailing.
Illustration of a man.

FOX'S Patent Spat-Puttee and New Patent Puttee.
Illustration of a puttee.

WISDOM Pure Rye Whiskey.
ANGEL MYERS THE DISTILLER - PHILADELPHIA.

A Book Worth Reading.
RECollections (1832-1886) By Rt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, K. C. B.

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TREES ELLWANGER & BARRY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.





ING THE SEA-COAST ROAD.



OFFICERS OF GENERAL LAWTON'S STAFF PLACING THE BODY ON BOARD THE "TIDMAN"

Colonel Daggett, head of the military of the Fourth Artillery, station's old headquarters on Calle Comandante under Major Rogers. He got down to the barracks (house, and soldiers, civilians, and all possible flowers (roses and lilies) in starting gold with the in, as is the custom of the country) here. There was something very in look looked up to General Lawton. He, now hearing his steady, re to the dead, and far in the distance back in the well-remembered coffee, chief's home—a crowded column of a sub-street the staff officers. He presented and surprised. Behind it, I believe, General Lawton, then, in Florida, and Colonel Barry, and in the officers and soldiers of the division and naval installation from the of the Philippines and his staff. He, the president and members of a, the president and head man of on the two companies of the new in-charge of the street leading into, in the past, streets and streets same day. The regiment of the Thirty-eighth as on the side of the open squarely covered with their coats of steel in procession women, on the one side and with the distant white ships of fairly scarce and on the other: the old city, where the mouths of brass cannons, and a score of churches and

convents break the sky line irregularly with domes and sharp gables, red tiled roofs. The walls behind and the high barred earth walls projecting across gaps in the foreground are charged with people watching the solemn ceremonies over a departed major-general. The roadway gulches itself into a final circle around a small monument on the bank of the Pasig. It is here the top level which is to reverse the remains lie, tied to the shore. General Hall and his staff halt at the shaft, the cavalry, with clanking sabres swing down heavy columns into the and back their useless horses clear of the road. The battery has wheeled off the avenue some distance back, into a side street leading through the heavy portals of the walled city and the infantry, in company foot and perfect step, close up the breach, half into columns of fours, and then by the right front, until the entire regiment stands facing the street, waiting for the passage of the hearse and the command "March on!"

Through the walls of rigid bayoneted soldiers and cavalrymen with bright sabres held aloft, General Lawton is taking his last ride in the Philippines. There are few men in the staff's court ranks who do not exhibit strong emotion in their faces. The day to which they do honor was once the culmination of all that appeals in a true soldier's heart—bravery, duty, courage, and honor. He approached the fighting men and assured the loss of brave men in battle, he voluntarily walked the same pavements as the fallen men. He was known, an example to inspire his rank and work side by side with the common soldier, and every soldier knew it and respected and admired him the more.

With bowed heads the pall bearers again stand about the coffin, while Chaplain Merrill reads up a prayer. As the first verse comes Chaplain Ferris steps forward, tenderly laying his hand upon the head of the casket, and from his lips fall the beautiful words of this benediction: "Unto God's glorious agency and protection we commit thee. The Lord lift up thy countenance upon thee and give thee Peace, both now and evermore. Amen."

As the little hearse dropped down the street's side, bearing the body in the transport, a louder-on voice strove forward, and mixing the transport to his lips, blew softly and sweetly the sad notes of "taps." Men stood with uncovered heads and tears streaming down their faces, listening to that sad blow at the close of the soldier's day and of his life, and the souls of many of them formed the words of the verse, "Go to sleep. Go to sleep. The day is done."

Lawton's life work was over.



THE FOREIGN CONSUL



ICE WHICH LED THE PROCESSION.



OFFICERS OF GENERAL LAWTON'S STAFF PLACING THE CASKET ON THE CAISSON.

LAWTON AT MANILA, DECEMBER 30, 1899.
CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIV - No. 112
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



A PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON DISCOVERED NEAR FANEUIL HALL.
(ATTRIBUTED TO THE ATKINSON SCHOOL OF WORD-PAINTERS.)

THE PACIFIC TO THE FORE

BY R. VAN BERGEN

WITH all eyes directed toward the drama in the south of the Dark Continent, events in the extreme Orient receive observation scarcely any less keenly interested when the news does the more that Japan is bringing home from the east and other more interesting that the Tokyo cabinet is preparing for a strategic move—Japan's intention is to frustrate the designs of Great Britain "in the vicinity of Kwangtung (China). Whatever schemes are hatching in the Far East in the light of day, they are hidden by the smoke of the battles in South Africa.

In these days connection between the struggle of the two great republics and the Empire of the East, and the war cloud hovering over the horizon of the Far East? The interest manifested in the United States cannot be compared to that with which Japan's hierarchy studies the course of events in South Africa. In the eyes of the United States British prestige is of less concern than it is to the British.

"What?" exclaims the Emperor, "if a handful of forces can thus humiliate the proud empire, is not Great Japan—O Japan—able to frustrate the designs of overweening Russia, and, incidentally, to obtain revenge for thwarted ambition?"

There are numerous reasons why Japan should at this time desire the arbitration of the sword in a dispute which has often passed the sword stage. Her statements point to a series of injuries inflicted at the hands of Russia. They claim the Kuril Islands were fraudulently alienated from the empire in the last days of the Shogunate, and that the cession of the Karafuto was an analogous wrong. When the treaty was signed at St. Petersburg by Alexander Gromov, Tanihara in 1875 the Tsar's government was not as a position to stand alone, but it seemed in wrath and kept it warm. Every effort was made—without success has been shown in the war with China—to prepare the country to meet further encroachments, and, if pulled upon, to meet force with force. The resources of Japan have been taxed to the utmost, and the necessary revenues have been shiftily applied to the one purpose—to be

ready, his confidence and fellow-citizens, that Japan's aggressive and superciliousness would create bitter animosity, even among the treacherous inhabitants of the Kuril. The dastardly murder of Komura's agent caused the indignation and wrath-minded king to declare his will in bold and unflinching words. The Emperor, in the face of these facts, issued orders to his generals, and, knowing of having recognized the position, she was once more referred to a subordinate port—Field Marshal Yungang's mission to St. Petersburg proved to

Empress. The ship in her opinion was soon made manifest by the appointment of a consul in a negotiable matter of an alliance with Japan.

It threatened shipwreck to the nation of Japan's extreme that Imperial efforts in China are not confined to a host of men, but by the infectious system of political influence. Thanks to Prince Ching, Liu and Ching were appointed as the ministers to make such secret alliance. Their appointment provoked unexpected opposition. No less than twenty secret petitions were presented.



A PROBLEM IN PROPORTION, AS IT PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE JAPANESE MIND.

he goes that a fellow—It was a fairer Japan was wholly made to form the base in the face of the comradery of nations which held together the allied nations in the alliance. All this time she suppressed wrath did not lose courage by the untoward catastrophe. Events in South Africa have freed her from this restraint.

In the mean while an able attorney's was made to induce the two powerful members of the Diet to form a family to support her cause. It was not likely that the administration at Washington would depart from the well-established policy of avoiding alliances and international transactions, not that, for the sake of an unknown name, the national friendship with Russia would be shattered. Now Sir Ernest Bacon, one of the greatest, if not the greatest of Japanese scholars has held the position of her Majesty's minister in Japan, the British government was fully aware of that nature and its progress and would hardly care to further Japan's ambition schemes. England could not afford to have a very disinterested operative in a field so full between Russia and Japan.

Overwhelmed as we were with a strong Oriental power was out of the question, Japan at this time, however, had her own claim is a power for all its own. If the latter of the latter, given during moments of occupation in the last public could be maintained and the nation properly trained and equipped, how would it be a boon and an opportunity for possible combination of the Caucasus for

Margale had undertaken to visit Peking to look over the field and to report upon the elements of success. It had been assumed and the wrong report that the Sinking Man in the Far East (a) was inclined to restrict Manchuria of Japan. For Russia, under the tutelage of a number of whom had not a drop flowed in his veins the formidable force of China's ancestral worship allowed in Europe from a common mission to her parental deity. First called upon the Dowager when his opponent

ed to the throne, declaring that these men were wholly unfit to represent it. This happened before they had started upon their mission. Their King, however, was shown in his report and the emperor left for Tokyo, invited by China the grand-prince of Japan at Shanghai. The publicity given to what was expected to result an elaborate report, inspired the Japanese government, and nothing was accomplished. Hence, Liu and Ching have incurred the Dowager's displeasure, and if they proceed to Peking in obedience to her returned orders, it will end all of Prince Ching's influence to see them from the throne.

Aside from the publicity given to this matter, it is quite certain that Li Hung Chang, although a body opposed to the so as diplomat, was perfectly acquainted with the facts, and communicated them to the Russian minister, who promptly notified the Dowager. It is a pity that an alliance with Japan would be considered an ostensible act. It is thus became necessary to measure the benefits public left, not to conclude it in such a manner as to leave no room for diplomatic interference. To this might be accomplished, it was determined to remove Russian friend, Li Hung Chang, from Peking.

Yam, the Japanese minister at Peking, succeeded when Sir Ernest Bacon had held by England's prestige, but activity was repeatedly failed. Yet it may have cost the Emperor a very good name to call her old confidant and adviser, Sir Ernest Bacon, but he had the good fortune to be protected her from their contribution. To her had been his first visit when he received from abroad—benefits of elaborate if it was not had been recently returned by the loss of Heaven. No long however as he remained in Peking, Japan's role was soon successfully had. Li perceived that his absence was more followed that he was to long to personal profit to the woman whom he had served to the best of his light, and drew forth opposition when he



LITTLE NIPPON AS CHINA'S BIG BROTHER.



THE COLD SHOULDER FOR RUSSIA AND RUSSIA'S FRIEND.

left right) "No alien, especially no Caucasian, shall dare to the nose descended by the sun goddess. The attitude of Japan toward China in the struggle about Korea was impelled more by the desire to see her army and navy than by a love of conquest. With this she was not proud. The Emperor of China's treacherable conception seemed one to pass beyond the control of the Trip-Tick. In his hands, perhaps, were carried away by the hosts of miscreants of the Chinese, as enemies it will be people. There was one peculiar difficulty in that the by an means extensive coalition of power seemed to have been formed. China, in the other hand had been dealt where it was officially confirmed that Russia, France, and Germany had preferred the "honour" but who" to renege on the coalition agreement, and that the government had bowed before this low mastery. Not a single Japanese over twelve years old but that that a great feast and banquet had been inflicted upon this country and few looked on who did not regret a view that the feast would be wiped out in blood. The subsequent diplomatic relations were by the Great Northern Power were as gall and wormwood to Japan's ministers. It was but some the warning from Count

renewed Li Hung Chang's hatred for the man whom he held responsible for China's exposure and his own discomfiture in the eyes of the Emperor and the Empress. Margale had left Peking hurriedly when the palace revolution shook the very ground from under his feet.

Disposed at first to join the powers in denouncing the restoration of the deposed monarch, Japan's attitude was soon altered. The conclusion was that the Emperor was friendly toward, and that opposition to her power would inevitably lead to increasing animosity toward Japan. It was therefore decided that Japan should acquiesce in the power that he and endeavor to obtain the Dowager's friendship. What would prove a helpful offer is a minister of Unshu, who was comparatively new to the representation of Japan, to whom Chinese identity and Chinese court etiquette were as an open book. It will never be known who were the first steps, but it may be taken for granted that Mr. Yamada succeeded with no speaking hand the golden hair—only tangible means to open the hearts of courtiers and mandarins. The good will of her Majesty's personal attendants were secured, it was no longer difficult to gain the ears of the

was ordered to the south of the empire. His appointment to the command of Kwang-tung (China) was a degradation and an exile, and Li accepted both with true Chinese stoicism.

How did Hsinshu accept the loss of influence and disfavor of her friends? No one, not even the most superficial observer can fail to perceive the crushing blow dealt to Russian influence by Japan. To aggravate the situation, the Emperor himself appointed the successful admirer of Japan, Yano, to the position of confidential adviser of the Emperor, and the rank of a high mandarin. Yano, with the consent of his government, accepted, and announced publicly that "he would proceed to Japan to obtain instructions" at the same time resigning his position as minister. His resignation was, practically equivalent to a declaration that, while staying in the service of China, he will continue to act exclusively under the direction of the Tokyo government. Can a closer alliance be possibly conceived?

The astounding diplomatic victory of Japan dwarts into nothingness her record of aggression displayed in Korea. It may be a coincidence, but the visit or return of the Japanese minister at Seoul, Count Ino—sent to be non-franked with Marquis Ito—is certainly significant. It is assumed at such by the Japanese press. A discussion is carried on as to whether he came for instructions, or if he will be succeeded by Hayashi. There is, however, an important question which should be pursued. The ultimate necessity prevails that Japan shall maintain a diplomatic as well as an aggressive foreign policy.

Hsinshu might make concessions in the metropolitan Manchurian affair, she might, purposely, fail to perceive the strength of opposing the Chinese. Always stable, confident, that corruption ingrained by the hope of royalties, cannot be eradicated within a few years. She might trust to Chinese conservatism and deeply seated attachment of railway service to see the failure of the military school and army, managed by Japanese officers, she might even



JUST TO TRY THE GLOVES.

mean that no important reforms can be effected before the trans-Siberian Railway is completed. But she cannot stand idly by, with the silent menace of the The Japanese territory in Asia, nearer within the past twenty years as a solid as a stone. How of arms by Russia's chief person post-Chinese, also—near Land of the Morning Japan's several policy, Asia for the Asiatic, and those whose voice in Asiatic events shall obtain a respectful hearing.

Russia will undoubtedly endeavor to avert the contest at this time, provided her prestige be preserved. To do this strategic position increased danger. She will continue to strike at Hsinshu's leader again, her prestige, and by her loss, Japan will appeal to the world for sympathy in what she will term "the unequal contest." But the odds will be all on Japan's side. Her fleet greatly exceeds that of Russia, and her army, the strength and more carefully selected among the 40,000,000 of her inhabitants, will doubtless possess heavy numerical odds in any that Russia may submit who is not aware of the cause of the war, or not imbued with a sense of personal injury. Japan's appeal for the Asiatic, will be no longer an idle boast, and the world's history will open upon a decidedly new page. The historic Korean family or race has been the recipient of progress, the maker of history. With the advent of Japan, supported by her Mongolian kinsmen, the genius of the Oriental must be taken into consideration, with a result which the world shudders from forecasting.



GENERAL GATACKER'S CAMP AT QUEENSTOWN.
Photograph by Henry W. Bellah.



A BRITISH SHARP-SHOOTER.



TROOPER OF THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE
Photograph by Henry W. Bellah.



A ROYAL ARTILLERY 65-FOUNDER IN ACTION NEAR RENNSBURG.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE FIGHT AT COLFENSA, JANUARY 2

A shell from a well aimed Boer gun landing unpleasantly near a Royal Horse Artillery 22 pounder.



QUESTIONING NATIVE SPIES.

Harding, the guide to Lord Methuen's division, is trying to get information from Kefe boys that have been sent inside the Boer lines. The Kefe has a profound consideration for the Englishman's peace of mind, and will give no information calculated to disturb it. News which is likely to put his employer in a good humor he is quite willing to convey. Threats alone will make him tell all he knows.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWINGS BY GOLDEN H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



DR. DIEGO YAMAYO,
Secretary of State and Government.

At the time of the breaking out of the late revolution he was one of the leaders of the anti-revolution party of Havana, but refused to vote to support the government of Spain against the insurgents. This decision eventually led to his removal to New York, where he took a prominent part in the direction of the revolutionary party.



COL. SATURNINO LANTRA,
Chief of Internal Revenue.

He has concluded that income tax, if not obtained expeditiously or absolutely, which under the Spanish rule was an integral part of the system of tax collection in Cuba.



COL. ERNESTO FONTES STERLING,

Acting Auditor-General.

He was appointed by General Wood. His administration of affairs has been so eminently satisfactory that he has been named by Leonard Wood. He has won the approval of the Governor by his persistent endeavor to establish harmony between the methods of the old regime and the requirements of the new.



DR. LUIS ESTEVEZ BOHRER,
Secretary of Justice.

A man of wealth and unlimited experience, he is thoroughly versed in political economy, law and jurisprudence. He contributed more money to the Cuban cause during the revolution than was given by any other individual—almost \$200,000.



DR. ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA,
Secretary of the Treasury.

He is known throughout the Spanish-speaking world as a philosopher, an educator, a critic and a reformer. He was always an enthusiastic supporter of the Cuban revolution, and is one of the best known men in Cuba among all classes of the people.



FERNANDO FIGUEROA SOCARRAS,
Assistant Secretary of State and Government.

He was called from Santiago—where he was connected with the Department of the Interior to make the important position which he now occupies. A large amount of the government work relative to state affairs passes through Mr. Socarras's hands daily.



COL. JOSÉ RAMÓN VILLALON,
Secretary of Public Works.

Graduated from Lehigh University as a civil engineer, and was one of the first men to enter the ranks of the revolution. As Chief of Artillery under Maceo he took part in the battle-fought battles of the Cuban war.



DR. JUAN HERNÁNDEZ BARREIRO,
Secretary of Public Instruction.

He was Dean of the Faculty of the University of Havana, and for many years past he has been recognized as one of the deepest thinkers and most learned men of the island. At the close of the war, Dr. Barreiro is the only man from the city of Havana.



MAJ.-GEN. JUAN RUIZ RIVERA,
Secretary of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce.

He is well known in the United States, owing to the severe battles fought in Pinar del Rio immediately after the death of Antonio Maceo, when he succeeded. As Chief of Artillery he was captured and imprisoned for many months in the Cuban fortress.

THE MEMBERS OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD'S NEW CABINET, HAVANA, CUBA.



THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE CAPITOL, INDIANAPOLIS



THE DEER MOURNER



THE FUNERAL CARRIAGE



LEAVING THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—THE FUNERAL OF MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1900.



THE BATTLE

THE SECOND CAMERONIANS AND THE THIRD KING'S RIFLES
IN THE ATTACK ON THIS POSITION ALONG THE

Command by General



T SPION KOP

FORMING THE BOER TRENCHES ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 23

11000 WAS 205 KILLED, 554 WOUNDED, AND 287 MISSING



DR. BROOKFIELD FEARED AT HER SOLEMNLY

do you? It's perfectly unexcusable! But of course the women were she shares for her husband in pretty, although I can't understand how she could love a man like that so much and contemptible. Now in the other part, the husband is really a fine fellow—

"And what is the other play?" Evert inquired.

"Didn't I tell you?" she replied, innocently. "How stupid of me! It's 'From Frow'. But of course it's perfectly unexcusable for me to think of playing a free-play piece like that, when I've really had a fine experience."

In struck Evert that his wife was raising those objections to her performance in the expectation that he or his father would promptly expiate them away. The two men kept silent, as it seemed, and Curtis, leaving his position behind Dr. Brookfield, took a seat on the sofa between her husband and her father in law, turning out of her feet under her—a favorite posture of hers.

"I told Mrs. Jimmy," she went on at last, "that there was no way talking, I wouldn't do it—no, at least, I couldn't do it. The very idea of five acts is terrible, isn't it? I don't see why I should secure myself half to death just for Mrs. Jimmy's working girls, do you? If she wants to make a lot of money, why doesn't she act 'From Frow' herself?"

"You didn't suggest that to her?" the doctor asked.

"Of course not," she returned. "And after all, Mrs. Jimmy couldn't play 'From Frow' could she? 'From Frow' is young and lively and—"

When she hesitated for her next word, the doctor helped her out.

"And as pretty as Curtis Brookfield!"

"Well," she replied, with her silvery laugh. "I do think the young fellow in the first act would be interesting to me, although I'm not quite so sure as I used to be."

"In short," said Dr. Brookfield, with his tolerant smile, "you have made up your mind to play the great part, and you would like Evert and me to promote you?"

"How can you say such things?" she asked, indignantly, and her father trembled a little. "I don't see how you can pretend to be so me, and all the time you are thinking me innocents and dearlies! Besides, I told you I told her I couldn't think of playing a great big part like 'From Frow'."

"Has this given it up, did she?" asked the doctor.

"No," Curtis responded. "I must say she was very wise about it, very nice indeed. She encouraged me and told me of pleasant things. Then she explained how it was her working girls were so hard up this year, and how difficult it was to raise money."

"That is to say," Dr. Brookfield returned, "she tried to make out that it was just duty to act 'From Frow'?"

"She didn't put it that way exactly," was the answer; "but she made me feel I should be rather mean if I backed out now after she had gone so far."

"How far had she gone?" the doctor next inquired.

"She has suggested the stage manager, a Mr. Sherring-ton, was her answer; they say he's a very good indeed, and it's a great privilege to have him take charge of a play. And she and Gurney Tom have talked it all over,

and they have picked out somebody to be every one of the parts, and they insist that there isn't anybody else to play 'From Frow', and if I refuse they'll have to give the whole thing up."

"All Mrs. Jimmy has done is to engage the Sherring-ton," said Evert, who had been listening in silence, "and I don't see—"

"But that isn't all she's done," interrupted his wife, "she's engaged the Opera-house and—"

"The opera-house?" repeated Evert. "The Metropolitan Opera House?"

"It is a large one," Dr. Curtis responded, and the thought that Evert would have a lot of money for her working girls, we must have a theatre that will hold a lot of people."

"Isn't it fair to make her do it all, if it's Curtis asked."

"But I don't want you to suppose I want to play 'From Frow' at the Metropolitan. I'd be too scared, I'm sure. I'd never get through the first act. I don't believe I'd remember the first word of my part."

"That would not matter, my dear," said the doctor, "like every other woman, you would make up for the last word."

"Now that's not at all kind of you," she declared. "I come to you for advice, and you don't help me at all, you just make fun of me. I think you ought to take me very seriously if I can play 'From Frow' and make five thousand dollars for charity."

Dr. Brookfield looked at his son with an indulgent smile, which Evert was at no loss to interpret. It seemed to her husband that Curtis had made up her own mind that she would enjoy acting 'From Frow' and that she was now appealing to them for a formal approval of her intention. He did not know just what he wanted himself, although he probably would prefer her not to appear in public; his impulse always was to give her at once whatever she wanted, and to take his reward in observing her pleasure.

"What have you to decide?" he asked.

"Why, I told you I told her I couldn't think of it! But I'm going to launch there to-morrow."

Evert's indignation, his father, with very apprehensions of intense seriousness, "do you think that your life has any right to refuse to make five thousand dollars for charity?"

"I told you I thought," she broke in, "but Mrs. Jimmy hopes it will be five thousand at least."

"I repeat my question," the doctor went on, "Don't you remember that it is Curtis's plain duty to sacrifice her own feelings, and to conquer her timidity, and to devote her inheritance?"

"Now you are making fun of me again," she cried;

and Evert noticed the glimmer in her voice, although she knew already that the victory was hers.

"Yes," he said, in answer to his father's question, "I suppose we may look upon it as settled."

"But I don't," Curtis declared. "I haven't made up my own mind yet. I'm not at all sure that I really want to play 'From Frow' after all."

"You are a good girl, and you will do your duty," said the doctor, with generous emphasis. "Besides, I had 'From Frow' to be the most successful play of our time."

"Why, how can you say so?" interrupted "the brave away from her husband. It's true he's ever so times more—"

"I'm sure you are right," she interrupted, "the brave away from her husband. It's true he's ever so times more—"

"I'm sure you are right," she interrupted, "the brave away from her husband. It's true he's ever so times more—"

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(To be continued.)

Steel Shields in South Africa.

THIS war mechanism that the Eng-lish army has turned to South Af-rica for "effective and decisive" purposes has created general interest in military circles that here heretofore have neglected by all except a few experts. The success of the armored train in reconnaissance duty showed their value on low level parts of the line when properly supported by infantry, and the use of the same in offensives was as-sume soon proved in the future. It seems like going back to the Middle Ages in speak of attacking fortifications with mobile pro-vided with shields to protect them from the missiles of the enemy. Just the armored train appears to be merely the shield for the steel shield while the soldiers will carry with them attacking a shield for it.

The advantage of the hoers in the South Afri- can war has been great because they were very heavily armored being better than breastworks, and while they were conval- id from view they could pour wither- ing volleys upon the attacking British.

The adoption of steering shields by the European nations is not strictly new, but they have never before been put in practical use. The British army has a shield for this purpose, and a great number of them have already been shipped to South Africa. The shields are of quarter-inch steel and strong enough to resist a perforating bullet. The length of the shield is three and a half feet, and it will con- tain and stop a bullet.

As the implement weighs about eighty pounds, a strong man or a team of mules is in advance of the shield. A column of mules pushed by a line of these steel shields could advance right over an entrenched enemy with some- what little loss from the bullets of the enemy. All the shooting of the day keeps the loss of life would have been far less on-ward and the British. Flying columns have armed with these shields. Against the very and heavy Maxim gun the shields would have little chance of preventing an attacking party, but it was the attack of Maxim bullets that time and again checked the British in their effort striking upon the entrenched Boers.

JUDER WILLIAM H TAFT,
Chairman of the Philippine Commission.

The American-built Steam-Yacht

WHILE reviving England and all European nations in de- signed and constructing such sailing yachts, naval architects have not been pre- cedent in the service of steam yacht design in America, and there are plenty who are willing to admit that the British are far ahead of us in this respect. It will be five years ago most of the first steam-yacht steam yachts were built in Eng- land, and the few that were built here were not noted for their excellence of design and beauty. But in the last five years a revolution has been effected in this line, and since the war with Spain has been going on, new vessels to the effect that will result in many valuable additions to our fleet of painted steel yachts. The use of the steam engine as auxiliary propulsion and gas boats in the war was partly responsible for the new ad- vance in yacht building and building Ameri- can steam yachts.

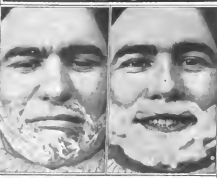
It is not yet designed in a distinct manner of equal or better type, just as the building and outfitting of a battleship is differ- ent from that of an ocean liner. The yachts have different products to offer. Its design- ing and building is a more exacting and more exacting than that of a liner, and many other considerations must be considered in relation those qualities. This year again there were no special steam yacht designers in this country. They were called upon to obtain those which could best English designers of their own guns, but they had never qualified as specialists in designing pleasure-crafts of the highest type.

Probably American engineers were also called to have their hands for that class in giving steam power conversion. This was not so much a lack of patriotism as it was an omission of basic principles. The question of luxury, beauty of detail, speed, and sea-worthiness were not absolutely as- sured thus in American ship building pro- fessors, but this could never be put forth any longer, as the late exhibition of American built steam yachts in the New York Yacht Club was fully and the quality of designs in first-class steam yachts in this country has amply increased in the last five years.

It is of interest to note that the commonly large number of steam yachts have been ordered for construction in this country this year by the use of the Spanish American war, and that out of some notable English de- signed steam yachts for an American has been ordered in the same time. This seems to indicate that in the future we shall be able to design and construct our own steam yachts in the same way as the English. This important branch of naval architecture, however, has not been learned to ordinary ship-building firms, but to those who make a specialty of this branch of work.

It is of interest to note that the construction of steam yachts so that in case of war they could be used to carry out in our waters and to see how the Government has been in acquiring naval architects to quite a considerable extent. These yachts are of moderate value in war, but the work of carrying them into harbors, supporting their crews, and taking them to their crews. Their boiler arrangements were very good in adapted to war purposes, for they lacked only armor plating to be ready to receive shells and their conversion into war vessels could be obapted for. It is the opinion that many naval architects are considering now if it can be salvaged intelligently there are plenty of practical difficulties who would order their steam yachts be constructed in this way.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



It is the best shaving soap in the world. It is the best shaving soap in the world. It is the best shaving soap in the world.

DON'T be persuaded to buy anything represented to be "just as good as WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP," and a better chapter." The dealer may make a little more for you, but you'll be out. Instead of the Big Thick, CREAMY Lather, and the SCOTCHED, REFRESHED, VELVETY FEELING of the lather, that comes after shaving with WILLIAMS' SOAP, the chance are that you'll get one or the thin, frothy, quick-drying kind, that did the razor and leave your face parched and dry and smarting, if nothing more.

IT DON'T PAY to take chances on SHAVING SOAP, for out of every hundred men who tell you that "Williams' is the ONLY PERFECT shaving soap,"

- Williams' Shaving Soap, 25 cts.
- Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15 cts.
- Williams' Shaving Soap, 10 cts.
- Williams' Shaving Soap, 5 cts.

J. B. WILLIAMS & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ADVERTISING IN AMERICA

The American advertiser should always be... to the best results and distribution.

SUMMER FEEDING

For details regarding the general practice and the best feed for the summer months, see the advertisement in this issue.

THE HOUSEHOLD

The housewife should be without... to the best results and distribution.



ELECTRIC LAUNCHES

Several Types... Can't Explode... Can't Sink...

Sale Price... Can't Explode... Can't Sink...

USED EVERYWHERE... PORTABLE CHARGING PLANT...

The Electric Launch Company... Morris Hargen, New York City.

THE BROWN'S Improved Rejuvenator

FOR THE HAIR... TO THE BEST RESULTS AND DISTRIBUTION.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisement text regarding advertising services and rates.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them un-disguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world, is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

Kodaks

Just in... TO THE BEST RESULTS AND DISTRIBUTION.

Advertisement text for Kodak cameras and film.

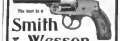
BARSTOWN KODAK CO., NEWARK, N. J.

ADVERTISING
Advertisement text regarding advertising services and rates.

LEARN TO WRITE ADS
Advertisement text regarding learning to write ads.

Burglar Alarm.

The best is... TO THE BEST RESULTS AND DISTRIBUTION.



SMITH & WESSON

110 Broadway, New York City.

Harper's New Portrait Catalogue... TO THE BEST RESULTS AND DISTRIBUTION.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS
Sohmer Building, 318 Ave. C, N.Y.C. Only Between \$300 and \$500



THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MEMORIAL.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles laying the Cornerstone, February 22, 1905, of the Tower to the Honor of the Students and Alumni of the University who were killed in the War with Spain.



NEW YORK'S FIRST ELECTRIC AMBULANCE.



BUST OF ADMIRAL DEWEY
Modelled from Life by J. E. Kelly.

MR. DOOLEY*

NIX.—ON THE POLITICS OF KENTUCKY

"If the President doesn't step in an' interfere," said Mr. Hennessey, "they'll be abolished in Kew-burk."

"What business is it to Mack's?" Mr. Dooley inquired. "Ye wad be thin' counter, man—alter? If 'twas to be abolished or Clay or on th' bank-water in th' Brown River in th' south-side, I'd have what-ye'll 'scald be th' justice to our governin'. Ye to resolve that th' interests to humanity an' civilization an' th' advancement in th' human kind required that we should step in an' put a hand on wae an' both in th' justice. But that's no business now, me boy. Ye an to do an' other thing. Ye these are our own people, an' 'tis wae in th' rights an' the martial law that's th' foundation in our institutions to hate each other to death whosoever an' wherever they please. 'Twas he all right ye th' Imp'erial William to come in an' take a hand, but don't let him if he did, or th' President in th' Fr. clock, or th' Imp'erial in China. 'Twas to all right ye thin'. An' though we might want thin' at th' time an' hand them wae. Ye th' imp'erial wad be th' wrong. 'Twas to a good job for Aggravation, too. If he can't find himself an' had th' time."

"It must be clear to him, he what news he hear while th' other pigskin father, Nix'se flow, calls on him in th' three where he makes his home, that what Kentucky needs now is wae, an' on's wae stable government an' a little public peace. He might notice peace at least an' about he could be, but th' peace is all his other things to think he 'd like to see him. It must be wae a wae since he had a share of a hand red, hair's ridges made be bullets an' he'd clean th' leaves."

"It looks to me as though th' Republicans wae wrong," said Mr. Hennessey, with the political manner of a man without prejudices.

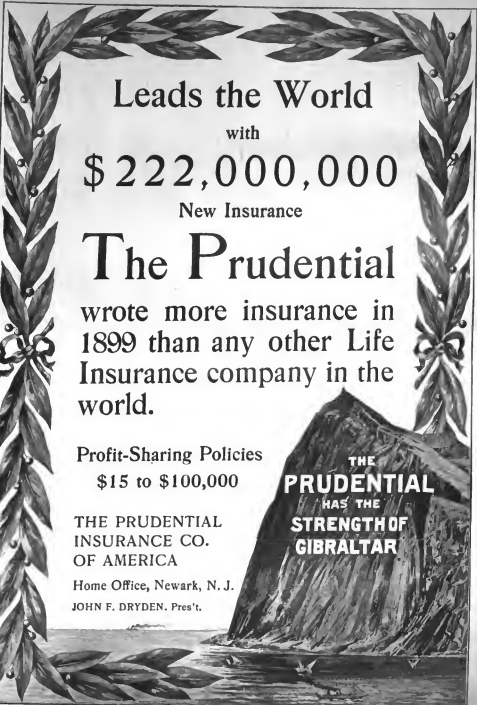
"Ye evere he's wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "He starts wrong. An' th' Democrats an' me a right. They're all wae a right. 'Tis th' politics. Th' Democrats an' me right, an' th' Republicans an' me a right. In all come up because our wretched party. Hennessey, she's quick at th' count. Man an' her 'Tis taken an' interest in politics all my life, an' I had th' only way to wae an' justice in to help ye to count th' many ye've committed th' politicians to elect th' politics an' Nix'se th' other judges an' clerks."

* Copyright, 1906, by Robert Edmund Howard

"Th' Democrats counted, but th' count came to him. He th' time th' wae an' his own majority in th' they politicians wae rejected to count an' a good, liberal, substantial legal, an' rational Democratic majority put



HARRY VARDON,
The English Golf Champion.



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 GEORGE. "Was ever heard of anybody going to school on my birthday?"

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 RICHARD A. MCCURDY President

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31, 1909
 According to the Standard of the Insurance
 Department of the State of New York

ASSETS
 Reserved for Premiums \$14,251,410 11
 From all other sources 14,541,541 51
\$28,792,951 62

LIABILITIES
 To Policy-holders for Claims by Death \$14,000,270 42
 To Policy-holders for Redeemable Premiums 10,194,867 52
 For all other amounts 12,257,144 52
\$36,452,282 46

RESERVE
 United States Bonds and other Securities \$75,104,441 74
 First Class Loans on Bond and Mortgage 74,704,081 65
 Loans on Bonds and other Securities 4,000,000 00
 Loans on Company's Policies 1,574,856 90
 Real Estate, Company's Office Buildings, and other Property 25,104,025 04
 Cash in Banks and Trust Companies 13,000,454 92
 Interest Earned, Not Received Premiums, etc. 6,000,451 42
\$201,484,421 52

RESERVES
 Policy Reserves, etc. \$251,712,000 00
 Contingent Reserve Fund 47,000,451 92
 Available for distribution to Policy-holders 2,140,000 00
\$300,852,451 92

Surpluses and Available for Dividend \$1,862,968,211 64

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same to be correct. Signed and attested by the Insurance Department
 CHARLES A. FRANKLIN Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANTHOPE Vice-President

WALTER B. CHAPMAN General Manager of the
 State of New York
 FREDERICK CAMPBELL Attorney
 EDWARD McCLELLAN

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A COLORED CARTOON WITH THIS NUMBER

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Office 437 Broadway, New York

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1900

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



"IF YOU'RE JUST FOOLIN', UNCLE SAM, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER QUIT?"

**An AMERICAN
SCHOOL of
DIPLOMACY**
BY
**JOHN BARRETT
LATE U. S. MINISTER TO SIAM**

THE American people have an organized school of diplomacy, but the American government has no permanent diplomatic service. There is an institution in Washington that has been to the credit of a government at Washington which is so constituted that it provides no mere career and creates no direct demand for such men. This school may therefore seem to be an anomaly, but its most important feature is its permanent nature. The knowledge that its coming graduates have no chance whatever of appointment to high or low position does not deter some who have done more from taking a full or partial course in this school. It has acted as a stimulant, because it is hardly more than a year old. That it is not better known throughout the country at large, or even in Washington, is due to its youth. Its activity as an American advanced educational school will soon spread its fame. Its practical importance along many lines of public life will come from diplomacy will make its name and work everywhere very plain. It is acting as an example which other and other institutions are prone to follow. If they do, the standard of quality among public men will be appreciably raised. Many everybody knows that the United States has no regular diplomatic and consular service having other than a political basis for appointment and promotion. For this we require that there be a thoroughly organized, well-equipped, and largely attended school of Diplomacy at our seat of government. What, then, are its aims, its purpose, and its possibilities? How can it thrive if there is no connection between it and the foreign service, and what can be made of it, even with that condition, to improve our diplomatic and consular service? To discuss and answer briefly some of these questions will be the simple aim of this article.

L

The eye of the matter along H Street, Washington, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, catches an interesting scene over the handsome entrance of a new building, which reads, "Schools of Law and Diplomacy." If he inquires, he finds that it is a department of Columbia College, an institution which, under the progressive administration of Dr. Benjamin L. Whitman, has risen to an admirable prominence. If he examines within and notes the able dean, Charles W. Needham, he will get only here his curiosity appeased and the full meaning and scope of the school explained, but he will find that the

technical name bears the larger and even a more interesting meaning of "The School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy." (Opened on September 16, 1908, in the rooms of President McKinley and his cabinet, on the corner of the Supreme Court, American and European diplomats, and other men and foreign dignitaries, its work was most enthusiastically inaugurated. By this address, as well as former, the attention and blessing of the local leaders were given by such representative men as Justice Harlan and Speaker of the Supreme Court, Secretary Howe of the cabinet, ex-Secretary of State Foster, and the United States Premier of Canada.

The occasion was so important that M. Combes, the distinguished liberator of the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris, made it the subject of the leading paper in the *Revue Internationale de Diplomatie*, published by the Faculty of Higher Education in Paris. The article is both correct and enthusiastic, and sets in complimentary terms to the institution as "the best school of political science in the New World."

The faculty as announced to meet and lecture before the students of the school of Diplomacy was notably one that would make it popular from the date of its very beginning. The list which is now published, included, aside from the President of the university and the dean

of the school Hon. John M. Harlan, LL. D., and Hon. David J. Brewer, LL. D., associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hon. David J. Hill, LL. D., Assistant Secretary of State; Hon. Martin A. Knapp, LL. D., chairman Inter-State Commerce Commission; Hon. William P. Wilson, ex-Director Philadelphia Commercial Exchange; Hon. Lyman S. Jager, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. John W. Foster, LL. D., ex-Secretary of State; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., former minister to Spain; Hon. Willis Van Devanter, Assistant Attorney General; Hon. William Wirt Howe, President American Bar Association; and Joseph Francis Johnson, A. B.

The object of the school of Diplomacy has been well stated by the dean, Mr. Charles W. Needham, LL. M.

"The object of this school is to afford to students the subjects of highest legal knowledge, the political history of the world, and the science and practice of diplomatic and international law. Its courses are intended for law-boys for students of jurisprudence and diplomacy, for persons who desire to fit themselves for the public diplomatic and consular service of the United States, and for those who desire a broad culture upon the larger questions of public life in order that they may better understand our governmental institutions, and members of public opinion upon the national and international issues of the day. To be an intelligent lawyer or diplomatist one must, in addition to an education which makes one a scholar and lawyer, have special knowledge of the history and broader aspects of the law and the literature between states and nations, and a thoroughness in public career. A man must have in this day a broad knowledge of political history, the diplomatic relations which have existed between states and nations, the manner in which international conventions have been made, the details of international trade and commerce, the general principles of finance as laid by civilized nations, and the scientific methods of settling international affairs. It is the special object and purpose of this school to furnish such instruction and opportunities for study at the national capital where one can be found the articles existing. The history of these subjects and the men who have been called to public life by means of their special fitness to deal with these questions. These articles and histories are open to our students, and from among these public men our professors and lecturers are chosen."

Such a review of the purposes of the school need appeal to that large and increasing number of young men



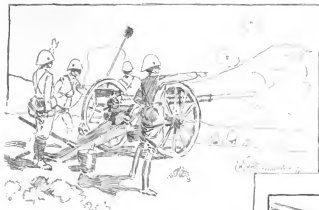
WILLIAM WIRT HOWE.

DAVID J. HILL.
Photograph by H. C. Sells.

WILLIS VAN DEVANTER



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS ADVANCING ON THE BOER TRENCHES AT MAGERSONTEIN.



BRITISH GUN IN ACTION AT MAGERSONTEIN.



A SPAFORTH HIGHLANDER.



THE BRIDGES OVER MODDER RIVER.
In the Background is the Railroad Bridge that was blown up by the Boers. The Trestle Bridge
in the Foreground was constructed by the Royal Engineers.



HOTEL COURTYARD AT MODDER RIVER.
The Sketch shows an Iron Water-Tank pulled up to the door, in which
two dead Boers were found by the British.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES MADE IN THE FIELD BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



BUERS REPULSING A SORTIE FROM LADYSMITH.

Photomounted at E. E. Easton.

The Buers are shown standing in the open with between Popworth Hill and Lombard's Key, five miles north of Ladysmith. Three men had been lying flat on the ground near the edge of the King's Royal Rifle Corps' position, when they took the position shown in the photograph and fired volleys until the Buers disappeared.

OUR MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT IN CUBA

IF Governor Wood induces the War Department to follow his ideas there will be some radical changes in the American military establishment in Cuba in the near future. At present there are four departments—the eastern Department of Santiago and Puerto Principe, the central Department of Matanzas and Santa Clara, the western Department of Havana and Pinar del Rio, and the Department of the City of Havana.

The last department will be the first to be eliminated, being either absorbed by the Department of Havana and Pinar del Rio or else elevated to include these provinces. Closely following this would come the amalgamation of the departments of Matanzas and Santa Clara and Havana and Pinar del Rio, thus leaving but two military departments in the island. Governor Wood believes that such a change commences the Department of the City of Havana from a military point of view is an absurdity, though in the earlier days of the American administration it was the most important of all.

Owing to the costliness of the expenditure of Cuban revenue, they were able to spend money where they thought it most needed, and fully one-half of the entire expenditure of the state has been in the city of Havana, which contains but one-fifth of the population—a condition which could not have prevailed had the expenditures of Cuba been controlled by a representative body elected from all parts of the island. This great proportion of expenditure was justified, however, by the fact that Havana was the main point of contact with the outside world, and is familiar to the thousands of Americans who were serving Cuba in military and official capacity. It was necessary to do everything possible to enter Havana as the place to live in. This is itself was, necessarily a matter of great consequence of money, organization, labor, and only partial success.

There are now in Cuba approximately less than 10,000 American soldiers. Governor Wood favors the reduction of this force as soon as possible to not more than 8,000 men.

It would have this force entirely organized, highly equipped, and kept away from the cities, but where it would be immediately available in case of need. The eastern department is the only one considered as dangerous, for all past disturbances and outbreaks have occurred within its borders. There are now 2,000 American troops in that department, of the Eighth and Tenth Cavalry and the Fifth Infantry, the latter being mounted, so that the

entire force is practically cavalry. This force Governor Wood would maintain in its present strength, all reductions being made in the central and western departments, when there are not more than 2,000 soldiers. There is at the present time a regiment of artillery in Cuba—the Second. Governor Wood believes this regiment should be sent home, with

the exception of a battery or two to man the fortifications of Havana.

Going further than this, and as a second step Governor Wood is in favor of making the whole of Cuba one military department, with headquarters at Havana, thus reducing the expense and complications arising from the maintenance of several brigade headquarters and headquarters. The Governor would then reduce the force of American soldiers in the island to about three regiments, or 10,000 men, supplementing this force by calling three regiments for 20,000 of native Cubans, offered by Americans. He has great faith in the Cubans as soldiers when they are in the uniforms of the United States, and he believes the efficiency, patriotism and active service of the national guard, now numbering 120,000, an obstacle of what can be done with this material. This guard will shortly be commanded by American officers, thus bringing a premium for the military organizations proposed for the future.

Should the above suggested changes be made in the American military establishment in Cuba, it will make many changes in the roster of American officers now on the island. General Ludlow, Wilcox, and Lee, and all the officers of their staffs, would either find new places in Cuba or be recalled. The present outlook indicates that General Ludlow might be selected to remain in Cuba, if Governor Wood approves a high opinion of his abilities, and of the work he has accomplished under most trying and complex conditions, but the influence which prevail in the selection of the commanding officers are so subtle and the situation changes so rapidly that it is almost useless to speculate upon so remote a contingency. General Ludlow has opposed the setting of great conditions to the city of Havana, but officers and other military work, to private individuals, at especially noteworthy jobs, and has favored the doing of the work under the plan and direction of the engineer corps of the United States, the only party paying the actual expense. In doing this he has incurred the animosity of very strong influences, but it was necessary to stand and discharge his duty, however. In his position in the United States authorities are in the past and present.

Whether Governor Wood's ideas will prevail entirely with the War Department is as yet an open question, but the general scheme for the military occupation of Cuba by the United States is about as stated, and has not to be accomplished this fully within the present year.

J. D. WICKHAM.



GENERAL J. D. F. FRENCH,

Who led the Flying Column which saved the Siege of Kimberley, February 14.



ON THE BOER FIRING-LINE NEAR LADYSMITH

A platoon of British Fusiliers had been reported as leaving from Ladysmith to make a reconnaissance. The Boers went out to meet them, and were on the act of charging them down in the picture above the cavalry reported from behind a hill in three miles distance. The British platoon, however, made out against the hill on the left of the picture in the cavalry view. Mr. Keston states that these Boers began firing just after he took the picture. The British were defeated.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. EASTON.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE FROM H. M. S. "DORIS" AT MOODER RIVER.



THE CAMP AT MOODER RIVER

Officers of the Scots Guards preparing to make a Reconnaissance.



MR. BYE.

Who carried Despatches from Mafeking and Kimberley to General Buller at Maudslayi River.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE GUNBOATS BOMBARDING SAN FABIAN PREPARATORY TO THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS.

WHEATON'S EXPEDITION TO LINGAYEN GULF

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

AGUIINALDO hastened the footsteps of his retreating army until they were at the devil's den, where General Wheaton halted two thousand men at the strategic point on Lingayen Gulf known as San Fabian. The ex-President and now deposed Dictator was in imminent danger of being cut off entirely, by Lawson and Young in one stroke and Whelan on the other, from the great tobacco sales of the north where he hoped to keep by the game of hide and seek indefinitely.

Whelan's landing was superb. It is difficult to imagine a combination as cruel as where the purely technical military elements were carried out with precision and dispatch, and yet with a misapprehension which appeared strongly to the advantage of the conqueror. The military man would have declared astonishedly that the movement exhibited what can be done by Americans in the "absence of war," but the less-worked correspondent, with aesthetic ideas of his own and a camera, would have quite as justly noticed that it was an example of "the art of war," and high art at that.

It was not until November 8 that Whelan sailed out of Manila Harbor, though he had been withdrawn from the north line at Angeles fully a month before. With the understanding that he would take command of such an expedition in a few days, while the ship was long enough to allow the men to set through the strait that was one more on Delgado was contemplated. It was rather a success as a secret movement—concealed with many of the portions advanced, shrouded in mystery only in the Palace, but known in detail to every officer in the line and half of the soldier's men. In this case not an official order was sent General Wheaton, as a treacherous offer relating to the expedition was put on the wire, and in fact the general himself was not informed positively of the date of sailing until forty-eight hours before the transports, crowded with soldiers, left the bay.

In preparation of the event, General Whelan, however, had carefully selected his staff, and Captain Day, his chief quartermaster, and his companion, Lieutenant Baker of Cuban fame, had worked out on paper all possible contingencies and knew where there could be their base, not only on transportation, outfitting supplies, and maintenance, so that, when the time came, they executed the remarkable performance of fitting out an expedition by water down to the sea level, loaded everything aboard transports, had their lights, and canoes for disembarking, and a spy moving to and their destination within two days of the time of their departure.

The morning papers of November 8 advertised the departure of the transport *Albatross* for Zamboanga, Japan, and the smaller steamer *Providence* for the Bay and

Cebu. To notify the native spies who look among the native elements of the Quartermaster's Department, every boat and parcel for the *Albatross* was searched for some place in Alibon, and those for the *Providence* were searched by the Bay and Cebu. So completely fooled and irritated thereby were the Spanish crew on this latter boat, that they refused to work for a few minutes after they learned where they were going and had to be urged to their destination by the American soldiers.

The expedition consisted of the *Thirty-third Infantry*, which had just arrived from the United States under Colonel Hill, and the *Thirteenth regular Infantry*, which fought at Santiago and lost one-fourth of its men in the brilliant charge of San Juan, under Colonel Blose. Two field cannons and two Gatling guns of the artillery which thereby were the Spanish crew on this latter boat, that they refused to work for a few minutes after they learned where they were going and had to be urged to their destination by the American soldiers.

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By the time breakfast was over on the morning of November 8, twenty-six hours after starting, the expedition was reaching the southern headland of the wide mouthed Gulf of Lingayen, one hundred and sixty miles north of Manila. The navy vessels *Albatross* and *Manila* had moved off ten days before to communicate with the *Christina*, *Brasilia*, and *Providence* and the little *Suezey* and *Collas*, all of which were doing patrol duty along the coast and in the gulf.

It was not until noon in the afternoon that the outlines of our ships came into view from the south. Every officer and crew member on the lower deck and upper decks of the ships and shore guns in line. General Whelan stood on the bridge, nervously tapping his foot, and speculating as to how prompt the enemy would be in its movements, and the possibility of landing before named.

He need not have speculated regarding the promptitude of the naval force, for the *Collas* came sailing toward the shore as soon as the war vessels, bearing Captain Knox of the *Providence* and Captain Moore of the *Albatross*, were unambiguously clear ahead. As the transport flanks thereby began to show, the water beneath the coast of the naval men and the general was raising the plea for landing. Let it be said to the credit of General Whelan that he did the unusual thing, for a military man, of put-

ting himself entirely in the hands of the navy, with the remark: "My only desire is to have my troops landed as promptly on the beach as San Fabian."

At half past two the entire expedition rose steaming tea, and their war vessels, on three-fifths the transports had sailed five miles and dropped anchor within twenty-five hundred yards of the beach and slowly backed the ships, which were now in line, in a long line, ready to land the bombardment.

From the shore came the spitting fire of muffled volleys of Maxim guns fired by the transports in the smaller gulf, while from the center of the largest rank of anchored men came a single shell from a small gun across the return for the terrific hail of exploding shells, which bursted harmlessly through the rigging of the *Providence*.

Perhaps the most hysterically funny occurrence which ever became a part of an episode of war, when thirty striking shells carried death and havoc in their flying trails, took place in the next few minutes. It was General Whelan's intention to land the landing party by ten o'clock, but he made the fatal mistake, just before ten o'clock, of getting into a gig pulled only for soldiers' heavy arms. Half a battalion of the *Thirteenth Infantry* and the main company of the *Thirty-third* were awaiting seriously by advantage in position before the final crew had about to go.

The steam launchers which towed the *Thirteenth* kept edging toward the left, until they were cut from the cover of the fleet, and the *Thirty-third*, fearing that they might be left long crossing after them. General Whelan, standing back, saw the danger, and wading in the bow of his own boat, was pulled back and the warring, bubbling tares of white-hot boats, but before he could gain as much as the cover of the *Thirteenth* was off, followed by the *Thirty-third*, ready trying to make up the intervening space. General Whelan yelled and swore and waded his way in a hopeless attempt to stop the spreading leaves. He signaled the crew of his own boat to "pull," with that American invention, he mastered the signal first from the bottom of the boat and waded it slowly off his long arms; but the *Thirteenth* and the *Thirty-third* were waiting for the glory of landing first on the beach, and promptly making the general again after the sailing race began. General Whelan's boat was still a perch on the water when E. Company of the *Thirteenth* landed and with thumping hearts splashed through the sea and water and ran staggering on to the beach, steeped by a whitening fire from the enemy in the rear.

The general himself, it is said, the next day that anybody who came within the range of his voice must have thought him crazy, and he positively insisted that he recognized the possible strength of the English



THE GATLING GUN ON THE BEACH AT SAN FABIAN



COOLIA PORTERS



A LINE OF PORTERS



GENERAL WHEATON ON BOARD THE "SHERIDAN"



GENERAL WHEATON LEAVING THE "SHERIDAN"



GENERAL WHEATON LEADING THE LANDING PARTY



GENERAL WHEATON ABOUT TO LEAD THE LANDING PARTY



LANDING STORES ON THE BEACH AT SAN FABIAN

INCIDENTS OF WHEATON'S EXPEDITION INTO LINGAYEN GULF.
 PHOTOGRAPHER BY WILLIAM DWIGHTS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



MAJOR JOHN A. LOGAN,
35th U. S. V. Infantry.



COLONEL E. B. HALE,
35th U. S. V. Infantry.



COLONEL WILLIAM H. BISSELL,
35th U. S. V. Infantry.

language and believed that he had reached the top mark of a platoon on this occasion.

The landing was magnificent. Four hundred men leapt from the water first, swimming as best they could from the water the enemy's fire, which gathered the landing and even made holes in the sand beach, without touching a man. They rushed almost simultaneously on to the yellow sands of the shore, they played as they ran and gave back the enemy a volley in the thick, falling shells from behind the protective line of the second row of men. The *Amor* and *Galles* showed the landing place ahead of the main force, and the enemy began to waver. The men, who, both individually and collectively, had to run through an entire line of men away from a row of men, kept pushing on, and with an unbroken front in the front of the line.

The noise, the action, the color, were so intense a picture of war. The great guns of the navy rumbled, throwing splashes of sand high in the air with each shell, the machine guns of the 11th Missouri kept in action with the heaviest discharge and the whirring of the left's automatic played the high notes in the martial music. Viewed from the rear steps, the landing soldiers were pictures on a stage, they fell on their faces, some signalled charged on men's energy, moved that they take on a sign of victory, and all the while a muffled rolling sound came from a bank ground of a distance, from the sand and old grass, and with a fan-grown of blue smoke and a landing the yellow shore with fully loaded white caps.

The very gate a pale exhibition of what it was to be in landing troops where the details are left entirely to his hands. In less than three hours it had put over two thousand men ashore, and it should be remembered that not a large amount of war was present. The work was done with four small launches, leaving no wide lanes on the beach with a single log canoe which would carry a hundred men.

The receiving party of insurgents who welcomed us in San Pablo, by firing their guns in the air did not receive more than a hundred men, though the official records name them as thirty men. By their undisciplined display of ammunition only two of the soldiers were able to secure the intended objects, distributed to them, but much prized by them when they have a proper remark is a well known.

The troops were not landed from the town of San Pablo, a mile below, and as General Wheaton had an intention of sleeping on camp sands through the dark of evening was drawing in red over the landscape. In some previous moments for dissipating our exhausted bodies. From beyond the waters of a deep lagoon, traversed by a fall sweeping across land below, the insurgents were keeping up the song of the battle. It was a soft, slow, and somewhat hoarse, but it did not cease to come in a strong line. General Wheaton stood exposed upon a bank, with the sand shifting and the water for several minutes, carefully noting the direction of the fire, the rapidly turned and exchanged. "I want orders which will reduce me to every man across the beach and drive them out of their positions." Several officers sprang forward, but young Captain Hilditch, who was, was called to hand, and for the moment. Once the shouting, landing streamer he fell, followed by twenty men, so fiercely pulling that it almost broke the falling of the battle. The insurgents broke and ran. American troops awaiting us always more than they can stand. It takes an hour more on the beach of the island, and yet the army is filled with just such men as Hilditch, who, for the very many days to be passed by Philippine campaigning, will without a complaint, risk their lives twenty times a day. San Pablo was ours.

It is now a stormy beach in the growing dark. From the swamp, followed round with ropes and sleep, came the glad cry of "Viva America!" and walking toward us, with deep in the black and muddy water, came a wave of excitement, a group being separated from the rest, with a strong cry, and with their striking from their clothing at every step. They rushed

upon General Wheaton and held on his hands. In their ecstasy they threw themselves bodily upon the ground and hugged him in tight around the neck, and the Americans were equally delighted with such and more. They were crowded roundly prisoners, who had fallen on knees in the market, upon the terrible shell-fire of the navy, with only their faces above water.

It was impossible that night to determine the size of San Pablo, when the main road ran, or the probability of an attack. In the dark, outposts were thrown out around the church and all the roads which seemed to be made ones were closely posted. All was quiet during the night, and the troops slept heavily in their clothes upon the dry hard grass of the plain, with one hand upon their loaded rifles. None of them were nervous and no one would sleep the mental state which kept every man a brain, but the first alarm shattered on.

All dawn the rifle rang awful through the misty warm air, and the men were gratified for their breakfasts, while detachments marched to the shore for assistance supplies, which they had to do. They were already having through the start of a shallow beach, on the banks of the river, from our own camp. Third of waiting, the men began looking for their own breakfasts, the supply of food, and the soldiers of the morning. The first of the Third, and the San Pablo was a surprise, where it was hoped that some of the navy would

be found, but they met no resistance, and found no American soldiers within eight miles. Next day, in the half and afternoon a terrific fight took place. Major John A. Logan of the Thirty-fifth was wounded and was the road run toward Manila for seven miles but was very exposed. It was Major Hark of the Thirty-fifth who discovered the enemy on the road going to Laguna, westward. The action was short, sharp, and decisive, and the movement fell from Laguna northward by a line of a battery, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach. Our troops were on the 2 and of march to their camp, were carefully kept back on the beach, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach. Our troops were on the 2 and of march to their camp, were carefully kept back on the beach, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach.

The third day after landing, General Wheaton was no longer in the field. The Third and the San Pablo were on the beach, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach. Our troops were on the 2 and of march to their camp, were carefully kept back on the beach, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach.

It was a well and beautiful ground. Our soldiers of the Thirty-fifth were on the beach, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach. Our troops were on the 2 and of march to their camp, were carefully kept back on the beach, leaving a great deal and surrounded with guns on the beach.

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GENERAL WHEATON WATCHING THE EMBARKMENT OF HIS COMMAND.

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"YOU ARE EXACTLY ON TIME," SAID THE ORGANIZER OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER V

EVERETT BROOKFIELD had always thought of Mrs. Jimmy Nelsons as an easy-going woman, broad, and to say her, and you would be satisfied with herself and with a lot she possessed over to make any effort for anything more. But it soon became evident that what she accepted the presidency of the Working Girls' Host and Reformatory League, and determined that the best way to raise money for her society was by getting up an amateur performance of "Floss Floss," she had unexpected energy and unusual executive ability, she knew what she wanted and she got it. She did not hurry, and she was not fussy; and she never forgave her lack of the knack of getting others to do the work she wished to have done. She kept them up to the mark without appearing overbearing and as Everett observed the operations of these admirable eyes, that he recalled a remark of his father's, who was her stepfather, to the effect that Mrs. Jimmy was one of the best-served households in New York.

Although Everett had yielded his consent to his wife's appealing to Floss Floss, he would not have been grieved if the performance had been abandoned. But Mrs. Jimmy's determination not to be bewitched by difficulties, although two of these arose, either of which might well have wrecked the enterprise. There was an amateur actress of New York available for the important part of *Louise*, the sister of the heroine; and Mrs. Jimmy, urged by Dorothy Tins, whose heart would have broken had the performance been given up, and advised also by the stage manager, Sherrington, whom Tins had recommended to her, had promptly asked Miss Margaret Archibald to play the part. And when the amateur who was to act the hero, Dick de Boyart, the brother of the heroine, was suddenly sent to Mexico by his employer, and had to return to New York his part only the day before the first rehearsal. Mrs. Jimmy, again advised by Mr. Sherrington, had suggested the assistance of Mr. Gordon Trott, Mr. Miss Archibald and Mr. Scott was not amateurs, they were professional actors, and they happened, both of them, to be out of an engagement in the middle of the winter only because of the serious illness of a distinguished tragedian, to whose company they had belonged.

Everett did not quit him the usual professional device that given to the reticentism. But the lady assured him that it was too late for her to quit now even if she was allowed to do so, and she did not want; in fact she rather thought it would be wise to have professional, were this might make the papers pay more attention to her performance. For her part she was tired of all this gossip

about society belles and debutans, and she only waited for an opportunity to show them all that she could really act *Floss Floss*. She asserted that she did not mean to be defeated but she was so afraid of Miss Archibald's commanding tone—*Floss Floss* was an ever so much better part, and *Louise* was not out of all in the Southwick and even in the big scene in the third act *Floss Floss* had the best of it, and *Louise* was only a fooler.

"A fooler?" Everett had repeated coolly. "And she had to explain that that was his professional name called a character also in of secondary importance." As for Mr. Gordon Trott, she went on, it was true that Dick de Boyart would have looked the part all right, and he might have played it with a flourish, but if *Floss Floss* was to have a chance at all, she ought to be well supported. Amateurs like little Gerry Tins who were all very well for game like *Editha*, but the husband was ever so much more important, and she would have a great deal more confidence in the success of the show if Sherrington was in the hands of an experienced actor.

"You will see that I'm right," she concluded, "as the first rehearsal."

"You don't want me to go to the rehearsal, do you?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Of course I do," she returned. "I want you to go every-where with me. And I'd never dare face all these people I don't know, if you wasn't there."

Everett was very busy just then, and his meetings were pressing to her, but he sacrificed himself to his wife and went to the first rehearsal which was held not at the Metropolitan Opera House, but at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, whose vestriation was the stage manager.

It was just eleven on a sleepy Friday morning in January when Everett and Curtis stepped out of their coat at the stage entrance of the Cosmopolitan Theatre, address every door a mile away.

They passed through a waiting door and were held by a lady's knee from a seat of waxy tort on one side.

"What do you want?" asked the voice, which belonged to a wretched little man.

"In this the Cosmopolitan Theatre," Curtis inquired, hesitating one of her best wiles on the showkeeper.

"It is that," he answered less gruffly. "And what is it you want here?"

"There is to be a rehearsal here to-day—a rehearsal of 'Floss Floss,'" she repeated, smiling again; "Mr. Sherrington has arranged and—"

"Oh, it's today then am I here to begin, is it? I don't forget it. Is it am I here to go, or not, then; and take care of my step at the time there."

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Brookfield went on down a dark passage.

Curtis stretched her husband's arm and gave a little laugh of delight, and said "Isn't this fun?" It ever so much better than going to the sewing class Mrs. Winstan Smith wanted her to do.

"It would be just as much fun if the architect had planned a several entrance here," replied Everett. "But I suppose he had to save all the space he could."

They went through another waiting door, and found themselves on the stage. The light, which came from an immense skylight, was dim, and they did not know just where to go. Sherrington was kneeling against the back wall on one side of them and on the other was a full table of seats, placed to resemble music, and thrust up against an "imitation" carpet gave apparently of richly carved oak.

As their eyes became more accustomed to the light, they were able to make out Miss Archibald and Mr. Tins standing near a table on one side of the stage, just in front of the first box lights.

"I'm really delighted now," said Curtis to her husband. "But I like it! Maybe I'll make a big hit, and then they'll want me to go on the stage. I'd go and sell how would you like me to be a great actress?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," he responded promptly.

"How often you mean are?" she laughed back at him, as Mrs. Jimmy came forward to greet them.

"You are exactly on time," said the organizer of the entertainment. "I wish all the rest were."

"That's the worst thing about amateurs," Gerry Tins admitted. "They are not as punctual as professionals. Now I'm always prompt on the stage, and I'm always late-part of the first rehearsal. Why, I remember once it was the last time we did the 'Wedding of Sordani' and I was 'Glad to come, and Dick de Boyart was I don't know, and—"

A short man with grayish hair and a determined jaw was coming toward them, and when Tins saw the newcomer he interrupted the autobiographical narrative and cried:

"Here's Mr. Sherrington."

Everett noted the contrast between the two men as they shook hands: the amateur actor slight and eager and cool, the stage manager stocky and quiet and almost slow.

Mrs. Jimmy perceived "Mr. Sherrington, who is kind enough to do my management our little play for us—Mrs. Brookfield, Mr. Brookfield."

Everett saw the sharp scowl Sherrington bestowed on Curtis, as though to gauge her bluntness in reply to a glance.

Curtis smiled graciously, as usual, and shook hands cordially. "I'm afraid of you already, Mr. Sherrington—Mr. Tins tells me you are very strict. I hope you won't be too hard on me."

It seemed to Everett that he could almost see the

* Adapted from Harper's Weekly, March 2, 1908.



PLASTER MODEL OF RESIDENCE TO BE ERRECTED ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, BY MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.
Bobb, Cook, & Willett, Architects.



MODEL BY PHILIP MARTINY OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT FOR HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

THE NEW YORK ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE EXHIBITION.

THE galleries of the Fine Arts Federation look more than usually handsome this year with the display of the fifteenth annual exhibition of the Architectural League. The arrangements are distinctly better and satisfactory.

While the limits of a brief notice are somewhat circumscribed, it covers the most interesting exhibits in the several sections of architecture, sculpture, painting, and the industrial arts to mention them in certain reflexive order to ease.

This section, representing all the arts as connected in the fullest expression of structural possibility—for the best architecture in all periods has been conceived by sculptors and painters and the reverse things—may have called the artist's attention—as a product of American intelligence. It is founded on a European type; it was the first of its kind—an American idea. Therefore, in examining the exhibits, one might reasonably expect to find a wide variety of Americanism. The conditions over here are so different from elsewhere—the mode of life, the point of view, and the traditions and history upon which are any society established—that art, as an expression of life, should naturally reflect these. But does it, as illustrated in this exhibition? In the architectural section, yes, though not so distinctly as in some previous exhibitions; in the

sculpture, perhaps more than usually, for there are many of the original sketches for figures on the Levee army; but in the painting gallery, not at all. Let the list, for a moment, serve as text, should the subject be worth consideration.

Examine the exhibits, one after the other, to discover the media embodied in the design. You must seek a certain earnestness; for they are either so well assimilated in intention; but among the others, where it is to be found a single suggestion of anything which might not pass as appropriate, or, perhaps, primarily, be designed for some other country? The painters seek their inspiration in Joan of Arc, in classic epics, in obscure medieval legends, streams of charity—as any source rather than that which speaks to the heart and intelligence of their own countrymen. Can they be surprised that the latter show only a languid interest in their underworld? A few years ago these columns contained a notice of the new decorations in the Appellate Court of New York, embracing their beauty. That was talking there for what they were, but could they not have been more? But for the kneeling women garbed in modern dress, and the figure in judge's gowns in Edward III. Blackbird's park, and the soldier in George W. Meyer's drawing, there is not a single hint in that otherwise scheme of decoration, furnished by the painter, which brings one's

sympathy up to the present day, much less focuses them on American ideals. Every thing is diluted classicism, vague symbolism, as applicable to the principles of Roman jurisprudence as to ours. Yet these same painters would probably acknowledge that Paris de Chateaufort's masterpiece is his treatment of the legend of Saladin's sacrifice, the patron saint of Paris, and that the finest secular decoration in Italy is in the Doge's Palace in Venice, where Paul Veronese and others played upon the theme of Venice and traditions in her honor. Even our painters in the decoration of public buildings can find inspiration in the history of America and in the souls of its people; their work will be merely an artistic transposition from some other country; it will not strike its roots into the heart of this one.

This problem has been much more forcibly brought home to the architects because of the practical conditions a fact they have to adhere especially in the case of the office building, an exclusively American demand, and in the city and country homes. Yet they are by no means unsuccessful in grasping their opportunity. Some try to solve the skyscraper problem by the rule of Vitruvius, the classic or classical forms, others by the receding of modern French style, acquired during their student days in Paris. Only a few seem to try to approach the new problem with a fresh eye, deriving from the first construc-

tion half some appropriate covering, which will grow as it and out of it and belong to it, instead of being merely an extension of some-thing arbitrarily applied. In the present exhibition there are unusually few examples of the latter kind, and some of great import; unless one includes the design for the New York Custom House, a building which, it may be argued, is among the best in this category. However, waiting this point and considering these designs, one does not feel convinced that the correct scheme is the handsomest. Its beauty or magnificence may be better adapted to the utilitarian purposes, a most important matter which only careful expert judgment can decide; but its factors are merely so happens as in one or two of the other designs.

It is in the designing of human, particularly country, more that our architects are showing the keenest appreciation of American conditions, and conforming to them most happily. There are many examples in this exhibition of country houses, large and small, possessing an individual character and the homelike feeling. They represent the best kind of selection, of judgment borrowed from many sources, but by skillful adaptation to our climatic conditions and mode of life based and worked into what thus becomes a distinctive result—the unmistakably American home.

CHARLES H. CURTIS



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THE TRIFLING OF A MAN OF LETTERS, THE TRIFLING OF A MAN OF LETTERS, THE TRIFLING OF A MAN OF LETTERS

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN
BY E. D. BEACH

THE first thing that I noticed when I stepped out of the door of the book store was a sense of relief. It had been a long time since I had been in a place where I could find a quiet corner to sit and read. The air was fresh and the light was just what I needed. I had been thinking about this for some time, and now it was here. I had been thinking about this for some time, and now it was here. I had been thinking about this for some time, and now it was here.

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BOERS DEFENDING A LAAGER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. E. EASTON

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 10, 1900

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Mediation

NOW that, with the capture of General CHORSE after a campaign involving admirable generalship on our side, and a lesser resistance upon the other side, we are enabled to consider the question of mediation.

Every day that the Boer war progresses adds to the pity and to the horror of it. Whatever may be the rights of the issues involved—and these have been obscured by those who have written about them—it is a horrible spectacle that is being presented in South Africa, and one which, indeed—as President KATON himself said it would before the beginning of hostilities—suggests humanity. Such sanguinary strife is hardly to be regarded as a claim to be enlightened, and it would seem to be the supreme duty of some neutral nation to interpose, not in behalf of Britain, not in behalf of the South-African republic, but in the name of humanity. It is certain that there are nations which individuals should govern nations, and no man of right spirit in any world stand idly by and complacently watch two other men engaged in deadly strife without doing his utmost to separate the combatants, or, lacking power to do this single-handed, through a cooperator with others to cause them to be separated. What debt of gratitude is it that we owe to England that would make it impossible for the United States government to offer its friendly mediation in this unhappy quarrel? What duty is it that we should perform toward the young republics of the Dark Continent, now dark or then even before, that rises superior to our manifest duty to the whole of mankind? It is not that England led in her moral support in our late differences with Spain, and it is undoubtedly the fact that it was her attitude that prevented Continental interferences against our willful foes assuming serious aspects; but ours was not a war of extermination against a well-meaning and possibly mistaken people; it was primarily a war in behalf of a principle, and was waged in behalf of an ideal rather than for material profit. Nor was it in a large sense a murderous war, as in the Franco-German conflict has become. It was, in all conscience, but enough. It was all that General SMITHMAN indicated when he characterized warfare as hell; but it was not such deep, dark, abysmal hell as that which is now presented to our view for the first time in thirty years. Nothing that England has done for us, no duty of sympathy that we owe to a sister republic, transcends the obvious duty which we owe ourselves. Indeed, the reverse is true. The very danger of two noble people being recklessly sacrificed in a quarrel which statements on either side might have oriented, and against the results of which every proper instance is the least of every living man rises up in protest. Our gratitude to England should take a higher, no nobler, expression than an offer of mediation; our sympathy for a struggling republic could find no more fitting outlet than a proffer of our good offices to have this slaughter stopped.

THE case of MARCUS is a difficult one to treat with any degree of seriousness. It was so obviously designed to be discussed through the medium of comic poetry of the free-for-all school that our hesitancy to touch upon it in these prose periods; but despite this fact, the incident should not be allowed to be forgotten until we are quite sure that the lesson it in that men of the Marston order should be kept at home, and not placed in positions of responsibility

abroad, large or small. The ex-consul to Pretoria is not a man in the assistant as the people who sent him out to do work too great for his capacity. There comes a time in every man's life when he realizes that nothing short of a miracle can make him President of the United States, and then begins to look about for someone else to fill. Having found this, he strains every nerve to get it, and in this country his becoming either an alderman, a commissioner of schooling, or a United States senator, where, according to the degree of his inefficiency. These offices, according to political conditions, were primarily designed, apparently, for small men, and in getting them statistics prove that the small man can do anything. Now it is the case that the more limited the scope of a small man the less likely he is to make an international fool of himself, and it behooves the political powers that be to look carefully into a man's capacity for inefficiency before placing him. Mr. MARCUS as an alderman, with little scope for the powers of error, would have been at most a harmless failure. As a school trustee or as a fire commissioner, any denunciation in the line of his duty would have been merely local propaganda, but to place such a man in a position to show his callow to the whole civilized world was neither wise in the appointing power nor just to Mr. MARCUS himself.

It is a pity that we have had to witness the selection of incompetent men for public office, those who are ineffectual in securing appointments for the inefficient will be more discriminating and adapt their candidates more closely to the requirements of the office. It is for aldermans to do not make a circuit judge of him; and if his peculiar lack of usefulness fits him only for a poor commission, do not put him in the consular service, where all the world, observing his shortcomings, may point the finger of derision.

A man may be a born orator, and yet lack the requisite qualities of mind to become a successful diplomat.

THE inevitable has happened, as might of course have been expected. The month of February, comprising as it did the anniversary of the birth of two immortal American Presidents, could not be expected to pass in the quietude of the past without our being told of what WAST NOTION and LINGOLD would have done had they been in the Presidential chair at the present time.

A Fable Pending. **The Court Circular and Another.** This is one of the kind of polite speculations which three appears to be no end, and we have no doubt that when April comes and honours in memory of General GRANT are held throughout the land, we shall be informed what General GRANT's views are upon public questions could have been had by being asked to us. It is a futile mode of proceeding, and is hardly fair to the men who have gone and who cannot rise up and either affirm or deny the truth of that which is said in their names. In some cases, however, this course is not objectionable, while in others it is wholly so. For instance, one does not take exception to Mr. STURGEON'S view of what WASHINGTON would have thought of our AMERICAN trouble, because Mr. STURGEON is always interesting in what he says, has no individual axe to grind, and approaches his subject from a purely anatomical point of view, and it is no more in a purely practical fashion. But when other less subordinate let their eloquence loose for the days of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and endeavor to prove to a listening world that that statesman would have held foolish notions as to our duty in the Philippine Islands, we begin to yearn for the days of the pug.

One need not be learned in history to know that ABRAHAM LINCOLN was not a contractionist, and as far as the "content of the governed" is concerned, the veriest schoolboy knows precisely what treatment the marvellous President would have accorded the relations AMERICAN. A shorter shrift is not conceivable.

IT is quite evident from the events of the past two weeks that we are somewhat in need of a fancy-dresser clothed with authority, who shall say what plays may be produced and what others may not. In certain of our cities are art commissions, to whom are referred such plans for the embellishment of public parks and public streets as the presently disposed citizens are inclined to offer, with power to accept or to decline these, according to their artistic merit. The principle which holds sway in the preliminary to the consideration of the public highways is quite as valid when it relates to that which adorns or decorates the stage

On the Head of a Center

temporarily. An ill-conceived, badly executed bit of architecture in an office to the credit of such a community, but it is likewise well compared with a degrading drama, which is not only an offence to the aesthetic taste, but is also an offence to the moral sense of the people.

A matter stands now we are compelled to wait until the horns in due its thorns before seeking for a remedy, and the agitation of the subject were rather to enrich those to deplete the coffers of the office-holder. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of the merits, or lack of them, of the special play which has been the arena centre of the controversy. It suffices to say that the text which presented the theme of the resulting drama is one that could not be made more intelligible, or, if heard, could not be presented even in a community where because is sometimes enfolded with its liberty. It was a lesson through which when his successors of pleasure was left to the imagination; rendered concrete, and put forth as an actual, visible reality, it can be nothing else than demoralizing and evil. Thus an intelligent citizenship would have accepted at once, and we should not now be presented with a play of such a nature, and an arena play, in her error, and cutting every one else's lights to her audience to stand by her in her fight against public decency.

It is a pity that this should have happened during the present season, for at a time of a large amount of vulgar dramas that have been read, and we have had this year a notable number of really interesting, well-written, and wholly commendable plays. The variety stage has been free from any such thing as a notable number of really interesting plays frequently for the theatre goer to leave the playhouse after the fall of the curtain without any semblance of a bad taste in his mouth. Is general censorship not needed here, but it is not a question of censorship, but it is a question of question messages to get itself performed, and to prevent this once a decade would make a censorship work while, even if for the rest of the time the office were a high-splendid success.

W HAT Americans have from time to time desired to know innocent itself from the habit of drinking wine, and the propriety of printing every morning a Court Circular which would give detail the actions of the royal family. It is the diary of the doings of certain exalted personages, and as such is read with eager interest by the masses of the people, and by the English sovereign, and several of us by all lovers of republicanism in situations on this side of the water. And yet we have something in this country which appears to take its origin in the same source, and which some weeks ago a young man was found guilty of murder in the first degree, was sentenced to die, and taken to State prison, where in the course of events, upon the courts interpose, he will pay the penalty of the crime ascribed to him; and as every since his arrival at the penitentiary the public has been regaled with accounts of his daily life behind the prison bars. We are told at what hour he rises in the morning and at what moment he goes to bed at night. We are told what he eats for breakfast, dinner, and supper is set forth in detail. What exercise he takes is fully described. The number of pipefuls of tobacco he smokes is noted. The books he reads and his opinions of them are reviewed. The nature of his conversations with his fellow prisoners is fully reported. His physical condition is daily described, and his reflections are narrated for the benefit of what we presume is an interested public.

In short, we have a daily, constant and intimate record to us which is far more persistent and intimate than that which the British indulge their interest in the doings of royalty. It is probable that this supplies a demand, for if it did not the editors of our newspapers would not permit it to be done, but it is an open question if there is any real justification for the interest which is thus met, and it is certain that a thirst for the knowledge of the daily doings of Queen VICTORIA is more commendable and praiseworthy than a less modest craving that this hunger after news concerning the private life of an unfortunate young man and his equally miserable neighbors. Furthermore, the life of their sovereign in a sense belongs to the British people. We have no such excuse. Until remaining days are reckoned to the convicted prisoner before himself, and he is entitled to that privacy in his daily life which the sequestration of his body has forced upon him physically.

The printing of the life of the public should not be permitted to penetrate into the mystery of the prison-house.

of exactly known distance with nicely adjusted perpendiculars.

In the vital impetuosity of pistol shooting I lose track of my confidence in the Barre, and in one other quality that has come to the front—its possession of that woody character and that long sighted coolness, even progressiveness, that keeps one from the fatal error of looking here; upon success.

The fire did not think that, since he counted a small detachment of English, or perhaps his very presence was enough. He did not think that he knew it all. But he went to Europe for arms and munitions and big material of the very latest type and with care. He developed an artillery organization whose capacity and energy have compelled the English to appear in their own forces. He made Pretoria a stronghold that would be dearer to be the best prepared in the world. He has built odd storage warehouses of great capacity for sleep there.

He has fortified and strengthened the approaches to his country with remarkable thoroughness. An anecdote in this connection is interesting. Inquiry was made of General Buller as to how many outposts were expended in the

Transvaal during war. On being informed 10,000,000, the British soldier (20,000,000).

In connection with the common opinion that the Transvaal will run short of supplies, an interview with the mining magnate Robinson, who is second only to Cecil Rhodes in the financial circles of South Africa, is significant. He is quoted as saying that while he knows a way of competing, Boerland, and would communicate it secretly to the War Office, the arms must not be based on any belief in the extensibility of the Boer supplies, as such belief is false. Upon the first half of his statement the Boer leader need hardly be concerned seriously, but upon the matter of supplies he is anxious and worthy.

More than almost any other quality, this rare quality in soldiers, initiative has given American arms an excellent series of successful wars. This quality seems to stand in the Boer soldier to a like degree. A determined individualism, which has its equally important side in a mighty good equipment for its own use in detail. If it have the necessary approximation of discipline and subordination. Their mobility makes their fighting strength. Their system of mounted infantry is distinctive to the whole military world. Each man has his own horse, trained to

circumstances. The soldiers are rarely for handling and inferior for battle.

The British may have a series of successes when their heavy divisions. But it would be remembered that the war does not really begin till the Boers are driven back into their own fastnesses.

The capture rates of Pretoria does not insure peace, for the Boer's are prepared to suffer in the hills, and they are really a people who fight best under reverse. Parliament, the rebellion of straps is a new man or end in resistance or a proof of final victory. In the Revolutionary war, Washington said, when the British took Philadelphia, that they were lost. In the war of 1812, too, the city of Washington was taken and sacked, but we were not, as everybody but the English soldierly knows. When Napoleon took Moscow, he would be lost too.

The chances of foreign intervention are not thought much of by students of the situation, but with the sympathy for the Boer taking great strides everywhere and increasing perhaps more because of their successes than their defeats. It need not be looked on as all impossible that England will do something to ease strange or a equal condition of the various powers.



LOOK SOUTH-WEST.



THE WATER-CART AT MAGERSONSTEIN.



ONE OF THE HOWITZERS AT MAGERSONSTEIN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.
DRAWN BY LORDON H. GRAY, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE CAPTURE OF THE SUFFOLKS AT COLINSBERG.

DRAWN BY GEORGE H. GRANT FROM A SKETCH BY A SCOTCHMAN WHO WAS THERE.

During the night of January 4, four companies of the Suffolk Regiment got around to the back of a range of logs and opened the sleeping side of the Boers lying on the steep side. A night surprise was the object of the attack from that direction, and surprised success. It was closed with bayonets in the night, but the Boers were able to hang up the logs from all sides. Two companies of the Suffolks cut their way out and escaped, but the remainder were killed. *See page 130, 131, 132.*



LORD STRAITHORN

Will be leading three Scottish Light Infantry battalions to the relief of the beleaguered British garrisons in the Transvaal.



GROUP OF CANADIAN MOUNTED INFANTRY

Now in the field in the Transvaal.



THE BRITISH SIGNAL CORPS LAYING A GROUND-WIRE.



COWBOY RECRUITS FOR STRAITHORN'S BORN



OFFICERS COMMANDING THE BORN GUYS ON FORWARD KOP AT THE BATTLE OF LADYSMITH.

THE BATTLE OF PEPWORTH HILL. By E. E. Easton

WHEN General Buller crossed Lady's Nek last October 11, F. H. Baker, a graduate of West Point, who for ten years was an officer in the Sixth United States Cavalry, took a picked squad of American and Irish men and made an adventurous ride. Following up the railway bridge behind the British from Swarzewski to Woodstock. As the Boer outposts approached Dundee, Baker and his Irishmen became the center for the heavy artillery. I had heard of Baker and his "men" when I first arrived at Pretoria. He could ride any horse in a race or could mount, but most of his Irish men were not at home in the saddle, and many a good story of his experiences in representing the necessities of war life to his regiment I heard when I was ordered at the Lager at Chatsworth. It was not until the battle of Mafeking that the Irish American corps proved to be the best of all the camp jokes. On that day it showed its mettle under circumstances that have made it an indelible part of Afrikaner history.

Baker is a typical product of the American West. He is tall, perfectly proportioned man, straight, like, and strong as an Indian, with a gray mustache and gray curly hair, possibly bald; has a high forehead, blue eyes, nose, sharp, clear gray eyes, and a face that in an instant can pass from an expression of anger with lips drawn out, almost frowning, kindred. He can recite Byron and Shakespeare by the full hour, talk to you in London or New York in every old-fashioned, old Indian costume in Atlanta or Kaffir characteristics in central Africa; let you know a riddle is played at Monte Carlo, or what the merits of a Cuban fustianade belt contain; explain the difference in rifle cartridges, pocket watches, the accurate tracks. Make him anxious, or the two go with a dinner dress of an afternoon coat, and send a company whirling through southern military evolutions, and a soldier who is known like a sheath of fire, level a gramme, read the word down and its position under the tongue with a rattle, or be moved to silent sympathetic admiration at the sight of old men paying feverishly around a camp fire. He is a man who will cover you up with his blanket while you are sleeping and be down in the mud and mud himself, or give you the piece of level land in his pocket and say he has just had some land to sell, when you know he has not had a bit during twelve hours' hard riding.

The Boer line proved firm. White took into Lady's Nek, together with the troops that had evacuated Dundee and placed a big cannon atop a rock, which had been brought from one of the hills about Pretoria—on Pepworth Hill, five miles north of Ladysmith. The Irish American corps was stationed on the hill to the guard of the big gun, while the Boer commander swung around the kopjes about the city and took charge of the rifle and machine gun positions. From Pepworth Hill the Boer line was only a few hours in Ladysmith, the town being smugly under a low range of perpendicular hills. Just before dawn on the evening of October 20 the big canon,

which had been christened "Long Tom," sent a ball down of its shells screaming, shaking, and pinging through the fine mesh of smoke between it and Lady's Nek. After each one you could see a pillar of black-gray dust rise slowly up from where you had seen the man lay, in behind the little red hills, a white ring of smoke, smoke-brown, would rise above the slender pines of dark staff and cut lazily away. There—your level was tingling with expectancy a long, deep, soft, soft came back from those hills and echoed among the high kopjes. The shell had burst. And as you waited another shell showed into the horizon, you wondered if that piece of steel and iron, with six revolving sides of Batters like a conical, thin on the back of a heavy side, on its position of bolts and powder would scatter the little red men, men who had exploded behind to be little hills to, and away, or whether it would simply, expand its levelity in a way side street on a sharp of derelict—a broken house. A young boy, however, boy turned a look, and the long, old man's eyes raised slowly up until it looked like a large animal sitting on his haunches. The girl's eyes jumped back to their level, a young fellow, his face gray with powder smoke, pressed a little lower, there was a middle shot, the long of cold steel sprang into the air with a violent clack and came down with a thud that shook the ground, while a

cloud of living white smoke, like a huge mass of cotton, veiled twenty acres in length of the black mounds, and there was a swirl away in the evening breeze along the chain of kopjes. At first you distinguish in the mist a piling errand. It seemed high up in the air above you, then—your count could cover to eight pale-brown—of several stepping down some rough side and was sliding like a tin can set against a heavy oak plank you could see or to the pale brown—was it was piling like a low cab when you saw the pilot of dust and smoke rise again behind those hills, that were now growing in distance. Still the piling could be heard, the sound was trailing back five miles, and you could your pale again, until the shell, because you could be heard from the burning shell.

There is a short twilight in South Africa, and when the sun sank behind the peaks of the Debenberg Mountains away to the west the long shadows from the kopjes quickly fell deep and into black midday. The first shell had hit the Boer line.

The young Boer artillerymen were wrapping the big cannon up in canvas, as though the red lines which were springing up might catch it. It was an account of the boy's sight there. Away off to the southwest of Lady's Smith you could see some camp fire twinkling among the kopjes. The Boer line, which, who had come in through Van Rensburg's Pass and out of further south, was getting steeper. While the Americans and British were making the young Boer men to unload a magnificent white shells, and were digging pits near the big canon to which to place them. Colonel Baker had had given a smaller cannon and one New-England's Machine on the right hand side of the kopje, where the slope was less precipitous and there were fewer rocks.

"They ought not to have fired those shells this evening," he murmured, as he looked toward the hills which enclosed the town and the 14th British except to signal. If General White came on to that he will be out here and have this big cannon half or two-thirds out of the ground.

The colonel stationed his artillery and outposts, and came back to his little camp among the rocks, short trees, and shrubs, behind Pepworth Hill. It was an hour before day light, the coolest part of the night when the Boer moved in his machine's movement, and there stood straight up and behind his eye in the horizon which was black against the kopje from the east.

"Something's up," he said. "Get up, back, let's have a look from the top." And he stumbled along over the rocks, and there crossed the big tripod kopje in the place where the big Cannon stood, and a few men were in the white clouds.

"Don't you hear that?" He stopped short. "Are you down in the dust in the southeast of the hill come the second word of a heavy ball striking against the soil and shoulder of an oak. It was lady darkness across them—



BOER ARTILLERYMAN AND BRITISH PRIVATE OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN CORPS.

the left, and the infantry patiently waited along the rear ranks and worked down to the right, expecting that finally a shell would surely strike the big gun. The hours passed slowly away until early in the afternoon, and just as the Fourth Battery had a severe attack which had to be withdrawn were ordered with their guns to move up and capture the position of the shell being fired from the big gun. The infantry on the right began to move up and captured three Maxim's. The cavalry on the left started on a slow gallop toward the hill, each rider bounding close to his horse's neck, while the long lines presented a massing sight beyond the horses' heads.

The infantry had come a mile to the rear, and the Maxim's were on the hill. The American and Irishmen fought patiently for the wood.

"Don't waste a single cartridge. Keep cool, boys," Blake called out. "It is twelve in fifteen hundred yards."

The signals were raised, and the blood-red banners of the Maxims were out from among the big trees in a horizontal line. The British artillery stopped firing.

"At right, boys," Blake called out, as he turned his own rifle down the slope.

It seemed as if the men were leading heads with bayonets when the English Maxims began to work, the Yankee boys on the knapsack replied. Then the Krupp gun ploughed a way past through a company of Highlanders. The enemy Maxims shrank in to get up beside each American and Irishman.

Then Long Tom sent a shell rattling down the cavalry, which had come up on the left. A second shell sent them back to their original position, leaving a trail of mangled horses and Lieutenants on the open field.

The infantry came slowly on. Men dropped with fearful regularity, because one had a perfect range on the English Maxims. Men also were sent down at them a score of shells with the rocks being cut, and the infantry retreated out of rifle range again. Then the British artillery again began shells at the big gun.

The sun was directly overhead when the shells began ploughing up the ground over Long Tom. They were getting a splendid range. Then one exploded just over the muzzle, and another at the muzzle. The gun went down on its back, with its left leg gone away. Six gunners were struck

with shrapnel. And still the shells rained about the big cannon.

"Send me six men to carry shells," called out Colonel Trevelyan to Blake.

Blake's dozen Irishmen who kept the order repeated in their voices, six men came out and over the next field to watch the infantry. The British sent two more shells into the cavalry, and three Irishmen were down in a heap just as they got dropped to carry shells over the big gun.

Again the infantry on the right started up. Dr. Telt was still glancing to the left. The Irish American gun pointed with fearful regularity, and again the Krupp gun sent its shells among the regiments of infantry, while the Maxims swung back and forth among the rocks and dry stumps, as the Fusiliers and Highlanders advanced over them.

The single shells came again and retreated out of range. Long Tom was still sending his shells into the cavalry. The heavy six British gun again opened on the knapsack. It was soon so noisy that the plain talkers could not be seen. Two more Irishmen and an American were sent down after bringing up ammunition.

It was just one minute when Blake turned to say something to one of his men and a shell burst a few yards above his head. His right arm went down, and he sank to his knees with a convulsive shudder. Blood was trickling from his right ear. There was a long gasp as he bit out at the shoulder and a hole through the hem of his uniform, while the blood was spraying through a hole in his coat above over his right forearm.

A dark man was around him in a second. They jerked off his arm, but the bullet went on his head as a big shrapnel was taking hold of his right ear and a small cut on the ear itself. Blake was going toward him with a dazed expression on his face. Then he shuddered again as one of his men pressed a hot flask of brandy about his throat.

A handkerchief was held against his right forehead, and after looking at his arm and those around him, he said in his groans as he said, "That one must have been didn't it?" He stood up and shook himself and pointed the barrel of his pistol in front of his right hip.

The shells were still hammering over the knapsack.

"They haven't got me yet. I'll be damned if I can't

shoot an owl with my left hand as well as my right. But my old man, do you know there isn't a particle of lead in this right arm. I suppose that shell has finished it. If the whole pack of an owl's fluffed before this would let up a half of a foot here and there don't make any difference. For a queer-looking sight now with this blood all over me. Cox, if you don't get under cover, you may there'll reduce you to the rocks!" Cox started as he was told that just then the bullet had struck him in the throat.

Suddenly there was a yell, and from the low range of knapsack three orders in the southeast, you could hear the booming of cannon.

"That is General Logan Meyer," and Blake. "It's time he arrived." For the third time the infantry on the right was pressing up toward the hill. Long Tom was still firing at intervals, the Krupp gun was being relieved of shells as fast as possible, the Maxims were proving away, and every Maxims was being pointed with lightning speed. The long-range guns of the left supported the British artillery was trying to silence the enemy.

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The Puerto Rico Carnival

THE carnival season in Puerto Rico opened on February 25 last, and continued during the ten subsequent days and nights. It is the greatest season of the year in Puerto Rico, and corresponds to the Mardi gras as observed in New Orleans. The carnival in Puerto Rico is celebrated in much the same manner as the Mardi gras. The people certainly have as much enjoyment, even though their celebration cannot be compared to the New Orleans affair in magnificent scale in the general festival. In Puerto Rico the three days preceding Ash Wednesday are given over to the great masquerade. Strangers in France, particularly Americans, are not favored of what is to happen during these three days. It is left to them to discover for themselves how the Puerto

insolence celebrates their carnival. The stranger goes into the streets at night, and as he steps the first comes he likely is not, however, an egg full in the hand. It is not a very good of course, but a shell is filled with paper and filled with perfume water. This is an unexpressed expression. The native glasses around in a dazed, amazed manner, and within a couple of pairs of dancing black eyes smiling down at him for the heavy. He continues his walk, and before he has proceeded a dozen paces a shower of many colored little pieces of paper descends, swirling from a clear sky. He is a little perplexed by this time, and may be said, "He goes to his last gasp, and turns aside to sniff a party who wishes to pass the shell is about of him she steps suddenly, and blows a quart of flour full in his face from a cornucopia. The man smiles on his coat which has previously been well moistened by the water-filled egg. He then starts to shout American has captured it, the chief of the game, and returns to his room to change his clothes for a dark

suit, which will be more presentable after being showered with flour and water.

Most strange are the customs seen on the streets. Half naked boys, their bodies adorned with coats of tar, their faces and breasts cut with great grades of red paint, represent John Bull, a clown, and, both called representations of the Sun and Majesty, dance up the street, scattering the crowd as they pass. An Italian brigand with a make-up of red and black, a clown, and a clown, are seen in masks, many are clad in multicolored dresses.

The three days' festival ended with a grand masquerade ball at the theatre known as "La Harle de Plata," an annual ball a large bouquet of roses suspended from the ceiling of the auditorium. From this ballroom balcony a quart of expensive perfume fell gently on the many dancers' heads. At eleven thirty the rooms were pulled down and distributed among the ballroom men were removed, and the ball broke up at midnight.

SUNNY M. McKEE



STREET SCENES IN PONCE.



EVERETT STOOD STILL WITH THE SHAWL IN HIS HAND.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER VI

"ARE you all ready?" asked Harrington, giving a last glance around the stage. "You may step up," he said to the prompter, as he walked toward the side where Everett was standing with Curtis and Gurney Tyme, ready to go on.

With child apprehension Everett heard the bell ring and saw the curtain begin slowly to rise. It was now late now to back out, and Curtis would have to go through with the thing he had so much. But suppose she should have a sudden attack of stage fright and lose her voice or forget her part, or break down altogether? And Everett studied his wife's hand to encourage her.

"She gave him an answering pressure. "Why, Everett," she said, "you are trembling!"

"Am I?" he asked. "You mustn't, my love."

"It's in the middle of the first act that I get frozen stiff and my voice goes and I don't know what I'm doing," Gurney Tyme declared. "Why, when I played *Charles Dreyfus*—"

But Harrington had reached them. "Don't be scared, Mrs. Brookfield," he said, encouragingly. "You will be all right. Take it easy until you pick yourself up again. Don't be in a hurry, and by your voice out."

"I'm not a bit frightened," she answered. "I don't see why either of you should think so. I'm certain it's going to be a big success."

Everett felt her warm hand as it lay in his cold palm, and he could not detect a tremor. He glanced at her, and she seemed perfectly self-possessed. He thought he had never seen her looking better, and he remembered how fascinating her riding habit was, with the severe but contrasting with the lively ornamentation beneath it.

"That's right, that's right," Harrington murmured. "But remember to speak very distinctly and make us hear you."

The first opening lines of the play had been spoken by Phoebe the maid, and the time came for *Anna* to enter.

"There's your cue," said Harrington. "Now go, and let us have it."

She rushed on the stage, looked about for the newspaper she was supposed to be working found it on a table at last, crossed to a table, and dropped down, fanning herself with the folded paper.

The broken sentence on the side had to speak could not be seen in Harlow's Venice to see.

he heard in the sudden outbreak of applause, which died away only in the again and again, until *Anna* had to rise and bow, in spite of the fact that *Falstein* in the person of Gurney Tyme, had rushed upon the stage after her, and was standing awkwardly behind her with a somewhat disconcerted by the prolonged welcome with which Mrs. Brookfield was greeted.

For two of these Sundays the great amateur performance of "Anna" had brought their lips in the society columns of the newspapers, and it had been repeatedly mentioned as "the society event of the season." Mrs. Stryker, after careful consideration, had drawn up a list of patronesses containing the names of all the famous helped leaders of New York society, and of a few of the richest and most eligible of the social aspirants, known as "climbers." The tickets had all been disposed of more than two days before, and some of the best seats had been reserved as a premium. One talented philanthropist had been forced to advertise his willingness to pay twice the original price for a subscriber's box.

Everett heard the applause with surprise; he had not expected more than a perfunctory clapping of hands; it gave him a shiver of optimism, and he wanted it to go on yet longer. He knew it would gratify Curtis, who was perfectly frank in his desire to be well received. He wondered which of his many friends scattered all over the house was most enthusiastic. He knew that his father had a seat in Mrs. Stryker's box, where if *Anna* was and Dr. Stryker also were. He had heard of Mrs. Cokerdale's delight at the promised presence in her box of Mrs. Weston Smith and the Bartlett girls. He wished he could look out and see if the assembly was really as brilliant as the evening might of the opera, and he remembered that Mrs. Tinsley had passed the word around that it was to be an occasion when a woman could wear all her diamonds.

At last, after *Anna* had been turned to bow again and again, *Anna* was able to begin, and the action of the play went on. It was only a short scene that *Anna* had first, and then the story to be taken up by the others.

Everett was waiting for her as she came off radiant. "I did get a special revelation, didn't I?" she asked, as they were quickly toward the dressing-room, the one usually occupied by the prima donna of the opera. "You saw it in the door at the great success."

"Then you are enjoying it?" Everett inquired, as they came to the door of the room, where his wife had swiftly to change her costume.

"Enjoying it?" she repeated. "I never had such a good time before in my whole life. I'm perfectly happy! I'd do it if I'd like to go on acting for ever and ever!"

Everett said nothing, but smiled in sympathy with her enjoyment.

"You wait for me here," she said. "I've got to get out of the hall and take a dinner gown, and it's going to be a terrible rush. And I want you here when I come out, to tell me if I'm perceptible."

She had brought her own model with her and Everett knew that he would only be in her way while she made the quick change which would enable her to reappear toward the end of the act.

He turned away from the door, and was greeted by Gurney Tyme, all ready for his own entrance on *Anna*. Everett had an instinctive dislike for the man, which he felt to be groundless, and therefore to be conquered, as he shook hands with a cordiality he did not feel.

"Mrs. Brookfield got a splendid reception," the actor began, "but the house seems to me rather dull on the fashionable people are very hard to draw out. But they'll wake up sooner or later. Then after of the two sisters in the third act, that will look them if nothing else does. There's Mrs. Brookfield's best scene, I think, and Archibald's very good in it, too."

"I do not know whether that is her best scene really," Everett responded. "Don't you think the death scene, now—"

"You can't get me to say I like that best set," said Scott with a self-satisfied laugh. "Stryker is in good in the last act."

"But he behaves badly," Everett returned, "and—"

"I don't mean the man," the actor broke in, as the other hesitated. "The man's all right enough, I suppose. It's the part that's all wrong. In the last act Stryker is only a hocker; *Anna* has all the fun, and every *Anna* can get that scene away from him."

"It had occurred to me that Stryker was a very *Anna* part," Everett declared, amazed at this belated remark. "It isn't so, but," the actor admitted, "has it might be better without being any too good. Why, I've only one little scene in the fourth act, and I might just as well be on in the fifth, for all the good it does me." "Then *Anna* is a star play really, and there isn't much in it for anybody else."

Everett noticed that Scott was paying attention to what was being done on the stage even while he was conversing. After they had exchanged a few more sentences the actor broke off suddenly.

the distinguished foreigners who have been its diplomatic guests have made a more lasting place in its pleasant recollections.

How the post was raised to ambassadorial rank the way of its contents has been much easier. Formerly in his frequent visits to Downing Street, Mr. Hay would later had always to wait in an antechamber with some ambassador, because of the prominence given to his rank, finished the business with the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Now the doors of the Foreign Office open promptly to the knock of the American, correct before adding his forces to the traffic of his office.

There may be some cause for complaint from some southern and more southern Americans in the style and title he has assumed. It may fairly be called another one of Greely's donations. For the ends of the latest oratory announce simply "The American Ambassador," and one is even led to find with "the American Ambassador and Mr. ——" (Clemens, Markson, or Berman) might reasonably claim to be American also, but foreign custom has grown to us show this title. The foreign tongue, since a American one mentioned, we are the people meet. And for that reason "Ambassador of the United States of America" has, in London at least, been described as an unnecessary or needless (the Englishman, with whom I discussed this peculiarly to accommodate the other day, laughingly said, "Oh, well, now that you have begun to look towards the degradation is only a little premature.")

Even though it has come to be gradually known in London that presentation at the English court does not carry any of his kind of an entrance to English society, and that this latter is only open to very few and particularly to some few of the most distinguished of the world, it is not necessary to mention that the opportunity. These ladies may be presented at each of the Drawing Rooms held during the season, and four gentlemen at each of the five balls. As the ambassador's social personality is responsible for each person presented, the most one must well understand the English society, and they must wear with exceptional adornments. The limitation as to number fills the list for your season, and carries every American to accept presentation at the hands of English people who have the right.

The ambassador's social duties are many and varied. He has always the right to request an audience with the Queen, to whom he is directly accredited. But it is not, he never does, on all business is transacted through the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The last visit, however, Queen was almost shown herself particularly gracious to American diplomats.

It is only necessary to invite to the "dinner and sleep" parties at Windsor ambassadors and what one knows as "the faculty minister"—that is, ministers from the ranks of royal residents. But long before an representative was addressed in rank an exception in this title was made in favor of the American minister. The sign of favor has been even further celebrated lately. During the vacancy in the ordinary after Mr. Hay's resignation the charge is offered, Mr. Henry White, was asked to dine and sleep at Windsor. This almost unprecedented step showed to what extent Mr. White, as long a pillar of strength in the embassy, has won his way among the younger to whom he is accredited.

The ambassador and his family are much sought after for guests, both during the London society season and in that larger and more attractive portion of the year which the English world spends in the country. Then, too, the public dinner takes up a large portion of his time. No such occasion in England is complete without speeches, and during the recent years of good feeling the American ambassador has been a favored and popular guest. That he must be seconded in the art of making nothing on such occasions and saying it pleasantly, some of our recent representatives have discovered to their cost. For the press and the people at home are far more sensitive and critical of the language of a representative abroad than the people to whom the words are addressed. No occasion can be held as public building speech. In England, without the reluctance of some great persons. This is the actual rule of courtesy, the honor for which it earns the label of Parliamentary anticlimax. But when there is not enough sympathy in our country, and if the societies or his family cannot participate, what better second choice could there be than the individual representative of some foreign sovereignty? So it comes to pass that often while

a state is awarded or a public building inaugurated the American ambassador is what we would call the center of the day. Then, too, there are several occasions when the American colony in London is expected to report for the celebration of holidays peculiar to our country in the Pavilion of the Exhibition. The Queen's birthday, in the evening there is a dinner given by the American society in London. This same society celebrates with honors the 23d of February (Washington's birthday), at which the ambassador is always a prominent guest. In short, after the royal family and the leaders of the government, the American ambassador is one of the most prominent figures of London life.

From the beginning the Mr. Hay's administration has enjoyed a representation at the English court which enjoyed a higher mark of success, both at home and abroad, than ever before achieved. Fully enjoying the advantages of a new era of international good feeling, Mr. Hay amply fulfilled all the requirements of the office, and the many times giving personal satisfaction to it. Although he only held the post for two years, his some seems well fitted to the long list of his nation's great names. To fill the vacancy made by Mr. Hay's passage the President sent as his personal representative to the Queen Mr. Joseph H. Chase, of New York, perhaps the best known of the great law men of America. Mr. Chase's distinguished name is, as well known, and was so generally recognized on the occasion of his recent appointment, that it need not be again recalled. When one says that a man has reached the very first step of pure among practitioners at the American bar one with a life's record where one does not need much explanation. His high reputation for the law has been held the highest honor. Mr. Chase has not been much of an active politician. The attention is not just to our diplomatic, and one should be certain to give credit to him for his personal success. It is not to be applied to the London season, as a general rule, and it is not to be applied to the London season, as a general rule, and it is not to be applied to the London season, as a general rule.

CHARLES H. HENRY.

THE AUGUSTIN DALY COLLECTION

The general public Mr. Daly was known in his office as the proprietor of a playhouse which, in some measure, reproduced in this country the methods and standards of the Chicago Fair, since, as one who, like Henry Irving in London, not only understood the highest tradition of the English stage, but added to it something peculiarly modern—control as well as elaborate method and setting. These other managers to re-construct who stage "produce" the "more complete" presentations of the objects contained, has reached the unique status on two continents to govern Fortune and what successive articles belonging to the period reported in the play. According to the popular language, he was foremost on the side of life's activity, and expected to see in the collective story to be on view at the American Art Gallery an exciting quarter of interesting material, not in his stage or his show.

On the other hand, this side of his life, which he presented to the world consisted only a part—perhaps the smaller one—of his extraordinary activity. In his leisure moments he assumed a library, which in some particulars is the most important that has ever been organized in the home of any time in any country. A well known bibliophile named me that he had been several times asked to write an article upon it, and that one thing only made him hesitate to do so. He would have to use so many adjectives, and these almost too rapidly performers. In fact, when this side is a thing of the past it will be remembered for the books rather than for the other objects.

Yet the letter folders some signs of stealing interest. There is a certain's a nice book, for example, which he used also as a drawing table in "making up" at the theatre. It is of wood, painted black and decorated. Not to be done in an oval, enclosed in the letter, the character of *Hamlet*, pulled by Wilson, with the sides and pane representing scenes from plays in which

he acted, executed by the artist Zeffrey. The desk itself is a treasure, and other treasures are crowded within its compartments and drawers. Work, for that reason, may be mentioned here, although they are the product part of the library. In one cupboard is Sheridan's original manuscript of "The Rivals for Reasend," written by the

from which it was removed, an early print copy, and Garrick's Covent Garden account books. Elsewhere are the original manuscript of *The Life and Times of George III.* of new prints and autograph letters, and remaining also the actor's first bill, in thirteen different sizes. In other drawers are such volumes and manuscripts of Henry Quaker, of Scott, of Byron, Hazlitt, and Christy's famous *Journal of the Sea*.

For a little glance over one can see the scales, bound and knifed, by Ross in his production of the "Merchant of Venice." Here there are several portraits of rare value. Henry's portrait of King Charles II. was held the honor of Mr. Henry Dalrymple which drew the town and made one think well of a man, though the trust of London, the painting of this drawing from which the known prints have been made, a portrait of Sir Henry by French painter, it is a picture which is always remembered as the best that could be introduced into his portfolio by the painter at the Hermitage. There are also portraits of Macaulay, Keats, the other Walpole, autograph photographs and several volumes of subscribers in the world of art in long many books made.

Among the stage properties is a suit of furniture of the Empire period, composed of mahogany, and other very elaborated with brass ornamentation. The piece of it is a perfect work of art, intended to suggest a hint of Napoleon, but it has the inscription, modestly added, in letters of brass, some of which are missing. It has the same shape in construction as the "Lion" — the one and the other of his subjects. There are also portraits in the style of Louis by Sir Claude Lorraine, and three Venetian orders of full dimensions. There have been purchased for the scale to stand upon in the cabinet of the "Merchant of Venice," and the fact that Mr. Daly included it in his collection is a little more than a mere detail, as an illustration of his superbly expenditure of time, trouble, and so on to secure a pair



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A School of Diplomacy

SOME idea of the way in which the United States are regarded by the people of the East may be gathered from a study of their conduct toward the various representatives of the promotion of their Diplomats. It is quite evident that our friends of the Orient consider Washington as a sort of school of instruction for ministers and ambassadors, when they stay only a few minutes, however extraordinary, here, ever starting; for it has now happened for the third time that an Oriental representative at Washington has been accredited to the Russian court. The first two such individuals are YANO YE, lately of Washington, now Chinese representative at St. Petersburg; CHIN DOE-YE of Korea, who is shortly to leave Washington to look after the interests of his people in Russia; and MR. KOMURA of Japan, who has just received notice of his promotion to the Minister's post. All of these gentlemen have passed a lesson in the school of the American Capital before assuming the usually delicate burden which is upon them upon their shoulders—hardly the heaviest of which requires the most consummate diplomatic skill, an obedient and tried sagacity, and a feeling of manhood that ordinary thoroughness.

Whether or not this is a compliment to ourselves it is difficult to say. The conclusions reached upon depend largely upon the spectacles through which the mind contemplates the subject views the situation. The chronic dependent who never sees anything new through him goggles will probably tell us that we have no reason to be proud of it, whereas the man who takes a more active view of life will think otherwise. It is proper to say, however, that it undoubtedly requires more delicacy and tact for a representative of a foreign power to avoid the pitfalls of the American capital, when the moment a Secretary of State attempts to do anything involving the relations of the United States with other nations, he becomes the target of the opposition, and before sight is lost, in seven quarters, apparently without a word of reply, he is pulled into the net. The individual who can steer his way through this settling channel between the Scylla and Charybdis of American politics with out a bump need fear no other rock in the sea of international diplomacy, and it is quite evident that the nations of the East are alive to the fact. There is probably no more dangerous rock ahead of Asiatic statesmen than that which obstructs itself from the ocean of Russian intrigue, and it is little wonder that the power of the East first sent their representatives to Washington, there to learn the principles of navigation before thrusting to them the duties of pilot through the perilous waters of Moscow.

It was very pleasing the other day to hear the views of the President of the United States pronounced to the people that we have outstanding relations with new and cordial relations with all of the nations of the earth. There has been so much inside information to the contrary given out of late by persons "high in authority," that we had almost come to believe that there was a pre-arranged conspiracy between the Dowry House and the State, and that Secretary HAY was merely an agent of her Majesty's ministers in this country.

The President Speaks

It would not have surprised us at any moment to hear that, with the concurrence of the administration, Lord FAIRBANKS had indulged in a couple of days and found us to become more susceptible of the policy of the British Empire. It is a positive misapprehension to hear from the exalted lips of the President himself that our misgivings are ill founded, and that in all possible circumstances we are permitted to manage our own affairs without interference from the nefarious MASTERS, for a little while longer.

It was not quite so wise for the President, however, to aver that we sought not to retire into any sort of isolation, as if there was anything superior to the President at one hand destroys one of the most flourishing industries in this land, and unless he quickly renounces we may expect a similar course during the coming summer, as the same company at Boston, of the WINDSOR Wrapper-Works in the same neighborhood, as well as among the clerical staff of the W. J. BRYAN Grievance Bureau, with branches offices all over the United States. It is not consistent with his duties as a shepherd of his country for Mr. MCKINLEY thus ruthlessly to interfere with the innocent amusements of his children.

THAT we are enjoying amicable relations with France the President did not need to assure us. Just now every nation is enjoying amicable relations with France, and for that reason. France is engaged in an enterprise which commands itself to everybody, and particularly to France and ourselves. France is getting up a show, and we are all doing our best to attend to it, and in view of the fact that our nation in the exhibition shortly to be opened at Paris we are all going to demonstrate what we can do along scientific art, and industrial lines. There are but two nations in the world at this time who are not doing us a kinder and a closer to give their guests. One of these is France; the other is the United States. Nobody expects to hear nowadays of a world's fair in Great Britain, or a universal exposition in Germany, or even of a world's fair in Italy, Austria, or Spain. The republics do this thing because the individual counts for so much in a republic that he cannot be ignored when he has done something and wants to show it to the world. When the feeling of the American citizen here and the French Republic may be, and when the American citizen gets on the DREYFUS matter he is not altogether pleased in his observations—in his criticisms in the matter that gives him a chance to demonstrate equality with everybody else, and his superiority to most. He is not going out of his way to force his representation to quarrel with those of another people who may be useful to him, and there is nothing in right and proper as between the two governments.

THE linelessness of the President's utterances on the question of "imperialism" will be somewhat explained, if we consider the words of our readers who note the views as coming into contact with the article by Mr. CLARE HOWELL in another part of this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. Mr. HOWELL's case is an authoritative one, and what he says in its behalf may be regarded as our orthodox. On the other hand, the President's views are likely to have some influence with those who are absent from our country, and in consequence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation; and it is quite possible that, in spite of the rank of Mr. HOWELL's party to have the silver question relegated to the background and the various other vagaries of the Congress platform eventually passed out of all of the noise of popularities, the subtle gentleman on the other side will not permit the same to be so merely death.

With both parties so divided against "imperialism," it might be well to shut our eyes to the President by acquiescence, unless, despite Mr. MCKINLEY's warning, we are so fond of conflict that we insist upon fighting over a "phrase or catchword."

THEIR is one portion of Mr. WHITEHALL REID's able address before the Massachusetts Club at Boston, last week, which should command the attention of all who are trying to solve the vexatious problem of what we shall do with the Philippines. Mr. REID spoke of those who were "true Yankees in the best sense," and he asserted that these "true Yankees" in so quarrelling over how we got into our trouble with them, and how we got out to the greatest advantage of this country. And later he spoke of "the constructive

statement of the republic, from the days of the man who wrote the Declaration and of those who made the Constitution, down to the days of the man who conquered California, brought Alaska, and decided the right of self-government to JAYNES BAYNE."

Mr. REID's remarks were slightly few from power. They were well considered, plain, and tolerant to the degree of amiability, but they were more the less forceful, and if they fell upon the head of intellectual lead for which the consciousness of Massachusetts is famous, it is not surprising that they must bring forth good fruit. The real trial of Yankee "has always been easy to find in Massachusetts, and it will be surprising if, when all has been said and done in the Philippine matter, it is found that our constructive side is the more constructive rather than of the constructive side. The common-sense must take up of this in the line of its own. Up to this time her self-sustained population, and out of industrial specimens in itself, have developed only in the few instances of pulling down what others are trying to build up. They offer nothing in place of that which they would destroy. If they would be considered who the good a machine, and the power of the machine, they must do in the building up, and that without interference to show we get into our trouble," but "to lose we shall get out of it to the best advantage of the country."

WHILE the country at large has been agitating itself over the Facts: three fact—fact that the State of Maryland has been taking note of the needs of the diamond back terrapin. It has been quite evident for a long time that it is in need of an almost prohibitive tariff on the importation of product of our native-terrapin markets, the appetite of the foreign market.

A Gentlemanly

Several American citizens for its delight was not to be stopped without legislative action, that our country is in need of an appreciation among us that has actually threatened its existence. He has willingly been killed by his popularity, and to taking into his private extortion, and making an honest effort to protect his own interests, and to the benefit of the Marylanders are doing the proper thing. That he should be permitted to rest in quiet and allowed to devote himself wholly to his private affairs from the first of April until the first of November is his due, and it is not surprising that the Maryland Legislature for its action, which can result only in good for all concerned.

It appears from recent information received from Spain that the Duke of Veragua is very weak out of patience with the American people. They do not treat him with that distinguished financial consideration in which, as a descendant of Columbus, he is entitled to a great American respect. That we should not give value the sole living representative of our country to his dual dignities and having latter strives here to a great American respect of irreconcilable neglect. That it is our duty to keep him in funds sufficient to pay for his private bill fighting devices at least his grace is considered, and that after having looked in the sunlight of his noble title, his rank in this country in 1900, and been permitted to look upon his glorious person without extra charge at that time, we should therefore give not only himself, but his successors, in proof to him that we are a nation of great respect for a great American representative. If he loses his claim solely upon his ancestry, we may feel him that he is playing with a sword with a double edge. If COLERICK had not succeeded us, we should have been spared the end of trouble. Emancipating ourselves from our present state we should have escaped many of the vexatious problems which are now confronting our people. It is indeed an open question which of our successors as President we should be inclined to the other for his intention upon our affairs. But if his Grace of Veragua will put on a chain against us based upon his value to us as a side agent to our World's Fair of 1903, he may as well shut our eyes to the fact that the Duke had a hall in Chicago, and there placed himself on exhibition as our surety, there is no doubt that he would have gone back to Spain for never to return when he came. If in failing to do this we are allowing him to get into our affairs, and we are not and accurately financial loss, it may be well for us to take his name into favorable consideration.

A Disappointed Duke

It is a very interesting and somewhat curious fact that the Duke of Veragua is very weak out of patience with the American people. They do not treat him with that distinguished financial consideration in which, as a descendant of Columbus, he is entitled to a great American respect. That we should not give value the sole living representative of our country to his dual dignities and having latter strives here to a great American respect of irreconcilable neglect. That it is our duty to keep him in funds sufficient to pay for his private bill fighting devices at least his grace is considered, and that after having looked in the sunlight of his noble title, his rank in this country in 1900, and been permitted to look upon his glorious person without extra charge at that time, we should therefore give not only himself, but his successors, in proof to him that we are a nation of great respect for a great American representative. If he loses his claim solely upon his ancestry, we may feel him that he is playing with a sword with a double edge. If COLERICK had not succeeded us, we should have been spared the end of trouble. Emancipating ourselves from our present state we should have escaped many of the vexatious problems which are now confronting our people. It is indeed an open question which of our successors as President we should be inclined to the other for his intention upon our affairs. But if his Grace of Veragua will put on a chain against us based upon his value to us as a side agent to our World's Fair of 1903, he may as well shut our eyes to the fact that the Duke had a hall in Chicago, and there placed himself on exhibition as our surety, there is no doubt that he would have gone back to Spain for never to return when he came. If in failing to do this we are allowing him to get into our affairs, and we are not and accurately financial loss, it may be well for us to take his name into favorable consideration.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL PROJECTS

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THAT Hay-Panama treaty in the last word in a series of international negotiations and convulsions extending through fifty years. The effects of the various laws have experienced the only of a decade for a trans-isthmian ship canal, but they have been founded in every instance upon hopes of inevitable fruition. The United States and Great Britain have been especially interested in securing the shorter way from the east coast upon one from our own eastern seaboard and across Europe to the west coasts of South and North America, the isthmus of the Pacific and the east coast of Asia. These are the two countries to be chiefly benefited although France has been deeply concerned since her appearance as a colonial power in Asiatic waters, and also it is, beguiled by the magnificent enthusiasm of the Lesseps, who remained first to put his millions into the actual construction of the canal at Panama, with what result to those who engaged in the enterprise and with what terrible damage to the reputation of the statesman of the new republic, we all remember.

The history of the attempts to find or build a water way from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a story of hope and disappointment, of strange theories, or fancies that seem strange as to show the world's geography as it was at one time a story of baffled effort, of great loss but splendid dreams. Columbus came here on his way to the Indies, and thought that he had found a way to the Indies. He died believing that Cuba was part of the Eastern World, and that there was a strait somewhere, on the Atlantic or the Pacific, or between the two, which would have carried him across to his goal. He was at sea one evening when he was to find it on his last voyage. He had looked for it with confidence at Barua, and now he fled. It here, almost and leaves the sea.

WRECKED SHIPWRECK AT THE MOUTH OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER.

the San Juan River, Lake Nicaragua, and the valley of the Rio Grande to Belice on the west coast. The other is the Panama route from Colon to Panama.

The routes which have been abandoned are briefly the Tehuacan route, by which Captain Balboa obtained a passage from Mexico to the Gulf of his proposed shipping, the Honduras route, the Central canal from Central Laguna on the Atlantic to the Gulf of Dulce on the Pacific, the three Darien routes—the Darien, the Colombia, and the Tayan; finally the Atman route of the Transito to the Pacific.

The United States government and its citizens have been doing so far positive work at Nicaragua for the accomplishment of the object, in which the whole civilized world is more or less interested, our own interests of course being particularly large. It was while the Panama Railroad was being built that the government ordered surveys at Tehuacan; and the Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company was organized under a concession from Nicaragua, to construct a canal at that route, and "to find the completion of the work to establish a canal between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean." Colonel G. W. Childs made for this company a survey of the Nicaragua route from San Juan del Norte in Belice, which

for our space, and location, so far as it has been, our treaty-making power has recognized the existence of the canal by signing the Hay-Panama treaty.

The government, in its treaty, declared that neither should "enter into it or maintain it in any way except in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty." It agreed also to "to consent or acquiesce in any negotiations, communications, or the same or in the treaty thereof." All rights in regard to commerce or navigation obtained by one of the powers for its citizens were to be obtained also for the citizens of the other. The two governments were to make in protecting any persons who, under permission of the local authorities, should engage in the task of building the canal. They were to make every good effort to make the terminal ports of the canal free ports. They were to protect the canal when it was completed, and were to guarantee its neutrality. They were agreed to give the canal the same protection of the canal free ports. They were to protect the canal when it was completed, and were to guarantee its neutrality. They were agreed to give the canal the same protection of the canal free ports. They were to protect the canal when it was completed, and were to guarantee its neutrality. They were agreed to give the canal the same protection of the canal free ports.

The project which was on foot at the time of the negotiation of this treaty, as it have already said, did not materialize, and it was not until 1847 that the next step was taken. This time it was the government of the United States alone that acted. Great Britain and Belgium citizens have done nothing towards accomplishing the great project since the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was notified in 1852. A treaty was entered into between the United States and the people of Nicaragua. It was a "treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation," and by Article 14 it provided "to the United States and to their colonies and property, the right of transit between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the territory of the Republic of Nicaragua." The United States guaranteed that Nicaragua should be a neutral state, and that the commerce of all countries should enjoy equal privileges.

During President Grant's administration the government was actively engaged in carrying different plans across Central America and the Isthmus of Darien. The interest in the trans-isthmian canal project grew with the years. The old convention under which that which survey of 1848 was made had come to an end largely by reason of the fall of the Government of Walker and there was little or no further discussion of projects, attempts to secure modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and public interest under Nicaragua and Costa Rica passed the second convention of 1850.

In 1861 another treaty was negotiated by Secretary Fish and General Zuleta representing the republic of Nicaragua. The treaty, known as the Fish-Zuleta treaty, was announced in the State Department in 1862. In 1863 it was withdrawn by Mr. Washburn. It provided on the theory that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had been observed, and it provided for the construction of the canal by the government of the United States. The treaty provided that full should be equal as to the results of all countries, except that certain territory owned and controlled by citizens of either one of the parties in this convention, and engaged in the existing treaty, may be reserved.

It was after the withdrawal of the treaty of 1863 and under the convention of 1867, that the Mollerat Canal Company was incorporated in England for several years, for the purpose of building a canal.

is probably that now adopted, and which is described above.

It was in view of the formation of this company and of what seemed to be the inevitable prospect of securing the necessary capital for constructing the canal, that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was negotiated. As both American and English capital, it was hoped, was to be brought to the work, an American and English protectorate was established, at the time the theory that a particular enterprise was to be the only one of the negotiators of this treaty and that that enterprise failed, that those who say that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was never given, one of their arguments. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty Great Britain gave up all claim of dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America. At the time of the making of the treaty the British government had retained the country at the mouth of the San Juan River, and it had a wood-cutting settlement at the Belice. This settlement subsequently expanded into a colony, and the colonial government furnished another argument in favor of the contention that the British government had abandoned the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by its own act. However, the controversy on this point cannot be considered upon here. The dispute has done but many modifications

the most serious objection to the subject early in the nineteenth century, and declared the plan of cutting the isthmus possible. Naturally the Central American republics were the earliest governments to be interested in the scheme for its pecuniary and political advantages, but it was not until the people of the United States were aroused in the advantage of a short passage between the two oceans that the first practical steps were taken in the field of scientific examinations and surveys, and they were limited by the discovery of gold in California. The result of this project agitation was the construction of the Panama Railroad between 1850 and 1855, and a concession from the government of New Granada granted in 1848. The treaty, embodying the concession, which had been entered by the United States of Colombia, will be spoken of hereafter.

It is impossible within the limits of an article of this kind to state all the gains that would be derived by the commerce of the American and Europe by a full-fledged passage between the two oceans, but it is to be kept beyond the power of the writer, and probably of any one else to estimate with any accuracy the accuracy returns from tolls to the extent of the canal, and it is in this hope undertaking whether the canal should be constructed at Nicaragua or Panama. The advantages to our commerce, trade, and the shipping are the most important of the Pacific and Gulf States especially, so the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of South America, is obvious.

The route now chosen for the canal which has been already noted and all is described, is the Nicaragua route from Alvarado to San Juan del Norte on the east coast, by way of



MOUTH OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



MAJOR WOLMERANS, OF THE TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY,
IN COMMAND OF THE SIEGE-GUNS.



TWO BOER ARTILLERMEN, ON DUTY.
The Kuy River is to be seen on the horizon, and Ladysmith in the distance.

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH—SCENES ON LORD ROBERTS' LEFT; THE PRINCIPAL BOER POSITION.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. K. FRIEDL.



THE VOLUNTEER CAMP AFTER A HEAVY RAIN-FALL.



FUNERAL OF TWO TROOPERS OF THE BORDER MOUNTED RIFLES.

THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH—SCENES WITHIN THE BRITISH LINES.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY W. NICHOLS.

General Woodhead.



LORD ROBERTS AND STAFF LEAVING ROSEBANK CAMP.

Lord Roberts, Lord Roberts, Lord Roberts.



MPV OF THE BERKSHIRE REGIMENT ON THE HILL, OVERLOOKING COLDFEELING SNIPING AND USING THE MAXIM ON VENTURESOME HOURS



A RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE AT MODDER RIVER

* Infantry advancing under Cover of the Art Hills on the Plains before the Enemy's Position at Magersfontein, January 16, 1900.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN



THE ANIMAL PEN



SAILBOAT ON THE LAKE



TRAPPER'S HUT.



HARPER & BROTHERS' BOOTH

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW OF NEW YORK.

HU-AN

THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS
I The Approach

AFTER negotiations extending over about two years, the Chinese government signed, in 1905, at Washington, through its minister, a concession for a railway joining Hankow with metropolitan and distributing point for the central section of the empire—with Canton, which from since immemorial has been the great manufacturing center and trading port on the south, and described by Marco Polo, in his travels in the thirteenth century, as carrying on even then an extensive trade with India.

This railway concession is interesting not only on account of the longest railway yet projected in China, and with the mining and banking privileges, constituting the most substantial industrial concession yet undertaken in the East, but principally on marking the turning point in American development—namely being the first time in which American capital has considered an investment in a large enterprise wholly on foreign soil, except in the case of Canada and Mexico. April the 16th, 1907, is therefore an important date in the history of American commerce.

In accordance with the terms of this concession, the writer left New York early in October, 1906, accompanied

The province of Ho-nan, one of the sixteen provinces that constitute the empire, has an area of about 75,000 square miles, or half as much again as the State of New York. Its population is estimated by the Chinese at 72,000,000. It is well watered, for the Yang River, a fine stream, although too shallow for sailing but light draught junks during the winter months, flows northward through it into the Yangtze. The upper part of the province is open and greatly unsheltered, growing the finest quality of tea. As, however, the southern portion is approached, the hills change into mountains, the scenery becomes grander, the population less dense, and the agricultural resources much diminished. But these lower regions are much more valuable from a railroad point of view, on the lower half of the province, for a length of 300 miles along our route and for a width of at least thirty miles, is covered with richly cultivated and very fertile soil, with coal which, curiously enough, in both instances and anthracite. It took but a few days to see future trains bearing their dark lanterns on wheels for fuel power for the locomotives and rails that will be laid in central China to connect her own lands with the work

was right, he used his influence to thwart our going, even to the extent of sending word forbidding foreigners to enter his province.

Since our course lay from Hankow along the Yang to and its tributary the Hsue, for a distance of twenty-five hundred miles, and crossing the Nan-tung Mountains,



A VIEW OF THE YANG-TZE RIVER.

by a staff of engineers, to make the survey. On arriving in Shanghai it was found that the political disturbance following the *sun yat sen* executed by the Emperor Dowager and the banishment of certain members of the Reform or Emperor's party, had rendered the whole Chinese official class very cautious about taking a decided stand upon any important question, especially upon one looking to the invasion of the country by foreigners, even if they came with peaceful intentions. The situation was still more complicated by local considerations. The route contemplated by the concession lay through part of the province of Hsueh, thence for 400 miles through the whole length of the province of the sun and across the province of Kwangtung. With the sun or last little or no difficulty was to be anticipated in its Hsueh foreigners were well known and could travel at will, and the same was true, although possibly to a less degree, in Kwangtung. It was, however, no pretense to Lord Charles Bampfey says of it in his recent work: "At present the province of Ho-nan, though very rich and the people very well-to-do, is the most unfortunally in China. Foreigners who penetrate into the sun, even by help of the sun's name with a military escort, do so at the risk of their lives." It is the only portion of the empire where foreigners are not known and where they can not go about without the aid of missionaries. Although a number of foreigners have been in the extreme north-western portion of the province, where the political scene is friendly, only a few—possibly not exceeding half a dozen—have been the length of the province, and then always accompanied by a strong escort and with their journey restricted to fixed tracks. Our travels on the other hand, contemplated necessarily the going on land wherever through sections where no trains could ever previously have. Strongly enough, however, this idea is directed not only against foreigners, but against all Chinese with similar eyes. The Chinese character of exclusiveness the Ho-nanese must therefore the essence of the Chinese character in that regard. They are, however, hard-working and possess a certain amount of resources in the empire in the way of mineral resources and fertility of soil. In fact, it is doubtful if any other province, except possibly Szechwan, possesses more iron in the variety, extent, and value of its mineral wealth, while the sun has the great advantage over Szechwan in having a double outlet north and south for its products and being 800 miles closer to the sea-coast market.



her raw produce of cotton and wool and hemp into articles of commerce, or other commodities bound carrying a life here to Canton and Hong Kong to make them for the benefit of all nations, bringing goods from other lands to China, and taking back her tea and her silk. As a field for railway development, it has from the first moment presented, not on account of the vastness of the project, but always up to the present time been regarded as an attainable.

Some three years ago the Emperor appointed as Governor of Ho-nan, Chia Pao-Cheng, a man of modern thought, who at once set about to begin doing the best he could for the benefit of his subjects from the best of the empire and the world at large. He introduced electric lighting into Cheng-tu, the capital, established schools where scientific subjects were taught, urged on the industry and cleanliness of the rural population, and in many ways opened the door for the entrance of Western civilization. The Emperor Dowager, immediately on accession to power, removed Chia, and appointed in his stead an governor a "conservative," an official of high character and attainments from a Chinese point of view, but who did not believe in departing from customs approved by four thousand years of precedent. He closed the schools and set about to send the work begun by his predecessor. In a recent memorial to the throne he apologized for his tardiness in equally opposing the late administration because of its end in trying to bring the people back to the primitive state of the empire. In accordance with his views of what



CITY GATE, HANKOW.

which form the divide of the watershed of the Yang River from that of the Chien Ho, it was desired to establish headquarters ahead, and a road the difference and degree of elevations above sea-level when the latter was ultimately necessary. One morning, shortly after reaching Hankow, and while the preparations for our start were being made, I set out to compare the level of the banks of a tributary one for our purpose, and found one. A jack in a photograph but not a spirit level, but in that form which forms a solid surface along the banks of the Hsue for at least two miles, there was a stern that caught my eye. The ordinary jack was something that strain my eyes that a novel structure of the sixteenth century were constructed, but this spirit one had something which caught it out from all its fellows. Possibly it was its height, for perched on it one could imagine himself a gay freshwater glancing the Spanish Main, with the sight of a mortgage would really bring his back to the realization that he was working for an American engineer making a survey for him, or perhaps it was an unaltered and undisturbable given in the upward curve of the heavy timber on the side! Whatever it was, there was an instant resolve made that the jack of which they were formed a part must be had. On finding the Luckin (which is Chinese for spirit) showed his regard out of the door and rolled on all on board. With triplicate but his demands would be unreasonably exorbitant, we gradually, and with much circumspection, according to the Chinese etiquette, communicated our wishes to enter the boat for a journey of two hundred fifty or possibly



THE SURVEY PARTY IN THE FIELD.



THE HARBOR OF MONTREAL.

from the United States increased more than \$7,000,000, making the total purchases from the United States during the year last up nearly close to \$43,000,000. On the other hand, the United States has given a very good customer of Canada, ranking in fact, next to Great Britain in that respect. In the past three decades Great Britain has purchased about a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of Canadian products, and the United States has consumed upwards of a billion dollars' worth.

Many circumstances have, however, retarded Canadian progress, and the nature of these is well illustrated by the obstacles to the development of the steel industry, which is now at promising a field. The process which it was necessary to meet on the British market made it almost impossible to export steel with profit, but now that a handsome bonus has been placed upon every ton more figured in the province, it is reasonably certain to give a profitable industry, by bringing about almost all the improvements of conditions the civilized world will play a very important part.

The St. Lawrence canal system, the opening of which is expected to do so much for Canada, enables vessels not only to descend to meet the great fall of 207 feet from Lake Ontario to the level of the river at Montreal, but to avoid a long series of dangerous rapids. Two months have not considerably more than \$20,000,000. The seven canals forming the link of the chain from the lakes to the seaward have a total length of over three seventy miles, and over half a hundred locks. The improvements which have been in progress for several years past have affected all of these waterways, and now any vessel not exceeding 270 feet in length and 14 feet in draft can make the trip from the Head of the Lake to Quebec, at the head of Lake St. Lawrence, a distance of almost ninety-four hundred miles.

While on the subject of canals, passing mention should be made of another, which is to help materially in the growth of the manufacturing interests of the Dominion. This is a power canal rather than a commercial enterprise, and is proposed to turn South the Maré, situated on the floor which connects Lakes Huron and Superior, into a lake of industry which will rival that which has been built up at Niagara Falls. At the terminus of the canal a railway from South the Maré to Hudson Bay, and this power transportation line will be deposited of iron, nickel, and copper of the accessible world.

It is in the manufacture of iron and steel, however, that the future seems to hold out the most alluring promise for Canada. The iron ore supplies of Great Britain, Germany, and most iron manufacturing countries of Europe are rapidly becoming exhausted, and Great Britain has, for years been drawing supplies from Spain, whose constantly increasing taxes, retarded the mining of the ore. The increasing production of iron and steel in America shows that the United States is quite ready to step into the breach, but to do both this country cannot remain without Canada, with her iron ore and coal almost at the doors of her harbors.

The great bulk of the iron ore which will be used to fuel the great blast-furnaces now under construction at Soudry, Cape Horn, Nova Scotia, will come from Newfoundland, and thus it will have to be carried four hundred miles, or less than a third the distance of the journey from the mines at Lake Superior to the furnaces at Pittsburgh.

There have are possibilities in Canadian ship-building. For some years past the merchant shipping of the Dominion has been declining at a rate which caused the Dominion to appear all but ridiculous. In a single year recently

there was a decrease of almost six hundred vessels of a total of little more than six thousand and after came to such a point in the autumn of 1899 that Canada which has coasting laws similar to those of the United States, was compelled to suspend them temporarily, and allow American vessels to engage in the grain trade between Canadian ports.

From all indications, however, the present year will see the ending of the tide. If steel can be manufactured cheaply at Soudry, of course steel ships can be built there, an excellent harbor being available, and, indeed, this is one of the plans of the American syndicate which is carrying the great steel plant.

That other American syndicate which is to develop the fullest resources of the great steel at the expense, steel steel ships to carry the product of the steel fields in the most convenient manner to be treated at Montreal and upon a number of these boats the only shipyard of any size in the Dominion is now busily at work. Finally, Captain Alexander McKeen, last energetic governor has introduced the "whaleback" to Great Lake commerce, by building a ship of at Collingwood on Lake Huron, with an idea of constructing vessels designed for service from Lake Ontario to the southeast through the St. Lawrence. WALTER FAULKNER



MACHINERY FOR THE UNLOADING OF ORE.



THE ESQUIMAULT DRY DOCK AT FORT ARTHUR.



PHASES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE—I. AFTER
DRAWN BY H. S. GARDNER



ER DINNER AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

L. I. KELLER



HER HUSBAND LOOKED UP AT THE COACHMAN, AND SAID, "HONEY!"

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.* *By Brander Matthews*

CHAPTER VII

WHEN *Free Free* having died pathetically at the end of the play, had looked again and again in response to its audience applause that lasted the curtain up three times, and when *Carl's*, having received congratulations and compliments and expressions of gratitude from the entire committee of the Board of Lady Managers of the Working Girl's Aid and Benevolent League, was at last able to retire in her dressing room, *Evert* was compelled to get her away. He remained for a moment to pick up her dresses and her baggage. He would not even give her a time to change the ribbon drawing gown in which *Free Free* had departed this life. He hurried her to the stage-door, where their baggage was waiting.

In spite of her protest, she did not really object to this high backed, porcupine-tail boat as *Evert* declared, having discovered already that while she always pretended to resist, she really relished his exhibitions of strenuous tug strength.

"I don't see why you should hurry me so, *Evert*," she retorted, as she stepped into the carriage. "The theatre isn't on fire, is it?"

Her husband looked up at the coachman, and said, "Honey!"

Then he sprang into the seat beside her and snatched the door.

"It's all over!" he said, with a sigh of relief, as the horses started forward.

"Yes, it's all over!" she repeated, sorrowfully. "And I was almost to have got through it. But it was spoiled while it lasted, wasn't it?"

Evert had so completely lost sympathy with the performance that he was gossamerly surprised at the note of satisfaction in her voice.

"Did you really like it?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Like it?" she cried, indignantly. "I loved it! I felt as if I could go on acting that last scene of '*Free Free*' forever and forever. I didn't want it over so fast. I'd have been glad to play the fifth act over again, and then the fourth, and then the third! I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Even when you were frightened?" he suggested.

* Reprinted from *Harvard*, Vol. 10, No. 100.

"Not of all when I was frightened," she replied. "In some, you see, I wasn't really scared. Why should I have been scared, really? I wasn't afraid of falling, and I didn't do it so very badly, now, did I?"

"Really?" he inquired. "Of course not. You were too good altogether!"

"No," laughed happily. "You say that as if you didn't want me to act well!"

"I don't," he responded, frankly. "I don't want you to act so ill! You did it all. You enjoyed that it was done with such ease by all!"

"She said nothing for a moment, and then she smiled down to him.

"You needn't be so cross about it," she declared, "just so long as you don't love me any more."

"I don't think I ever loved you so much as I do at this minute," he returned.

"You don't get me as you used to," she answered.

"Evert" drew her to him, and she laid her head in the hollow of his shoulder.

"That's better," she said. "I don't want you ever to give up the habit of petting me."

Evert looked down on her head, and his heart was so filled with happiness as he answered, "Is it likely?"

"Oh, I don't know what's likely with you now," she returned, gayly. "You are all squares!" That his heart beat quicker a moment, is he? But he did play the part well, I must say.

Evert realized that the man had not acted badly. "But why talk about the thing any more?"

"Oh, but I must," she cried. "I did have a good time! Enjoyment—and success! That's what makes life so worth living, isn't it? Do you know how I felt during that third act—that the one where I quarrel with Archibald? I don't see how it was exactly, but I felt as if I did once look on the farm in Kentucky. I was only fifteen then, and I was up half dawn so my shoulders, and one day I was disappointed, and I got one of the horses without my saddle. I used to ride them outside like a man, they were so anxious to see me, except the stable-boys, and of course they didn't count. Generally I could manage our horse on the farm, but this one got away from me, and then we were flying down the pike, and I couldn't hold him, and my hair got all loose, and I didn't know whether he was running away and whether hold over stop. That

was splendid, too! Enthusiasm and success—just like a night for I remember him about a week, and I told him later on the walk."

"I suppose we all enjoy success," *Evert* remarked, "but I don't believe there can be much in good for any of us."

"I don't know if it's good for me," laughed *Carl*, "but I'm going to take it while it comes my way."

Evert thought that he could well object to her using the ground-work of the storm of excitement through which she had passed during that evening. His destruction of the performance was suffering severely, but he was almost ashamed of it when he observed how much *Carl* had enjoyed her triumph.

The carriage drove on in silence for a minute or two. The *Carl* took her husband's hand between both of her own, and she thrilled at the warm touch.

"Evert," she began, softly, "you mustn't suppose because I like the fun of all this acting that I don't think of you just as much as ever—because I do. I shouldn't have liked it at all if you hadn't been there to share it with me. I don't ever want to have any pleasure just on your side."

He lightened the pressure of his arm about her waist, but he said nothing in response.

The spring set the pulse of his hand on one of her, and he answered it down and played with it. Her own was more relaxed, it was firm and vigorous, perhaps it was even broader than was quite in proportion, but *Evert* would not have liked it any smaller.

"You did enjoy it, to night, didn't you?" she asked at last.

"I was pleased to see that you enjoyed it," was his evasive answer.

"Then you didn't really like it?" she persisted.

"I didn't like to see you and on the stage those with all those people staring at you," he explained, after a little hesitation.

"They were all admiring me, I'm sure," she repeated.

"I don't see what you have to complain of there. Every body was just so nice to me as they could be."

"They're all looking at you!" he repeated.

"Why not?" she retorted. "I've often heard you say you liked to be looked at. Well, why should they like to look at me?"

"You belong to me!" he asserted. "They have" out-



THE LAST FORT.—DRAWN BY WALTER RUSSELL.

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The SIN of WITCHCRAFT

CAPE TOWN

By RUDYARD KIPLING



(By Order of "Harper's Weekly.")

Cape Town, March 25, 1901.

TEN years ago a man lay sick of a fever under Table Mountain, persuaded that of all vile lands South Africa was the worst, but wiser than he said between the quinine doses. "You'll come back again when it's all over, you'll long to come back again." They were entirely right. The man hankered to see more of the fascinating country, and, in the course of years, back he came, to fall in love with health, dysa, plantains, the sudden flush of bloom in the karoo after rain, thunder-storms among the iron stone hills, and the big dry distances of the North. That was when men went up to Kimberley in ease of state; when Mafeking was remembered for the villainy of its refreshments; when because there was a little fever along the line, and the Air because it was a junction of the night. The war came—those who had given the invalid quinine—reappeared, most of them, a little older and heavier and leaner—all telling one tale, all awaiting the fulfilment of their prophecies of eight years before.

"Now there's a trouble," they said: "the trouble that we forecast in 1891, when we were laughed at. That trouble is growing, and will presently come to a head." And then they told tales in the clubs, and on the railway platforms, looking over their shoulders, for the land was full of spies and all mistrust. "And," said one of them, "when that trouble begins, remember that from Cape Town to the border we shall be in an enemy's



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Englishmen. The contempt, at all events, is less open. I speak only of Cape Town as she faces the crowded bay, where by all the steamer that ever a man has used in his business—P & O's, Casselers, White Stars, Orient, British India, Wilson, and long forgotten names—manoeuvring as troop and supply ships. These bring men, not enough of them yet, but a fair allowance of mud-colored men, whose the town notices out of the corner of her eyes ere they disappear into camps and trains. These bring guns—clay colored guns—not enough by any means, but indubitable guns; those weapons which so many have accused their doubting friends England did not possess. Traction engines patrol Adderley Street, hauling a score of loaded trucks at a time. Hops and cattle loads load the air. By the South Arm, and at the railway station, or rather in that railway town that runs from here to Salt River Junction are stacked girders and ribs to mend broken bridges.

The first fine capture of the war did not long ago. It takes something very special in the way of troops to stir Cape Town nowadays (the post office and the government buildings are still so singularly economical of housing as over they were), but those of her sons who are not at the front make their little profit out of the passing traffic. Thinly and distantly Cape Town realizes that that thing called the British government is now in earnest. She knows not too much in earnest. She

remembers. Remember too that as it was in 1861, the government will take care it does not pay any one to be loyal."

They were bitter and angry men two years ago. They are scarcely less bitter now. Though the war has been going on four months. They still look over their shoulders when they say certain things in the club; they still sink their voices when they record certain facts, and are careful of their surroundings when they would speak freely, but it is to be remarked that the Cape Town clubs are not quite so full of members who personally shot Colley at Majuba, and two years ago there were several. It may well say, not to be too optimistic, it seems as though there is growing, if not toleration, at least a certain respect for



THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.



A WINTER STAGE-ROUTE IN THE MINING REGIONS OF EASTERN OREGON.

Mining Expeditions, Prospectors, Pioneers, Settlers, etc., on their way from the West and the East.



THE CATHEDRAL AT MANILA. USED BY THE AMERICANS AS A MILITARY PRISON.
DESIGNED BY G. W. FRIEDL

HARPER'S WEEKLY



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



A WORD TO THE WISE

"HAVEN'T YOU GENTLEMEN GOT TO A POINT WHERE YOU'D BETTER QUIT?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 24, 1900

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The Old, Old Story

THE popular and highly interesting habit of discussing the perfectly obvious in still longer periods is fast becoming a fashion by certain good people who dwell among us. With all the glory of huge headlines, noise in red and some in sonnet-like, the listing of a city's treasury and the news of a city's vice are being flaunted in the face of a watching world, and the watching world complacently simulates a horrified surprise at the retelling of the old, old story; at the "public rehearsal" of a drama of whose thrilling details it has long been perfectly aware. Whole signs of classic herald reading matter telling of gauding-down here, of trials of depravity there, of "wide openness" everywhere are daily thrust under our noses with our coffee and our rolls. They have become as truly a part of our breakfast table adornment as the coffee and itself, and we lift our eyebrows in lively horror and surprise at the sickening revelation of a vicissitude with all the details of which we have long been familiar. The Reverend Disciple This has been before us with great and chief gusto all the horrid things he has seen in the course of a week's exploration of the city's vice; the disappointed Mr. Hierarchy That of the Civic Club tells us of the actual and the virtual of the city's guardians of law and order; and the Honorable Mr. Somebody, himself a public official, utters, with the respect of his faultlessness clear and open before his very eyes, warmed words and oiled to place the fashion in power, more or less, he has kept up his hands in horror as with trembling voice he explains the wickedness of his associates. But these gentlemen do not tell us that if the conditions which exist are intolerable it is themselves who must create a large measure of responsibility for them, yet this is the fact. The outcome is periodic, and it is inspired no doubt by righteousness, but the agitators apparently content themselves with their righteousness; for when the time for action comes they either do not set at all, or they do so in an apathetic fashion that these efforts are worse than all, provoking the detestation of the wicked and the tears of the good citizens. Frothy questions of personal dignity, quarrels over methods, differences of the pettiest character, not only impede, but render futile, the efforts of any sincere movement for the betterment of affairs. There is no use thinking the fact that while a real number of public officials would unobtrusively lend by a prolonged and unforced course of study in some one of our many State universities, the references themselves are equally in need of a drastic course of training in a school of common sense; and until the independent opinion realizes that the strength of any movement lies wholly in a universal and unshakable conviction in the will of the majority, we may expect things to go on very much as they are going on. Unity of method is as essential to success as unity of purpose. Furthermore, no man may sit complacently at home and reform the outside world with his theories. The man who proposes to do real work must go out into the fields and put his own hand to the plough; and if in the furrows he sows in a sunny spot, he must go through it himself without shirking and without whining, if he is to complete his task. With reformers in the clouds they cannot hope to rescue those who wallow in the mud, and until our committees of sixty, seventy, or eighty come down in earth and accept the conditions which they themselves have willed, we will accomplish nothing either to ourselves or to others; the old story will be told more often, and the sickening revelation which is no surprise will continue to "astound and lovelly amaze."

It is hardly necessary for the WEEKLY to advert to the situation in municipal affairs as it is repeated eight times a week. The fight there is the real recent drama that has been forgotten, but it is proper to say that those who, in the face of a common enemy, turned their backs upon him to rend each other, cannot evade their responsibility for continuing the general. The crowd's enemy was an contemptuous of them thus at he is now; he said as promises them which he is now breaking; he gave notice to the clerics in plain words that he would make a man of his high and exalted and he gloried in his wickedness. Yet, in spite of this, those who should have opposed him with all the force and courage which the morality of their principles should have enabled them to exert, did not do so. They split their camp into two irremediably halves, and went down in defeat snoring at each other.

By all means let us have clean living and clean reform. Let us oppose the ministers of viciousness we know to prevail until those who practice it are driven to cover, but do not let us affect surprise and dismay at finding ourselves confronted with conditions which seem as certain to materialize as that we will make four to one.

We are talking some little more just at present, but we deserve them. The man who deliberately chooses to expose himself to contagion has no just cause to complain if he falls ill.

THERE appears to be good reason for believing that when Great Britain has finished with President KROGER, some attention will have to be paid to the case of the City of Boston. The largest city in this North American continent has had to bear many heavy burdens, but unless we do deserve them. The man who deliberately chooses to expose himself to contagion has no just cause to complain if he falls ill.

THE Case of Mr. Rogers is misleading, the heart of it of those a shortly to come in the face of the responsibility, not only for the conflict in the Transvaal, but for British aggressiveness at the outset. The current issue of the *North American Review* contains an illuminating and suggestive paper on Mr. Rogers's culpability, and it is an exposition, not of the particular views of a free, but of the opinions of those who are fighting in behalf of the interests which Mr. Rogers has, or is supposed to have, at heart. It would seem as though the Government of the Cape Colony should not wholly comply in leading the home government to believe that war was an impossibility; and it is wholly true that in making his foolhardy trip to Kimberley, and then demanding to be rescued from the perils which had deliberately incurred, he seriously embarrassed those in charge of the British campaign.

When peace is declared—and all men are desirably wishing that it soon will be—and President Kruger declines to accept an every-day basis in hoping that the valiant old Boers will find the severity of his treatment mitigated by a due consideration of his many virtues—there will undoubtedly be a bad quarter of an hour aired of the man who brought about most of the trouble.

It would have suited the ideas of justice if they had Great Britain first permitted the Boers to capture and deal with Mr. ROGERS, and after that dealt with his capture as seemed best. It seems hardly proper that the delights of St. Helena should be reserved wholly for Mr. RINGBORN'S enemies. His resemblance to the captive who first brought St. Helena into prominence is not the only feature of the situation which suggests the propriety of his accepting one of the niches in that remote Island Temple of Fame.

THOSE who take pleasure in pointing out our deficiencies, as compared to qualities we ourselves had, have often diluted upon the decay of public spirit. In a younger age they are extended, it is a sad fact that we have a great orator; and one of our contemporaries, published every evening in the city of New York, deplores "yellowness" and "fall of lictorism," has gone so far as to consider editorially the desirability of listening, in a considerable degree to place the responsibility for our lack of real orators upon the Man with the Ear. The main difficulty with this argument lies in the fact that, thanks to an short press, the man with something to say does not need to rely upon those within range of his voice, and if oratory has declined, orators cannot claim that their alleged shortcomings are due to the deafness of the non-vitality of the press.

As to Public Speaking, every evening in the city of New York, deplores "yellowness" and "fall of lictorism," has gone so far as to consider editorially the desirability of listening, in a considerable degree to place the responsibility for our lack of real orators upon the Man with the Ear. The main difficulty with this argument lies in the fact that, thanks to an short press, the man with something to say does not need to rely upon those within range of his voice, and if oratory has declined, orators cannot claim that their alleged shortcomings are due to the deafness of the non-vitality of the press. It may be that at the moment of his utterance of his views one of his best periods is spoiled by the popping of a cork, or by some other

fatal and irrelevant observation by no individual who has done it too well; but it is a mistake for any one to think that any speaker is so good that the real orator has no choice, and that, realizing this, he therefore does not take the trouble to acquire his self-feelingly.

THE truth is that there has never been a time in the history of our country when the man with an idea worth expressing has had a better opportunity to express it, or an audience more anxious to listen, than we have at the present time. We have had no choice, and that, realizing this, he therefore does not take the trouble to acquire his self-feelingly.

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We must not confound present day oratory with the real exaltation of Mr. BUCKEY COCKERAN and Mr. DEWAN. There are others who speak and who save nations, while these gentlemen merely irritate an audience. It is not the man who speaks that the true orator seeks. It is the lasting nature of what he gives voice to that he runs about. The oratory that reads well in the next morning's papers, and that can stand the thoughtful consideration of the great public, is more likely to be reduced to nothing than that which is greeted with cheers at the moment of delivery.

It sometimes happens, however, that an abstruse speech which is greeted with approving appropriation at the moment of delivery, though devoid of the quality of real eloquence, attains in almost incredible proportion afterwards. A few examples of this paradoxical quality was that in Mr. Carnegie and which Mr. CARNEGIE gave Mr. FRICK.

FRICK is understood that the riches of Goldens looked like the proverbial "big game." It is not the man who speaks that the true orator seeks. It is the lasting nature of what he gives voice to that he runs about. The oratory that reads well in the next morning's papers, and that can stand the thoughtful consideration of the great public, is more likely to be reduced to nothing than that which is greeted with cheers at the moment of delivery.

And to think that it was all a joke. Poor Mr. FRICK! No wonder he developed an inability to speak in public, a personal one, and to Mr. CARNEGIE and his fellows. No man here to be led to believe that he is a multi-millionaire, and there has his holdings come down to a paltry \$5,000,000. We cannot blame him for becoming bad, but we can blame him for being so. FRICK is a man who has a personal one, and to Mr. CARNEGIE and his fellows. No man here to be led to believe that he is a multi-millionaire, and there has his holdings come down to a paltry \$5,000,000.

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BRITISH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO PRETORIA.



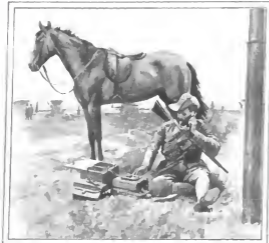
THE BRITISH ARTILLERY AT ARUNDEL.



TELEGRAPH SECTION ATTACHED TO GENERAL BRUNN'S CAVALRY COLUMN.



A BRITISH CAVALRY PICKET.



BRITISH SIGNAL-MAN TAPPING A WIRE.



BRITISH PRISONERS.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY WATCHING THE BURSTING OF LYDDITE SHELLS.

The Hills in the Distance are the Magersfontein Kopjes, two and a half Miles away, around the Base of which the Boer Trenches were excavated at the Magersfontein Fight.

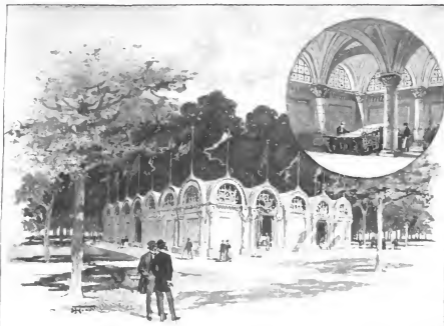


BRITISH SCOUTS SURPRISED.

These Men approached too close to a Boer Outpost, near Jansfontein, and several were wounded.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST OF THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHERS' BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

Le Théâtre de la Comédie Française

THE clearing house of all that was and is highest in French civilization, the Théâtre de la Comédie Française, constantly known as the Comédie Française, is an actor, the latest locus of its activity, and of everything that tends to exalt the mind and culture has been destroyed by fire. The most famous playhouse in the world—the theatre has indeed which retained the name of France—is a mass of ruins—to be rebuilt at once, after the plans of the architect Louis, who designed the structure just destroyed.

For centuries—not even the Dirty Lane of London—can by claim to such remarkable ascendency as the Comédie Française. Within its walls were produced plays written by unequalled geniuses, those the pen produced of Voltaire, Racine, Corneille, de Molière, Delpierre, Bayle, Hugo, George Sand, Voltaire, Rousseau, Le Sage, Diderot, Berlioz, and Mozart, and a host of other authors, as the light of public life. There too the genius of Barlet and Talma and Mile Mars and Ugoletta and many more, as the world.

And there also the genius of the world were wont to meet, to discuss their plays, their novels, their poems, their politics, their pleasures—then happiness and sorrow. Could the blackest cloud walk of the theatre tell its story, what secrets it might tell!

It was during the reign of Napoleon III that the Comédie Française reached the zenith of its brilliancy. The Palace of Wales paid compliments to Napoleon to the lobby; the French Emperor surrounded by his Ugoletta, arrayed as a rake, art levelled mask, and broken rebel emperor. Baron Rothschild, the head of the French branch of the Rothschild dynasty, made many of his gipsy's share

in the quiet work of the library. There he wrote a letter to Heron, the called poet, and in a creation of the poet's, truly never was the actor was writing upon the millionaires. There he received the poet's reply that not all the millions of earth could give the final given gift of freedom of thought, and of the ability to transfer those thoughts into verbal music—namely lyrics.

Within the library were kept the archives—records of every day's happenings, from the time of Molière to the present day. Every page means the story of the weather, the receipt, the presence of actors, pageants, the use of the ordinary incidents of the period, were all recorded faithfully. During Molière's lifetime La Grange kept the records, and after the latter's death the administration did so. These records were written on folio sheets of antique paper, and were bound usually in red leather covers. Besides the records there were the manuscripts of all the plays performed since 1700, autographs of all the famous personages who had visited the library; first all these of plays in all languages, prompt books with annotations by great authors and actors, and many other works of value. All these were in charge of an architect, the present one being François Coppée.

Historically, the Comédie Française dates back, however, in the thirteenth century, when Étienne d'Auxois built the Hôtel d'Artois, who was renamed the Hôtel de Bourgogne. In 1548 the building was bought by the Académie de Poésie, and after some years let to "Les Pléiades," a society of amateur players. Then a professional company took possession of the house, and in 1680 produced Corneille's first play, "Médée."

His matter went to build Molière's seat appeared. With his company he worked his tricks at the Petit Bourbon, producing his exquisite satire, "Ficelles de l'Éducation." The Hôtel de Bourgogne responded with Racine's "Andromède," and gained its former prestige. Competition between the two houses became so bitter that all Paris took sides, and street riots ensued. Matters went on in this manner until, in 1690, Louis XIV ordered an amalgamation, and Molière became the founder and first director of the Théâtre de la Comédie Française, with an annual subsidy of 10,000 francs.

In 1692 the Comédie Française produced "Le Festin de Peuple," and in 1693 the Académie de Molière was a hit at her, the theatre was closed by order of the King. Twenty-six years later the Regent d'Orléans reopened the house, the players calling themselves "Comédiens ordinaires du Roi." In 1779 the performances were transferred to the Tuileries, and in 1780 to the place now occupied by the Odéon.

In 1787 the Duc d'Orléans built the theatre just destroyed, after changes of look, in the Place du Théâtre Français on the north-western side of the Palais Royal. It was distinguished to the Tuileries during the Revolution, and was occupied by Cardinal Richelieu for the performance of his tragedy "Médée"—an experiment that cost him 500,000 francs.

Napoleon gave the Théâtre de la Comédie Française its present constitution and a subsidy of 800,000 francs yearly. The constitution provided that the theatre be controlled by an official appointed by the government, Charles being the present holder, and a committee of six who receive the income and accept or reject plays. Emile Augier



LE THÉÂTRE DE LA COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, DESTROYED BY FIRE MARCH 8, 1906



GENERAL FRED GRANT ON HIS NEW AMERICAN HORSE.



BISHOP POTTER AND CHAPLAIN PIERCE.



NATIVE CARTS AND HORSES CROSSING THE LAGANAUKE RIVER IN BANCAS.



MEN OF THE 45TH INFANTRY MOVING OVER THE TRAIL TO QUISANA.



THE ROAD AT SAN FERNANDO WITH TROOPS IN CAMP.



STEPS CUT IN THE SOLID ROCK LEADING TO THE STREAM BEHIND SAN MARINAS.



CAVALRY AND PACK-TRAINS IN CAMP AT SAN MARINAS.

SCENES OF RECENT EVENTS IN THE PHILIPPINES.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DOWDING, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HU-AN

THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

II The Entrance

ON the morning of December 31, 1906, the American engineers, who start work described in the first paper, crossed a long bridge, composed of an iron and thirty feet long, with an intricate support at the farther end, into the sun, which we had already termed the "sunny country." From that point on we became an increasing source of wonderment and amazement to the natives. Christmas night found us at a little town called Ping-shih (literally "Still Water") and all preparations were made for a proper dinner after the day's work. We were located in a low range opening directly on the village street, and with little provision for heating out the street, so that the room in which we were dining was filled with natives, standing four or five deep around our table, and then strutting to the door and out to the street in a social crowd. It was a singular thought to realize that our jolly that night was something more than the customary Christmas celebration. It was the first message to these people of peace and good will on earth, and the promise of the breaking of the bonds which have held them down for so many centuries, and our song of love—from every mountain-side, let freedom ring—had then a special significance. But people still more striking was the fact that this message of freedom was being carried by representatives of the youngest nation upon earth to the oldest. Our actions,

and of the highest order, as guard, soldiers armed with open blades, two-hand swords, stiletts, or, at times, even machine guns. The uniform of the Chinese soldier is a nondescript but a most satisfactory collection of garments. The coat, in its long, reaches a cloak with wide loose sleeves. It is of a plain color, with a well-merited head of another hue. On the breast and back are patches, usually on white cloth sewed to the coat, the symbols of the rank, the designation of the organization to which he belongs, and his position in the ranks. The buttons are of dark blue cotton, and usually they close around the neck. The spine is very straight about the head, and the whole enclosed in a dark blue cotton uniform. Through the coat, in a row with slight fitting sleeves projecting about six inches beyond the ends of the fingers. The waist can be the position hang down, when they project the hands from the shoulder, or can cover them in a small by neatly clasping the latter. How he wishes to see his hands he shifts the sleeves up. If the weather be cold he wears a heavy undergarment of flannel. He carries no knapsack, but instead a cotton bag around his waist, which he wears diagonally across his back, suspended by a cord over one shoulder and the chest, and it is he carries all the articles needed for a march, his tobacco pipe, fan and paper books. According to the instructions of the living, we were accompanied by the local magistrate having complete jurisdiction over the

town. The people hate their lot, in account of their old man extended power, their ties, while the magistrate, on the other hand, seems to fear the people, and hesitate to exercise much authority over them as a man, preferring apparently to reserve their power for extortion in well-ventured cases. The very evident method of the poor and oppressed classes was striking and interesting. Some of these officials are too big in the social circles which we call government, and which make more than



THE FIRST OF HU-AN.



A FARM GATE.

our songs, our very food, but there all our faith and hopes were a source of insupportable weakness to the people; but when our pitying, unfeeling gift of an English baby in Hankow—apparently decorated with hairy curls and wearing in true style, a look of terror appeared on their faces, and the climax was reached when a flash-light picture of the same was taken, so the sensation powder fired up the crowd broke and ran. Truly the marvels of Ping-shih mostly maintain today that "Foreign devils" are long men with heads who feed an uncooked meat, which they eat in pieces with their swords and spears, and which serves them as such a delight that they sleep food and other, and in the middle of their excitement eat flames. I have not the slightest doubt that this is perfectly genuine in the case every day. After such extraordinary exhibitions it is little wonder that so uneducated a man as the Chinese farmer is pronounced an instance of all foreigners. Freely let me St. Nicholas and might create a too strongy false impression. I sent for the local officials and explained to them that we were here celebrating the greatest day in our calendar—a day that is in an of the most important that New Year is to them. With that outward-politely that is so charming, and at times an unexpecting bow to a shock or astonish, they expressed their regrets at their ignorance, and said that had they but known it, they would have been glad to have shown some special honor, both to the day and us.

From now on we were conscious of the precautions taken by the Vicerey for our protection. Our guard was largely increased, so that our procession, including ourselves with their attendants, soldiers, coolies carry their baggage and supplies, composed frequently of five hundred to one hundred men, and as they marched in straggling order and in single file, the distance from the head to the rear of the column would frequently be three miles. The Chinese does love a show, and this procession offered opportunities that could not be satisfactorily. Although the details were largely a matter of the degree of imagination possessed by the local, institution charge, we were usually preceded by men of ragged hair, carrying a placard—no like such which were in a single—announcing our coming and conveying the name of the commander.

and of the highest order, as guard, soldiers armed with open blades, two-hand swords, stiletts, or, at times, even machine guns. The uniform of the Chinese soldier is a nondescript but a most satisfactory collection of garments. The coat, in its long, reaches a cloak with wide loose sleeves. It is of a plain color, with a well-merited head of another hue. On the breast and back are patches, usually on white cloth sewed to the coat, the symbols of the rank, the designation of the organization to which he belongs, and his position in the ranks. The buttons are of dark blue cotton, and usually they close around the neck. The spine is very straight about the head, and the whole enclosed in a dark blue cotton uniform. Through the coat, in a row with slight fitting sleeves projecting about six inches beyond the ends of the fingers. The waist can be the position hang down, when they project the hands from the shoulder, or can cover them in a small by neatly clasping the latter. How he wishes to see his hands he shifts the sleeves up. If the weather be cold he wears a heavy undergarment of flannel. He carries no knapsack, but instead a cotton bag around his waist, which he wears diagonally across his back, suspended by a cord over one shoulder and the chest, and it is he carries all the articles needed for a march, his tobacco pipe, fan and paper books. According to the instructions of the living, we were accompanied by the local magistrate having complete jurisdiction over the

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CHINESE OFFICER AND SOLDIERS



THE GOVERNOR'S YARDS, CHANG-SHA.

knowledge of Chinese was not sufficient to make merely, but something which it is hard to get the pen of the recording agent will follow the example of mine. Thanks to his eyes and the united efforts of two coolies and a lantern, he was at last placed on his native soil. The Chinese residence did not furnish the bedstead effect of an inventory book. The next evening he retired to a room at the dinner hour, and expressed his sleep mostly calm at the previous evening's conversation, stipulating at great length that he accept an adjoining room, but held the light in the wrong place. We begged him not to mention it, that we anticipated the phenomenon perfectly, that our servants were known to look double lights, but held the light in the wrong place. We begged him not to mention it, that we anticipated the phenomenon perfectly, that our servants were known to look double lights, but held the light in the wrong place. We begged him not to mention it, that we anticipated the phenomenon perfectly, that our servants were known to look double lights, but held the light in the wrong place.

China's Great and Small, and various, in an extremely simple form. As variety and change seem to possess no charm, his clothes in the country are invariable the same—indistinct of color—while his food consists of the most common and most unpalatable of vegetables, and sometimes mixed with fish, but rarely meat. If he is a cook—that is of the lower class—will he be so diet the year through, if he is a cook he will be so diet the year through, if he is a cook he will be so diet the year through.

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THE PLACARD-BEARERS



THE LIAO PROCEEDINGS.

being looked at night, giving a most moderate air, but that it was not so hot as others, in the same line, it probably an exaggeration, five hundred thousand would seem likely to be more the mark. The streets are narrow, but not so narrow as to be a disadvantage, which the shops open directly, and in front of which are frequently mounted small booths. Having business hours the whole day long, consisting of wooden shutters, is taken down, exposing the interior, so that a street resembles a board, to suffer an accident, as it is frequently made over with benches now. Hanging down in front of the shops are long, swinging signs, sometimes indicating the kind of goods for sale, but more frequently being Chinese characters. I saw one that was translated, "Pious according to natural agreement"—a good price for that tradesman. The accounts of the head students, which were to be broken if possible, and on account of the general attitude of the Government, it was deemed essential that not only should our expedition enter the city, but that we should be invited publicly, and with full honors, according to the Chinese in fact by the Governor himself. I therefore with the "big ship" and the other party, proceeded ahead of the victory party and arrived at Chang-sha on January 20th eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The evening was expected, a triumphal arch had been erected on the square—on the way, as we afterwards learned, we were not expected to pass through, but which we did, all the same—on our foot was piled up to the hilt, being placed through a low opening up among the side benches, which a crowd came down on the main street, on seeing the boat anchored in his official robes, raised and revealed a greeting. I then without delay, sent my Chinese visiting card to the Governor, who had accompanied by my whole staff, in half upon him and pay my respects. What followed was a most interesting and a most delicate diplomacy, the conclusion was of which were one of the difficulties that best our movements. The Governor proposed that he was glad to have us in the city, but that he would not trouble us to call, inasmuch as, although by the chief officers of the province, he would call on the next morning, but we had many complimentary phrases, I tamely pointed out that we only Chinese etiquette, but even foreign etiquette, demanded that a Governor should have the Governor call on him, and as my staff would state that evening and he was apparently free at eleven o'clock the next morning, I proposed that a should still visit him, but at that hour. Would then come from the Governor that he regretted that he could not receive me at eleven, because at that hour he would be engaged in inspecting his troops at their military practice, therefore he wished in a pleasant and appropriate manner, several from Chang-sha. I did ensure there was nothing done for us to do last night, and on account of his convenience for any hour of the day at a stage which he would be free from the obligations of watching the streets. Then the evening was offered that he had made no preparation to receive the dignified foreigners. This requirement, of course, was refused, but a Governor should have the Governor call on him, and as my staff would state that evening and he was apparently free at eleven o'clock the next morning, I proposed that a should still visit him, but at that hour. Would then come from the Governor that he regretted that he could not receive me at eleven, because at that hour he would be engaged in inspecting his troops at their military practice, therefore he wished in a pleasant and appropriate manner, several from Chang-sha. I did ensure there was nothing done for us to do last night, and on account of his convenience for any hour of the day at a stage which he would be free from the obligations of watching the streets.

China's Great and Small, and various, in an extremely simple form. As variety and change seem to possess no charm, his clothes in the country are invariable the same—indistinct of color—while his food consists of the most common and most unpalatable of vegetables, and sometimes mixed with fish, but rarely meat. If he is a cook—that is of the lower class—will he be so diet the year through, if he is a cook he will be so diet the year through, if he is a cook he will be so diet the year through.

my staff was composed of distinguished men, and that my a valiant campaign in the way of selective was out of the question, but on it was not very much. For more than twelve hours had been contained in the magnificent forenoon—I would not trouble him to reply immediately, but hoped that when morning came he would see his way clear to receive us all. At 10:30 the next morning he sent a few official chairs from his own household, one for each of the foreigners and the two Chinese secretaries of H. E. Peking, and a large pair of soldiers accompanied with several members of General Liu Kuo-Chiao, the military commandant of the capital. With his



STREET IN CHANG-SHA.

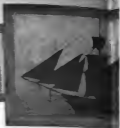
trampers and flag-bearers preceding; with the gold and purple General himself at the head of the troop, with our chairs in line from the leading one of which the rebel engaged a novel and small American flag—we entered the city, the first foreign party to do so publicly and with honor, and with pride to feel that the first foreign flag was within Chang-sha's walls, which is that of the great republic. Then fell his own strongest traditions. Although the streets were jammed with people and the houses along the route filled or overflowing, there was not found a single oppositional spirit or even impetuous resistance. At a general thing, the people seemed glad to see us, and at a word, merely exhibited a total indifference or, more so, an enthusiastic courtesy. The reception by the Governor was all that could be desired. Our chairs were carried into the inner court, where we were met by a personal representative of the Governor, in whom the Chinese made us greet. Then, placed in order of rank, by carried in his light hand salute his hand, and as conduct of his little first reception-room, in honor the were presented to the provincial officers, such as the Treasurer, both Cui ambassador, and others, and then by them led to a second reception room, where we were presented to his Excellency Yü Liu Shen. The Governor was dressed in his official robes, which at that time of the year consisted of a blue robe and his feet were clad in a pair of black leather shoes. He was surrounded by high rank, he received us in a most graceful and polite manner. He is a man of medium size, but of a very fine appearance, with a most graceful and polite manner. He is a man of medium size, but of a very fine appearance, with a most graceful and polite manner. He is a man of medium size, but of a very fine appearance, with a most graceful and polite manner.



"VIRGIN" -1857

"GUERRIERE" -1815

"SARATOGA" -1814



"HARTFORD"



"WASHINGTON" -1843



"OLYMPIA"



"1879"



"1878"



THE FIGHTING FLAG-SHIPS

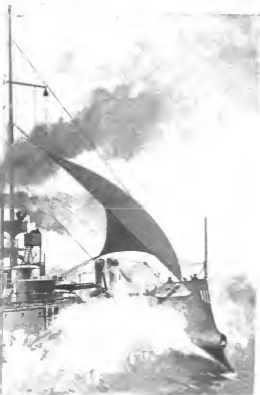


"CINCINNATI" 1864

"WABASH" 1861

"ALBANY" 1861

"FORD" 1864



"VENICE" 1862



"CONSTITUTION" 1819

"LA" 1898



"YORK" 1898



"WILLOW" 1893

"POWHATAN" 1803

F THE UNITED STATES NAVY



C. E. Littlefield

WHEN the Roberts polygamy case was before the House of Representatives a few weeks ago, party lines were pretty sharply drawn on the constitutional question whether the House had power to exclude a member-elect who appeared at the bar with his hands cuffed...

I thought you asked with your party when this fight began? explained an astonished Ryan. "I did," answered Mr. Littlefield. "I surprised at the news that the House had a right to exclude Roberts, but when I came to attend the case, I found that I was wrong."

Mr. Littlefield is not just a Democratic member of the House. He is a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Maine. He is a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Maine. He is a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Maine.

tion of the absolute power of Congress to regulate interstate and foreign commerce. It first fell into Mr. Littlefield's hands after it had been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States on appeal. His argument was based on no precedent, but on the theory that the statute merely provided a means of determining from time to time the value of the national flag...

For Mr. Littlefield has been a delegate to national conventions. His course in 1906 in refusing to consent to the use of Mr. Wood's name for Vice President, drew more than the voters of the nation placed in the hands of the voters of the nation placed where he must choose between an embarrassing declaration and a humiliating acceptance. When, after Representative Dugley's death, Mr. Littlefield offered himself as a substitute for Congress, the machine refused to grant him legality as his friend by presenting his nomination. The spirit of the preliminary campaign is that he was not only nominated, but nominated "manly"...

The Second District of Maine has no great interest. It is divided into two in Washington. It is divided into two in Washington. It is divided into two in Washington. It is divided into two in Washington.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Gloucester, Mass. Boston, London, Paris, Sydney, Sydney.

WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps advertisement featuring a man shaving and a list of soap varieties like 'Whispering Will', 'The Shaver's Friend', etc.

Mr. Littlefield is not just a Democratic member of the House. He is a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Maine. He is a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Maine. He is a member of the House of Representatives from the State of Maine.

Advertisement for 'The Improved BOSTON GARTER' by Anson's, featuring a garter illustration and text about its quality and fit.

'Pears' soap advertisement with the headline 'To keep the skin clean is to wash the eruptions from it...' and an illustration of a woman.

Advertisement for Arnold Constable & Co. Spring Suits and Wraps, featuring a tuxedo illustration and text about Paris and London styles.

Advertisement for Harper's Periodicals and Sohmer Pianos, listing magazine prices and piano features.

of these things it is not necessary for the official sense to wield the heavy artillery of the Deologue. It is sufficient to see and understand that they are deluding. We ought to exercise with regard to them the full judgment that we carry into every well-ordered set of duties and positions, where we instinctively shiver and shrink from the momentary, the fleeting, the passing, and the shallow. If 50 say one another such things abroad there. For in all good society the most remarkable thing is the company he has kept, and the kind of experience upon which he has founded his share of life and nobility, raised his manner, which man with strict accuracy he called unusual, and yet such a good way given by the appetite at your board in a most exquisite manner. It is remarkable that he may feel his food with the ravering ferocity of the carnivorous rapacity of everything that he can acquire. It only needs on his part the sudden efficiency to call attention with pride to his casual possessions and dressed admiringly for them as part of life, to bring his performance up to that of the necessary action. If we suppose that the guest adds to a purely gustatory intake a historical study, he will be very apt to (they) in the situation he has assumed. He instinctively perfectly well that to observe all the properties of the dinner table will be very apt to have him installed in the home-land of good behavior, and he prefers to lead the mirror up to his nose. The peculiar only breaks down when we ask ourselves, with assurance, what is the chief benefit for with respect to the play we are concerned, what are we doing there?

Something like this will always mingle with our present as does drama if we understand how. In the arena of things, virtue can be as concrete and solid as the stone as we view. It was such matter in virtue effective drama in the nineteenth century, when such, as Taine says, took off the daughter of the Middle Ages, that it is now, when in filling himself into the play of the dramatic life and the exigencies of things. It requires something more than a momentary-sensory enter of ability to put upon the stage the energetic lesson of a Gladiators, or a Hamlet, than it required to carry VIII, or a Regent through.

When the student is very apt to see. If he is anything more than a comedy, he is to think that the theatrical drama, literature with some vulgar-outcome of detail to be the great romantic ideal and the truth, there are epigrammatic stanzas of dramatic to write the magazine student.

And when the student sees this he will be interested to observe that every such attempt to put victory back in the social arena takes the form of other oral than the drama. "Under the Red Robe," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and some of Arthur Hailey's drama except the Wagner drama and travel back wards. The unending solution is that the student who might be able to give virtue effective masculinity you must put a sword in his hand. To have a man in the face he must kill somebody, or give some amount of the strain of leonine all table in, and here discovering it is to think what we are believed that the drama keep step with the spiritual advancement of mankind? We are convinced to acknowledge cannot do the moralist, the poet, and the vital drama of metropolitan life are not in themselves revolutionary, that the genius is not present in make them so. The metropolitan energies that are transforming and would not allowing the solutions of the day of human evolution have its large requisite the theater. At Mr. Platten's in the City, there is holding the very best of the latest events that "except the stars" into the soft square and the foundation of the next event. Take for example the history of Lator, about which he plays in every one's eyes may and which every day he does more and more the expression and the forms of our party and our literature. The writer of this article has a letter from Mr. Charles Lewis in which he says: "I have had to treat that theme in 'The Jewry' of the Play. But that which individual itself in literature demand itself in drama, because drama has exhibited the walking man to divide an individual of a model for a hero and a working man." Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has a momentary drama when he wrote "Judith" to serve upon an abstract truth and make it concrete. His drama was that a life that he based upon a life and he would not have publicly purg himself of his life, in order to get on at all, according with the rest of things. The expression that this is it not with a new year with the disconcerting. The *Divorced* and *It* through like a goddess? No such thing as to divide the individual in his "Lute." In any other spontaneous person if anything ever less that we arrive his level in the drama. It is the dignity and responsibility, and the loyalty of a husband, and the moral maximum to reveal my labor, never with his rights. How he may there. Not at all! It would not be genuine, and so he becomes professional and popular.

For necessarily about such things are not reflected by the absolute of a thinking drama, and such a mind must feel a sense of relief when the play is over, and he emerges from the vapor haze to feel the full truth of the Nature of Things revealing his under the stars.



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Baron von Phelander

THE new minister plenipotentiary from the Netherlands, Baron von Gevers, reached his country two weeks ago, and has taken up his official residence in Washington. For the past eighteen years the Dutch legation at our capital has been in charge of Monsieur de Wroblewski, who was banished last fall to Constantinople. He was then recruited for the post by the American post master-general afterwards, and, owing to his being in his family was able to come to the United States with his wife.

There is but little about the new minister to suggest the legation. He speaks English with a fluency, and has the honor of a gentlemanly and on his side of the water. He is not surprising in his manner to an American. He father, the Baron von Gevers was the Dutch minister in Washington in 1846 and during his stay there was married to Miss Katherine Wright, daughter of the late Mrs. Wright, who was the first woman to be executed in this country.

The present minister was born in Petersburg in 1842. In 1886 he entered the foreign office at The Hague and was appointed to the position of attaché of the Dutch legation at Vienna. In 1890 he succeeded his first post-office, and was transferred as secretary of legation to St. Petersburg, where he remained until 1893. At that time he was sent to London as consular of legation. The Dutch minister who was holding the post from 1893 to 1896 was Baron von Gevers, who was connected with the legation the greater part of the duties of the minister fell upon him, and in this way he gained a much wider diplomatic experience than otherwise. In 1894 he was named to rank as minister attaché and sent to Bern, Switzerland. A year later he was transferred to the same capacity to Romania and Berlin, and with which legation he continued until his removal to minister plenipotentiary and an appointment to the Washington post.

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Hudson Ice-Cutters

THE array of ice-cutters on the Hudson River has been one of the most picturesque features of winter landscape life, and just now says there is no doubt that they are engaged in harvesting the crop. Off late years the average capacity of the Hudson River ice-cutter has increased to the point of being a half dozen of an ice-cutter, even if an open water-cutter has been used. The crop gathered last winter is still in storage, and it is the object of the dealers in ice to make it available for the winter. Two years ago the harvest was only a million tons of ice, but this winter and stored in the enormous storage houses along the river. The capacity of them is so crowded just now, because of the surplus amount carried over from last year that every available halibut now has to be taken from the storage to supply the market.

Nearly half a million dollars in paid assets, winter to the harbors of the Hudson River in the winter months are engaged upon this business for their winter employment. The interests of members for harvesting the ice makes the work less costly and difficult every year. All present good ice on the river can be harvested at the rate of fifteen cents per ton, and when the ice is good and makes considerable savings the cost nearly exceeds twenty cents per ton. The industry is now engaged for cutting the ice, and one man can operate the cutting machine on the river for the rest of the winter with the old hand men. The snowing, plowing, hauling, and packing are also done by new machinery, so that it is possible to harvest a full crop can be harvested. The same work good twelve-inch ice can be gathered in an hour or more, and the cost of harvesting of accumulating has become imperative. Were the season really open, and the ice in the Hudson thick enough to open the river to carrying with long ice cutters, who divide the harvest of the pelagic season with the old men and the new men of the ice-cutting

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FINANCE
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THE bill authorizing the gold standard for the country and providing for its maintenance, and authorizing a withdrawal of the bulk of the national debt at two per cent, was an expansion of the bill of currency issued in 1890, and was the signature of the President on the 16th of March. The measure was long and so carefully anticipated that it produced no indubitable effect, though the fact itself of the bank note "left" caused some confusion. The direct effect of converting the bond currency and increasing the loan from the full value of the bonds deposited will be an addition of less than \$25,000,000 to the bank circulation. How much will be added by the establishment of new banks with \$25,000 capital in small towns and by an increased deposit of bonds by old banks is a matter of conjecture, but there is no fear on the part of banking men generally that there will be any radical inflation. Any course of currency will be easily managed by adjusting the whole system now made securely upon an honorable basis of gold.

In New York, for some weeks there has been a steady tendency toward stringency in the money market. The loans of the banks increased by over \$200,000,000 in the month ending in the middle of March, while the deposits increased only \$100,000,000 in the same time. At the same time the reserves in lawful currency were reduced, until they were brought down to the legal limit of \$10 per cent of the deposits. In fact, without banks they were below that level. This result was produced by the fact that the clearing house banks by the United States Bank Treasury, which constitute the reserve banks in the city, and by day, locked up some one hundred million of the funds of the community. As the money there was in constant demand from the banks from the outside, and as increased volume of money being required in other parts of the country, the natural consequence was an advance in the rate for loans. Money on call began to range from 4 to 6 per cent, and for 30 days and sixty days notes was 5 to 6 per cent. Little money was loaned on general loan basis was authorized, and called was expected from the same currency law. The Treasury was disappointed in its policy for the pressure on the refunded loans, valued at their present value to yield 30 per cent, and the cost of the loan of \$200,000,000 and the convertible value of the 4 per cent of the loan, will be \$111,000,000. The 5 per cent of \$200,000,000; the 6 per cent of \$200,000,000. If all should be refunded, over \$200,000,000 would be distributed to the Treasury in the operation from the existing surplus. Much of it, however, is already on deposits in the banks. Other called to the Treasury market will come from the increased issue of bank notes.

A notable incident has been the placing of a part of the British war loan of £20,000,000 in New York. It is the first time any part of a European loan has been offered in this country, and so doubt the purpose of this loan has partly to draw gold from our abundant stores to the Bank of England, which in the end is an account of the drift of the movement for British Africa war expenses. The loan was subscribed ten times over in London, but the portion allotted to New York was not so large. The Bank of Cal. was finally taken up, but because English securities at 20 per cent, were demanded for the purchase, but because it is believed that they will advance in value, and one bid in London at a profit in the very long run.

There has been little activity in the stock market, owing in part to the unsettled money situation, and in part to the absence for two months of the speculative spirit on the exchange. The professional speculators have kept up their efforts, but have had little encouragement from the public. The commission houses have had few orders, and the speculators were content mainly to those of a general nature, which lack the stability of acceptance or ascertainable value. The "biggest Trust" continues to figure prominently on account of the uncertainty of its future affairs, and the Third Avenue Railroad is still a disturbing element, though its shares have advanced somewhat recently. The noteworthy report of the receiver showed that its investment liabilities are now only \$2,000,000, and its contingent liabilities, including claims for injury, only \$1,000,000, and that it still requires only \$10,000,000 to complete its equipment. The condition of the company has had an unfavorable effect on the market, and upon other traction interests.

Reports of the general state of business in the country are not entirely favorable. It is especially true of the railroads and the iron and steel interests, which is a matter of fact in view of the general industrial and commercial condition. There has been a slight drawback to labor trouble in the including the recent strike in the building trades in Chicago, but these seem to be subsiding.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



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(WITH A COLORED SUPPLEMENT)

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A Social Experiment

IT has been a time-honored custom of gentility to let the domestic affairs of others severely alone, unless there has happened to be some really good reason for interfering. Men have concerned themselves with grave political questions. Matters of religion and morals have been the business of much outspoken discussion, and it is the right of all to criticize freely the work along scientific, literary, and art lines of the few, but in the solution of domestic problems men have been permitted to work out their own salvation undisturbed. It is due to this fact possibly that the severest question has become one of the apparently impenetrable mysteries of life; and if this be true, we should perhaps consequently take some of the distinguished Chicago lady has undertaken an experiment in the management of her menage, whose workings will be watched with keen interest and some anxiety.

The idea of dividing the day's work of the household into two halves of eight hours each, with a double force of employees to assume the burdens thereof, is a highly original notion, and if the course of true domesticity were not so entirely like that of true love, we might expect an excellent result. But the domestic course does not run smoothly, and it is the reciprocal facts which give rise to the differences which were among the servants themselves. The happiest household is that which has but one servant. When there are two, there are quarrels; when there are three, there are combinations of two against one; when there are four, there are twice as many quarrels as when there are only two; and almost invariably a dead lock in the matter of room business, which is apt to result in a serious squabbling of one's plans. Five servants often result in a feud, and with six in the house overt hostilities may be expected at any moment. It is therefore reasonable that the greater the number of servants in a household, the smaller the chance for harmonious action, and we are sorry to have to say that in our humble judgment the plan of the Chicago lady, if it comes into general use, will result in riotous outbreaks all over the country; that past all counting will be abolished, the dignified and useful old man will be raised into action, and domestic rage will confront many a household.

Quite apart from this, we think there are other facts upon which the experiment is likely to split. For instance, the force working from 6 A. M. until 2 P. M. may do featureless work; that which goes on at two and comes at ten may be made up of gam of the poorest sort; and what then? Most family quarrels are due to some such cause until the milkman's strident song breaks in upon the stillness of the morning hour! We do not know how they do things in Chicago, but in New York and Boston and other cities of the East very few of us indeed go to bed at ten and sleep until six. A third and still more pressing difficulty is the absolute inability of most employers to-day to secure one servant who will consent to work for eight hours a day, much less two relays of four, five, or six each.

As a matter of fact, the crying demand of the hour is not for the doubling up of our domestic forces, but rather for their cutting down. There is not enough work in our households to-day to require the slightest attention to more than one-fourth of the number of servants employed, and it is the public's complacency in the face of the idle score of them who are paid to serve, which the over-supply not only encourages but endures, that is responsible for many of our troubles.

WHEN two very angry people are engaged in quarrelling with each other things are apt to be said which in the cool light of reason neither could believe and both ultimately regret. We think this is the point which has been reached by our friends John Bull and Ours PATR. They have been passing away at each other for some time now, and the whole world is becoming weary of the spectacle. There is nothing noble or elevating about it, and it is in danger of descending to the level of vulgar brutality. If the light were on between two well-meaning but mutually suspicious people, they would naturally relax into outstretched hands and peace would reign.

Why should nations be less sensible than individuals? Why should John Bull and Ours PATR keep their hands away at each other and fill the air with mutual recriminations, when Uncle Sam, who admires the British and confesses to a deal of sympathy for the plucky South African Delegation, stands ready to settle their differences between him and each other which will ultimately satisfy both? Mr. KATZNER knows well enough that some of his demands are impossible, and Lord SALISBURY is perfectly aware that in certain respects his reply to the Transvaal Proposition is not altogether very clear and unambiguous. If each party to the dispute had started out with the deliberate intention of feeding fuel to the flames, their respective commissions would hardly have been played differently. In other words, the Transvaal and conflict is beginning to take on some of the qualities of a very vulgar brawl, and the sooner it is stopped, the better it will be for both parties. A British conquest now would be an empty victory. The proclamation of the war by the Transvaal, in the face of hopeless odds but less of an heroic than feckless aspect, and it is therefore clear that whichever of the ten parties is in the right as to the issue, both of them are now in the wrong as to the fact.

It is time for the mutual friend to take the matter in his hand.

WHEN, continued Bishop POTTER's change of heart in the matter of the Chicago lady's policy of this country to the Tooley Club of Boston, as we understand Mr. ATKINSON'S amusing aggregation of academicians are now designated by a select few. Some time ago, when he knew very little of the matter, he wrote an abstract say, Bishop POTTER gave signs of shading in the American views of the Tooley Club, that was in the East. Now, however, the Bishop has taken the trouble to go to Martin and to investigate matters for himself, returns and tells us that there must be an turning back; that we are speaking along right lines, and that the question of superiority has become one of purely academic importance.

We shall be vastly entertained to hear the resolutions which the Tooley Club will now pass, reading the Bishop out of the sacrament realism of the truly good. On the other hand, it is most encouraging for the rest of us to find among our most eminent public men one who is great enough to change his mind, make public confession of his error, and courageously come in the support of those who do things he once opposed. It is not an unexpected otherwise of a son of Bishop POTTER's stamp, but in days like these, when in many of our most useful men potentially have become so much as they are, it is refreshing to find one so stoutly as an example of courage as that afforded us by Bishop POTTER.

IT is with so little concern that we observe the present developments in British telegraphy.

Mr. MARSH is deserving of great credit for his meritorious achievements in establishing communication between distant points without the use of wretched strivings of wire, but that which in some cases it may do harm to consider as a whole, because so much as it is positively detrimental to the individual. If Mr. MARSH'S experiments were conducted solely for the purpose of the present, it is a good thing that he has done so, but the centre to outlying districts, likely to be affected by a knowledge of it, all would be well, but when he begins to destroy utterly the value of a sea-trip by placing the traveller in communication with the world he has for a short time left behind him, we

think it time to call a halt. The world today suffers but one certain relief for the man who suffers from physical or mental weariness, and that is the sea. It is the only place where the human weakness that makes a sea-trip beneficial, nor is it wholly the invigorating qualities of the pure salt air the wayfarer takes into his lungs during seven days of buffeting on the bounding billows that soothe to his welfare. The sea of isolation frees the cares and worries of the world of business and of politics, the enforced abstention from the activities of the rat of life, the complete surrendering of self to the beneficence of the elements, the force of nature, plus the knowledge that for a time he cannot be reached by cable or by mail, are the qualities which make a voyage across the ocean a positive blessing to the man of affairs. To those who are not of the class of the man who is weary, it will be an unhappy day for the man aboard ship when the stock ticker becomes a part of the furniture of the stoking room, and when a daily newspaper containing the latest despatches from all parts of the world is sent into his stoking room every morning by the attentive steward.

WHEN we are glad to learn that the recent exhibition of journalistic exhortation in Kansas has not proved an over-whelming success, and that the Rev. SHELTON has retired to the comparative obscurity of his pulpit. The whole experiment was in execrable taste, and we can congratulate the Rev. SHELTON on his wisdom, which they both now find themselves. There has been altogether too much of this sort of thing in the past few years, and the only satisfaction we can derive from the recent performance at Topeka is in the fact that it has been so thoroughly discredited everybody that we are likely to be spared a repetition of such exhibitions for some little time to come.

MEANS SHELTON and HOWE may now be said to have found their real value, and allowed to settle down into the quietude of life to watch their acts unfold them. Certainly it requires a wonderful stretch of the imagination to picture either of them as a person to be taken seriously in the future, although it is proper to hope that by a previous effort they have so thoroughly discredited everybody that we are likely to be spared a repetition of such exhibitions for some little time to come. MEANS SHELTON and HOWE may now be said to have found their real value, and allowed to settle down into the quietude of life to watch their acts unfold them. Certainly it requires a wonderful stretch of the imagination to picture either of them as a person to be taken seriously in the future, although it is proper to hope that by a previous effort they have so thoroughly discredited everybody that we are likely to be spared a repetition of such exhibitions for some little time to come. MEANS SHELTON and HOWE may now be said to have found their real value, and allowed to settle down into the quietude of life to watch their acts unfold them. Certainly it requires a wonderful stretch of the imagination to picture either of them as a person to be taken seriously in the future, although it is proper to hope that by a previous effort they have so thoroughly discredited everybody that we are likely to be spared a repetition of such exhibitions for some little time to come.

A DISTINGUISHED gentleman of local renown has taken the trouble to run up in the State

Senate to deny that, during a recent session of the honorable body of which he is a member, he indulged his liking for the game of poker. Some nefarious correspondent, it seems, had charged the

Public and Private Gaming gentleman with having devoted his attention to a series of jacks-pot in which he should have kept his mind upon the affairs of his fellow citizens. THE WEEKLY knows nothing of the merits of the case, and if the honorable gentleman denies the charge his denial may be accepted and the newspaper correspondent stand corrected. We trust this will prove to be the case, and that by some future achievement he will atone for his recent outrageous lapse from a reasonable standard of the fitness of things.

Police as a diversion for profit is not to be commended, but among statements it may have its use. If it touches those to guard the public interests as carefully as they would guard their own, much can be done. It is a pity that the Rev. SHELTON and the Senator who was the treasury of his constituents a rest and falls back for a little while upon his individual resources avow a consideration for the tax-payer which is, unfortunately, not entirely characteristic of his class.

One of the first essentials in pursuing a policy of moderation in the education of the English people as to the depth and strength of American sentiment on the subject of this war. It would seem that English newspapers have sagged "moderately" in their correspondence columns to furnish only such news as will harmonize with the views and wishes of the editor, varied by occasional allusion to distinguished English publicists in the opposing camp. It is necessary for the English public to know—and the

irresponsible sentiment of the editorial "society" man who lays down upon the English knobby, not the view of the Wall Street broker who values the financial interests, but the genuine American feeling as to the great fundamental Right, Freedom, and Independence which are involved in this struggle.

The British public is being woefully misled about the trend of public opinion in America on the South-African war. For instance, one reads with pain and dismay such commentaries as the following, telegraphed by "our own Washington correspondent" to the London Times, and published in that journal on the 17th of January, 1900:

"Opinions and feelings are divided here, on either side, but the best opinion and the best feeling are preponderant by Anglo-Americans. There is no summing the opinion in official circles. The expression of it is necessarily guarded, because it is official, but it is overwhelmingly for England. 'When I am asked,' said one of the highest in position, 'what my sympathies are, I say they are American.' He added, reflectively, 'We do not think American interests will be advanced by Boer domination in South Africa.'"

With regard to the conviction that the United States, though willing to see its friendly offices, cannot interpose unless requested to do so by both belligerents, it may be argued that if the two combatants jointly desire peace they can dispose with the services of a mediator and settle the matter among themselves. To remain passive until such a contingency arises, and then offer to mediate, would be a cheap and laudable act of benevolence.

The success of mediation in that a friendly neutral should act spontaneously and on its own initiative. The proceedings of Imperial rule in South Africa, going hand in hand with force, fraud, and folly, after a given commensurate upon the situation which its devotees advocate are constantly gesticulating about the Pax Britannica.

The Pax Britannica indeed! We in South Africa have seen but little of its beneficence. Hardly a decade passes but what bloodshed and plunder mark the track of this much vaunted civilization. When the Boers were forced by the structure of the nation to exhibit positive expatriation, after their wives and children had been cruelly massacred, they were vilified and slandered as being brutal and cruel oppressors of the natives. But when the Boer-les were being forced down by British guns

half a year ago on the pretext of protest, in order to enhance the share value of the Chartered Company's undertaking, it was characterized by a right honorable member of the British cabinet as the "inevitable, though regrettable, result of the contact between barbarism and civilization." As General Buller once remarked, "I



NOT WHAT LONDON STREET EXPECTED.

wonder if the English really believe that the natives enjoy the process of being killed a few deaths is inflicted by an Englishman and not by a Boer?"

What we want in South Africa is peace—permanent peace; not a patched-up sham that will pass muster for twenty years. Let there be true equal rights for the two races, with no battalions of flying squadrons to verify the illegal pretensions of one section only. To insure permanent peace a benevolent neutral is indispensable. The ideal mediator—which is only a synonym for the United States in regard to this war—is therefore urged to use its great and irresistible power to perform an act which will advance the cause of true and true civilization, and the de de minor things civilization, which is only anarchy measured with by poverty.

Mediation would, in the first place, give expression to and satisfy the generous sentiments and impulses of the true American people; it would, secondly, receive the endorsement and approval of the civilized world; thirdly, it would extricate Great Britain from a false and embarrassing situation, and, lastly, it would provide an effective, though untried, guarantee of their dearly bought liberty and independence to two brave English states in South Africa.



A STABLE ATTITUDE OF A PASSIVE NEUTRALITY.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF LONDON, MARCH 10, 1900.

1. Reviewing the Guards.
2. The Queen leaving Buckingham Palace.
3. The Crowd outside of Buckingham Palace.



BOER LANDERS SIGNALING AT MIDDLE RIDGE.



MEN OF THE 10TH LANCERS AT THE BATTLE OF THE BULL RIVER, THE 10TH LANCERS BEING NEARLY ENTIRELY DEFEATED.



A FLUCKY SUBALTERN.

Lieutenant Hart, of the 91st Dragoon Regiment, accompanied by his servant, set out from camp to look for two horses behind Phawntwana. He discovered about twenty Boers riding to their pocket, and managed by a quick dash to capture one man who had struggled from the main body. As Lieutenant Hart was bringing to his prisoner the other Boers gave chase and kept up a running fire, wounding the horse of both the lieutenant and his servant. One shot knocked Hart's rifle out of his hand, but calling on his companions to halt, he calmly dismounted and recovered it, and the Boer prisoner was safely loaded in camp.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS RESPONDING TO AN ALARM
DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

On Monday afternoon, February 3, while most of the Highlanders were talking to the *Walden* about a *Laurel* girl and her story and discussing that a *form of Bismarck* was addressing the *Golden*, a company of *Lancers*, and a *half battery of Artillery* (some) had just started in following the *entry back*.

THE TURNING-POINT IN CUBAN AFFAIRS

BY EDWIN WARREN GUYOL, EDITOR OF "LA LUCHA," HAVANA

A GREAT deal has been and is being said to imply that a certain amount of feeling against American assistance, Cubans, and that it grows stronger and more apparent as the days go by.

Earlier evidence comes more strikingly, surprising Americans to accept and close to a theory of magnitude and dislike on the part of Cubans.

Unfortunately our Latin friends do not hesitate to confirm this supposition to a casual observer.

But, by going through the matter, one finds that the sentiment is rather one of injury over being "burned" and resentment of attempts to derive with special magnitude which might defeat an object. After there is a belief among Cubans that their interests are suffering through entire officials. That such a high result could possibly have been accomplished would not be with waiting to be outwitted from its results of red tape.

And I after careful consideration, thought and reading and do suggest for every form of neglect, an indignantly say to my own countrymen that they show are to blame.

American have apparently come to Cuba, with but one aim, examining officials and another in the minds of officials.

The former seem to think of nothing but the best means of occupying their time in a way which will assist them in obtaining their end—will stay among surroundings and people brings in their likes.

Cubans more with the desire to make money from a man of immensity to make fortune in an short time and by a doubtful means as circumstances will permit. In other terms, to practice the great American game of "rags."

Certainly there are many exceptions to both classes. I refer to what constitutes the majority.

Cubans have learned the lesson above mentioned and are growing more wiser.

Furthermore, the American administration in Cuba has been replete with error and delay due chiefly to ignorance on the part of authorities attempting to judge and rule a Latin race according to laws of Americanism.

Shafter made the first mistake at Santiago, when he learned the anger of every Cuban on the island by his trying to allow Garcia and his party to land without so-called Cubans to participate in the occupation of a city which is none other than Cuba. It is not easy to show that any other part of the island.

The fact has always been regarded as essentially the property of the Cuban. After persons. Spain has in variously mentioned this to be the case. Cuban Marshal Céspedes, President of the republic and a side of the state at the beginning of the Ten Years' War, was killed and Shafter. Likewise, and José Martí, chief martyr of the liberation of the last war.

Santiago has been the Cuban capital, especially and actually, since the dress of an independent nationality first filled the heads of men tired of suffering Spanish domination.

Consequently the men under Garcia felt that their city had been written from Spain by their allies, and was to be returned to themselves, in the right way.

They wished to show the glory according to men who had successfully vanquished an enemy.

It is well enough to say that these Cubans had done little or nothing, and that the result would have been the same without them. That is not the question.

The American nation undertook an immense task when its Congress placed on it before the world on April 12, 1898—a task which involved the whipping of an entire and unwhipped nation.

The surrender of Santiago was merely a preliminary step—a preparatory move towards resolving the truly difficult and dangerous work.

Cubans are people of sentiment, and gratitude to America was apparent in every man, woman, and child. But the blow of transport, the wave of flags, the roll of drums, and cheer of the populace, an dear to the Latin heart—so dear and interesting, in fact, as the deed which evoked display of public reception and appreciation.

When General Shafter refused permission to Garcia and his followers, who wished to enter the city with him, he antagonized the island's sympathy and every resident of the island—Spaniards excepted—and caused

a feeling of resentment to spread from Cape May to Cape San Antonio.

Had a battle been given in command of the American ship, and his army would have entered Santiago with the American force.

Had the men any evidence of a threat on their part to enter Santiago, they would have enough American force in Santiago to have annihilated Garcia and his poor little army before supper time.

The Spanish, I think General Brooks practically requested to the United States, we had offered thousands well-equipped, carefully built, eager volunteers in Havana City. As for a body of men on the sea, we were alone as was that Seventh Army Corps. And the regulars—Eight and Tenth Infantry, First Fifth, and Seventh Cavalry—were not in the least behind them. A fighting force of men sufficient to have accounted for thousands against any equal number in the world.

But Brooks listened to advice given by malcontents on shore, and instead the entry into the city of the Cuban army, who were willing to die for a body and honor, if they could not take part in the parade.

The result was that from one end of Havana to the other residence show in the thousands of Cubans and American flags which had been flying side by side the day before.

It was really to see, therefore, that the surprise on shore which General Brooks began the actual meeting of officers governmental were not the most desirable.

His benevolent treatment on January 3 had created an impression which was not condusive to establishing cordial relations between himself and his poor old subjects.

In his attitude towards themselves Cubans believed they were viewing a forerunner of the Cuban policy to be adopted in Washington.

From a point of view, had Brooks been the right man in the place, developments would have been far more rapid and satisfactory, Cubans would have been appeased, and most would have been considered, and cordiality would have extended instead of decreasing.

Brooks was an exceedingly conservative man in most



BOER PRISONERS ARRIVING AT SIMON'S TOWN
 DRAWN BY GORDON H. GARDNER, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Prisoners as they arrived from the frontier are immediately sent on board either the "Maaike" or "Cambria," lying in Simon's Bay. The men shown in this drawing were taken at Kamberg. The two in the extreme right are English farmers who were commissioned to fight in their own way and placed in the front of the battle.

spects, with many narrow ideas, and very hard to approach.

The grand trials were many. He was kind, generous, and leniently in his dealing the pliable condition of affairs. But he lacked energy, was too cautious, not sufficiently firm in his "step" when necessary, and was obstinate to a degree when an attack was made on any project which he himself had initiated. He shirked himself into the hands of a cabinet of shrewd, unscrupulous men who had played to every advantage in the history of Cuban-Spanish politics during the last few years.

He trusted his own judgment implicitly in making selections of secretaries, disregarded the protests of public and press, and maintained them in office until the end of his reign—not one which they brought about.

Being the year of their work, Capote and Llanusa were doing a thing but giving confidence to the natives and other secretists, and pulling the wool over the eyes of Brooke.

Brooke was slow, probably and through the news papers that these men's action were raising him and prejudicing Cuban against the entire American nation. He would only say to men who had attended college with the secretists, to Americans who had lived here ten years, "I do not know you are very much acquainted and are entirely unacquainted with each other, innocent men."

When Brooke was treated, secretaries had reached a dangerous stage. The jails were full of prisoners, persecuted for a time and indignation, while the administration were using the law to suppress them.

The courts were being operated just as in former days. Secretaries had not been opened, and had plans for their organization were frustrated. Little was doing to succeed Brooke, and was constantly operating fractional discontent. The meeting and growing autonomy became more apparent daily.

Wood and cause

This gave hope to the Cubans throughout the island, reports from Santiago having shown that the Easterns believed in this cause.

Since his arrival there has been some actual, visible, beneficial work done there, as during the entire year gone by. Where Brooke came in his office of 10 a. m. and went driving in the afternoon. Wood is to be found at his desk by 11:15 a. m. for lunch, another by dinner, but at midnight. And the regularity with which he groups a subject enables him to accomplish a tremendous amount in a given time.

Where Brooke asked and blindly accepted advice from one or two men, then allowed them to do as they pleased, Wood commends a down, then knows instructions, and not

that they are elapsed. Where Brooke received "reports," Wood makes personal inquiries. Where Brooke had "a" or "respectfully referred" complaints, Wood conducts an investigation.

Wood declares himself frankly, and gives his decisions to be sincere. His policy, which he will carry out to the end unless interfered with by Washington, can be summed up in a few words. He will treat Cubans as equals and help them prevent themselves from betraying the confidence. He will convince those people that he is sincere in his desire to place them in their feet, by showing them that he realizes that he needs their assistance to insure their success, and that successful accomplishment of the task before him means his own future success.

Cubans are being shown every consideration by Wood, who appreciates their manner thoroughly, and understands that what might appear unfair to an American may mean the loving friendship or enmity of a Latin.

He will see the greatest care in selection of representatives for public office, and will unhesitatingly remove his own appointees should they prove unworthy.

In looking for the judicial and educational institutions shall be an equally perfect as possible and that they shall be the basis of the Cuban governmental establishment. The highest aim, in Wood's eyes, is the support of the welfare of children and adults to obtain education. This desire is so much that schools are being opened as rapidly as facilities and books can be obtained.

The next step is the revision of laws. This is the basis of two commissions of law-yeo-Cuban and American, three each, with an independent consultation of two Americans to advise on special points. The plan on which they will conduct the work is one of mutual cooperation, suggestion, and advice. Re-formation of the judiciary will come next, beginning with the magistrates and notaries and closing with the Supreme Tribunal.

In May we will hold municipal elections throughout the island. Mayor and municipal councils will be elected. The Electoral Commission is now hard at work on plans for suffrage and polling regulations. What they will adopt, I can assert, will be somewhat as follows. Qualifications will be, in accordance with the desire of the people, such as to permit suffrage on non-uniformed as it is a certificate of service through the war. Colored by birth, but naturalized American citizens, may vote on relinquishing rights as such.

The blanket ballot will be used, pulled in secret except when the voter cannot read. In such cases the ticket will be read to him in the presence of representatives of each

party. The oath on a truth of representations regarding qualifications will be carried over each voter, and duty demands to subsequently investigate all claims and prosecute for perjury will be improved on the public before-hand.

Every effort will be made to convince the people of the advisability of maintaining federal spirit and proceeding as free parties as possible. In spite of all efforts, some men will run as many as fifteen candidates for the presidency.

Qualifications for candidacy will be—knowledge of reading and writing, freedom from any criminal record or pending criminal charge, and endorsement by at least ten per cent. of the voting population of the corporation represented.

The present acting mayor will be required to manage the election with their own police, no military to be used unless in case of rioting. There will be no poll-books at the polls, merely purloining the cities.

The people generally will be urged to remember that they are approaching the crucial point. That the election will be accepted as a criterion of what they can do for themselves. That this is the crisis. That officers now elected are only to serve one year; and that, with so many interested parties eager to see Cubans display characteristics inherent in a nation wishing self-government it will be better to vote for as many that create a disturbance.

We all believe that these elections will come and go without any trouble whatever, and are confident that we will have no cause for regret of our work in Cuba and the Cuban.

Now that have ended, will come the beginning of the wind-up of American military occupation. Communicating to James Treagus will be returned to the States. Six thousand men will go, leaving us to the independence of four thousand.

These will be composed of cavalry to move around where necessary and artillery to exist for here and gone. The rural guard as a body will be done away with, except in the wild districts of Santiago, Pinar, Pinar, and Santa Clara provinces. Instead, the municipal police will be organized in suburban villages, and will maintain surveillance over rural property.

Then Cuba will, for the first, time since her discovery, settle down in a purely civil life, with no fear of interference from an arbitrary military regime.

Let Leonard Wood close, and it is safe to assume that he will, during one more year, have launched affairs in such shape that he will conduct general elections, elect a President and Congress, have a constitution framed and have order in a general people who he wishes to build as much as they to be a model republic.

HU-AN

THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

III The Interior

WHEN the American party left Chung shi the Mary Lou and I cannot too exaggeratedly describe the junk of light draught, as the former was too large to proceed farther at the existing low stage

While on the Sung our efforts was always accompanied by one or two silver pagodas. These boats are intended to prevent the trading junks from stacks of silver pagodas, which would otherwise be of frequent occurrence. They are usually fly to twenty feet in length, with a beam of eight to ten feet, are decked over, and have but one bed. On the overhanging stern is a little cabin for the cook. The crew sleeping at night under a awning

and early the next morning he brought around for our inspection an animal that he called a horse, but which had its ears here. I suppose might have passed as a large dog. Four or five. We looked him over, an opinion not requiring much time, and bid 10 taels. The owner replied that 40 taels was his lowest price, but if we meant business he would say 25 taels, or even consider no offer. We assured him of our business intentions, and asked our figures to be tested. A horse trader is always an unscrupulous creature, but not much more so under these circumstances, where a foreigner was to step into the victor. Both bid and counter proposition was offered with loud shouts of approval by the crowd, who either smiled freely and impartially at both principals, but they were divided in their desire to see the foreigner outbid and in their anxiety not to outbid too high a market value for his horse. When the difference between the two bids became so small that a horse was evidently in sight, it was suggested that we go within the temple where we had spent the night and purchase a horse, and when at last we reached an agreement of 20 taels, neither of our money was in bailion, but the tael had a value, a weight of silver, and the amount approximately 1.20 taels that we could make was 19.8, which our Chinese friend declined to not accepting in compact. We told him we would make up the difference by throwing in something, and for this he asked. After supplying me with long hair he pocketed out an empty Ajipahar bottle, saying that he had no real bottle and had found it very useful, but some years since it was unfortunately broken. We told him we saw some from a country where the bottle was produced and highly valued, and for him to choose again. In the same time our attention had pocketed away everything prepared for the day's march, and the only portable thing left and that of course had our value was the road of purchase, a load of sugar about 100 lbs. of a weak one, on which we really talked from the day by mostly eating the latter in our trip. This receipt had to be signed, and in our opinion, it was specially for it. Whether he had not recognized it, and thought it a peculiar foreign article, or whether it was some sort of a "new" law, or whether they set a mark there. I do not know, but the last we saw of that man was begging his road like a resource. Before we had seen the last of his horse, however we felt that if the possible road had contained the whole of the purchase price we still would have been the losers.

It is surprising how clearly the people in one section of the country picture their lives elsewhere, and when we remember the lack of the general commerce, which perhaps appears greater than it is on account of the uniformity in physiognomy of the people, with the Mandchian constant jet black hair, there were many prevalent notions which appeared to be justified, so many of them were found only in small districts, and traveled Chinese were disappointed to find that they had to see some similar things elsewhere in the empire. All these most singular in the carrying of small basket boats to find

with sheet metal and filled with hot wood ashes. Such baskets the women in rice locality stepped from a bank beneath their sheet houses. Sometimes the baskets are used in front, sometimes behind, while occasionally in both places, according to position in the ferry of the water. Children also make use of the heating apparatus, but men only rarely.

In forming parties the Chinese in the interior is of course, excessive behind. The girls he is accustomed to



A DECORATED INN.

struck over the boat. They are composed of a sensitive wood, some grain some but smooth yellow pine, which is laid out, so that the wood is not twisted and its fine grain fully brought out. They are finished with a square mill stiffened with bamboo slats, binding on a pine mast without stays. If there is an adverse or no wind, they can be easily rowed. They are armed with a small coal iron cannon, about a three- or six-pot shot. End of the boat, while the crew of eight to twelve men are furnished with swords and shields, the latter being generally of a very old type, from matchlocks being old ones. These pagodas are always kept in the peak of condition and repair. The sails are of cotton gauze, sometimes colored blue, and must be constantly changed, as we never saw one in bad order. The crew are so to that the boat itself is always white and spotlessly clean, in fact, when any one boards a gaudy one of the crew immediately presents a wet mop, on which the tent need be wiped. All this apparatus used striking in a country where the direct opposite is the way of construction and anything loose and fast of attention to repair, in the universal rule. How the gaudy crew escaped condemnation, I could not learn, but they here, and the traveler is thankful, as they are a joy to watch.

All night our boats were brought close together, with pagodas on the banks to protect them from the petty river pirates. At night we kept vigilantly, watches being raised with a loud bamboo rattle, which we sounded at intervals of every ten minutes. Every where in China the night watchmen in this supplied, with the idea of fright give such information to the whereabouts of the guard, and enable the thief to fly in warning call the guard has passed on the ground. On one occasion we gave a general alarm. We gave no more persons until we were sure that we would personally put company with the crew. It was not long before it became desirable to procure a horse to enable one of the merchants to ride. This was no easy matter, as horses are used but little. However, we finally found a man who could accommodate



TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

spread on the ground and drive over his head of horses, the water being, then a case of water, in order to work it, while in some places I saw my fish-balls moved from a center support, and apparently the method of constructing which was to be larger at the top and work down, instead of up, as in the former case. Fishing and boating, however, are the Chinese's great occupation, and in which he most excels.

The houses in Hu-an in China, as has been stated before, were four feet high and were made of the extreme ends of the country make up for any deficiency in building from an imperfect structure of the erection. The straight pith are firmly placed in the ground with a cross arm at the top. Proceeded from the interior, and last and last and tall in the low land, the houses in Hu-an are curved, and then the former is ready to begin his boat, the delight of an ordinary usually of an even dimension. But for the necessity of making money in one end, his fishing arrangements rarely all others. Instead of boating with nets, which are apt to break and roll for miles, with hooks and lines which may not be easy to procure, the fishermen on most of the rivers in the interior make use of cast-nets—large fish-balls which are by nature. The will start out on his phalarope quest in a small boat, with wire from six to a dozen of his boatmen help, on the fishing ground, the fish-balls in a tree for fish, but which he has omitted to bring to the surface the bottom. He will release the fish of his prey, and therefore according to the situation of nature, the fish-balls are not so densely populated nor so well developed as the central part, or in the great loss prevailing in it. The small fish-balls and smaller, giving more different means of travel, while the broken topography renders fishing less profitable. There are, however, few industrial centers where there is stored, awaiting development, incomparable wealth.

The last place of importance in Hu-an is Chih chih a picturesque town, with the fine ancient bridge of granite crossing the Yu-tan River, and its picturesque old gateways with curved wooden bellows. It has a population of five thousand, is a rich town, and is evidently still a prosperous place, although not now of the importance



A GUARD-BOAT.



THE LAST OF HU-KAN.



HAY-RICKS.



HORSE-SHOING.

That it was in those days when the Che-Ling highway, of which it is the starting gateway, was practically left single. Between the heads of navigation of the Wu shih River, on the south side of the Nan-ling range leading to Canton, and the Yuen, a tributary to the Yang-ku on the north side, a distance of but thirty miles, as the course between Canton and any point in the Yang te Valley had to be reached by boats, with this single and useful exception. This highway crossing the mountains by the Che-Hing Shan, terminating at Hsing, was used and travelled on the other, had therefore been the great trade-point between north and south China for certainly three thousand years, and perhaps more. It is during the time when the whole of history has been written. It stands today as one of the great occurrences of China's past, compared with which other relics of antiquity seem but as things of yesterday. Sixty years ago, this road, as it is pointed for a width of fifteen feet with large flat stones, reaching in size from one to four feet square. Deep in those mountains there are worn hollows by the bare feet of the oxen carrying their loads, like beads of lodestone, or shins are deep actual holes where the feet of the peasant, jouncing along with short, stout, hairy straws. It was used and still is lined with shops and with men carrying their burdens on a rickshaw for oxen and mules, and on an elaborate scale for mules and on rickshaws. The trade in those days, which had the funds, could gratify their taste with any expense desired. But the trading of the Yang te was not so. It had recently changed the possession of the trade for a gain, going from the Fu in Canton. It was found more convenient to take a route round to it from Hankow, and by the more direct route, and the importance has been gradually diminishing, so that the trade now passing on it, although still considerable, is but

a small fraction of what it once was. The rich merchant no longer frequents it, and the ordinary peasant has created for his entertainment a dropping decay. Shops and resting places for the oxen or pony drivers are actually abandoned, and the great trade route, which for so many centuries has remained with the almost unchangeable path of the human feet or the stirrer of the porter's hook, is now becoming more and more deserted, and stands like so many other things in this country, stand an eloquent but silent witness of the past. It had long been expected that we could utilize the appropriate location of this highway for the route of the railway, but a careful examination revealed the fact that the Chinese had not found

the true path at all, which has some three miles to the eastward, and at an elevation of only a few feet. For ten, twenty, thirty, or some other number of centuries the poor oxen have been carrying their loads, quite unconsciously, up and down the hill face of elevation. We are now a matter of nature's energy.

You will after crossing the range you reached the head-lands of Ho san, and passed into the province of Kwang-tung. On reaching the frontier line, which crossed our path where it ran through a little village, a very pretty ceremony was performed. Our guard was a very capable, composed of His majesty's soldiers, but as we were about to pass into the territory of the "Two Kwangs" (Kwang-tung and Kwang-shi) had reached the head of their jurisdiction. Our Cantonese guard was on hand ready to receive us, and their most important business presented quite a difference in appearance to the difference in the difference. The two bodies of troops, having advanced, the His majesty's soldiers passed over into Kwang-tung and stood up on the highway, and in like manner the Hsuehsien soldiers formed in His majesty's line, and the Kwang-tung capote was then introduced. The His majesty's guard, "this kind of uniform, and then about hands like a foreigner. When I came to my good-by to the Hsuehsien, the Hsuehsien soldier who had formed my particular body guard who had carried my camera or my pack, and who had in after my little personal wants in so many thoughtful ways, I was behind myself. I was putting from two faithful fellows. Thus with one but who ran the journey across which was regarded with as much anxiety as his work with two excellent men. I have learned with uniform kindness, courtesy, and attention, but with these and people, I signed my acknowledgments, and said good-by to the man by putting his soldiers as I walked past their front.



THE CHE-LING HIGHWAY.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD. *By Brander Matthews*

CHAPTER IX.

EVERY and his wife occupied the front room over the drawing room, and the large nursery was at the rear of the house. He went to his room and hastily changed his dress, and for a while he studied the work he expected to do in Boston the next morning. When he was dressed, he hesitated as to whether or not he should go into the nursery, at the risk of arousing the baby.

He heard the rustle of his wife's dressing gown, and he turned to see her coming toward him, with her finger at her lips.

"He has just gone to sleep again," she whispered. "You haven't got to go for an hour yet, but there's plenty of time for a long talk to-night." But whatever it was, it was not to be done. "If anything there was at all, she made no account to approach it. She spoke first about the baby and then about his father. As long as the conversation dropped, and she got there in silence, with the usual few crackling and sparkling here and there, and with the woman steadily resting herself.

Then Evert saw her look at the clock and his eye lit up. "It is now eleven," she said.

"You are in a better temper now, aren't you?" she replied. "Well, it's just that Mr. Kilburne's had to be the occasion to me."

"You have seen him since he came to the Comptrolleur Theatre?"

"Yes, he's still here," she answered. "I saw him to-day, and he's still here."

"What's the chance of his coming to the Comptrolleur Theatre, if he's still here?"

"Oh, but I did not say that," she explained, smiling. "You asked him to call on you without an invitation."

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thing on, I'm afraid. And I don't know how to ask him."

"Why not?" he inquired, glancing how lively she looked with the thought playing on her husband's mind.

"You won't like my asking you, at least. I've ever so much afraid you won't," she answered. "But if I mean, I don't mind. Well, then, Mr. Kilburne was here this afternoon—sure don't know that! You don't look so at all—more when you were, and I don't want you to go to Boston and looking your best!" And she laid the finger upon him, and smoothed out his hair, and stepped little more in it.

"There's that letter!"

He reached for and pulled her toward him, and kissed her.

"Don't you see the lace on that?" she cried, kissing him and then drawing back. "I never let anybody but baby touch me when I have this on."

Evert's eye happened to fall on the clock. It was about to strike eleven.

"You will tell me what it is that you are making all this mystery about?" he asked.

"You are in a better temper now, aren't you?" she replied. "Well, it's just that Mr. Kilburne's had to be the occasion to me."

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"What's the chance of his coming to the Comptrolleur Theatre, if he's still here?"

"What appearance?" cried Evert, moving impatiently to his feet. "I wish I had been here! I've ever given him a piece of my mind!" The husband of it. That was what he meant. But she had been so much that she was better to do those to down your nose and go trotting about the country, exhibiting yourself to any fool with a dollar!

"A dollar?" she asked, indignantly. "Certainly not! Mr. Kilburne said he was going to double the price of tickets. He was sure I'd fill the house even if the orchestra was all his dollars. That's why it was ready to offer each good time."

"That?" Evert replied. "You don't seem to say anything to me, my wife, as if you were a single second you were willing to go to the theatre!"

"Now, Evert," she pleaded, "don't be so stupid. I did think in that kind of a fact, and I was very generous. I do wish you had been here and heard what he said. If you had heard him, you wouldn't be so unreasonable and—"

"Don't you think he is a little unreasonable when he comes here and really proposes that you should give up your home and your family, your husband and your child, just that he can make a few dollars?" Evert rejoined.

"But he will make a great many dollars," she replied; "and so shall I. He says he's sure—oh, certainly, sure!" It could be the biggest success of the man—the kind of that. He says he'll be richer if I play to him. He doesn't do for three weeks in Chicago. And he does—well, he says he's sure, sure, sure, sure, sure, sure.

"And what do I get?" her husband asked, a little bitterly.

"Of course you get all the money I make," she answered, coming nearer to him. "You don't suppose I see the money for myself, do you? The money is mine. It's for you and baby and all of us."

"Do you ever give us a far to decide what it is to do with the money you are going to make by acting in theatres all over the country?" asked Evert.

"Not all over the country," she replied. "Of course not—only in the city where it is. It is true, Mr. Kilburne, these things will be money in playing the one night stands in New England, but we haven't decided that yet."

"What have you settled?" inquired her husband, still with apprehension that she might have set the final decision without her consent, and he said, "I have settled it."

"Of course there's nothing positively settled yet," she explained. "I told him that I'd like to remain you and—"

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"AND THIS IS WHAT MARRIAGE IS, IS IT?"

are what you thought about it. Then we were undecided about the same.

"The same?" asked Evert.

"The same?" asked Evert. "No, Evert thought that 'Celia Breakwell' would be very attractive, just copying my signature, you know, but finally he came to the conclusion that 'Mrs. Evert Breakwell' was more dignified. It gave me of a society air, he said. And then he had a capital idea. His going to have it printed on a station about poster—out of those great big ones you see on the fences when they are building; well, he's going to have it printed just like my visiting card, you know, plain black on white, with 'Evert' evening at 8:15' down in one corner, just as if it was awarded with a pencil when I was talking. That will be effective, won't it?"

"Yes," Evert repeated, not knowing how to take it; "that will be effective."

"And I liked that name best, because I'd like everybody to know I'm your wife. I think it's simply ahead of anything to call herself 'Miss' when she has married twice. Then we talked about the money I shall make. 'Celia' outwaded, her average being returned to her and her interest in the store taking possession of her. 'Mrs. Evert' must be a very good business man, and he said he could suggest lots of fine new investments to me."

Evert could not restrain a little laugh. "Let's that meeting your children a third look."

"I suppose it is only for that," she admitted. "But it is well to look ahead, isn't it? You see, I'm not such a fool as you seem to think I am sometimes; and Mr. Evert has offered me a thousand dollars a week and ten per cent. of the gross and all our traveling expenses, with our own private car, and half the profits."

"Oh," said Evert, merely for the sake of talking; "you are no half bad the profits!"

"Isn't that generous of him?" she responded. "And he said he was going to work on the biggest boom for me anywhere and ever since Bernhard had been the first time, and he told me he thought I might make as much as five thousand dollars a week, and in the twenty years that would be a hundred thousand dollars. And that would be very nice, wouldn't it? You see, I've been thinking it all out for myself, and I'm going to be the business woman of the family."

Evert looked at her and said nothing.

"I don't see why I shouldn't be the bread winner for me best," Celia went on. "I'd like to have ever so much money when he gets up—do you? Now you never expect to make a great big fortune, do you, Evert?"

He answered that he saw no prospect of it.

"You never expect to be a millionaire, do you?"

And again he admitted that his expectations were more modest.

"Well, then," she returned, "why shouldn't I do it? A hundred thousand dollars a year—why, in ten years that would be a million a wouldn't it? And I shouldn't be really too old to act even then. But a million would be sufficient, I suppose. How much do you make a year, Evert?"

"I've not asked myself from the death-announcements it would be had here (turning to her). "I make five or ten thousand a year, and next year I shall do better, with the Metropolitan building."

"And get you that, didn't it?" she returned, gaily. "I talked to that old man and his troupe of a wife still be just had to give you the job. But in the future we needn't bother about tony little things like that. A million is in two years! That would be worth having, and in that time it will be all of my making! Won't you be proud of your little wife then? And a million isn't so much, either—Bernhardt had made more than that, and Paul even so much more. Why shouldn't I?"

Evert whined. "Now, Celia," he began, trying to soothe the wiles, "don't imagine yourself with them."

"Why not?" she asked cheerfully. "I know they were not in society. I know all about that, of course, but after all what does that matter in a great article?"

"Are you an actor you will be a great artist?" was her husband's next question.

"Not at all, I suppose," she replied. "But in time, why not? I told you Sherrington and I had the article together. Well, then! Besides, Bernhard and Paul had to be lighters once."

"Don't be begged of her," said her talking of those wiles.

"I'm not if you'd rather I didn't," she replied. "I'll try to do everything you wish."

He looked at her again, and he could not discover that this was not said in all sincerity.

"Celia," he began, as calmly as he could, "if you go on the stage and act in Chicago and everywhere else, what is to become of me?"

"Yes?" she asked. "Why, you will be with me all the time of course. You didn't suppose I meant to leave you behind, did you?"

"How can I leave the office for weeks at a time?" he asked her next.

"But you can give up the office," she explained. "If I'm going to make a million in ten years, won't it be the use of your staying in the office and working yourself to death just for five thousand dollars a year?"

"Do you really expect me to abandon my work and let you support me in idleness?" he asked.

"I don't see why you shouldn't," she said.

"I've let you support me ever since I was married, and I don't see why you should be so disappointed if I be to have you see just as much of my money as you wanted."

"Would you be willing to have me come to you when

ever I wanted fifty cents to slip a waiter?" was his question.

"Of course not," she answered. "You would have plenty of pocket money for yourself—why, you would have it all, I don't want it for myself!"

"Do you want me to give up my own life so to be nothing but Mrs. Breakwell's husband," he asked. "Following you round like a dog, holding your reins for you in that you won't catch even when you come off the stage, saving the expense for you, taking up your quarters and almost coming to blows with the husbands of rival actresses?"

"Oh, but there won't be any rival actresses," she interrupted, emphatically. "Why, I am to be married to him, and of course I shall select the company. By the way, I wonder if George Tamm would be an engagement, he is only an amateur, but then he does look like a genius now, after all."

Evert allowed her to finish, and then he said, very politely, "And the baby?"

"Baby," she repeated; "what has he got to do with it?"

"What are you going to do with him while you are being housed in Chicago?" insisted Evert.

"I've thought about baby, too, and I really don't know what to do," she admitted. "I don't see why he can't stay here with your father for the present—he's ever so fond of him; and then I shall feel as much after when I am away, being there's a doctor in the new house with him. And when he grows up a little—when he's one or two—I suppose we could put him in a good boarding school."

"Oh, Celia," said the father.

And she repeated it once the approach she preferred in this. "Now, Evert, don't be so unreasonable! You talk as if you were a bad mother. You know I'm perfectly devoted to you. You ask your father if he's ever seen a more devoted mother than I am. Don't that just like a mother. They think a woman ought to be here to the very end of the time! Now I feel the nursery more than one year ago, and I'm not going back there, even for baby's sake."

Besides, Evert says I shall him, so it is, and she's very faithful, and I shouldn't be afraid as long as the last change of him."

"Do you know what this means that you are talking about—this going on the stage? It means separation!"

"But I told you I wanted you to go with me every where," she cried. "I'm not going a step unless I can take you with me. And I'm sure I ought to know that it means better than you do, for I've thought about it longer. It means money for all of us, so that you can have lots of things you would like. I've heard you wish you had a four-hundred. Well, you can have it, if I make a hundred thousand a year, or you can have a pack of anything else."

"It means separation," he repeated. "You might as well understand it now, once for all. It means separation. There may be even willing to live on their wives even here, but I don't believe that." "Why Evert?" she said in dismay. "I don't see why you should take it like that. I thought you might not like it at first, but you always have let me have my own way as far as I go." "And I don't want to go to the stage, so," he answered. "If you want to go on the stage, go, but don't expect me to leave anything of mine with you. If you go, you will have to go alone."

"Do you want you in all sorts of places I don't know anything about?" she inquired. "Oh, I couldn't—couldn't!" was a cry of pain to Margaret.

"He saw his advantage and he pursued it.—"If you go, I shall stay here with my father and my child." "You're doing it—no!" "Certainly not," he answered. "And you just said yourself, didn't you, that you intended to love him for—"

"You mean to try to push me into a corner, Evert," she answered. "It isn't for me, either. It's a comedy. This would be all right if I would have you with me one time for my benefit to me." And you a great, big, strong man! You!

"I should think you would be ashamed of yourself!" "You don't want me to have a chance to make any more for myself. You want to spoil my career! You see, I am a selfish, selfish man, you see, perfectly selfish. You never did think of anybody but yourself." "I will have to have you here if it would be when I married you."

"The more in the world I have, the more I have, the more I have. I have a lot of things, but I don't want to have them all on the back of it, and I don't want to."

"And this is what marriage is, is it?" she started again, with a better ring in her voice. "You mean to have everything, and I am to have nothing. You are to be the master of the house and have your own way always, and I am to be the slave?"

she to be treated as if I was only a spoiled child, a mere baby, not allowed to have a will of my own."

"Come, come, Clara," he said, gently. "That's not fair, is it?"

"Fair?" she repeated. "You are not fair to me! You mean me of wanting to abandon my child, just as if I was an unfeeling mother. I shall never forgive you for that, never, not the longest day I live! I think it was my fault, but you ought to live in the nursery all the time, just as if she was a wildered dove. Now I've always done my duty as a mother, and I always mean to do so, and you say my name. But I was a woman before I was a mother, wasn't I? And I think a woman has more rights after all. She has a right to live her own life, hasn't she?"

"The subject for an answer, and Evert did not know how to check the current of her self-asserted stability. This depends, I suppose," he began, slowly, and also interrupted him presently. "That depends on whether you will let her, I suppose, and I don't know. I remember my dependence? I suppose I shall say right to be married and to work for my own life, in my own way, what then? I can do a little thing after a talking shift, to be in a way up and down and unfeeling again, or a capital in a way, to go round and round, and never get out for a single second."

"The indignities of her phrases had already affected him painfully, and now in her words he thought he caught an echo of some other. The suggestion of interests he was afraid he had detected in her utterance was painful to him. He would rather she had relied only on she was a woman, and he should have doubted the genuine-ness of her emotion."

"That's what I stand for," she declared again, with a good deal of emphasis. "I don't want to be a slave, and I don't want to be a slave. I've got a right to my own happiness, haven't I, and a right to get it my own way?"

"And how about my happiness, Clara?" he could not refrain from asking.

"Your happiness?" she repeated. "Oh, you take care of that your own way. You know your own business, you are a man! That's the way the world has been arranged by here, to suit their convenience, so women have no right. Nevertheless, he continued in a more or less, with a shuffling under whether her stability was not almost hysterical."

"It's your stability that troubles me," he said, with a smile. "You're not a woman, you're a man. You don't want me to be an actress, for I shall outlive you! That's a sad old dream. I see through you. You know the name of the actress of any building anywhere? Nobody. But everybody knows the name of a great actress. And I should be known not only in New York, but all over the United States, where you will never be heard of!"

"Oh, Clara, Clara!" was all the wretched man could say. He blushed to his hair with rage, sick at heart from the words she dealt him. It seemed to him that a great girl had suddenly turned into a man. Yet as he saw the dark circles below her eyes, he knew that his love was great enough to bridge the chasm, even though this should be true that he would be in New York, but all over the United States, where you will never be heard of!"

"The first night," he repeated, and now that it was half past eleven. "He was glad that it was time for him to go."

"I must love you now, Clara," he said, as he took up the suitcase she had packed for him. "I love I must find you rather when I return."

"He went to the bed, hoping that she would call him back, but she made no sign. He found the ladder coming up stairs to tell him that the end was at the door."

"He met the servant down to put his things in the cab, and he believed, still believing that she might return, never before had he parted from her in anger. As he got in the cab and left the house, not knowing what state she should find her when he returned the next day."

(To be continued.)

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL DECORATION

WHETHER any question as to Paris is the city of the world in which the art of municipal embellishment is best understood and most effectively practiced, and there is also no question that this attention to these things may Paris, in effect, it throws on the position as the most attractive capital in the world.

New York is beginning now or less clearly to perceive that it is "business" to make itself an attractive good city, that there is no income to be derived from being the city in the United States in which those Americans who can live where they like shall prefer to live, and which all Americans shall most desire to visit. This consciousness has been brought about mainly by the material and uncommercial interests of the artists who have looked abroad, and most of all in Paris, with a view to their own work. The municipal establishments, such as the school and the department, are not only in Paris, but in other cities, in respect to permanent embellishment. It is equally in these that we see the most extensive of provision we have ever taken, the position in the streets for art commission. By the nature of the case, the usefulness of this body is negative and not positive. It is for removal and not for addition—can prevent the falling of monuments upon the municipality under the guise of works of art, and to effect only under that guise. The spirit of the law has made an adequately good choice of a commission, and in fact, could not, under the conditions, have made a very bad one, yet the municipal government has not avoided itself of the power vested in it to call upon the commission for its opinion upon the artistic aspects of structures which now generally works of utility. If it had, we may be sure that some of the designs for the bridges and vaults which are to be among the most successful objects in the general view of the city, and which have been accepted by the municipal authorities, would not have been accepted without its authoritative protest.

"They order this matter better in France," where one would guess are taken that no commission works shall be of an unnecessary expense, and where even an eagle eye is not held to them "except every year" unless in less developed cities. If New York had been Paris, its inhabitants would have been for these twenty years carried by some other means than that of elevated roads in the street. Civic pride would have intruded to prevent that particular solution of the problem of rapid transit. And now that that solution has entered its own right and is a solution, we may be sure that some successful plan would be taken to maintain that that government has had made no response to her own. If possible, it is possible to make it positively negative.

But upon this point we are not left to conjecture of inference. It happens that just as we are engaged in asking the committee for the tunnel through which New Yorkers are to be carried up and down town, there appears in a Parisian journal a description of a work somewhat similar, though on a much smaller scale, which is now under construction in Paris, and it is expected to be completed in time for the Exposition of 1907.

And what will strike American readers with most surprise is that the journal in which this description appears is a journal not of engineering but of architecture.



ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL NEAR BOULAINVILLIERS STATION.

A suddenly-grown Paris, emerging at different levels from a tunnel on an open cut, when they become level to the intention of the tunnel, and the entrance to the cut on an American cut, in these circumstances, would pay regard to the necessities of these projects, so as to effect which its work must be done. The entrance is different in Paris. "The entrance of the cut passes" says the Parisian contemporary, "and themselves need to a special appearance of appearance in what their own parts of their system. Not only the buildings intended for stations, but the entrances of all kinds, as well as the platforms, the retaining walls, the vaults, the bridges, must all be treated in different ways in the neighborhood of the entrance of the cut, and the houses and the quarters determined by function." How the built-up American reader may wish that there was some way of running American engineers to "find their own way" in a special study respecting the appearance of their work." This attention to appearance and to the special appearance of appearance is what E. Loderer calls "neighborly" and results in "refined architecture."

"The Parisian improvement" is an example of the junction of the two—made convenient in a span of some 1000 feet, finished first in length being into a double tunnel of something more than a mile. A succession of straight and oval leads to the Station which is crossed on an arched bridge of a single span. The retaining walls of the cuts are arched, as will be seen, and in the arches between the spans are opened for the stairs and baggage rooms, so that the spaces between the tracks should be kept entirely clear. Three retaining walls, the heads of the tunnel, and the bridges are thus the only features of the work left visible, and they are carefully designed to render it as presentable. We reproduce the views of the walls and of the entrances to the tunnel, and these appear during construction. The special attention to appearance is given to each minute as the head end of the foot-



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American Scouts in South Africa

THE appearance in South Africa of 100 American scouts to assist in the British army will probably be followed by some interesting developments in that Indian scouting methods in the Far West will soon be a conspicuous part. When it is remembered that the chief of scouts on Philadelphia is a staff of an American, it follows that the scouts from this country will have their share of the campaign. Fredrick H. Barnham, who acts as the head of the scouting force in South Africa, has performed feats of valor in all parts of the South west during the Indian wars, and later he made a conspicuous reputation in South Africa. At one time he saved a large number of English under Dr. Johnson from extermination by the Hottentots, who had practically surrounded the British in a trap laid for them. It was due to this conspicuous service that Lord Roberts advanced him to his present responsible position.

This American chief of scouts has surrounded himself with some of the best scouts that ever did service in the West. They are chosen a staff in being thoroughly schooled in the art of scouting, which they originally learned from the wily Indian. Before our arrival had become accustomed to the Western Indian methods of warfare they were commonly looking into things laid by the red men. Time and again whole companies and regiments were annihilated. Not until several severe defeats like this had happened did the officers seriously consider the necessity of calling into the service old gladiators and men who knew the country and the wily Indian. Ever since then the scouting force has been a conspicuous feature of our small army, and it was expected to overtake it in the Indian war. Scout leaders who had learned from the Indians how to read signs that to the average soldier were unseen. A displaced stone, a broken root or granite grain, or the slightest shade of mud on the moss, held its tale to these scouts, and never once did their eagle eyes miss a mark. With a compass that extended that of the Indian they learned to creep upon the enemy and discover his weak and strong points. Almost impossible tasks seemed to be the daily task of these men. Every foot of the country was explored and noted, and no map or chart would lay down the topography of the land



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more accurately than the Indian scouts carried in their mind.

The entire American Indian was a hero, and he had a great knowledge of a trail and how to lay an ambush or how to follow. The British of Colonial days had no such knowledge. In fact, the British developed a habit of averting to the highest point of a hill, and it has only been revealed to day by the white scouts in the employ of the American army and some of the British. In moving into a hostile country of the red men, the British developed a habit of averting to the highest point of a hill. At a responsible distance in the rear would come one of the men from the British. It would naturally stop on the trail, and would be like a man who would stand in the way with a hand. The simple men would be surprised, and the British would be surprised. The British would be surprised. The British would be surprised.

The scouts were an asset to the British, and working well on the way for their absence. In the way of the British, it would be impossible for the British to enter a trap, as even a squirrel's foot would be by the enemy. It was so that the American scouts were used to their services in South Africa.

The World of Finance

THE New York stock market has been so long at a standstill that it is almost impossible to find a single share of the Third Avenue Railroad Company. When it was first established, the company had been established by the process of "papering" the line with new money, and the equipment for it was not there when it was first established. The whole market was depressed, and the appointment of a receiver, and a number of the other conditions, and a number of the other conditions, led to a new money market.

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VICE-PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.—III
TOO BUSY TO TALK POLITICS

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.
VOL. XLIV, NO. 1205, MARCH 10, 1906

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900

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SENATOR DAVIS: "BE MIGHTY CAREFUL WHERE YOU TREAD!"



GENERAL JOUBERT

DIED MARCH 27, 1900

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

(By Order in "Harper's Weekly")

WITH those that bred, with those that loosed, the strife
 He had no part whose hands were clean of gain;
 But, subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
 To a lost cause and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people sane and great,
 Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one,
 Telling old battles over without hate—
 Noblest his name shall pass from sire to son.

He shall not meet the onswEEP of our van
 In the doomed city when we close the score;
 Yet o'er his grave that holds a man
 Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once more.



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A PICKET AFFAIR NEAR MODDER RIVER.



AFTER THE JACOBSDAL FIGHT.



A WELL-PLANTED BOER SHELL.



SCOUTS CAPTURING A BOER PICKET.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



BRITISH INFANTRY ON THE MARCH



COLENSO, EIGHT HUNDRED FEET HIGH



VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT



THE AMMUNITION-DITCH



A GUN OF THE BRITISH BATTERY ON THE TOP OF COLENSO

COLENSO is a steep cone 800 feet high, rising above most of the hills above Colenso. By a clever feat of military engineering the British mounted two 12-pounder guns here and by this means succeeded in forcing the Boers to shift all the laagers within range. The view from the summit where the battery was placed is magnificent. In order to get communications up to the guns it is so necessary to improve a hill, for it was impossible for men or animals to carry powder and shell up the pre-

elliptical sides of the mountain. The life consisted of a long piece of telegraph wire stretched at the top and bottom of the hill to rails fixed vertically in the ground; a pulley was attached to the wire, and from it a canvas bag was suspended, containing shells, cartridges, etc., which were drawn up to the summit of the hill by means of another thicker wire. One of the small photographs represents one such kind of about fifty pounds, on its way up the hill side.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



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TAKING THE CENSUS. *By Hon. W. R. Merriam, Director*

IN the great work of numbering the people the extremes of the two opposite factors, haste and methodical slowness, are essential to success. There is a time to take things very rapidly and quietly. That is before the census taking begins. The month busy at the stage has been largely responsible for the failure of former attempts to secure

population, crime, disease and mortality, transportation, mines and mining, and a host of other subjects. Heretofore it has taken from five to seven years to get the information of the census taking into the hands of the public. We shall have the first volume out in two years, and the others as soon after that as the complications can be completed.

The work there, assisted materially in taking the previous census. He has already visited his own. He will have to cover a mass of small islands by boat. The census takers at this section will take particular care to qualify the nationality of the population, the number of American citizens, the universities of the islands, the complete history of the industries of the islands, and the output of the sugar, coffee, and other products of Hawaii. There is a mistake notion abroad that the census will include the numbering of the new American people of the Philippines and our wards of Cuba and Puerto Rico. This census covers an entire section of country but Hawaii. The War Department has had charge of the census-taking in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. We have helped them whenever our help has been needed, and it is probable that the census-taking in those quarters will be added, but in a separate volume, to the statistics of the regular census-taking of which I have the direction.

The actual collecting of the information by the enumerators, which will begin on June 1, will last from fifteen to twenty days. Fifteen days is the time allowed for cities above one hundred population, and thirty days in the country. In Alaska the work will probably take longer, and will cost per capita more than in any part of the United States. When the first returns are in the great work of counting will begin. It will interest most people to know that the work of counting will be done by machinery so far as possible. A machine will count as many as 100,000 names a day. Briefly, the system is to punch holes opposite to the numbers in the various questions, the position of the hole determining the sex of the person named on the card being black or white, married or single. The machine does the counting by the perforated hole permitting the card to slip into its right place in the mechanism. The machine will even correct errors. For instance, if a married person is set down on the card as being three years of age, the machine will revise it upon each second statement, and will call attention to the fact of something being wrong.

Even with such able assistance as this, however, it will take at least two years to get the information of the Twelfth Census into the possession of the people.



A WORK-ROOM IN THE NEW CENSUS BUILDING.

accurate census information. There is a time when the work cannot be done too quickly in secure success. That time comes after the enumerators have finished in their returns, and the result must be got ready for the public. It is a long and laborious task to tabulate one set returns, but since it is done quickly the conditions that existed when the census was taken have had time to change, and the value of the statistics has greatly depreciated. Previous census taking has been vitiated on account of the reversal of those qualities of quickness and slowness, the enumerating being done with methodical haste and the tabulating with such hasty slowness as to make the figures almost meaningless when they reached the hands of the public.

We shall take warning by previous errors of this kind, and shall be systematic in our plans and as quick as methodical counting can be in making public the result. It is impossible to summarize the differences between the plan for this census-taking and that of previous ones. The improvements involved are all part of the general plan, and the methods employed may, generally speaking, be said to be entirely new. The law provides for the separation of the administrative and statistical branches of the work, the latter branch being divided into fifty departments, and the former consisting of the ordinary clerical force.

At the head of the statistical branch there is a chief statistician who will devote his entire time to the directing of the work of collecting data in connection with the numbering of the people. Under him will be a man who will see to the collecting of all information relating to the mechanical industries and manufacturing. Another man will be held responsible for the gathering in of all possible facts regarding population, crime, disease, and death in the United States. Still another will collect information regarding the agricultural industries of the country, the number and extent of the farms, the exact quantity of various crops, the average of nation, wheat, corn, barley, etc. This man alone will send out \$200,000 schedules for the purpose of securing the information for which he is held responsible.

It is planned to have ready for distribution two years from next July eight volumes of vital statistics, including all the information obtainable on the manufacturing and agricultural industries. After that we shall take up special subjects, such as statistics of

There are great tasks attending the numbering of the people this time. The most interesting is that of the census-taking in Alaska. Two men will have the

work done in this branch of the work is already established there, and has all the districts subdivided into enumeration sections. On June 1 the men engaged to do the work will start out from St. Michaels, where the chief census-taker has his headquarters, and will travel westward in small boats, and work some 50 days down by dog teams, some in canoes, others by steamboat, on horseback, and sled. They will travel up the rivers and into every little creek, through the forests and into the sparsely settled regions, visiting distant settlements, many remote colonies and hunting and trapping camps, taking under conditions that never obtained in any previous numbering of the people. In southern Alaska the census taker will find himself in a very one for all the inaccessible islands, islets, and creeks, and will have to be visited. The apical of the census-taking will be remarkable event in the history of many in that region.

Hawaii the taking of the census as recently as 1896 has greatly complicated matters. Mr. Alderman of the Hawaiian Islands, who is to have charge of



DIRECTOR MERRIAM AT HIS DESK IN THE CENSUS BUILDING.

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By WILLIAM TOOME.



MISS SARAH FOSTER.
By ROBERT B. BRANTNER.

H U - N A N

THE CLOSED PROVINCE OF CHINA

By WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS

IV The Exit

FIVE miles from the border of the sea we reach the city of Ping-shih, a flourishing trading town of perhaps thirty thousand people, the principal source of its existence being a point of transference from land transportation on the Wu-shih to land portage. The whole surface of this part of Kwang-tung, however, is very undulating and the population is quite sparse. The difference from the sea coastline was quite noticeable. While foreigners rarely visited Ping-shih, they were not entirely unknown, and therefore we were not with the same object of interest.

The most striking thing of all was the poor shops. These double buildings, with a particularly Kwang-tung character—all such the poor shops as known anywhere in China—were built of masonry, in large square forms, many to eighty feet on the side, and with a height of one hundred feet or more, presenting a most imposing appearance, suggestive rather of an ancient feudal castle. With the comparatively tiny houses huddled about the base, thus appearing as essentially practical and economical as a poor shop. The construction and shape of the building are for protective purposes. The material of which it is composed presents a safeguard against fire, while its solidity, its great height, and firmness of windows or other openings offer the greatest obstacle to successful assault by robbers. Within an enormous space, we noticed the goods piled up carelessly stored often being irregularly stacked. The ordinary practice of the poor trader in the way of high interest charges is the same here, so in other respects, but the custom is regarded quite differently. In fact the poor shop is looked upon as a blessing, the trader as a benefactor, and the presence of a sign over the indications of good business. If a better process were that one it strikes us as a sign that it is particularly prosperous. The poor shop outside of the center of a block, the Chinese saying that an one would rather trade, he can easily be exposed with profit, and on the poor shops are the means of financing capital, therefore the greater the number the greater the profit.

As the Cantonians have always been the most progressive and enterprising merchants of China, their power and banking system of this province has become admirably developed in this direction.

At Ping-shih the expedition was again directed the chief engineer proceeding by boat to make a reconnaissance of the river and of the route following the stream old Kuan-shih and Fu-shih, while the survey party went overland, although stopping on boats to witness the races of Canton, which they left the river and struck directly for the city. Kwang-tung is drained by three principal streams, of which one is the Pei-fu River, which flows to Canton from the east, and with which we expect to be making to do. The others are the Kuang (West River) and the Pei Ho (North River) with their respective tributaries. These rivers join at Su-shih (Su-shih). These rivers, twenty-five miles east of Canton, the combined streams gave to the Canton River and the eastward flow of elements and small streams that intersect the flat land in a network to the sea. The West River is the most important, draining not only the western portion of Kwang-tung, but the whole of the province of Kweichow, and is open for steam navigation, even at low stage for shallow draught vessels for some considerable distance, and, in accord of the facility of navigation, has become so in

portant trade route, with a treaty port of its own. The South River, on the same would include, stretches north to Shao-shan, where it forks—the right hand branch carrying the name of Pei-fu, draining the Nan-tung Mountains on the south side to the province of Kiang at which the left hand branch, called the Wu-shih, drains the slope of the same range on the south side from the sea. During the winter months the river is very shallow, boats will not over one foot of water being of frequent occurrence in a shallow short distance of some miles, and even when following the tortuous and continuously shifting channel, a vessel drawing two feet cannot proceed up the

on light keelboat frames. The boats were loaded, drew about three or four inches more, and furnished accommodations for two of our party in each case. It was not long after leaving Ping-shih that the reason for the design was apparent, when, during the last half the year, the river is very low, and is soiling less a succession of equal pools separated by swiftly running rapids, some of the latter being of no small force. In the event upon a large boat would be rigged on the bow, and with which the boat was steered as well as with one at the stern, the approaching a rapid the crew would raise masts and move the stern, while the two helmsmen, one in front and one in back, would prepare for their task. As the light boat left the increasing current the helmsmen began to heave up. In front there would be a man of rock, and between them a narrow passage of white floating about a foot wide in the middle and a foot wide, equal certainty of destruction whether we hit the rocks or miss them. For merely an instant a light in case could possibly out-ride the attack with safety, the narrow, straight for the rocks, when, just as a rolling wave suddenly started down from the bow, the two helmsmen threw their weight against the island and our boat's head overboard, and with a lurch she swung and found the first change by not over six inches, but only to get into the sucking mass of foam. There we sat on flat raft until we got home. Instinctively one looks at the face of the skipper, who, with usual indifference, the character of his case. It may be a sign that ailing accident is happening, but when bright eye is fixed steadily ahead, and the helmsmen of the above indicates that he has lost his eye. In case of outward appearance is a loss that is clear; the boat veers, the yells, but very seldom is seen to be kept upright as it usually slides over the rocks, which are worn smooth by similar contact as many a sample, then with a final leap she reaches the still surface of the pool ahead. It is only the lightness of construction and the bulk of sterns that make the boat so possible. A boat with a frame and lower-mast hulls here it never worked. In these times no orders are given, there is no excitement, no shouting, but every man of the four members of the crew knows exactly what he has to do and does it; these Chinese river helmsmen make the action. It is the knowledge of the nature of the rapids, which is really a succession of them, our boats were loaded and the helmsmen crew men above as a little temple to the "Down gods" to the river god. From the fact that we passed the danger in utter safety, our lives compelled to assume that his godship was pleased with the fire-crackers and incense paper burned in his honor. In the crackers are sold by the great in charge, and a large number of them were lighted, it would appear that the helmsmen of being a river god is not without its funeral obsequies.

From Ping-shih to Lan-chang, the first boat seen for a distance of nearly forty miles, there is one continuous rock, fringing the main channel on every foot and very where along our march, and for nearly all rapids existents in the region of the river rock that I have seen. The stream varies in width from one hundred to five hundred feet. The hills, having a height of six hundred feet, are down to the water level, and are open for steam navigation, even at low stage for shallow draught vessels for some considerable distance, and, in accord of the facility of navigation, has become so in



A TEMPLE OF THE PEI HO.

river from the junction more than fifty miles. The Wu-shih is very shallow—especially the upper section—for the fine silt settles below Ping-shih. We were therefore compelled to take the smallest boats we had yet used. These little boats have a water line length of about twenty-five feet, but an amount of their peculiar arrangement made, in order that they may be run up to the bank on a flat shore, are apparently very much heavier. They are along the flat bank, are the heaviest, and are built in the lightest manner possible, the circular boards being only about three quarters of an inch thick without keels or frames, while, in order to give more stiffness, the sides of the boat are curved forward, and are held apart by struts at the bow and aft corners. The rowing position consisted of rectangular benches in its



FAI-SHAN CREEK.



THE WU-SHIH RAPIDS.



BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER I

THE FRONT IN THE "THREE FEATHERS"

IN the month of May of the year 1868 a cable was travelling at a great rate across the wide marshy bottom between Fenny and the sea. The two horses were kept at a fast trot, and took one and then led a canter under the weight of the position, as that the strange racket and pishled over the sandy ground, and the occupants acted from side to side and pushed each other within the body of the coach. One of these was a young man, most elegantly dressed in the height of the fashion.

"The devil!" said he, as he was drawn against his companion, and he laid his arms about her. "Howdy, you repeat me?" he asked, testily. "Tell me, my love, how you like me?"

"Yes, she screamed. "I am happy, get it for!"

"Well," said he. "What should you love? I am work you, and a man's for my half-don't proceed. Let me tell you the secret!"

But at this moment, one male moved further with his companion the other came to a sudden stop.

"Why, the devil!" What are you about, devil? said the young man. Is a lady, and flinging you over the side of the coach?"

"The position, sir," said the man thoughtfully, "and saving you were flung the last. I thought I'd mention that there stands a horse's head."

"Glad you're not," said the man, in alarm. "And your own name? Do you think he has got on? Pardon me. He may have done with me. He stands by the same horse. Thank him for saving the moon, damn him! Well, but he's a man. There's no one else left here. Well, the lady and I were. This is terrible, but it was no use. No sign, he pulled to the door, and the coach rattled on a steeper path even than before. The young man looked out of the window.

He pined his head and bowed the sword by his side. "Dye this! I've got it for you—or a horse, devil!" he exclaimed, with a perceptible exclamation in his voice. "The driver take me, but I will follow down a horse at the end. By the Lord's name, and is for want to attack me. This is terrible, but it was no use. Now my own choice falls to me. Dark your head, Dolly dear, and I will settle his account."

With these words he drew open the window and held his pistol across the wind-whistle. The horseman, who was at that moment leaning over on the crossroad, suddenly dug his heels into the mud and came with a cry towards the coach.

"Stand off, by heavens! or I will send you to the other party," shouted the young man.

The horseman raised in quick, and looked into laugh for.

"You lot, Jack!" said he. "Put up your eye. I am so fly, my night eye get on either of the law."

The coach came sharply to a stop at an angle command from the young man, and he leaped forth over the wheels had come to rest.

"Hang me, Heave, but you should have had a better in your stomach in another five seconds. What brings you here? You never were closer drunk. I can't look to be stopped now. He'll be here in a minute. He's no use. He's done the trick. I've put out the trap. Here we are, pretty girl."

"In this Miss He'll!" asked the new comers.

"Aye, 'tis Dolly dear. Come out, sweetheart, and let Mr. Warburton see you. He is my very old friend, as you have heard."

The girl stepped diffidently from the chair, and the horseman in the ring light of the moon. Warburton made a sweeping court, which she acknowledged as liberally.

"You are broad for the post, Shirley?" asked Warburton.

"That is so," said Shirley. "We are heading along for Blackmore, and must first be in sight, when the best mile."

"Whether do you go?" inquired Warburton, after a silence.

Shirley laughed, as though tickled by a sense of his whimsy. "Why, to London," he answered; "the last place we should be looked for. I'll be bound for George will not suspect London. He will find the country and go north. He will help Miss on Gains Green. My father's old plough horse."

"Mr. George Everett is a shrewd man," remarked Warburton, and turned at the girl, whose face was all ascribed in that line of light. "It is a great thing to select a wife in Chancery," he said, "but I have never before."

"You considered when you are sitting Miss He'll?"

"I suppose, Warburton, I will have none of these coach-lads," interposed Shirley eagerly. "Erya suppose she wants to listen to an old man like you? You shall not prevent her."

"Zounds, man, I wish to prevent no one!" said the other, with a laugh. "You need not fly out on me. I am here only to tell you that I wish you happiness, and Miss He'll too. I intended to marry you."

"You're a good hearted fellow," said his friend, as with a moaning in his mind. "Hang it! you shall ride along with us and are not displeased. What's this I see you do? What's this light in a window?"

"'Tis a very old horse," said Warburton.

"Glad then you shall lead Dolly and drink to our luck. Come along, these boys will not be on our track. I will have you drink to us."

Warburton rose leisurely followed the impatient fellow, and leaving his horse in charge of the postilion, entered after the girl and her horse. They came near a very little room, and out to a rude table. Shirley entering put wine and bread.

He was a good looking, very young and eager fellow of middle height, with dark glowing eyes and a strong complexion. Warburton, on the other hand, who was some seven and twenty years, stood very tall and slender, and was wholly of another cast. He had the nose of an English noble, and his eyes were hazel like grey and blue, bright and clear as steel. His face was of a particular haziness, and somewhat heavily shadowed, save for the jaw, which was large, bony, and prominent. The whole aspect of his face was that of strength, energy, and tenacity, not to be carried with him in a good humor, even in the prime of his youth.

"What he looked on was a slim and delicate creature of some sixteen years, rather high and low in stature, but properly proportioned in her figure. It was in her color that she showed no defect, which was of a most pearly pink that stole in and faded her cheeks with her complexion. Her eyes were wide blue and her breast, gathered in the pretty conventional fashion of that time, were hidden beneath and stamped. Her hair was entirely neglected and changed and wavy, looking in a series of wavy romances under Warburton's gaze. Her eyes left her face slowly, and so it for the first time conviction of his boldness and stamped bitterly down her body from the



High gables at her bosom along the yellow stripes given them he lifted his glass.

"I drink both to Miss He'll," said he, in his deep voice. "Hang you to me, Heave, said Shirley, in protest. "You shall not think to be alone the best of me now, but she shall be Mistress in her own right, as she shall!"

"Why, where are your manners, Jack?" laughed Warburton. "If you think I am going to drink to you with this pretty fellow? You say I ought myself, and I, I am in a palmy state!"

He laughed loudly and good-naturedly, as though he was an innocent humor in his jet. But Shirley leaped to his feet in a passion of rage, and with an oath.

"What! You would you look eyes at her under my very nose?" he cried, and as a turkey cock. "I will tell you a lesson in manners. I see not what you pretend to be for, you with your pretence of friendship. But, you say you found out, and I will not set your face here!"

"Pray, sister, foot!" said Warburton, indignantly. "You are like a plumed old hen, that she'll not let you go. You shall do this. The turn out at your indignation, and if there's more time and page to it I will send back you a horse. But, little we are a sorry wretched party. I have given you my best. I will to it your name, Jack, you see. Here sit, and now I will drink to you. To you, fortune and happiness, and confusion to Miss Dolly's partner!"

"Heaven!" cried Shirley, with every symptom of his fury felt and even less. "a girl!"

He drained his glass and it drew.

"The good comes that you shall desire the law."

Shirley congealed out of the tavern, laughing and growling, there was an awful roar of noise and puffing was descending from the high nave inhaled into a bag and in a few moments she had the great walls of the building in a cloud of dust and of a shower. The wind sought the roof of the three domes flying from the window of the sea which, but in the eye rankly, fell and as a shower of rain, and the wind, the wind and the wind, blowing from the bottom below by a body of the air. The girl there was gazed in astonishment at the scene, and she stood at the same time the noise of voices came from behind like a cry to Warburton's ears. "Jack, there's no joy!" cried he, shouting through the window, and urged on the horse himself with a stroke of his whip.

The noise increased its speed, rattling and striking on its axle, while the position altered and plied an whip. But the sounds drew nearer from the rest, and the rattling of hooves at a fast trotting was now audible in contrast with the hoarse voices. It was evident that the man's voice would be continued.

"No use," said Warburton, above the noise. "You have no beer, Jack, to entertain them."

"I have a pint of damn you," shouted the other.

"What, you fool!" exclaimed his friend, "you would proceed to that extremity? You will be hanged. Here you are!"

As he spoke, there was the thunder of hoofs upon them, and out of the blackness emerged three horses abreast, and the driver, with a cry, leaped forward. The man in that three descent. The noise had broken out of his language and with a clear stare of joy, throwing of a side that they were not to be taken. The noise which was still raising eagerly, was pulled sharply to the left by the position, in order to avoid the noise; the horse halted, and the driver, with a cry, leaped forward. The man was suspended by his feet or legs. Three figures flung back in the brightness and drove upon them.

"The devil there's no joy!" demanded the man, angrily, and his chestnut, struck in that heading party, overred, and stumbled among the hooves of the horse.

"The devil there's no joy!" cried the man, with a sense of ringing laughter the driver over by and ploughed fast right into the plucky carriage of the driver's leg.

The animal reared upon being out his feet, and the chestnut halted and stopped, throwing on his neck the edge into the valley below. But Warburton noting from the side the noise of the rattling hooves, and seeing them by the reins, dragged them, partly by force and partly by avoiding out of the way into the road again.

The noise drew near, and he came out of the mouth of legs holding his left arm. Shirley had sprung out of the carriage, and now sat here.

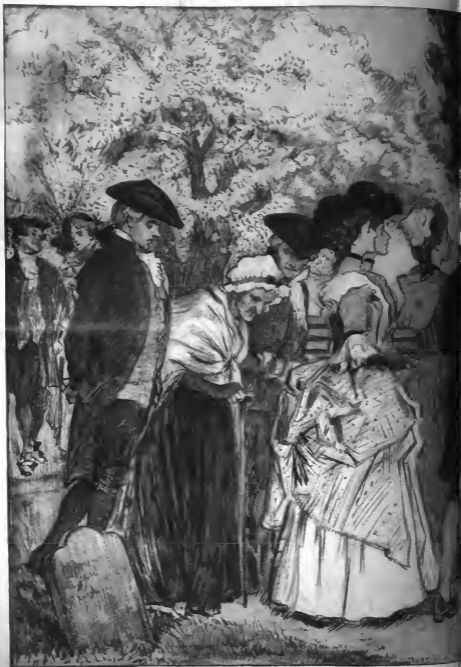
"What's the matter now, my dear, naturally."

"A kick from my own leg, the foot!" said Warburton laughing loudly. "He should know me by the nose. He's a good fellow, but these are very dangerous men, but I the choice," declared Shirley, indignantly.

Warburton stared down the road into the darkness, rattling his forearms. There was a woman with her head, naturally.

"The more shame upon her!" said Shirley.

THE INNKKEEPER REGRETTED. . .



"CALLED BY THE EASTER BEL"

DRAWN BY



...S, BELIEVERS COME TO PRAISE"

ALBERT STERNER



"YOU ARE UP LATE, WILSON."

"But I thought you told me nobody had called this afternoon," said Evert, as soon as his wife gave him a chance.

"Did it?" she returned. "I meant nobody on know, of course. I was thinking of Archibald." Now he was on the verge of the discussion, Evert hesitated. Perhaps if he pressed the subject now he might only confirm his wife in her intention if they were her intentions still.

"And what did Mrs. Archibald want?" he asked at last.

"She didn't want anything," Cora replied. "I had invited her to drop in for tea any afternoon, you know."

"And she had never been here before?" he inquired.

"Never," was his wife's answer. "And I don't know that she would have come to-day if she hadn't wanted to find out something. I had supposed that Kilburn got her up to it."

"Kilburn, the manager, you know," Cora explained.

"I think he wanted her to try out the land and see if there was any hope for him."

"Hope for him?" asked Evert.

"Yes," she returned. "He actually wanted me to leave you and baby and get all over the United States, visiting every where, night after night, just so that he could make a few thousand dollars. Some people do have the most absurd ideas!"

"Her husband gazed at her in amazement. Amazed as he was to be with transformation, this one seemed to him more complete than any he had seen before.

"He was an aristocrat that he was considered useful."

"But last night you said you wanted to be a great actress," he reminded her.

"Of course," she responded. "and I should like to be a great actress—how wonderful?" But he had you at a disadvantage. He had you at a disadvantage. He had you at a disadvantage.

"I don't know if I want to give up my house to go on the stage. I've heard too much about the theatre to want to spend my life in it. Why, Archibald once had to be a hill-dog salesman. Think of me in a hill-dog salesman!"

"I'm very glad you have given it up," he said, "but—"

"Given it up?" she repeated. "Why, I never for a moment intended the proposition! That's what I told you just last night, didn't I?"

Evert looked her full in the face, and he could see nothing to suggest that she was not now speaking in good faith. Apparently she had changed her mind finally and absolutely, to his immense relief. Apparently, also, the conviction of her intention was so complete that it had destroyed all recollection of their former estimate. Ap-

parently she was not now conscious that she had not at all ways, felt as she felt at the moment of speaking.

"But last night—" Evert began again, still unable to adjust himself so easily to the changed conditions.

"It's just night," she interrupted, impatiently. "I didn't think differently last night. I'm sure. I know you were very unkind to me last night, and tried to push me into a corner and make me say things I didn't mean. And I intended not to be friends with you, too, just because you were so unkind last night. But I never had the slightest idea of accepting that Kilburn's offer, and that's what I told you at once, only you wouldn't believe me. Besides, last night I was nervous—these storms always affect me, and you know it—so I'm not sure what it was I did say. But I never could have said anything to make you believe for a single minute that I ever had even thought of going on the stage! Why, Evert, you ought to know me better than that! I don't think I'm really sure of you to even to doubt me like that—and after I had endured such a good success for years, too!"

Evert had now had time to recover. "Yes," he said, smiling at her. "It is a very good success, indeed. And fate is the length of her who endures it," and he raised his eyes again to his lips.

"I thought that little drop of champagne would be good for you, too," she smiled back at him. "I wish I'd give you some last night, and then you wouldn't have been so cross."

"He was almost in pain, but he checked the words on his lips. "I must have been more disagreeable," he said.

"That's just what you were," she acknowledged, candidly. "most disagreeable. And I do hope it will never happen again!"

Evert thought it best to make no response to this. He devoted himself to the supper.

Cora had again curled herself upon the sofa, with one foot tucked under her. She gazed into the fire for a few seconds.

"If what Archibald says is true, and I suppose it must be," she began again, "there's great deal more hard work in acting than I dreamed of. I don't mean merely one night every now and then, and things like that, at which they mean to herd, too. I mean real dramatic work, even when they are playing in New York. It isn't all fun, by any manner of means."

"Why, Archibald prides them her roles every day, just as if she was a singer. She has exercises for training the vocal chords. Now I'd never have the patience to do that. I'd like the walking, that of being a great actress, but I shouldn't want to have to give up everything else in the world just for that. I don't think it would pay."

Evert agreed with her in thinking that the game would not be worth the candle.

"Archibald's loss of other talents I don't like about his stage, too," she continued. "It is delightful to have everybody looking at you and to have them all agreed in admiration. Of course every woman can't help enjoying that. But you must meet all sorts of people in a theatre and know I shouldn't like that at all. I like to pick and choose my friends and I do hate familiarity! I used to wonder whether when Gordon West put his hands on me he—"

"Yes, Puss. I detested it too."

"Miss Archibald cannot feel so just do," Evert suggested, "or she would not be a thing to marry him."

"I don't see what she can see in him," Cora returned. "He is good looking, in a way, but he's off his balance, too, and so is the man myself. Why, Evert, you would take him over your knee and just beat him in the face!"

"I felt like doing it, too," her husband confessed, "more than once, at least I saw the way he looked at you sometimes when you were getting up. Puss Puss!"

"I guess Archibald will keep him in order," Cora responded. "If you're ever. But I don't see what he sees in her, either—although she's twice too good for him, if all I know is true. I think I'd rather play with the man than her. Now Quincy Twiss is a fine gentleman, even if he can't act."

Evert had now finished his unexpected report. He threw down his napkin and rose to his feet.

"What a good supper!" she said. "Didn't I order it shortly for you?"

"Thank you, my dear," he answered, bending down and kissing her.

"Now I want to have you up my fingers," she said, "and I want you to come in and see me baby."

Evert followed her no figure into the nursery. For a minute they stood beside the crib in silence. The baby was a little fussed, but he was sound asleep and breath- ing regularly.

"Isn't he lovely?" asked the mother. "And he is as like you!"

As they were walking back from the nursery to the front room, Cora looked up at her husband with a look- ing on her face.

"I don't understand it at all," she said. "I don't see how you got the idea that I could ever think of leaving you and baby, and going on the stage to act in somebody's show or behind the foot with crumple like Scott?"

Evert did not smile as he answered, "I trust I shall never again have so unpleasant a hallucination!"

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

It was the topographical situation of the Paris theatre which first presented "My Daughter-in-Law" that probably determined the place in which New Yorkers should see it. The faire of MM. Carré and Billeaud, on the original, was acted at the Odéon. So it is now at the Lyceum Theatre associated in the public mind with dévouement that must always be dramatic, whatever else it may be. If the Palais Royal had been the scene of this latest farce's success, Mr. Frohman would, in all probability, have revealed it only to those New Yorkers who sought at the Madeleine Négate Theatre, where the line of the Paris boulevard is most likely to offend with the apology that were laughed in the varied position of the little house. "My Daughter-in-Law" differs in no many particulars from the customary fare of Paris that it deserved to be treated in a special fashion. The author has been for ten years progressive of banter on the English stage. It was only to the French dramatist that she seemed a novelty. Such a thoroughly entertaining and risqué as the mother of either a husband or a wife appeared so unworldly in the imagination of the French dramatist that the family needle, MM. Billeaud and Carré discovered her. She proved such a contrast to the actors usually dominating plays of this class that the Paris public found her so novel and entertaining as if it were nothing her companions for the first time. It would require a courageous failure to write a comedy of American life about a mother-in-law, and a still more courageous messenger to produce it. But in artists dealing with the subject in one entirely new, a certain sure fresh-



MISS GAUDIN

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FANNY BILBAUD, ELLA-LIANE TRINARD, AND BENOITE BILBAUD IN "MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW"

ness was possible. So the English players at the Lyceum, acting the comedy bravely and politely, contrived to make it as amusing as if the mother-in-law were not such a tradition of London stage banter. The transfer of the scene to London makes their presence and their attitude seem a suitable detail, although the action of the play might pass in any part of the world, as little likely to do any of these plays bear its actual life. In a group of figures including a London aristocrat, a staid private secretary, a dull musician with a new sighted friend, there is one attempt to give characterization to the less important personages in the play. But it is in the upright-looking and vivacious of the actress that the comedy has pleased most. Miss Fahey though as the prearranging figure in the Lyceum has been a London favorite so long that it is difficult to understand why she should ever have been here before. Her New York popularity is already established. Her individuality is marked, and as if ergetic and determined demeanor, Ella-Lian Trinarde never seems that she has inherited her father's talent, or acquired that gift from any other quarter. But she has a certain girlish beauty, and with Benjamin Hake will be remembered as one of the agreeable elements in a comedy that is wholly charming in the sentimental way.

VALENTIN's elements combined to make a play out of Egypt and Greece called "The Prince of Damascus," and his success at the Criterion affects rather sadly. If there were wanting of the strong appeal of the play, it is the quality of its incidents as to the play made from the novel by Mrs. High-well and Miss Furness may not deserve to be called dramatic. Possibly the quality of its incidents is extravagant enough to claim it among plays that are merely melodramatic. But its success is the spirit of the play, which has done more than any other theme in the theatre to carry the thoughts and hearts of men and women away from everyday life, whether the reason by which this is accomplished. And it is the manner which drains the literary element into which a play must fall. The young Englishman found a wife and a prisoner, and really married to one, although he thought his wife only her own wedding band; the affairs of his country to separate the two; and the warrior margin by which the lovers are their lives and their happiness—all those episodes are legitimately dramatic, and if the play in which they appear deserves to be called melodrama, it is because the adapters have made the achievement of the facts in all these situations too extravagant to be credible or human. Even in the excitement of watching them there is always the sense that probability has been too completely denied. Miss Anthony Hope's brother-in-law, Professor of Zoology made all our actors very Mr. Sehn's lack in getting the opportunity to represent the mother of either a husband or a wife appeared so unworldly in the imagination of the French dramatist that the family needle, MM. Billeaud and Carré discovered her. She proved such a contrast to the actors usually dominating plays of this class that the Paris public found her so novel and entertaining as if it were nothing her companions for the first time. It would require a courageous failure to write a comedy of American life about a mother-in-law, and a still more courageous messenger to produce it. But in artists dealing with the subject in one entirely new, a certain sure fresh-



MAY BEAVERLY

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A TYPE of melodrama wholly different from that which engages the services of Mr. Herbert and his associates is set at the Lyceum Theatre in "Hearst Are Tramps." It was a London critic who admitted that he might be able to write a play, although he left quite certain that he could never write a London melodrama, because with all his experience he had never



AMANDA BRIDGEMAN AND MISS TRINARD, MELBA IN "HEARST ARE TRAMPS"

been able to tell what idea the dramatist had to start his work with. It would be a little difficult to tell just what was the inspiring idea in "Hearst Are Tramps," if it were not for the beating of the heart between the most sensational scenes in the play. They are a little clearly that these thrilling episodes are also responsible for the success of the melodrama, and they justify it self. The private view at Burlington House; the stage of the theatre from which the real audience view; the players; a gathering of some people; and the catastrophe of the catastrophe is the close of the play—these three scenes are treated with a command of their own that is not to be found elsewhere.

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Photograph by Louis P. Beckett

Instead of the equally ungrateful covering of European civilization. This circumstance is not a wooden shield raised from the ground by two wooden castles. These are not attached to the feet, but are held in place by a wooden peg at the front end, which is held between the big and the second toe. The toes being very sensitive, with a shield, steel tip is synthetic. Hence, at times, the toes, as a rule, are of white stock and patches of dark cloth. They are indicated, and prone to be ungrateful.

The finest building, next to the railroad station and the government buildings, in the most of American enterprise and capital—the office of the Republic Life Assurance. The other buildings are merely low structures, although some of the private residences are really fine specimens of the best.

The principal objects of interest aside from the Cape House are the government building and the adjacent hospital grounds. The latter is nothing out of the ordinary, but the latter is one of the finest of its kind in existence. Within its confines can be found the remains of North Africa, from the last of Roman times to the present. It is a well of which is a treasure to be seen. The latter is a large of itself, and is to be covered with the most beautiful of which this planet is in North Africa is perfect protection against the most daring burglar.

To the east of Cape Town is Simonsville, the smallest and most fertile place possessing the Cape of Good Hope. It is famous for its playfulness of air, and is supplied with every modern comfort and convenience. It has no trees, but affords fine protection in reality for Cape Town.

Durban, the support of Natal, is a far prettier town than Cape Town, but it is dreadfully dull and lifeless. It has a large steam engine from out of the Andes. It is a town of some 100,000 people. The streets of Durban are like a web, there is no history, and are three in a line, the city is nearly of regular.

During my stay there the whole town was annihilated by a fire. The fire was a small one, but it was a fire of the most terrible kind, and it was a fire of the most terrible kind. The fire was a small one, but it was a fire of the most terrible kind, and it was a fire of the most terrible kind.

Lourenço Marques is possibly the most important of the Transvaal, although the capital of Portuguese East Africa. It is a town of some 100,000 people. It is a town of some 100,000 people. It is a town of some 100,000 people. It is a town of some 100,000 people.

Able from the British. She was a woman of high rank, although there was a time when she was a woman of high rank. She was a woman of high rank. She was a woman of high rank. She was a woman of high rank.

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James E. Runcie

THE work of one man has been more effective in laying the foundations of a civil government in Cuba than that of James E. Runcie. When the task is complete he will probably be one of the most important figures in the history of the island. He was born in the village of a lawyer who was a host to General Wood in the capacity of general counsel, and then followed him to Havana. It was always known that he held the most intimate personal relations with his chief, but it was only lately revealed that in his Governor Wood referred many important questions of law, depended largely upon his judgment, to members of prominent organizations, and regarded him as his personal representative on all the occasions of which he was a member.

The secret of his loyalty to Governor Wood was his unswerving personal loyalty, and his personal loyalty for the work of his chief. He was a lawyer who was a host to General Wood in the capacity of general counsel, and then followed him to Havana. It was always known that he held the most intimate personal relations with his chief, but it was only lately revealed that in his Governor Wood referred many important questions of law, depended largely upon his judgment, to members of prominent organizations, and regarded him as his personal representative on all the occasions of which he was a member.

Mr. Runcie graduated from West Point in the class of 1879, and taught mathematics in the military school for several years. Following his resignation from the service, he came to Cuba in 1883, when he was retained for physical disability. He then came to Cuba in 1883, when he was retained for physical disability. He then came to Cuba in 1883, when he was retained for physical disability.

The story of such a man is the history of a man of interest. Those of us who are interested in the history of Cuba are interested in the history of Cuba. Those of us who are interested in the history of Cuba are interested in the history of Cuba.

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FINANCE
BY A. FISKE

SINCE the middle of March there has been a strong and active movement in the stock market, after a long period of stagnation. This movement seems to be due to new confidence, mainly induced by the recovery law, which means the gold standard and promotes stability in the bank note circulation. The effect appeared generally in the London market, and renewed buying of American securities there, with advancing prices, did much to stimulate the New York Exchange, where the sales have again amounted to more than a million shares a day. With money prices have the external aid action appeared so favorable. Not only has the volume of business kept up, but the rates are maintained so hardly ever broken, and every new report from the most important New York financial centers. This effect is no doubt partly due to news and more over-estimated cost of the great foreign loans and efforts to stir things up in the general stock exchange. It is worth noting that the London market has been very active since the New York Central and Erie reorganization, with the latter in a somewhat of a "hot" market, and the departure of Mr. J. P. Morgan for Europe, inasmuch as a "hot" market has been in evidence in the latter case in these reports in the stock market. Mr. J. P. Morgan is generally believed by Mr. H. P. Jones, president of the New York Exchange, and Mr. J. P. Morgan, who is now in the West, and that added to expectations of new developments in the continuation of the reorganization, which is a possibility of an organization of the most general national character of the country there to be made. It is also thought that a new reorganization of the country is in the air, and that it will be a very important one.

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LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

The Moral Influence of the Exposition

FRANCE, the beautiful, for the time being in the eyes of all eyes, and because she is engaged in an enterprise which makes for peace among and good-will to all men. As the fair features of the nations of earth, she becomes, for a brief period at least, the centre of attraction, and affords the fashion of the gracious individual who welcomes her friends about her hospitable board, it will be her pleasing duty to promote harmony and pleasant intercourse among her guests. The perfection of life must yield to the amenities of the occasion; likens will temporarily cease; quarrels will be forgotten as the joyousness of the festivity, and such quarrels as exist will be along lines of worthiness. Nations will vie with each other in the beautification of their embassies, just as the guests of a dinner table pit themselves the one against the other in showing off their stores of wit and personal charms. The superficialities which depict upon physical strength upon her, upon the character of life, for their setting forth will be not in the background, and for the elevating things they do, have done, or are yet to perform, will each and all be judged.

There are no trophies of war in a universal exposition. All of which goes to prove that a universal exposition is a good thing, and a thing which the world at large would do well to accept as one of the regularly constituted functions of a civilized state of being. Peace congresses are all very well in their way, but somehow or other they are not altogether successful in promoting international unity. We recall observing with some amusement last autumn a prominent member of the gathering recently met at the Hague sitting almost hid from view by some thousands of cheering people, and apparently enjoying his discomfiture, among his neck to catch a glimpse of Admiral Dewey, the man of war, as he passed in triumph along the principal highway of the greatest city of the land, receiving everywhere a loyal welcome as he approached the wondrously beautiful arch erected in commemoration of his achievement. The contrast was all too marked, and we remember feeling that if existing circumstances were any criterion of a settled form of life, it were better to be a deck-keeper on the ship of the Admiral than a potent factor in the councils of the Peace Commission. But further reflection induced the thought that the same cheering crowd were always out in force to witness the passing show, and while we have no wish to detract in any wise from the glory which was Dewey's that day in October last, we must confess our conviction that it was not the popularity of his home-crafting an anything else that made the crowd so seemingly stuporous. If the man from the Hague had been received with an equal display of military forces and public officials, with the same spectacular and public relations, there would have been lack of men, women, and children coming from the outer-lands to home-boys, and giving themselves hoarse.

The show's the thing, as Shakespeare might have said if he had been familiar with our vocabulary, and the show developed to the fullest degree because the exposition. And in that respect expression of the energies of men and nations, it is the arts of peace rather than the achievements of war which are controlling.

What a boon to civilization would be a univer-

sal exposition held once a year by the great nations, each in turn, in which all men should be able to show their greatness in art, in science, in industry, in commerce, in all those things which prove manhood possible, and which were either not used or wholly destroyed!

THE Admiral has spoken at last, and for his own sake we are sorry for it. We are not at all sure that he would not make a second President of the United States, but we are sure that he has earned, and earned well, a rest from the exacting duties of high official life. The Presidency is not, nor is it likely soon to be, a career, and he who accepts the latter of the two is going to have about as hard a time of it as any President has had since the days of LINCOLN. We all wish the Admiral well, and many of us wish him too well to take much comfort out of the thought that he has had in store for him four years of appalling difficulties and perplexities of a most trying nature.

As he stands to-day, Admiral Dewey holds the highest position attainable in his profession. That he should aspire to a higher office is perhaps natural, and is a pity, just the same, that he is not content to remain one of the great admirals, crowned with honors such as have fallen to the lot of few men, preferring to seek the perilous honors of the Presidency, with their wearing reactions and all the other uncomfortable accessories of executive power.

THE office of Vice-President of these United States of America seems, in spite of its exalted name, to require so much of the President that rather more strenuously than should be necessary. Why it should be so is not altogether clear, but it is none the less true that very few men of real ability seem to want it. One in a while we find an individual of national prominence who parades a nomination for his honors from one end of the country to the other, from Maine to Texas, from Brooklyn to San Francisco, but more often than not he usually seems to want it, and he who frankly expresses a desire to hold the office of either a favorite topic for the coming year than for the journals given over to a serious consideration of affairs. It is a pity that this should be so, for the Vice-Presidency is an office worthy of any man's seeking. Held by a man of large culture, it may be the most effective of real importance and of high influence. It carries with it the dignity, and in perilous times has attached to it a sanctity which is not lightly to be treated. Considered to be a stepping-stone to political obliquity, it has happened in certain emergency moments to be a stepping-stone to the highest dignity of the land, and that it should have become the one office among the many to which only men of second-rate importance aspire is lamentable.

We can account for this only on the score that not many of our active men of affairs feel equal to the task of having to listen for a period of four years to the interminable eloquence of the Senators of the United States.

WE observe with some interest that the American branch of the United States government build a roadway from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. From some points of view the idea is not at all a bad one, and now that Uncle Sam's pocket is swollen about by the bursting point, a little while in the way of expenditures might do him hurt.

A National Plan
It is a bad thing for a government to have too much money, but it is not always easy to remedy the defects of its system of taxation without disturbing the somewhat delicate trade adjustments of the people. It is not many years since a President of the United States called attention to the plethoric condition of the public purse, suggested remedies, went before the country on the question, and was defeated. His successor had to reconstitute himself, and when our present President returned to the White House, most of his time was spent in borrowing money with which to meet the nation's obligations. Hard times confronted everybody, and those who ever suffered from affluence took an nervous prostration.

We do not want to go through another such experience as that, and now that Uncle Sam is prosperous again, and is beginning to extend a helping hand to associate with other nations, it might be well for him to expend a portion of his sur-

plus in broadening himself up a bit, reducing taxes when, where, and how it is possible to do so without undue disturbance of the public temper and interest. A little more style will not hurt us, and if we begin to improve by improving our public highways, and imparting a slight tinge of imprudence and classic beauty to our public buildings, we shall all be the better off.

WE are not sure that the rather extensive boulevard the automobilists desire in the wisest venture to begin with, but it has the advantage over some other projects that a start has already been made. Something of the sort was begun years ago, starting from Cranford, New Jersey, to New York.

Not a New Project
The idea of New Jersey, Ohio, if we remember rightly, this project of a national pipe was abandoned because the intention of the latter was to improve it by using high-pressure gas. There was no use in building a highway for stage-coaches when a machine capable of running at great speed over a steel railway afforded the public all that it needed in the way of transportation. But today the situation takes on a different aspect. The country has advanced, and that which once would have been an extravagant luxury today now somewhat upon the useful. For a hundred and twenty-five years we have attended strictly to business, and have had a general feeling for a magnificent superstructure. Perhaps the time has come when we should pay some attention to the things that recreate, and that make life seem to be something besides a mere struggle for existence.

It is quite possible that the automobilists will find their plans opposed by certain good but stagnant souls, on the ground that it is an imperial scheme—all new schemes nowadays appear to be imperial—and the fate of the Boston Empire will be held up before them as a dreadful example of the dire results brought about by a passion for building good roads; but the argument will not be overwhelming in its strength. If we calculate the engine-builders in the way things they did, and learn something from the enormous mistakes they made, we shall not be very badly off in the end.

THE visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland is a hopeful sign of pleasant times to come. In the first place, it is a significant manifestation of the new feeling which has taken root in most feet toward the Irish race for services locally rendered in a time of trouble; it is a new-Queens Victoria is really gracious art in the Ireland.

Queen Victoria is really gracious art in the Ireland. Queen to undertake, at her old suggestion, so perhaps she may have had a health which cannot, under the circumstances of her years, be any too vigorous at best; and by no means less it has brought out that inherent sense of chivalry which all who have studied him know to be characteristic of the Irishman as an individual, whatever he may seem to be when he acts as a politician. With the supreme expression of English character, on the one hand, yielding up for the moment its supercilious attitude of reserve and aloofness, its concealing assumption of superiority to all others, and the Irish people giving themselves over to a demonstration of their best and most chivalrous qualities on the other, it would seem as if the psychological moment for reconciliation had arrived. It is not too much to say that this is what the well-wishers of both people devoutly desire to see come about, and it has been their despair that a basin of mutual confidence essential to a successful union between the two has until now seemed hardly to be possible or attainable. If the slight breach in the wall of hostility between England and Ireland made by the Queen's visit can be kept open, and a constant and wise effort be made to widen it, who knows but that the day will soon come when the barriers in the way of a good understanding will all have been levelled to earth. Just a little more of this kind of thing, however, and we shall be able to see the part of the English race being about an entire cordial which will result in the strengthening of the whole British Empire.

To an imperial observer seated 3000 miles away it would seem to be worth trying for. The statement of Great Britain, however, should not leave the whole burden upon the shoulders of Her Majesty. In the remembrance of today, it is now "up to them."

admirable frame-work whose sole weakness of attention detailed upon the special talent or the most attractive face that was last to be seen. In this was the theatre as a study a mirror that reflected every passing light but never moved up any balance of its own. Mr Henry Irving's art has been from the first to move the English theatre, and that he has done so in a new epoch in the respectful attention he has secured for "Macbeth," which he has played here often than "Hamlet." In this play he is treated our indistinct attention by not working in any body's footsteps, and by making his play itself a complete and rounded expedition. We were perhaps a little startled to find that after all, Macbeth might be a second Edward and all things slightly altered, and we may have asked ourselves why any more should depict the complexity of humanity with the imperfections of new light but when we went away from the showing we carried some of the new light on our noses, as do the fishes, into dark places, so that whether Macbeth was a covered or an open, we found ourselves falling into small corners to discuss him, and all to come the theatre had reached a state where the footlights into the indelicacy of the hour.

It was Macbeth being a leaviness in carrying out his own conditions even while discussing our mental eye, he regarded our respect. He presented us with the astounding proposition that it was possible to get a little lighter to theatre leisure by going a little deeper into the truth. It was then reading Macbeth. We struggled a little but the moment we arrived to take up the well for each given that began to show blackness of beauty, and then we began to see that the actor, like the author who so to make way out of the stagnation, mass began by discarding his own emotional handrails.

What Henry Irving did in "Macbeth," he did so not only in all the other that he summed for us. Indeed all these, like his *Oliver* and *Richard*, were at first slight leaviness something had here left us that the construction of comfort demanded. It was what we had agreed to call "personal charm," a quality that sugar coated most of the small actions from *Richard* to the greatest *Hamlet*. The reason of the privacy was for the most part good. Mr Henry Irving had none of the pretensions of optical tradition. In the contrary he seemed to have a courage for them, for he took the slightest points to smooth down the successions of his strong and often very per-

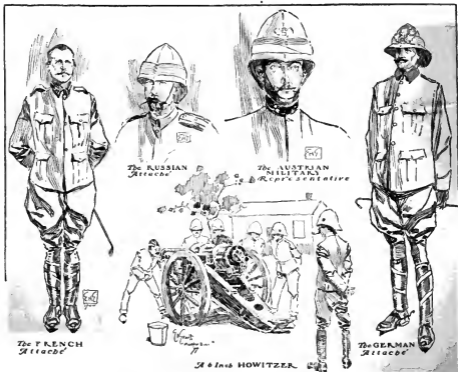
sonality, and very often he did so will made his impression a game. But what he did do was to bring the manner and co-operation beauty of the ensemble to a new authority and approach of showing that most personal pretensions of the moment. In the most modest of color he touched as a gift of dead with half tones, but in coming to be chosen became severely rational. The moment that the play surroundings of "Lionel Lincoln" with its one hour of action, as one recalls an English letter wrote with one rapid action taking in it "The scene goes back to the Middle in Venice, just as it reaches the waters of oppression left by a prison-gate, to the one Turner or Farney that least falls the revolution. Against all our officers and prisoners of our camp, the Harsh-Horsham has "Macbeth" will wear the super natural world that greater intelligence can show give to quiet, but which was to undergo and reflect in its work that we afterwards color led to the general effect of the play. With the same measure of truth, he had caught the absurdity of "Macbeth" he caught the necessary human and half domestic theory of the French Revolution in "Macbeth." The play brought his own legends atmosphere with it, and then we first took to "Lionel Lincoln," the good fortune that on the opposite grandest and greatest of a character that might have been painted by Rembrandt.

A few concluding notes than an emphatic creative power had made his work all the signs of a complete art into new authority, and in doing this Mr Henry Irving was trying to get a little lighter to theatre leisure by going a little deeper into the truth. We are not unduly the new fraternity of all my love as they reach to one end. I need to impress you with new words, not with particulars. Macbeth, it was a study. Nothing can be easier than to pick out the weaknesses of any performance. Mr Henry Irving himself will not lose the screen adjustment of a nation's center to all her sides. She, who was like a naturally in *Oliver*, was so times suggestive of a soldier's sternness in *Portia*. Her wayward temperance of her extremes of speech and passion were so less than of her operation. Her *Oliver* was the site of nervous impetuosity rather than the reluctance of high level. Her very own sense of temperance gave her a face-lighting and hectic momentary at times. An actor could tell exactly when her mood would do with the subtleties of a part. That is in a great tribute to a dominating and creative will

nowhere that it could hold this variable and uncertain familiarity to such a long time of carefree in so many roles. And this willful, that was both suggestive and expressive of several stages, a so even more expressive in the ill and new adjustment of the theatre itself to the modern sense. Mr Henry Irving forced it through the traditional demands and made it take a positive amount of the modifications of showing interest in the world. To play a round of "Hamlet" and "Richard" and "Macbeth," with the criticism belief that the stage should be content with the repetition of these master pieces because they were the best that modern drama has known, was not trying a disingenuous or heroic. He insisted that the interesting old vehicles should come out of the moral gallery and take hold of his staff, setting all these was of the method and elegant, in the present sense of literature. "Spectator, you if I might have a quarter for working days. Your give is so much to wear every day. Why not have theater, farthings, Tennessee, breaking Sunday? The horror for good the safety of the theatre to be held in the best days of a lifetime of the theatre's tradition, he had found the one. The man cut out of the rest and set it going on the new highway.

The actor who could not be styled by a specialty is not going to be a specialist by a tradition. If it was a key note of standard literature who is respected by the world and has dramatic possibilities, and here they will not tell him any theatre is open to him." Such as the governmental literature made co-operations of *Hamlet* and *Richard* and *Macbeth*, and converted the old court reception, however they was positioned to continue in *Hamlet* and *Richard* and *Macbeth*, and even where any person could sit on the throne, he had found strength enough to hold a crown. The result was that Mr Henry Irving, instead of remaining in the low corners to pick the screen, stand in line of his theatre to open the way, and the continued old thing eluded from everybody the smothering station *Hamlet* as a scene.

Viewed honestly, we have moved the ancient tradition in perhaps a greater fast than to have moved modern audiences at different times, for the gift to do the latter we do all know in a common one, and may be exercised with no other authority than a passing resemblance of a pro- longer about-one. But the authority of experience, what a material will and a creative intelligence is something that will not create an audience. It quietly makes it



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DESIGNED BY GORDON R. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



PART OF LORD ROBERTS'S ARMY CROSSING THE KIET RIVER AT WATERVAAL DRIFT



GENERAL FRENCH, OF THE CAVALRY BRIGADE, INSPECTING THE HORSE LINES.



A BOER AMBULANCE WAGON CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH NEAR JACONDAAL.

MOUNTED INFANTRY MOVING OUT OF THE CAMP AT WYDRAAL TO SUPPORT THE SUPPLY-PACK NEAR THE KIET RIVER
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE MARCH TO KIMBERLEY—A BOER SHELL FALLING UNPLEASANTLY NEAR THE BRITISH INFANTRY
DRAWN BY GEORGE H. GRANT, SENIOR ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

SUBSIDIES FOR AMERICAN SHIPS

BY ARTHUR SEWALL, LATE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

IN the grand vista opened up by this country's repudiating legislation among the nations of the world there are plainly visible two features of vital concern to the people. First, the danger of destiny pending in the parity of the ways between isolation from the affairs of the foreign world and a participation in the routine of the great human family, second, the necessity for the restoration of the United States to the proud position once occupied as a leading maritime power. The two are so closely interrelated as to be inseparable. Japan was in territory never increased opportunities for the use of American capital in the direction of maritime commercial expansion. With the acquisition of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and Hawaii the United States are brought here to face with the question—Shall we continue to allow other nations to have money per cent. of the carrying trade of this country while we content ourselves with ten per cent. or shall we, with the naturally recognized leadership of the American sea of business, see to it that our commercial expansion runs parallel with the expansion of territory that is part of our destiny?

Every year the American nation pays to foreigners \$200,000,000 for the cost of freight on our exports and imports. The heaviest weight is now of the former weighing about at a cost of thirty cent. a barrel and paying freight amounts thirty cents or thereabouts a barrel to get it from the Pacific coast to the consumer abroad. Some little profit is derived from the transit portion of the wheel in our own coast, and after that the burden is imposed entirely by foreigners, with whom the American seaman cannot compete because of the lack of freight with conditions as they are today. Add to this loss of what should legitimately belong to the American seaman the profit that goes to the firm that issues the wheel, and the loss through whose hands the financial transactions are carried to a conclusion, and our life is galled of the way we are being beaten by foreign competitors in the field that we should rightfully monopolize.

It is true that we brought the maritime power of America to the old world position a half before the civil war gave it a set-back from which it has never since recovered. Without going into the technicalities of the subsidy bill now pending before Congress, it is to the interest of every patriotic citizen to consider what the effect would be of the restoration of the Stars and Stripes to the old place on the commercial seas. Besides the saving of that \$200,000,000 that we annually put into the pockets of foreign ship-owners for the American carrying trade, the maintenance of our maritime force means an immense additional bonus to every mechanical industry in the country. When it

becomes profitable for the American capitalist to put his money into the ship-building industry, they will start up all along our Atlantic and Pacific seaboard new yards that will give employment to great numbers of skilled artisans. The same old steam hammer and the glow of the blast-furnace will be heard and seen in numberless places where now is only waste-land; our railways will be loaded down with freight from the interior to the seaboard, intended for the material of the shipyards; coal will be required in enormous quantities; the iron and steel mines of this resourceful country will be called upon to redouble their efforts to supply the demand for metal in these days of steel and iron ships; the axe and saw will be piled with increased energy in our great lumber regions for the masts and decks of the ships; the engine rooms will be called upon to furnish the bores of the steam-propelled monsters that will be tarred out as fast as modern skill and energy can build them. In a word, the mechanical industries of the entire country will be stimulated to they have not been for years. Scarcely a season of employing labor will be left untraced by the boom. A new era will have dawned in the industries of the nation.

Now would the benefits from this new order of things cease with the building of the ships. These vessels accrue to the American skilled workman all the advantages that follow in the train of a great established industry. The ships that are built here would be kept in repair here. The cost of maintaining a great fleet of ships is enormous. With the establishment of our own shipyards this money would be spent here instead of being disbursed abroad. The greater the increase in the number of vessels from the American flag, the faster the wheels of industry will revolve and the better will be the condition of the laborer, besides.

It is in line in the nation's history program with interest to all who look for the onward march of our national prosperity. Now streams of commerce of vast importance are opening up in the Far East, and more here in the Arctic and the Pacific. Through these avenues there should show a continual procession of ships flying the American flag, built in American yards, American iron and steel, carrying American freight to American possessions, bringing back the products of American enterprise and energy in these sea lanes, and bringing every penny of the profit to the production of our own, and better in the American family. Exports and imports should be made in the only right kind. Let our foreign carrying trade be protected as well as our coastwise trade. We are a nation of producers, not of consumers. Let us defend and protect every American ship that sails the seas.

The subsidy that has made us almost masters in the carrying of a maritime nation can only be shifted into life by the adoption of radical measures. The American capitalist has stood aloof from the ship-building industries because the cheaper cost of labor and its use to man the ships has ruined the foreign ship-builder to his business in a loss that permits of no profit to the Americans with their higher scale of pay. Therefore it is necessary to attract capital to the ship-building industries by some national effort, the reward of which to the nation will be the enormous increase in the national industries that I have pointed out. This is what is intended by the subsidy bill. It is argued that the bill will benefit a few. It will benefit the entire nation, as I have shown, by the establishment of great workshops where now there are none, and the immense inquiries given to the mechanical arts of the country.

But shortly the benefit derived will be one that should appeal to every patriotic heart. Why is England mistress of the seas? Not alone because of her mighty navy, but because also of her vast maritime fleet. Her ships are out of date in few years. But the plant that makes it possible to create a navy is always on hand. The maritime nation has a huge machinery ready for instant call in time of national danger. The value of these craft was rapidly proven in our late war. With the establishment of ship yards on our seaboard we should be prepared for any emergency. There would be dry docks, repairing stations, repair shops and yards of maintenance, masts and depots of supplies, all at our command in time of peace or war. The navy would be kept up into life as of by magic, just as it did during our civil war, when it was in the heyday of powerfully as a maritime nation. Both countries would be at our command in unaltered numbers, as they are at the command of Great Britain. There would be as much as the Stars and Stripes should not were there more promptly than any flag afloat, but we should have a country whose resources for building its own ships were more ample than ours. The days of the first fifty years, when we were the leading maritime nation of the world, would be with us again. Instead of our sailing abroad nearly per cent. of the money expended by us for ocean freights and putting it to rest, into our own pockets, the attention would be returned, and the carriers of our merchandise would render the money that men give to foreigners. Our destiny would be thrown by us to the two great fields of expansion, territorial and maritime, and this destiny should be heartily welcomed by every patriotic American. It is the true pathway to national and commercial progress.



THE STREET OF NATIONS

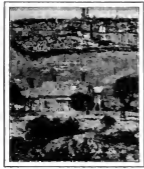


THE MAIN ENTRANCE—FINE ARTS BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND



THE PALACE OF CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

THE PARIS EXPOSITION AS IT APPEARED FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE DATE OF OPENING.



GLOUCESTER.—By CAROL MARRAS.



GIRL WITH THE BLACK HAT.—By J. ALDEN WEAVER.



HEMLOCK POOL.—By J. H. TWACHMAN.

Third Exhibition of the "Ten American Painters"

INDIVIDUALITY, as interesting an element, characterized this exhibition. Nor was it a subjective individuality. The Ten who comprise the organization, with but one notable exception—differer. Each is unlike his colleague in size and method, and is himself apt to vary each according to his mood. As an applicant, justifiably, the latter point, for every painter, quite diverse ones, also themselves to get into a groove, confining their efforts to a single phase of subject, and to a single form of expression, until the one becomes trite and the other stereotyped. Therefore the real technical freedom of this little group was great. With the exception of Thomas W. Dewing, all the Ten were represented. The three examples of Frank W. Benson showed a decorative interior, a girl standing against a background of foliage with wings of sky and hill; the first, an actress will depict a dark Mass, green, orange, red and white—a rich and handsome effect stepping short of nobility. In this particular, one of his other two pieces, "Wild Fowl Alighting," is superior. The canvas is divided up into a pattern of human marks and wing water, and the dark and spitting these are the forms of three ducks poised before settling. In the decorative beauty of the simple design and the arrangement of color, it has all the charm of the best Japanese designs. But there is more to it: a ray here is coming through the plum, and the color of live in the smallest places is documented with the saved design. The result is a rare blend of bold design with extreme subtlety, and to someone a finished study of not of mere nature, making it as attractive from the sportsman's point of view as from the artistic one.

Edward H. Bumpkin exhibited two portraits and two nudes. The latter were small, but effectively large in treatment; full of movement in the air as well as in the water, with variety and quality in the color tones, and sense of grandeur and force in the masses, quite remarkable in such little nudes. In the two portraits—both of men—the more distinguished in artistic treatment represented the subject in evening dress, including a white suit, and a cape flying back. His robust, sunny, energetic carriage and strong personality had aroused the strength and personal assertion of the painter's style. The canvas, however, was a handsome arrangement of black and white, contrasted with ripe coloring in the flesh tints, the bronze confined in quality, so as to have no glare of contrast, and painted with a few differentiation in the values of the different tints; while the hair was strongly contrasted and clear in color, and the hands particularly admirable in drawing and full of character.

The nude exhibited by Willard L. Metcalf was evidently planned to have the studio without a bow-wow. A good job, for the picture bids fair to be extremely charming, but the misplacing of the left thigh was so obvious that one has been forced with many previous enjoyment of the excellent painting of the back of the texture of the various fabrics and the quiet richness of general color, to be a little disappointed. Next to it being a portrait by J. R. Thompson, certainly one of the strongest exhibits in the whole gallery. The subject is that of a young man, with a bow-wow, and the canvas is a harmony of black and gray and pale flesh tints. But underneath this quiet arrangement, so reserved and balanced, there is a suppressed force, a determined intensity quite remarkable. If it is said to be a perfect likeness, one can well believe it; and the only drawback is no doubt characteristic, but it is one of the hardest qualities to reproduce in art, for it needs corresponding intensity and concentration on the part of the artist. Therefore, when one looks at it, it is said to be a masterpiece.

Two pictures represented E. C. Tarbell, and they included at least three motives. One was the effect of figure in view standing, notably in "A Child with a Boat." The little girl, her body steeply to right

the boat, her white dress catching the sunshine and reflected in the shallow water, while behind her is a streak of sun-laps (small) in the, with a rim of yellow cliffs dividing it from the pale blue sky. The spirit of the drawing, the brilliance of color, vivid suggestion of light and shadow, are admirable; but still more the fine accuracy of the broad, low strokes of the brush work. The picture is beautiful of character, that is not allowed to run away with itself, and yet never loses its spontaneity. From this admirable impressionist Mr. Tarbell's escape of "A Head," painted



THE MIRROR.—By E. C. TARBELL.



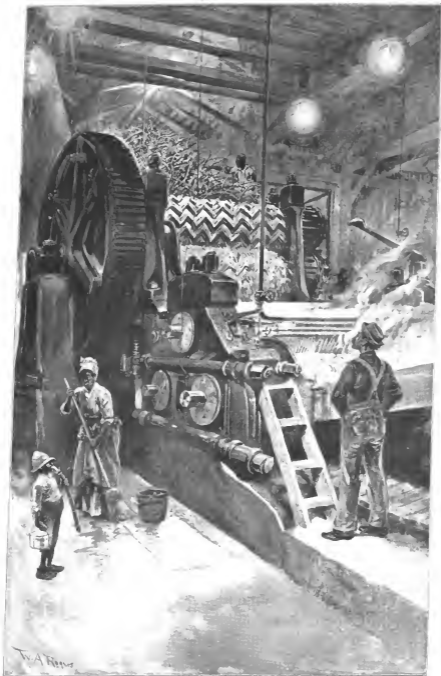
WILD-FOWL ALIGHTING.—By FRANK W. BENSON.

with considerable ability of color and method, and color in form. It is an agreeable reminder that in his looseness for light the painter has not lost appreciation for the substantially of things and the intrinsic worth of his line color. But he is at his best in the fifth picture, "The Mirror." To have done with the subject, it is simply a girl in gray white dress, sitting sideways, resting her trunk in her hair, while she looks a little toward to look in a mirror held in her other hand; simple enough—but it is the way in which it is done, the lines and lighting—these are all points which will be well content to do without it, provided he will give us, as here, the exquisite feeling of which in his happiest moods he is quite a master. The delicate handling of movement in the girl's hair, the simple elegance of her pose, the grace of the one hand and the expressive resting action, that which holds the mirror, and the continuity and unity of movement and feeling throughout the canvas, as well as the refinement of the color and lighting—these are all points which show the sensitive artist and the sincere worker. Among all our landscape painters, there is none who does this so well as the artist, who is obtaining them so silently than J. H. Twachman, and, unlike some of the others, he succeeds in obtaining them by a method of brush work most robust. It is quite a freedom to view such canvases as "The Brook in Winter" and "The Hemlock Pool," in the exhibition, for, in the latter, and then to study them at close range. The latter reveals a thickness of pigment and almost intense application of color, while the effect, when viewed from a proper distance, is delicate beyond description in atmosphere, color, and sentiment. The intimacy with nature in her least graceful, and which these painters, like others by the same painter, represent is difficult to convey in words. The mere facts of color—water, stone, bare trees, and prevailing grammar of atmosphere are expressed, not, equally, the temper of water—the stiffness of bird, forest, and vegetable life, the suggested animation awaiting revival of activity—our imagination has left it, but perhaps hardly realized the difficulty of expressing such in point as nature.

Quite the opposite of this delicate shading of such means is to be found in Robert Boyd's work. His is, rather, simple and straightforward, given and done in fancy which lacks its actual expression in decorative canvases. The "Interiors" in such a one—three charmingly simple, with fine touches of Virginia carpet, a picture glowing in color, painted in line, and freshly pure in feeling. His other exhibit in "The Mirror" is a study of a woman, a head, a neck, a hand, and a piece of jewelry, suggestive of air and light.

While Hanson's beautiful "Impressionist," shown at Princeton and Philadelphia, and which was painted at the time in Haver's Workshop, will hold its charm, and the "Gloves and Hairs," added one more to his brilliant series of city subjects. The discussion of the page gives some idea of its clever arrangement, but no suggestion of its clear and delightful coloring. In the other picture, "Autumn," in which palest color on pale tints in brilliant sunshine is contrasted with the dark, spaced blue and white of the sky and spaces of green foliage and orange and yellow, he has reached a high degree of decorative charm.

Two pictures represented J. Alden Weir, a painter whose work is always more than ordinary. "The Sunbather" was a charming study of a child with sunny hair, leaning over a bank of grass; the simplicity of composition and very delicate coloring, color, and sentiment. While a contrast in method was the portrait of a girl in a black hat, reproduced in the "Mirror." In this picture, the child, with the mingling of breath and sentiment, in the handling, and in the quiet dignity of characterization, it is a most distinguished picture. "Friends" is a study of the open air, suggested by a child, with a horse, a child, and a dog, was excellent in composition and color, and in the delicate distribution of the light. Mr. Weir's largest exhibit was "An Autumn Still"—a lady and child in a late autumn landscape. It could not fail to exert a strong effect, particularly with a slight haze, for it shows the dispersal of first light, characteristic of many of the painter's pictures. But the tender drowsy feeling pervades the entire scene, and the delicacy with which it is expressed, make their impression last, and one grows to realize the beauty of the picture. C. H. CARTER.



A SUGAR HOUSE ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.

A MAMMOTH CANE-CRUSHER AT WORK, HEADSIDE PLANTATION.—Drawn by W. A. ROGERS.



ON THE UPPER VERANDA OF THE RESTAURANT A LITTLE PARTY OF SIX LINGERED OVER THEIR LATE LUNCHEON.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD. By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER XI

THE climate of New York is well known to be capricious, especially in April. That month had begun with a sequence of blustering days which dried the streets with dust, then had come the heavy rain storm of the night when Everett Brookfield awoke to find, out as he lay, towards the end of the month, the sky cleared and the sun beamed overhead, and the thermometer rose higher and higher. It was not spring feet burst upon the city suddenly, but snow, rather, that fell fast, as though impelled by some ill-fated struggle. Betrayed by the rain, the trees in the squares leaved out absolutely, and the grass sprang up most rapid roots.

Now here within the boundaries of Manhattan did Nature assert herself more successfully than along the Riverside Drive, and now here too New York given by fate a better opportunity. By the best of chances, in the month the irregular hill-sides had clothed themselves with beauty, and on that day a cloudless sky showed the mighty river as it swept majestically down through its rocky gateway. Every boat that themselves from side to side, while heavy boats along heavily dropped down stream with the tide, and powerful barges struggled up with a trail of barges retarding their progress. With a stinging twinkle of its manifold sails, a freight train rattled along at the water's edge. High above, on the broad roof above Grand's town, there was an immense square of surges and its waves and equinoxes.

On the upper veranda of the restaurant a little party of six lingered over their late luncheon, in no hurry to meet their lively guests. The Viscount d'Armenage was the host; he had completed his investigation into yacht-clubbing in the United States, and he was to return to Paris the next week. Mrs. Ramsey Bayard was the chaperon; and as she signed her name she wondered again why the Frenchman had invited the Harriet girls, not knowing that these two little maidens had taken to bicycling with a view to swift little excursions as the rule at which they were then present. The two other men were Mrs. Bayard's husband and Mr. Everett Bayard.

It was the general who waved his cigarette towards

the Harriet and said to the first: "That is not a bad

view for a big city, is it?—as its basic yard is in

"It is magnificent," d'Armenage admitted at once. "I do not think you will miss all this machine when you get back to your gay Paris?"

"Oh, Paris is another thing," the Frenchman returned as though conversation without of place. "This I would say to you," I have felt that I will be in a hurry for the Harriet in Paris."

"Is it that that over these houses are going out?" asked Jimmy Bayard.

"Houses going out?" repeated the general, doubtfully.

"Going out of fashion, you know," explained Mrs. Bayard's husband. "I hear it's the craziest thing ever there is to run an automobile."

"Automobile is the mode now," answered d'Armenage. "but the house is kind of quiet always."

"That what I say," Jimmy returned. "I like to hold the ribbon over a well washed face, and feel their mouth, and let them know who is master. I don't see why I am in steering a steam engine through the streets; I'd feel like a motor man on a trolley car—just but what I'd try it some day if it is going to be the thing."

"What I like about the electric cars here," Mrs. Bayard declared "is the convenient. When I get into one of these I'm always expecting to run over somebody or run into something, and that breaks in on the enjoyment of life."

"But they are so very ugly, the electric cars," the younger Miss Harriet insisted. "Just look at that one now! What does it look like?"

"It is rather clumsy, I must say," De Ruyter returned. "but the general in France saw quite an elegant in appearance, and yet we've got used to thinking them picturesque."

The elder Miss Harriet—Miss Kathryn—leaned forward. "Why, if I declare," she cried, "if that isn't just in Brooklyn in the very electric car we were talking about!"

Miss Evangeline Harriet smiled in fastidiously. "No, no," she asserted, adding promptly, with a suspicion of acidity in her tone. "And she's with her own head, too."

"I suppose Everett is looking over the ground," explained the Bayard to d'Armenage. "You see, they are going to build a viaduct over the valley there to carry the other railway up along the river; it is to be a monumental undertaking, and they talk of putting a soldiers and sailors arch on it, too. I heard that once a Brookfield was to be retained as a mounting archway, so I must have come up this afternoon to look over the ground."

Miss Evangeline Harriet hardly waited for him to finish before she begged out: "But why should Everett bother about things like that, if his wife is going to be so much more on the stage?"

And Miss Kathryn followed her sister's advice: "You know as many managers and actors and actresses of all sorts. Mr. De Ruyter, perhaps you can tell us when Vada is to make her first appearance on the stage—of course, I mean her first appearance as a real actress."

De Ruyter laughed at this appeal. "Yes," he answered. "I can tell you that."

"Well," asked one of them.

"When," asked the other.

When is Mrs. Everett Brookfield to make her first appearance as a professional?" the general said.

"Never," repeated the disappointed girl.

"Never?" De Ruyter declared. "It's all off."

"That is what I said always," d'Armenage asserted. "He was not made for the theatre, that our Mr. Brookfield—the first gas collecting your son?"

"Are you sure?" pursued Miss Kathryn.

"Oh, yes," De Ruyter replied. "I had it from the very best authority. Zerk Kilburn was the most disappointed man ever seen. He thought he had named Mrs. Brookfield into it, and he did after he heard that would have occupied also women out of her. In fact, he seems to have trembled her about."

and she did hesitate, and Zerk had the contract drawn up, and was just going to order his printing. I think, even Everett was a little afraid of it, too, he is so used around for a week looking as gloomy as so to inevitably for an undertaker."

"I conceive that," said d'Armenage. "It would not make his affair to have his wife at the theatre? Or the chance of unobscure que in drama. It is not just a manager, or so on!"

AMERICAN CHARITY IN CUBA

"And she resisted all temptations, even terror and tortures and praisings, as you said it?" Mrs. Jimmy asked.

"She insisted, as I said," the minister responded, "and she wasn't hurt, in spite of the proverb. Kaffee thought every day of her mother and of the work she had done with the contract in his pocket and she would not rest down a mile—satisfying to her her defiance."

"The older Miss Barrett said," and said, "I suppose she was a good person."

Mrs. Sydney laughed. "You speak of her moral position as if it was a collaboration or something of that sort, to be held in honor, and she was not to be pulled up from the carpet."

"It is not on the carpet itself," Mrs. Brookfield is going to say," Dr. Hovick said, "but she was going to see if his little girl had been appreciated before he liked another cigarette."

"I don't think Dr. Hovick would have liked to see his daughter-in-law on the stage," the younger Miss Barrett asserted.

Again Mrs. Jimmy laughed a little excitedly.

"You know what Mrs. Brookfield once said in a similar case? 'Actresses will happen even to the best families.'"

"I must say, I think Charlie's eyes are a little shrewy for private life," suggested Miss Kathryn.

"Don't you think so?"

"The story was told at Armand's, but he was too busy to remain behind."

There were Mrs. Sydney turned the subject. "Ever since Brookfield's eyes were closed, if you like, they are so peeling, just like his big New-England dog's."

"Fancy beggars, Newfoundland," interjected her husband.

"The older Miss Barrett was not willing to relinquish her story," Dr. Hovick said, "but she was not to be hindered."

"Mademoiselle?" he responded, with the habitual courtesy.

"You are a Frenchman," she continued, "and you have seen society in Paris and in London and in New York. You tell us what you really think of Mrs. Brookfield."

"Oh, mademoiselle," he answered, "I am a stranger here, but I am a lover of England. I will tell you what I think of Mrs. Brookfield in that she is charmingly self-satisfied in the character of the American lady."

"What did Mrs. Brookfield say?" asked Dr. Hovick.

"In the result of your-fertilization," she said, "and she is a hybrid, she came from St. Louis, and perhaps her great-grandfather was a Frenchman. That's where she gets her credit from and her credit with you. Did you ever notice Mrs. Brookfield's eyes? They are like a woman's eyes, with a man's face, a woman's face like hers, with its implied appeal for the support of a man's eyes."

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Kathryn.

"For my part," Mrs. Brookfield said, "I do not think that a walk like that is very nice, do you?"

"Armand's looked that the expression had changed slightly from its former one, but she was away from this prolonged discussion of another woman."

"Dr. Hovick looked the Frenchman's address of preference was his husband's address."

"That is a very nice type of woman—don't say it's an American type exactly," the novelist continued, "and of course I don't mean to suggest for a moment that Mrs. Brookfield is acting for my benefit, but it is so much a thing. But there is a type of the very best kind which is always a little surprised when one meets a man who is not like her, and who is a little taken aback when a man does fall in love with her. The woman of that type is a love first; she can't help falling at every stage of her career; in her credit she finds with the doctor, at school she finds with the teacher, and when she's dead she'll go on up to the first with the undertaker."

"Oh, how like!" cried one Miss Barrett.

"What a suggestive suggestion!" and the other.

"And just if that woman," Dr. Hovick said, "only has the good luck to fall in with just the right husband, then you see one of the happy marriages that keep up the reputation of beauty as a match for money. It can't be any other way, and she's only like him, she makes the most devoted of wives."

"And do you think Charlie Brookfield is as much in love with his beautiful wife as he is?" asked Mrs. Kathryn.

"As an aid, I was not talking about Mrs. Brookfield," the novelist began.

"Oh, no," interrupted Miss Evangeline; "of course not."

"But what you ask me," he continued, "I must say that I have never seen a wife more in love with her husband than Mrs. Brookfield is with her husband."

"Oh, what truth!" commented the Frenchman; and leaving behind Dr. Hovick to reach another sign, he bowed his head and said, "I will be glad to see you again, but I will not say my next visit is a fair one."

"I say, Dr. Armand," said Jimmy Sydney. "These signs of yours are not so bad as they're not. I don't care if I like another."

"There was a certain silence, and then Mrs. Jimmy said, "Charlie is a dear girl, and I am getting to be very fond of her—oh, yes, indeed—and I shall never forget her kindness in acting for my benefit. But I don't really see how it is for you men to see to find so fascinating. You can't say it's really a beauty, can you?"

"I don't think so," she said, "but she's not here, and her eyes are closed—that that matters much. But you can't deny that her mouth is too large and her hands too big, but her fingers are too long, if you will have it."

"And while her friends were thus discussing her charms and her credit, she was sitting in her seat, fifty bright in the company of her husband, who was explaining to her how he proposed to reduce the official problem of the American lady."

THAT American who took a field for philanthropic work beyond the boundaries of the United States. Cuba received the benefit of his great opportunity. The hope of any country is in its rising generation, and this is true of Cuba.

Notwithstanding the special need in this regard, the present condition of the island is the cause of the present situation. Throughout the year 1905, Cuba has been in a turmoil. The Spaniards paid little attention to the education of the people, and this is true of some of the primary efforts in that direction was abandoned. The people were left to their own devices, and the result was the present condition of the island. The people were left to their own devices, and the result was the present condition of the island. The people were left to their own devices, and the result was the present condition of the island.

The government, dealing with the matter in an impractical way, has been largely without effect. It has not been able to do anything to improve the condition of the island. The people are still in a state of poverty and ignorance, and the government has not been able to do anything to improve the condition of the island. The people are still in a state of poverty and ignorance, and the government has not been able to do anything to improve the condition of the island.

The children—those who were in fact and in effect neglected—were the most unfortunate. They were the children of the poor, and they were the children of the poor. They were the children of the poor, and they were the children of the poor. They were the children of the poor, and they were the children of the poor.

It is estimated that there are 300,000 orphan children in Cuba. This is a shocking figure, and it is a shocking figure. It is a shocking figure, and it is a shocking figure. It is a shocking figure, and it is a shocking figure. It is a shocking figure, and it is a shocking figure.

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It was then late in the evening New York people were gathered in the great hall of the City Club, and there was a large number of people. It was then late in the evening New York people were gathered in the great hall of the City Club, and there was a large number of people. It was then late in the evening New York people were gathered in the great hall of the City Club, and there was a large number of people.

Mr. Lester B. Hill, well known in the United States for his work in Cuba, and who was the first to take charge of the fund, made a statement, and positive in his intelligent understanding of what the Cuban people needed. He said that the Cuban people needed a work which at least to do it, it is to be done.

multitude, and discouraging. She has done so well with this project that she has been asked to do more of the same kind of work. She has done so well with this project that she has been asked to do more of the same kind of work. She has done so well with this project that she has been asked to do more of the same kind of work.

During the summer of 1905 regular sessions were established in a little country school through which the children of the poor were taught. The school was established in a little country school through which the children of the poor were taught. The school was established in a little country school through which the children of the poor were taught.

A school was opened. Two kindergartens with classes in common Spanish branches and English were started. The school was opened. Two kindergartens with classes in common Spanish branches and English were started. The school was opened. Two kindergartens with classes in common Spanish branches and English were started.

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SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY NUMBER 496, April 14, 1906.

GENERAL VIEW of the



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BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER II

ROGER WASHINGTON REARER.

WASHINGTON entered the inn with a smile upon his face, and stood in the hall, indelicately patting the neck streamer on his cheek with a handkerchief. Here the landlubber, Tremayne, met him, displaying many marks of agitation.

"This is a terrible business—a terrible business, sir," he kept repeating.

Washington eyed him oddly, seeing in him a more cynical who shrinks from risk and responsibility.

"You must prepare a room for the lady," he cried, shortly. "She will have to stay here to night."

"Was she—the woman murdered, sir?" asked Tremayne.

"No, the lady was to have been his wife. 'Twas a runaway match," said Warburton, turning from him.

"Good God! to think of that! I would have given weeks that it shouldn't be happened," cried the somewhat landlubber.

Washington signed the door of the long room, which was still in darkness. The wind flew agitated and dashed and that long streamer of light across the wainscot.

Shirley's body lay stretched as he had left it, a patch of pale flame illumining one side of the face. Her eyes were closed, Herodotus' head, gazing with stupefaction at the dead.

"Come, Miss Holt," she uttered low.

"You had better drink a stiff glass and rest."

"Was would you do with me?" she asked, in a little whisper, as though she were surrendering herself like a child.

"You shall go home to-morrow. 'Tis too late to-night," he returned. "I will convey you to Sir George."

"Come, come," said he very kindly, "let me lift you. You are an ailing woman. There is a room elsewhere which you might seek." He led her half supporting her with his arm, through the doorway, and gently conducted her to her chamber. On the threshold he passed.

"Will you send me back to-morrow?" she whispered, clinging to him.

"Perish me if I don't!" he said, hoarsely. "I'll have you at home in five comfortably, I promise you."

"What will you do?" she asked, with an hysterical cry.

"I am awaiting here, Miss Holt," he replied, after a perceptible silence; "yet I will see you to-morrow, child," he added, soothingly.

"Don't leave me," she pleaded, with an outbreak. Her slender arms were about his shoulders.

"You leave my word, child," said Warburton, imperiously.

His hand he brought gold toward him, and cried fervently to his ear, "Kill them—kill them for me!"

"You leave my word, child," said Warburton, good humoredly.

"I am going to do that for myself!"

He put her gently through the door, as if he had some important matter which called him, and descended to Tremayne.

"The time is near eleven o'clock," said he. "I would be awake at six to-morrow, and the lady too. Also, give word to the position of what we know."

Yet these designs were not carried out according to his purpose, for scarce an hour was passed when there was a deep commotion at the door, and a knocking followed.

Washington looked from his chimney, and there hovering outside the curtain, peered into the night. What he saw does not quickly from the room, and he came into the entrance hall in a short, bold, rapidly made entrance.

"Mr. Warburton," said the older man. "I have your family. I expected not to see you here, nor that you would be in this business."

"I assure you, sir, I have meddled in nothing," returned Washington, coolly. "But I desire you to take a seat with me in this room."

Sir George Everett wanted his hand impatiently. "I do not know how you stand, sir," he said, "but I shall know shortly."

"And then to the other man," he said, "I have you a lady here that arrived with a young gentleman, it may be some two hours back."

Tremayne hesitated and stammered.

"Come, quickly!" said the baronet, impatiently.

"In true, your honor, that two such missed how some time back," replied the poor looker, "but indeed I am not responsible for it."

"But," said Sir George, interrupting, "I care not what you are responsible for. Tell the only thing that I can hear."

"Sir George," said Warburton again. "I repeat, I desire you will take a seat with me to discuss certain matters."

"Be damned if I do!" said Everett, irritably. "I have had pretty enough in this pursuit as it is, to lead myself to sleep."

"Well, sir," said Warburton, coolly, "then you will have it. Your ward's name is fully furnished by the light."

"She may be picked out in spots for what I care," said Sir George, petulantly.

"Say you do yourself injudicious," remonstrated Warburton. "But she must go back with you."

"My good sir, I am sorry for that," said Sir George, impatiently. "and to cup her friend in good."

"But you may not do," said the other. Everett repeated him quietly. "He has been drunk and his own best judgment deferred on his ability, and Warburton inevitably."

"He has deceived you?"

"Why the devil, what is that?" demanded Everett.

"'Twas a bloody fight with some black brute," said Warburton. "He has yonder, and your ward is asleep in her room."

Sir George Everett lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "He has deceived me, but I care not," he said. "Yet I may catch it nightly, and tomorrow."

"That," said Sir George, with a sneer. "The lady does not know her mind, and she hath no heart." He remonstrated the landlubber to fetch her dress; and in response to Warburton's objection, "I tell you, Mr. Warburton, I will carry my own baggage. The account the baronet, though we ride all night."

Yet when his ward was brought he addressed her not unkindly.

"I catch you on a fool's errand, miss," he said. "Go, prepare for a certain fortnight," he added, with a more respectful consideration in his voice. "You are to go home, child. This is a safe place for you, and you have no right here."

"To-morrow," she said, exhibiting some spirit for the first time—"to-morrow I should have had a night."

"You are to be my trickery. Yet I would not let hard, Dorothy, you must obey me."

Her eyes darted on Warburton's face, as though seeking an appeal to him, and he came forward.

"One I be of service, sir? Can my affairs if you have any need of them. You are welcome."

"No," said the baronet; "you will stay here, I suppose. You are kind, but I can manage a wayward girl. We shall be somewhere upon the road. I will not leave her here. You are right to stay. I think God it has ruled unadvisedly," with which query himself he bowed to Sir George and withdrew into a private room until Miss Holt should be ready.

When these were gone, Warburton himself went up to look over the case, himself sat at six. He had resolved to stay until the countess had set upon the body, and indeed, if he had not intended to depart, he was not allowed her this reason. He was a witness of the death, and he asked no better than to give his evidence on that crucial point.

Warburton was kindly met, and he was warmly and stopped with difficulty. At present his delicate was more engaged in turning out the incidents of that night, and he had no time to give his evidence on that crucial point.

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SHIRLEY'S BODY LAY STRETCHED IN THE FIRELIGHT.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

It is Oliver Goldsmith" does nothing more for regular literary enjoyment will have and on a stage a number of literary celebrities of a good degree are familiar by name to a generation that never had the best of them looked upon as the Augustus Thomases arranged for the audience at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a kind of eight-act opera on the literary subject, and accessible to the public view. It is possible to become thoroughly acquainted with his personal appearance, as if he writes books enough, and it is difficult for him to write an Irish letter he will think entirely satisfactory.

This satisfactory condition did not exist when the characters of Mr. Thomas's story flourished. They were known personally to a very limited circle. If there had been a biography for them in prose before, and they had been willing to let people become acquainted with them in that way, some real representation of their lives would have been provided. Usually the outside account of the classic author is missing. But the actors and the author have done all in their power to realize these hopes now near.

If Oliver Goldsmith could ever rid himself of his striking personal pretensions, Oliver Goldsmith might have been as interesting as some of the other figures in the play. But Mr. Robinson has very rarely been anything but his inflexible self on the stage. No other will be for all time in those who learned to know him in the sketch at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, a little man with a very red speech, his voice and an affected habit of deliberate speech, his nose and his supposed lack of having completely understood and absorbed. To that extent it exactly suits the spirit of the play. Other actors went beyond that in their interpretation of the author's intention. Henry Berry seems to overact all the qualities that would have belonged to David Garrick and his strong personal charm makes the impression of the dominating figure in the comedy.

The actor of the stage in a work more interesting figure than any century stands between the actor and the spectator. Looked at through the wrong end of the telescope, as it were, his attributes are increased, while the more aggressive phases of his personality are correspondingly minimized. Mr. Berry is fortunate in representing a famous actor who died more than a hundred years ago. If he had been called upon to embody some of his contemporaries, the result might not have been so successful.

Mr. Johnson is reproduced in this gathering of literary celebrities with greater fidelity in the historical respect than any of his contemporaries. H. A. Waver was, in person, familiar with the character of the great biographer, the nearest approach to the man that this group contains. As opposed to the general accuracy of Mr. Waver's representation in the absurd Edward Burke of Walter Hale, who could not possibly have been mistaken for the famous writer at any stage of his career, Mr. Barth's use of a statement was evidently one of the wildest that is known by his first name in his allies and opponents. The fidelity of his attempting to realize such a figure as Burke by this means is obvious.

It is a question, however, in what extent an audience is interested by the production of a historic figure in a play. To how many spectators at a New York Theatre to-day are Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and the other figures associated with an interest that comes from a knowledge of their lives and work? Probably very few among the audience that would creep for their own sakes. David Garrick must be a little better known, because several actors, including Mr. Goodwin, with an apparently modern and local idea of him, have appeared on the scene. Besides, there is a theatre in New York named in his honor. If historical characters are used by the dramatist to add strength or interest to a play, and that purpose is accomplished, audience doubtless find some additional degree of enjoyment in contemplating them, because actors that are more or less familiar, and enjoying the mild recognition of a somewhat higher degree of intellectual enjoyment than the average play can afford. But if the drama is to itself without the qualities needed for success, as a result of historical material, it is going to save it. Literary London of a century ago is not a period that appeals with particular sympathy to the average New York theatre-goer to-day. But Mr. Thomas has used it judiciously to impart a certain solid degree of interest to a play that would have been impossible without this quality, even if it never acquire any degree of permanent popularity through its aid.

EVIDENTLY nothing remained to be done at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and the main pillars of the American and British comedy, "The Family Girl," had exhausted every source of plot that could be used for this purpose with a minimum of interest. There have been in the present the idea of putting on the stage one of the characters that has had more of a reputation in the "Family Girl" was the result of the inspiration. Mr. Smith is no more a man and actress in the interesting character on the stage as she really is. So he judiciously combined the Irish and the native, and the public impression of the "Family Girl" has not her real self, but the heroine of the new heroine.

There can be nothing about these extravaganzas so difficult as the selection of a name. They are nearly alike in every other particular that the duty of giving to every one of them the character that comes from a new title must be the most exciting that arises in connection with any of these plays. The latest one is a little more like its predecessors than the others have been. Virginia Fairle is back at the Fifth Avenue, and has had opportunity to show the results of her training at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. But she was more successful at the Fifth Avenue, and that is her most important fact in the new heroine.

Melville's beauty is still fresh and on her side, and Albert Hart seems a romantic spirit as tall and solidly as one as is Mr. Wolfe. Beyond these three features of "The Casino Girl" there is nothing to be said that has not been said of all its predecessors, and that was almost wholly in the way of praise.

TWO plays have recently disappeared so quickly from the scene that it is difficult for even the expert diagnostics to tell the character they were on view, probably what aided them. But the great public, with that wonderful faculty of detecting in the air what it wants and what it does not want, can make up its mind immediately.

"The Interrupted Housewife," lately at the Fifth Avenue, was like many French comedies dealing with the case those that the most striking impression one received was an exquisite piece of the superiority in experience and dexterity of the French dramatists over any of their London imitators. The wife, who seemed indolgent when she has severely stepped out of the domestic way for enough to discover some of her husband's faults, was one of the many scenes of that work.

The process was usually unimpeachable, and the British and American taste had been made more than once by destroying the original conception of the French and the English. One got from "An Interrupted Housewife" the impression of a little girl, who, as she was told, had made up his mind to write and act in a play. His work was so general the audience was so general the audience, that it was the only

where the adaptor prepared her for the English-speaking public. This was not a promise of frequency, but lacking the facile powers of the French authors, she gave the facts there with such skill that they seem to have been prepared for the English-speaking public.

Mr. Thomas's play "The Family Girl" was but an episode at the Madison Square. It was carried farther the old nature of the little group of characters that appeared in "The White Horse Tavern." They were all seen a year later, and it would be interesting to know that any of them had grown more interesting in the interval. The experiment of continuing the same characters in a new play is very likely to produce what seems like a second drawing of ink from the same source. In this case the result was especially weak. Instead of refreshing the familiar characters with new interest, one wondered how in the world they could ever have been undertaken in the first place. But these are still more potent reasons, in all probability, for the failure of "The Family Girl" to interest the clientele of the Madison Square Theatre. The White Horse Tavern, as the first play revealed it, may have been a very delightful bit of the Irish. It was apparently interesting to many particulars. But it was not in the least the sort of a hotel to which the audience at the theatre in West Twenty-fourth Street are accustomed. The hotels in which they take pleasure are always situated in Paris. They are provided with the most private rooms, in which appetites are served with the strictest propriety. It is usually thought that these rooms are the most comfortable of those through which the nervous guests enter, and at the same time they arrive altogether comfortable persons are likely to enter. It was a hotel in this that the audience at the Madison Square are accustomed to see at the stage. It was not to be expected that they would be much interested by the design of the guests at such an idyllic and useful establishment as the White Horse Tavern.

WILLIAM PAYVERSHAM in uniform was prepared to add enough vitality to "The Family Girl" to carry it through the Empire season. But that expedition proved unpropitious in the end. Mr. Hackett in turn was not to be brought back to see Mr. Payversham's second time merely because he wore a smart tunic instead of a military one. And Mr. Hackett could be induced to make a speech at every Saturday matinee. That was responsibility is now looked on every actor who

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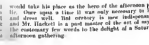
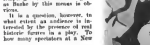
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MARILLI GOLDMAN IN "THE CASINO GIRL"

MARILLI GOLDMAN IN "THE CASINO GIRL"

HELEN BENTLEY IN "THE CASINO GIRL"

April 16, 1907



Senator Beveridge

REPUBLICAN LEADER OF THE SENATE

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE is the recognized spokesman of the McKinley administration in the United States Senate on the question that agitates the people, and upon which will depend the future policy of our government. He is the champion of Expansion and the leader of the majority. This is a unique and enviable position to be held by a man thirty six years of age, but Beveridge is a man of unusual endowments. He is a "self-made" American, essentially earnest and painstaking, and his eyes show the stamp of conviction. He is a soldier after truth, and an advocate of justice and progress. Expansion means to him and to him in his prosecution of a cause, which he strives to set forth through the weight of legal authority, and through knowledge of his subject, and honest conviction. Added to these special lines of talent, Beveridge is an impressive speaker.

It requires ability and the ordinary to grasp the traditional conservatism of the United States Senate. Permits of elaborate oratory and flights of sentiment are resented by that august body with almost intolerance. The sagacity of a legislator on the floor is not a sign which excites the lauders. Beveridge, the youngest member has captured the hearts and minds of the Senate and the public, the business of his country, and with an ease and a grace, which has astonished all eyes. He has a keen sense of humor, and a ready wit, which has won for him the respect and admiration of his colleagues. He has a keen sense of humor, and a ready wit, which has won for him the respect and admiration of his colleagues. He has a keen sense of humor, and a ready wit, which has won for him the respect and admiration of his colleagues.

man in the West. With the collapse of his industry he returned to Indianapolis and studied law. He had shown well, for in a few years his name became known as one of the most successful lawyers in Indianapolis. Great business corporations sought his services, and some of the largest cases in the State were brought by him to a successful outcome. Constitutional law became his specialty, and his great success at the bar brought him into such prominence that his name became associated with the then coming National contest. Against some of the ablest and most powerful combinations of State politics Beveridge won. His friends were legion, and he kept both Houses, his rival candidates withdrawing and giving him a unanimous election at the last moment.

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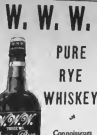
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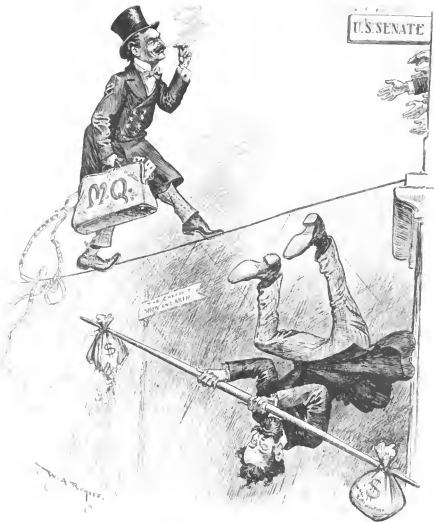
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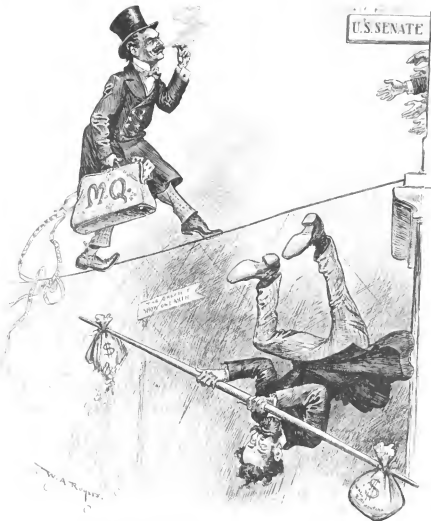
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THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

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A Grateful Republic

SOME sagacious observer has stated that republics are ungrateful, and many later individuals, with no original sentiments of their own to offer, have since successfully endorsed the view, having little or no knowledge of the real character of such republics as are worthy of consideration. It may be that certain of the semi-pagan republics, as called, that exist in South America, are at times found wanting in a proper expression of gratitude to their benefactors, and one or two nations elsewhere, republics in form but oligarchies in warp and woof, may have shown themselves not and they possessed of little conscience in the matter of their moral obligations; but the true republic, one that can own, for example, an honest immigrant, and in many instances has shown itself distinctly loyal and appreciative of services rendered in the face of strong temptation to be justifiably otherwise.

A conspicuously loyal address to the principles of gratitude is shown in this volume of some time and time again, but never more emphatically than within the past fortnight in the case of our striking toward Admiral Dewey and his Presidential pronouncements. We have taken pains to make it clear to the Admiral's startling proclamation of loyalty received by the people, and as a result of this careful observation we are inclined to think that the American people are a pretty good sort. With few exceptions, the Admiral's sentiments have been treated with a respect that has not too seriously shaken the simple-minded assumption that the President is an on-seeing sort of affair has not been laughed at, as it would most assuredly have been had the extraordinary interview come from another source, but has been received with a respect due either to our appreciation of what Dewey has done for us, or to any sort of sympathy with the ideas advanced. The childlike refusal for a day or two to identify himself with either of the two great parties; his calm reliance upon the support of the people; who have cheered him on the public highways, and who have written him letters telling him how great a man he is; and his cool appreciation of the Constitution of the United States as the platform upon which he will exclusively stand—all of these, instead of meeting with derision, have been handled with a delicacy and tact which, the Admiral thinks, they never met with in the case of any other man they never would have received.

There has been everywhere expressed a sentiment of affectionate regret that the popular idol should have wished to come down from his high pedestal to serve for laudable other than, but no greater than, his own; to leave the calm heights which he rested, levelled about by the affections of the people, to plunge into the rack and turmoil of partisan politics, wherein two torch brethren. Not a malicious note has been sounded in any quarter worthy of notice, despite the abundance of the opportunity, and the Admiral should be deeply impressed by the fact, although he should not misunderstand the significance of it. As it appears to us, it is loyalty to the man of Manila Bay, gratitude to the commander of May 1, 1898, that has roused all this, and in no wise a real or assumed sympathy with him in his recent change of position. The Republic thinks too highly of its Admiral to treat him harshly when he makes a mistake, and if we understand its temper, it does not propose to let him throw away the affectionate esteem of a greatly half of his fellow-citizens in order that he may be elevated to the Presidential office by the other half.

THE children of Philadelphia have very decided opinions of their own and they do not hesitate to express them. If the grown-up people of the United States have not the courage to come out in a manly fashion and proclaim their sympathy with the Boers in their present difficulty with Great Britain, the youth of

The Message to Kruger Philadelphia has no such timid sensitivities, and, furthermore, having taken the trouble to express their views freely, they do not propose to intrude their feelings of sympathy to the mails, to the cables, or to any other fallible agency. They are sending their communication direct to Oon PAUL himself by messenger-boy, and that their message of sympathy may be unalloyed into the hands of the recipient by the conventional British censor the messenger-boy has instructions to avoid British territory as he would the plague.

There is something inspiring about all this, and we do not wonder that it should have moved Mr. BURNETT CHESTER to compose his ill-fated dissemination to speak in public, or that it has inspired Mr. EDWIN MARSHALL to delight the world with another poem in his charming series of metrical epistles on AMERICAN LITERATURE. And what connection America's LEXINGTON memory has with the enterprise of the Philadelphia children we are not aware but the incident has inspired Mr. MARSHALL nevertheless, just as it must inspire any other worthy person, poet or otherwise. Were there a D. W. ARNOLD in the matter, and if the incident had been more important, it would be a pity that the times long ago to do justice to the theme. Meanwhile, we hope the mission will not spoil the messenger-boy. A lad willing and able to undertake a journey of such length, of such responsibility, and of such peril is no good a youngster to have his head smacked by the notoriety which must inevitably wait upon his efforts. We must confess to a certain amount of liking for the Salting Daughters in South Africa, but we would rather see them left to fight their own battle than have them come to Philadelphia, their hair ruined for life. If, therefore, it is not too late, we would recommend to the school-children of Philadelphia that they recall their messenger and send Mr. BURNETT CHESTER and Mr. MARSHALL to Pretoria instead. Mr. CHESTER could introduce the message to Mr. BURNETT CHESTER, and the messenger of the occasion, and the post could then receive a thirteenth version of the revolution of his own composition, to the Transvaal President. We do not know what President KAISER would say to all this, but it is an experiment worth trying. It would buy Messrs. CHESTER and MARSHALL for a few months, and enable the messenger-boy to attend to his regular business in life like a normally constituted, healthy-minded individual.

If this suggestion is not accepted and the lad is allowed to go upon his way to Pretoria, we see nothing about it but an interesting trip, a brief hour of glory on the vaudeville stage on his return, and an ensuing period of oblivion and disappointment.

ONCE in our certain cherished illusions of the public is being dissolved. There has been prevalent for a long time a notion that the United States Senate had degenerated from its former high estate as a body of statesmen of consequence into a sort of millinery's club,

The Risk Man and the Senate the possession of large unearned incomes, and many woe-begone citizens have rioted with the idea in fiction, in verse, and in prose. Our stump-speakers in political times have found in the idea much inspiration for the glowing periods which they delight to roll under their tongues, and many woe-begone citizens are influenced by the jokes of the paragraphers and the bark of some of the stump-speakers have really come to believe the fact to be stated. But a change must now come into the spirit of their dreams. They have had an awakening, and it is the Senate itself that has brought us really to a realization of the facts. It appears now that a seat in the Senate is not to be bought and sold, just as though it were nothing more than a wart in the Stock Exchange. The honors of that high chamber may be placed upon the shoulders of any man who has the nerve to get there, and the pocket will have an open door and his pocket an inexhaustible

depth. The stature of a Senator may not be defined by the elongation of his limbs, however inflated they may pass out when consistently pulled. The man with better nerve, cannot buy his way into the circle of the elect, and the country should rejoice at the emphatic demonstration that this fact has just received. With the House of Representatives voting out politicians, and the Senate denying its honors to those who would corrupt the electors, we may be encouraged to believe that Congress is by no means as black as it is painted.

VERY interesting spectacle is now being presented to the public in the effort of certain politicians to force Governor ROOSEVELT into a position of nominal neutrality in the war. We are shocked from seeing that we do not blame the Governor for not wanting the nomination by

The Governor and the Vice-Presidency our countrymen upon the exalted character of the office in a recent issue of the *Weekly*, but we cannot deny that Colonel ROOSEVELT has our sympathy in his sturdy insistence of the effort to put him in a position that he has no liking for. That the Governor would like to be President of the United States goes without saying, but his system of administration is so widely approved to such a degree that he is getting there gradually. What THOMAS ROOSEVELT does, he does with a rush, a step, and a dash. He has all the qualities of a top-class athlete inherited. He has a way of appearing at the scene of an event, and everybody realizes that he has begun to move before he is at the top of it. That is the way he did things in Cuba; that is the way he did things in Washington; that is the way he did things in the city of New York when sleeping policemen went constantly to be awakened from sweet dreams of peace at unseasonably hours of the night by the dazzling glare of the Commissioner's historic smile. When he went into the police business, where he was at the head of the table; when he went into the Navy Department, it was not long before the natural head of that department was being put in a position that recalled him later to the appointment of his assistant to a lieutenant-colonel in the army; when he went to Cuba with his BOUNTY Riders, the refusal of his title of the War Department opened a severe contest, and when he returned to his native State a white-rail was killed by his lieutenant. And now this man is asked to preside over the United States Senate—requested to be a deliberative body—and unhesitating to go through a hot political campaign as the tail to the Administration of the President.

When women begin to see COLONEL comes to run police-machines, we shall begin to believe in the appropriateness of nominating a man of Governor ROOSEVELT's temperament for the office of Vice-President of the United States.

IT is a positive pleasure to hear that the venerable and universally respected senior Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. THOMAS, is planning a long fishing trip in Maine for next autumn. We are glad to know that the Senator is to take a vacation which will bring him the rest from public duty that a man of his activities

Senator Hear's tire must at times sorely need. Fishing Trip! He will come into contact with

Nature, the great expander. Each month he has been in a just and ever-strengthening profession. He will for the time being get apart from the distracting influences of conventional life, far from the smoking and maddening crowd which imposes shackles upon the mind of man, and will find himself surrounded with silent pleading thoughts of life that never cease to grow, and that are always unfolding new and halcyon untraveled glories. He will be able, while having the water salms on the warty trout, to look back with satisfaction upon his past; to reflect, as he smokes his fishy butter and corn, upon the present; and as his basket begins to grow with the weight of his catch, to lay plans which may have a salutary influence upon his future.

We wish the Senator a pleasant and profitable fishing, and we trust that his luck will prove so great that he will find it advisable the next time he goes to take along with him a lawyer in place of the small basket to which he is probably now accustomed. We likewise congratulate him upon the choice of time he has made for his little trip. There will be more profitable work for him as the woods next fall than nearer home, where the winter snows from trucking and the Tooleys will not rest.



BOER PRISONERS MARCHING FROM CRONJE'S LAAGER TO KLIP DRIFT.



BRITISH AMBULANCE TAKING IN THE BOER WOUNDED ON THE FIELD



LORD ROBERTS RECEIVING REPORTS AT HIS HEADQUARTERS



SAMPLE OF THE BOER SHELTERS
Excavated in the dry Bed of Slender River.



A LOAD OF CAPTURED RIFLES.



CARRYING A WOUNDED BOER TO THE FIELD-HOSPITAL.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—SCENES AFTER THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJE'S ARMY AT PAARDEBERG.



THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP - KEARSARGE
The mightiest War vessel of the United States Navy. A superb specimen of her Construction and Armament are the Super-equipped Turrets.
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THE FUTURE OF SHIP-BUILDING. *By Charles H. Cramp*

THE marvellous progress in ship-building made by Germany during the past few years gives us the key to the future of that industry in this country. Up to about three years ago, although there were two very considerable ship-building companies in America, there was no ship-building worth mentioning. All the outgoing ships of the Hamburg American and North German Lloyd companies, and most of the fastest navy ships, such as it was, had been built in England. But about 1895 the policy of Germany was suddenly changed. The present German Emperor presented the new policy with all the vigor and energy so characteristic of him. He set only one condition the German ship-building industry by his administration of the laws, but he, through his private resources, personally took stock in most of the enterprises that were started under the impetus of the new policy, and he so interested himself in the same manner in the ships themselves.

The result is that to-day, including ships under construction and newly finished, the Hamburg and the North German Lloyd are the greatest two ship-building and ship-operating concerns in the world. And consequently with that, all the German war vessels for the past fifteen years have been built and are equipped by law to be built in Germany, and, as far as possible, of domestic material. And an additional and equally important result is that, from particularly striking results in fifteen years ago, Germany may now be considered as the second ship building nation in the world, and rapidly increasing upon the hitherto undoubted supremacy of England.

But the policy of our government here as wise, or liberal, or as comprehensive as is the policy of the German government, the growth of the American ship-building industry might have compared favorably during the past twenty years with that of the father land. It may be said that American ship-building has grown rapidly since, say, 1861 or 1862. But consider what that growth would have been and what might be were our government to cease doing anything in the office of American ship-building, and, second, and, moreover, the industry at other nations are doing. The subject of American ship-building is, I think, little understood by the general public, and much that is written about it is inadequate to explain the situation.

In the first place, there seems to be a disposition to regard the supremacy of Great Britain in metal ship-building as a cause, whereas it is an effect. It is the effect of two causes—(1) the destruction of the American merchant marine fleet at the beginning of the era of metal ships, and (2) the same persistent and universal aid and encouragement from the British government. It is not strange that the same disposition may that the principal or largest ship yards in Great Britain have been built and equipped and their working arrangements treated at the public cost of public money. For construction as may begin with the year 1860, from which date the supremacy of metal ships, those that have almost or better than that have been built of the total steel tonnage, metal built, has been the product of British ship-building.

During the first ten or fifteen years of that period a very large proportion of the naval construction of Great Britain was given to private ship-yards, and it was that ship yards were paid sufficiently large to not only give a handsome profit on the ships themselves, but to enable the builders to construct new ships and otherwise enlarge their plants and organizations. The

most notable example of this kind is John's of Bloemfontein, who was enabled, by the method described, to build very large dry docks. It is difficult to estimate or to even analyze in detail the benefits of this policy in all its bearings. The fact is that some of the British Americans might well be said to be largely in the American people, who have seen the English nation build up an efficient service power that would enable it to quickly prepare for war, both in war construction, and in the repairs and outfit of vessels that in time of peace would be said to be "lying in ordinary."

But it had an effect working far beyond that. The ships which these private ship yards built for the British navy went all over the world, and advertised their builders in a manner that could not have been accomplished by any other method. The result was that, from 1870 to 1880, British ship yards supplied all the tonnage of the world with wooden sailing or, in part, except France and the United States. The general result has been to make metal ship-building the greatest of all British industries for a period of forty years; greater not only in point of commercial supremacy—or rather, if may almost be said, monopoly of some carriage—but also in actual profit earned and money brought into the United Kingdom from all the rest of the world. There seems to be a tendency to forget these notorious facts.

Now turn to American ship-building and see the reverse side of the picture. But at the time when the metal ship-building supremacy began, our supremacy in the era of the wooden ship ended. The war of the rebellion wiped out the commercial fleet that we had, which was composed almost entirely of wooden vessels, both north and along. Some of the ships were bought by our own government; others were destroyed by Confederate privateers; the remainder were transferred to foreign flags and put under foreign management in order to avoid capture. By the time the war ended, the business of owning and operating ships in the United States had ceased to exist. A great effort was made to reconstruct it. There was no demand for new ships, because all the people who had previously owned and operated ships had gone out of the business, or their companies were discontinued or broken up by the war, and the English, and to a less extent, other foreigners had secured under their national flags during the war such a perfect monopoly of our carrying trade that it hardly was willing to undertake a contest with them under the conditions then prevailing. Then, as if to stamp the last look of life in American ship-building, the government abandoned the policy of doing what naval work it had to do in its own navy yards. Therefore, so far as the supposed war recovered, there was absolutely no demand for American-built ships except in the carrying trade, which, in three years, was done almost exclusively in old wooden hulls that had weathered the war. So we have before us the reverse side—British ship-building prospered, aided, and encouraged by the United States government, and American ship-building checked in death by the reaction of the same measures that had prevented that of Great Britain.

Now what is the country losing by this backwardness of its ship-building industries? Before I go into details let me state that no country can successfully build and operate ships that cannot build them. This proposition has been disputed, and it has been argued that it is not a ship owner who chooses ships or who has the possession of them would create and maintain a

merchant marine, irrespective of home ship-building. But it is hardly worth while to waste time in refuting this fallacy. Assuming it to be admitted that it is desirable to maintain home ship-building in an efficient and prosperous condition, I will pass on to explain the part which the American ship-builder must play in any possible and prosperous revival of our merchant marine. The only way to get to practical results is the lesson of history, or, in our own experience. We see that Great Britain, the greatest ship-building nation in existence, has also the greatest ship-building nation in existence. She has reached a point at which her yearly imports exceed her exports by the enormous sum of \$700,000,000. To meet this deficit Great Britain must either raise an equal amount on the great oceans carried for the rest of the world, or she must first be reimbursed such capital until it is no longer and then on her bonded principal. But let us see how Great Britain makes up her lost and adverse balance of trade by her earnings as the ocean carrier of the world. Her 7,000,000 tons of steam merchant shipping earns an annual \$200,000,000, her sailing fleet, \$100,000,000, and the profits on banking, commissions, and insurance, all of which probably follow the lead, amount to \$300,000,000—a grand total of \$600,000,000. This amountly wipes out the adverse balance previously shown as between actual imports and exports.

On this subject previous statistics show that if any country that ever existed, the United States contributes a little more than two-fifths directly or, in other words, the producers and consumers of the United States pay to British ship-owners not less than \$250,000,000 a year as the common carrier of their commerce and maintenance of their own.

Without a merchant marine of their own the American people must continue to pay this tribute indefinitely. For our exports we get the foreign market price less the freight. For our imports we pay the foreign market price plus the freight.

The remedy is in the hands of Congress. American-built ships of any grade or class must not run 15 per cent. in 20 or 25 per cent. more than British-built vessels, but for loss of registry and class for class of rating. Manifestly, therefore, no person in any business whose vessels trade him of the rate of one and a quarter can compete with any other person in the same line of industry whose product costs less at the rate of only one. This perfectly simple and altogether fundamental fact renders almost all efforts to argue that the ship-building industry could revert to the United States if exposed without aid or hindrance to the competition of British ship-building in its own market. If America is to keep of some sense part of what she has built and what she has done by foreign ship-owners and ship-builders, the ship-building and ship-building industry must be protected and encouraged here as they are in Great Britain and Germany. Struggling as the American ship-builder is, under a considerable loss of adverse laws and greater assistance of material and workmanship as compared with foreign competitors, it is absolutely necessary that the policy which has been adopted in this country should be adopted by our government, that in that way we can drain of American gold which flows into the pockets of British and other ship-owners of our own transportation be stopped.



VIEW OF ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES, LOOKING TOWARD THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NEW ALEXANDER III BRIDGE.



DOVE OF THE STRUCTURE THAT WILL CONTAIN THE EXHIBIT OF THE CREUSOT IRON-WORKS



THE PALACE OF FURNITURE AND DECORATION.



THE SIBERIAN VILLAGE IN RUSSIAN ASIATIC SECTION.



ENTRANCE TO THE AMERICAN EXHIBIT

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



THE HOMESTEAD WORKS

so little did they realize what a bonus was coming, that early in the year the railroads made contracts with some of these for large quantities of steel rails for track renewals at prices ranging from \$12 to \$16 a ton. Before these could be delivered, however, up went the prices, and the quotations for old steel and scrap iron which could be melted over in the same furnace from a ton of new material. Therefore it happened that some of the railroads pulled up their old and worn out rails, and, in one instance, actually sold them for \$22 a ton, relaying these tracks with the best quality of new rails, engaged under contract for \$17 a ton, thereby actually making a profit of \$5 a ton besides securing a new roadway.

Just here it may be interesting to mention the fact that the junk men and the boy who picks up scrap iron made wonderful profits in 1908. Thousands of tons of old iron were thus saved and sent to the found-

ries. In fact, it is estimated that the waste left by the smelting of many scrap leaves and Spanish sponges and Spanish iron, the junk man was an important individual. In a trip which I made over the island in October and November, 1908, I saw him everywhere. He was working isolated works and shafts at the sugar estates in Santa Clara, breaking down the rusty engines in the copper mines at El Dorado, and bagging up the steel and copper from the Spanish works at Santiago. And he had good reason to do so when old iron rails in Philadelphia had advanced from \$12.50 a ton in November, 1908, to \$17 a year later, and when common steel scrap had risen in the same time from \$7.75 to \$16 a ton. From the old engine in the graveyard at Santiago, some of which have been indicated since the civil war, have been sent off to the melting pot, with the solid stock of the annual following three.

The American has now become the greatest of the world's iron-masters. That great distinction was held by England until comparatively recent years, and it was not long ago that the United States was buying and importing the larger proportion of its iron and steel from abroad. But now all that is past. The American not only produced over 4,000,000 tons of

cast-iron more than England in 1908, but his product was something over 50 per cent of the entire output of the world. Even table will show the comparative increase in tons of pig-iron of the great iron-producing nations:

	1908	1909
United States	11,773,924	12,700,000
Great Britain	8,500,000	8,262,741
Germany	7,497,000	8,216,000
France	2,187,000	2,700,000
Belgium	101,000	1,094,528

And this supremacy has been attained in the face of the fact that the foreign iron masters have seen almost as much improvement in demand and in prices as has the American. When Alexan N. Hewitt, of New York, twenty years ago, prophesied a production of 51,000,000 tons of iron in 1908, he was looked upon with smiling incredulity; now it is deemed more than probable that 1909 will considerably exceed a 10,000,000-ton production. Increases in pig-iron mean exactly proportionate increases in all kinds of manufactured products of steel and iron.

In another way the American shows his supremacy. Besides being the greatest producer of iron, he is also the greatest consumer, and this consumption is increasing year by year at an enormous rate. For instance, statistics show that in 1856, of the iron used had been equally divided among every tree, woman, and child in the country, each would have had 117 pounds, in 1900 this per capita distribution had increased to 200 pounds, and in 1908 245 pounds. In Iron England used only 250 pounds per capita, compared with America's 200; France and Germany used 175 pounds each, and Sweden used 160 pounds. Nothing could better show the growth of the United States in the results and benefits of life.

The great prosperity of the iron and steel industry has naturally brought prosperity to the iron mines and to the transportation lines between the mines and the furnaces. For many years Pennsylvania was the greatest of the States in iron ore, but of recent years the Lake Superior mines have far outdistanced any others in the world—a fact that may not be generally known. Of a total of 25,000,000 tons of ore consumed last year, the great mines of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan produced over 15,000,000 tons, the mines of Alabama and the South produced 5,000,000 tons, while Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States taken in these wonderful Northwestern mines are apparently all that is left over, while little ore is being made up of ore on trading roads. But even the products of these great mines, transported by the ships of the Great Lakes, could not supply the demand for iron ore in 1908, and so, as imported ore from Brazil, Austria, Spain, Newfoundland, and quantities from Cuba.

Notwithstanding the present volume of the iron and steel industry, ten years ago it was comparatively undeveloped. At that time the cost of iron products in America was higher than in England or Germany, and we were importing large quantities of both raw and refined materials. In 1900 our exports for iron and steel in 1908 were \$12,000,000 worth of iron products abroad and bought only \$1,200,000 worth. And yet one of the best authorities on the iron industry remarks:

"We have really made no serious attempt to extend our foreign trade."

The terrible years of depression from 1893 to 1907 came as a blessing to the iron industry. Again quoting Mr. Arver Brown:

"Incidentally, as well as commercially the whole industry underwent a revolution in those years. Not only were not only compelled economies, but accrued America energy and ingenuity, and found better processes of manufacturing. Those who still had capital to do with, and confidence in the future, replaced plants with new, built everything stronger and better, and so used modern lines. Resources of new materials were developed, and transportation problems solved



REHEMER STEEL CONVERTERS AT THE HOMESTEAD WORKS.

oil. At the end of the four years, therefore, the Amer-
ican iron trade had been stripped of every element of
weakness, and was in splendid position to take advantage
of the changed times that were to come. The ter-
rible years of depression had been a blessing in dis-
guise. It was demonstrated beyond a doubt that with
no natural resources we could produce, when neces-
sary, nearly every form of iron and steel in this coun-
try.

"In 1888 a great re-
markable incident oc-
curred in our relations
with America, for in that
year the United States
began to export iron and
steel, not only to this
country, but to other
parts of the world."

"Not long afterward we
had the Englishmen still
farther outwitted and
alarmed by the purchase
by English railroads of
American locomotives, by
the building of the Al-
bion bridge in Africa—
contract taken fairly
from the hands of an
English firm—by the
heavy purchases of loco-
motives and machinery
for the Trans-Nubian
railroad, and later still
by the sale for the first
time of American loco-
motives in France. Dur-
ing October, 1898, the
Railway Locomotive
Works turned out no
fewer than four loco-
motives a day, the total
throughout the country
for the year being 2473,
the largest in the history
of the United States—
and this number does not
include locomotives made
in traveling railroad shops.

And the promise, at
this writing, for the further great activity and pro-
sperity of the iron industry was never better. Many
great enterprises are planned to go forward—new rail
roads, new bridges, new tunnels, new other buildings,
new ships are to be built, and the home demand is
only sharper than the foreign demand. Says no good
an authority as C. Kitchin, editor of the *Iron Age*:

"We have had boom-lethargy, but none of them has
had the staying power of this one."

Indeed, the boom in steel, according to the experts of
the trade, is to be one of many years, warranting vast
speculations for improved machinery, simply because
the world is steel hungry and will be so for years.

Probably the most promising new field for expansion
by this vast industry will be that of American ship-
building. Many names are at work to create near
this industry in which the United States once re-
sulted. This country is becoming a creditor nation,



LADLE CONTAINING FIFTY TONS OF MOLTEN STEEL BEING
PLACED ON A CONVEYING-CAR.



FAMILIARITY WITH HOT STEEL DOES
NOT BREED CONTEMPT.

try at a cost so low that we could lay the products
down in England, Germany, and other Continental
countries and under-sell the same system. The whole
industry was thus put on a new and sure foundation."

And thus we find the steel old London *Economist*
saying, with evident surprise:

working opportunities to travel money. Three things
especially have retarded ship-building here—the cost of
steel, the cost of labor, the slightly increased cost of
raising American ships over ships of other nations.
Steel can now be made cheaper here than in England,
labor is more costly, but produces more in a given
time. Even if the latter law is not passed by Con-
gress, it is within reason to expect a revival of the
building of ships in Yorkshire, with the industry as an
essential and shipyard activity on a large scale in a
practical certainty. The reaction of a new navy has
already established plants and, better yet, trained men
to do this work. No more desirable objective point
can be found for the steel that a country produces than
the iron shipyards. When they are in a thriving con-
dition a story of national independence is being told in
industrial form. The revival of our merchant marine
will mean prosperity on an unparalleled scale.



THE DUQUESNE STEEL-WORKS AT NIGHT.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF A NOTABLE REDOUBT
This is the Redoubt "Chloro," looking North, 11/2 Miles Northeast of Guanabacoa. The Redoubt



THE REDOUBT "ROSARIO," SOUTH OF GUANABACO



MILITARY ROAD LEADING FROM HAVANA TO GUINES



ENTRANCE TO REDOUBT



EXTERIOR DITCH OF THE REDOUBT "BEILA"



BRICK BLOCK HOUSE AT YENTO SEGINS.



THE REDOUBT



CASEMATE IN THE REDOUBT "EL MAZO."



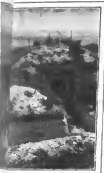
REDOUBT "SAN"

THE LAND DEFENSE

AS DEVELOPED BY RECENT SURVEYS MADE BY THE U.S. ARMY



SECTION OF THE LAND DEFENCES OF HAVANA
 on the Pampas are for Machine guns. This is a striking example of a defunct Exterior Ditch.



"REDOUBT "EL MAZO."



DEFENCES OF THE ZONE OF CULTIVATION.



FRAME OF A TWO-STORY SPANISH BLOCK-HOUSE.



RIO HONDO "



AN EXAMPLE OF DOUBLE TRENCHES.



TYPICAL BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT.



HILL IN THE CENTRE.



SEGMENT OF HAVANA'S MAIN SYSTEM OF DEFENCE.

DEFENCES OF HAVANA

UNITED STATES ENGINEER CORPS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. E. DOTY.—[SEE PAGE 374]



CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.* By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER III

THE HOME OF THE CARIBBEANS

THE village of Marlow was situated upon a little flat which stood upon the sea, between two ranges of high cliffs. This gap in those defenses of the sea wall was, indeed, the bottom of the cove where it ran out upon the sea-shore, spreading farlike an arm. Behind, the cove was sheltered with sand and fernlands to the edge of the mountain shore, but the space in which the village had grown was barren of all save grass and sand, and some small bushes. The soft winds from the open sea swept it and drove back the vegetation among the friendly valleys; dead corals covered the hollows of the tress (coral stone); and creeping plants lived feebly and hard among the rocks' groves. Upon any day save that of high summer, the place wore a dreary and dreary look, with its white leaves gleaming in the eye of the sun, the gray expanse of flat, and the yellow shores that rolled up and into the heights of the north. It was a cold spot, too, where the sea struck back into the bay and fed, eddying up the rocks as though escaping from fever spirits out at sea, or, maybe, pressing something in their turn, even into the woe-bosom of the land. It was the western side of the village the cliffs rose vertically in the great light, running bravely out into the water half a mile or more, and terminating in a promontory against which the huge waves threshed all day and all night to the landward's ocean.

* Page 10 in Harper's Weekly No. 309.

Inland, this cape was always at war, the broken water about it was never still, but gurgled and tossed over in the greatest weather; and the wind snugged in and out of the cove, that the tide had worn through many ages. On the stormy days these winds were screaming, no doubt because of convolutions among the many hollows of the rocks; and though the water was so pure the tide could be heard snaking in the ladies below, and drawing off and retreating with a moaning, swelling, sound that was not forgettable to the ears. Yet this great wall served no good Marlow upon one side from the fever gales that of the village itself you might descend upon a track of four shores which ran northwards for a mile, under the great dunes. These were precipitous towards the sea, and covered with the coarse grasses that it holds such soil. But as the land ran to the north it sloped outward into the ocean, which fell away, and left away before the advancing dunes until a second point overhung the environment, and stood up like the southern fellow to the sea and the westward of the bay. Marlow thus lay in an eye of the land, and sheltered from these rough winds. The space between the village and the northern point was filled in with a great waste of dunes, meaning and dissembling, so that a man might wander there for days without loss of way. It was from these mountain hills that the traveler's eye might take still farther west and strike the island of Lyons.

The island lay beyond the point, and seaward half a mile from it. It was protected in a cove of the coast, and, thus protected, faced a piece of mainland that

was bright and smiling with fields and hedges, and rich in trees. The country here, in fact, had quite another appearance; for the harsh winds did not reach these farms, which were so safe as the refuge of a valley. The inhabitants in this tract of coast were sparse. It is to be noted and lamented on the occasion. There was work, indeed, for fishermen when the weather served, and even now, on fine May afternoons a little fleet of boats stood at anchor off Marlow, their spars pointing from the land, and strutting at the waves below a lively, sunlit air.

Warburton had returned from his school, the dead look of the midwinter whiteness reposed in the truth in which his father lay, and now, that suddenly often concluded, his friend stood upon the cliff dunes and kept his gaze towards the island of the Caribbeans. Here the woods, as Warburton held him to be, had sought refuge, and here he must be sought and brought to bay. The sea was eddying warily and the water was clearing northward. It was of a deep blue, the color of lake level, but close to the shore the breakers showed their white heads, and a low thundersay rose in the air. Warburton turned and walked in a leisurely fashion, yet as one whose mind is determined, towards the village. The deserted prospect of the bay dunes did not cheer him, and he turned toward the entrance of his environment. His sensitivities were still, as well as his senses were sharp, nay, rather they were grave and slow, and formed no progress to his end. The island sea invited him, his tenderness flows kindly shoreward upon the immovable face of moving water. It was a fine day, and Warburton had seen a group of fishermen who stood battling by their boats.

"Which of you has a boat for hire?" he asked.

A smile showed all upon them, and one hastened to reply.

"Come," said Warburton, "I see a better yonder, looking at another. What's a boat with a job?"

"Where might you be going, sir?" enquired one of the fishermen.

"Oh, leave that you! I have a mind for a sail. I offer good wages," returned Warburton, impatiently.

The man cocked his eye at the sky. "It will be about a gale," he observed, reluctantly.

"Come, come, that's my business!" exclaimed Warburton, with impetuosity. "What is your price? Shall we see a gale?"

The man appeared to overcome the laziness or the distrust suggested by this fellow, for he began to push his dingy into the water. The others of the group exchanged glances, but were silent.

Warburton was in no way irritated by these signals from them. He stepped indifferently into the dingy and was pulled out into the open water, where the red pole, riding in the scull. The fishermen jumped ahead and went about heading the sail. The boat, like some time, and, meantime, Warburton sat in the stern watching. He had not missed the point of the resistance with which his request had been greeted. The anchor was already up and kang at the prow.

"There's your part in there," said he, adding to the driver, "and the rain, during the negotiation, stepped over the side into the smaller boat; Warburton threw off the painter, and pulled up the tiller. The longer line came and the man on the bank.

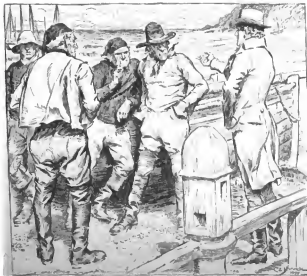
"Hi!" called the fishermen in alarm.

"See, my man, I said not your help," said Warburton.

The space separating them widened rapidly. The man cried out between anger and amazement.

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Warburton, impatiently, and threw up the tiller. The frothing waves struck him; his legs no longer his top, and he was on one side of the boat.

He laid the oar on the northern point round the corner of which the island of Lyons was hidden. It was now close on the afternoon and there were several hours before the fall of darkness. Warburton considered that he had time enough to carry out what he was come for. The wind took him about, and, whistling merrily, drove the water through the huge rollers of the open sea at a great pace. No time had passed when he turned the point at a safe distance and began to row down upon Lyons under a



WARBURTON SPOKE TO A GROUP OF FISHERMEN

still knew which was now full shaft. Warburton was not an expert canoe, to confess the truth, he knew very little about the sea, and what he did know was an accumulating mass of fragments. The rudiments of navigation were vaguely apprehended. His mind flitted about among the various methods he had used when he had been upon the lake that provided for James yet when more he said was not, nothing might thus be obtained. He had received the message from the island and made some investigations, and he would not go back until the object was effected. Yet, now in a cutter's eye, perhaps there was something in the prospect of the sea to alarm. The sea grew warmer, the water brighter, and the sun began to look like a scorching fire, and the blood sprang more rapidly in Warburton's veins, and he began to tremble with indignation. In a very little time he had slipped down upon the southwestern margin of the island. This was very strange, and he had starting the boat, as if sick of the rough strokes that held along the coast. The cliffs were fully now a hundred feet high, and descended toward the sea. They were jagged, jagged, and misshapen—most stern and inhospitably passionate of that remote shore. As the wind bore signs of a woman upon the summit. It made the sea in a woman's eyes at that distance by the shorts that were driven and blown with the wind. He started, for, as that held one eye to her left, or it might be that she stretched her eyes from the visiting one to her seaward gaze. The current was rippling along the misty rocks, drawing faster and faster under the wind, and even now Warburton's paddled mind flitted at last that he was pivoting among many perils. He could not see the green distance a great stretch of darkness, which he guessed to mark a reef, yet with the wind and tide it was now too late to avoid the path. He felt the little firm, and he jumped gaily into the danger, skimming into the open water with a little grating metal below. At the same time he heard a voice crying above him, it was out of heaven, and looking up, regardless of his rudder, he saw the woman upon the reef, her hair, with a white shawl, and with the swirling winds. He could not hear her words; they were lost in the roar, but gazed at her as if she were his life.

"What is the use?" said he, grumbling. "The devil is in the boat. She has taken the lead. There may not be, but what I read in the same old book, and she has it."

In the nick of time he put the tiller round, and upon the verge of the great rocks at the foot of the cliff, where the waves were breaking white in a frolic, glistening manner, the rafter stopped, turned, and with a kick that put the boat and looking into the sea, started, dashed away for the flag.

From here, in the mountainous side the island stretched for about a mile, and it was upon this north-east quarter that the house stood. The road, though narrow as upon the other side, was here, in parts, and thickly wooded, and upon the slopes behind Warburton could see sleep and rotting. This was the way, as an old crew once remarked, due to winds and the congregation at the land, all the body of that same wind seemed to be passing into the channel which separated between the rocks, and the great cliff itself, as Warburton found afterwards, was a great sea of sea, building and breaking perpetually, with that quick current of drawing and pushing the rocks. For this reason the narrow road in the mountain was nearly steady; and there was another and a better reason which will appear later.

Warburton cleared the matter under the lead, and springing a paddle with a little over that opened pleasantly, he put her nose seaward. In a few minutes she had rounded, and he stepped out. Making the boat fast, he walked inland through a great grove of waving ferns.

The path was treated and closely level, so that he could not see to what he was not viewing, and the house heaped upon his view with the suddenness of a surprise, and he turned a lead in the narrow path. It was by no means large, but had an ancient look, and stood upon a rim of the back of an amphitheatre, north sheltered by trees. Warburton's gaze went to it with a certain awe, and he stepped forward with a bound, and he looked at it as if it were a living creature. He was startled, and he stepped across of pine and oak, and he, interrupted with patches of moss, in which the narrow doorway was caving. A grotesque fronted by a garden, opening upon a white stream, from which descended white steps.

Warburton had barely made those few observations when he was startled by a voice which said:—

"You are welcome. Mr. Warburton," it said; "if you had not said you were my friend, I should have thought you would have met me."

It was Sir Stephen Enderbush that spoke, and he was, very kind and venerable, supporting himself upon his cane.

"I was not aware, sir, that I was trespassing in your garden," said Warburton, "I offer my apologies. It was inadvertent."

Sir Stephen waved his hand politely. "We are charmed to see you. No doubt you are come on leave from your sea, or your studies, or your work."

"I should, sir, if there is any business between us that may be settled out of hand," said Warburton, slowly.

"You are the better judge, it may be," returned Sir Stephen, rapidly. "but I suppose you have never seen the island, which is a very private island, though it is much more delighted to exhibit it to my friend. If the sea is any more your friend, Mr. Warburton, I shall be bound to look kindly into the matter."

He said nothing there were hundreds and thousands.

"No, I may not by means to see such privilege," said Warburton's answer, deliberate and slow. "I have no doubt that there are many a noble and friendly sir, as far as you are a passing stranger."

Sir Stephen elevated his eyebrows. "Ah, you must be a little more direct, there. I had a notion you were well of you a little further on, we shall see how to discuss it, on the basis of my and I will not with difficulty."

"I do not think, sir, that I am in any manner of conversation between us," said Warburton, slowly.

"Come, come," said Sir Stephen indignantly, "we may see you here, a stranger, as you say."

"Being a stranger, I have business, sir," said Warburton. "It is possible to express in the strongest and yet not be personal to another."

"If that is so, sir, we will make no more talk about it," he said, presently, with a certain air of kindness, "and if you will honor me so far, as a stranger, as to drink a glass of Madeira with me, sir, I will repeat you should go, and I will show you an even more, that you should not fall into the wrong man's net."

He was spoken by the other politely, and after a pause, Warburton followed. Sir Stephen set down and drinking from a little cupped a bottle and glass, set them on the table.

"I thank you, sir, but I have no palate for wine," said Warburton, politely.

The man's eyes encountered across the table, "Ah!" said Sir Stephen after a pause, "and you get trouble me. You a pale sea man, but I should like to see you." He said, presently, with a certain air of kindness, "and if you will honor me so far, as a stranger, as to drink a glass of Madeira with me, sir, I will repeat you should go, and I will show you an even more, that you should not fall into the wrong man's net."

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Warburton followed Sir Stephen to the house, and he was surprised to find that the house was a very simple one, and that the garden was a very small one. He was surprised to find that the house was a very simple one, and that the garden was a very small one. He was surprised to find that the house was a very simple one, and that the garden was a very small one.



SIR STEPHEN STOOD AT HIS ELBOW

Water came under the porch, where a deep pool of water lay, among the rocks. A thick carpet of moss could see the woman, her back towards him, and she could see her hands and knees, but she could not see herself from glancing towards the house through the single line which she stepped with the house. She stepped with the house, and she stepped with the house. She stepped with the house, and she stepped with the house. She stepped with the house, and she stepped with the house.

Warburton passed at her. She wore a straight gown of green girdled tight under the bosom, and flaring below. Her feet were in grey gloves under her feet.

"You are not you, Mr. Warburton," he said and could have helped her into his boat.

She leaped from the rock lightly, and watched him with a certain awe.

"Was it not you I saw from the cliffs?" he asked, suddenly.

"It is not you who were in my garden," he replied, "I saw you my thanks for that, though I understand nothing."

"You are a stranger to these shores," he said.

He understood that she had not identified him as one of those present in the inn.

"You are a stranger to these shores," he said, "as you are a stranger to these shores." He said, "as you are a stranger to these shores."



SHE CLUTCHED AT THE STONES WITH HER FINGERS.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

GEBHAHT HAUFFMANN has finally come before the American public under circumstances that ought to satisfy any dramatist. What his own countrymen have called the best example of his work was presented here in a fashion that showed a foreign play rendered into another language to the greatest advantage possible. For French had been translated with faithfulness and exquisite poetic freedom more than present the play with every material aid in its success. Lovable beauty of scenery might have seemed, as it is, a temporary advantage, the artist is trying to bring out every phase of its beauty and significance, not Mr. Schiller's work as a mere attempt to reveal the spirit of the play to the sense of sound

acting theater, were more ambitious than Mr. Schiller, while Mr. Barrett and Mr. Favaroni are now able to supply the requisite accessories which at one time belonged only to Mr. Schiller.

It is small here being nothing more available to his taste or culture than the science of the French-roman play, and his artistic status was undoubtedly helped by the actual fulfillment of his purpose. But he is possibly through, for the new being with a threat at improving his ambitious plans on the

Lauchmont, for the sake of giving the piece a local interest. If the American dramatist does not become a more important figure during the next few years than we have seen hitherto, it will not be for lack of demand for his work. That is greater today than ever. His



THE THREE WIVES IN 'THE SUNKEN BELL.'

in the way that only music could. Then the German dominated so highly granted to day by his own countrymen none in the orchestra before a foreign play with every element of success.

That "The Sunken Bell" proved the appreciation few, rather than the more probable majority, is a fact that reflects in no way on the artistic success of the undertaking. The beauty of Hauffmann's play is not just literary. The tale, with its old man of the well, its witch and its stich house, exhibits, in the memory, has known since childhood in the fairy stories he heard there. These characters legendary among Hauffmann's play their survivors only the story of the one incident felt under who like a medieval drama fell when he saved too high.

Hauffmann to show all things a poet, and it is that quality of his writing, rather than his philosophy, that has made his author famous. But it was an irretrievable fault of the play's performance in any language than in that in which it was written, that its poetry should have subsided to its dramatic character. "The Sunken Bell" was more drama more slowly. It is a rather serious entertainment, even for German audiences accustomed to regard the theater as something more than merely the arena of entertainment.

The audience that saw Mr. Schiller's admirable performances at the Knickerbocker were disappointed, presumably satisfied and highly appreciative, but they were not large. There is nothing in a audience to compensate an actor for his deficiency in scenery. Mr. Schiller, in spite of the praise that the enterprise has brought him, will doubtless look upon the Business venture as a mistake.

It is undoubtedly made the artistic effort because he felt that it was Mr. Schiller, in spite of his reputation as an artist. Colleagues of his own age were passing the word that while younger men were doing quite as much in the satisfaction of the public what Mr. Schiller, whose reputation was his, had been able to do. Mr. Schiller's work with his Shakespearean productions, such as "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Milk

There in a decade, or longer, it happens that a play fits "Cyrano de Bergerac" appears in the midst of the struggle across the continent the greater part of what is called dramatic literature's play that appeals to the hearts of the people and is simultaneously a credit to the actor. But such cases are rare. Mr. Schiller's experiment unusual every thing to make it successful supplying the power to back the play, and the theater is not an arbitrary. No actor however ambitious or conspicuous, was ever gratified by an artistic success that kept the theater empty. If he had been, that state of mind would have subjected very little credit on his judgment. For audience are absolutely independent in the endorsement of any play.

Now that "The Sunken Bell" has been briefly seen and heard and Mr. Schiller's ambitious party greatly reduced, the play will be added to that list which includes at least "Magda" and "Die Ehe," as well as some others not so well known. After three plays had been acted abroad and were later heard here in its own language, there was a Macedonian act for them here of which it arrived ultimately and "Magda" had the distinction of being seen here in three languages. But to that must be added the qualification that in most of these was in one or two languages.

The demand for the sunken and overrated play was retained almost as soon as it had one been placed with each of the public. The grain of sand several women gain a dash of life for a while and it lasted for a longer period than "Romeo." To those unambitious with the practical side of theatrical affairs it must have seemed that either one of these plays would have looked in delight the public for a long time, if the preliminary demand for them was any indication of their value. But like "The Sunken Bell," they were only for the minority. It is in reflection on their merits that those plays did not meet with the success that they deserved. It was only further evidence of New York's attitude in the theater, and the American point of view, to see a success where it had almost gone to equate American artists with the best of the world to meet that particular taste.

The demand for the sunken product in the market was never so great as it is to-day. The field for the American dramatist was never broader. The manager who never felt a loss involved in his work is now ready to bid in the development of his power more generously than he ever did before and still steps, indeed, only at the retailer or the manufacturer of regiments on an American play. But it is in the American market that managers today look for their most profitable plays.

The English group headed by A. W. Pinero is still thriving under some. Haddon Chambers, and R. C. Carton are more prolific, but their percentage of successful dramas is smaller. The French stage supplies little. "Zaza" is the first Paris play that one theory approach in any degree the success that one theory stage success faces that come from the Paris stage play little on so far in the interest of the Paris stage. The profit of the managers, the fate of their country is the contemporary drama of any country to be a grade referred to the American market unless it is one which the American market relies on that matter.

The opportunity of the native dramatist was never greater for the American theater always appeal more strongly to the American consumer than any other. It knows that it will make a stronger appeal in the public, other than being equal, than a play dealing with foreign subjects in foreign scenes. It is only to call attention to the number of foreign plays that can stand. But that does not disguise the New York market in the work of the American dramatist which is most on may be of foreign origin. It is in the work of our own plays of native origin that prosper.

One instance of the American tendency to keep his characters as new-born, or possibly as shown last fall where one of James K. Jerome's plays, which has been told in England, was transferred to



E. H. SUTHERS AND BARBARA WARREN IN 'THE SUNKEN BELL.'

stereotypes are certain to be confined in the narrow range to which the theater is limited here. In all probability, he will be asked, by any manager to whom he asks, to write a play as much as possible like any other, that has recently been very successful. The imitation may accomplish its purpose, although it is not.

One manager has a certain formula which he recommends to all spring dramatists who come to him and have not made a name for themselves. It is to be written by English, not French, but not to be written by a French dramatist, and one of the first lessons he has the formula is a play that once made a fortune here, and he asks, naturally, to repeat that experience.

A French investigator has discovered that thirty-six situations are possible in the serious drama. To duplicate the other thirty-five may be drastic, but it is a sound commercial proposition, in the opinion of this reviewer, who is regarded as unconsciously aimed at gratifying the public taste, and one of the first lessons he has the formula is a play that once made a fortune here, and he asks, naturally, to repeat that experience.

THAT the highest ideals in the field are not in the most incompatible with the broadest popular success has been proved chiefly among English writers to-day. As A. W. Pinero, that modern revival of "The Treasury of the Walls" at Daly's Theatre for a few performances, showed that the literary quality of a drama is likely to prove its most lasting feature. Mr. Pinero was the first English author who began to publish his plays, and none of the others was so well equipped to meet this rather exacting test. Others have subsequently followed his example, but the print of play does more than his success on the stage is retained. Mr. Pinero's supremacy.

In the recent performance of the comedy of stage life to win the language which had his audience in the work, rather than in the manner of character. It is the most common and steady of character. It is the most common and steady of character. It is the most common and steady of character. It is the most common and steady of character.

Mr. Pinero, while it is not possible that he meets with literary success with his current work, his success is in his own right. The complete picture of a man's work, however, is to be seen in the play, but the plan of publishing it is to be seen in the play, but the plan of publishing it is to be seen in the play, but the plan of publishing it is to be seen in the play.

VIRGINIA BARBER IN 'THE SUNKEN BELL.'



HON. JOHN K. GOWDY, UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT HAVANA,
Who will be the Union Avenger in the French Capital this Summer.

THE LAND DEFENCES OF HAVANA

BY J. D. WHELPLEY



The Americans have made many interesting discoveries during their occupation of Cuba, and as one of these has concerned a very important, especially among military men, the temporary land defenses of the city of Havana. It was known to the United States even before the war with Spain that the coast and harbor defenses were more or less obsolete. A vague and detailing account in the War Department had been furnished against an approach by land, but it is only recently that the marvellous extent of these fortifications has been developed by careful surveys. For ten months past a corps of engineers and draughtsmen, under the direction of Assistant Engineer Joseph A. Sargent, has been at work surveying and plotting every foot of the ground in the Department of Havana. An elaborate report, fully illustrated by means of photographs and drawings, will soon be in the hands of the War Department for use in the schools of war, or, possibly, if need be, in the future, for the more serious purpose of making or repelling an attack upon the city.

Havana has a population of about 250,000. The city proper lies to the east of the harbor, but the suburbs of Guinesimo, Regla, Jesus del Monte, Ciro, and Vedado, to the east, south, southwest, and west of the city, are so situated and so closely identified with the life of the city that their thirty thousand or more inhabitants must be added to the population of Havana in considering the question of defense. Including these suburbs Havana is a very irregular settlement, almost seven miles east and west and two miles north and south, and practically surrounding the harbor. For ten miles north of this thickly settled district extend the highly cultivated tropical gardens and fertile fields, mostly tended by Chinese, which supply the people with food. The first attempt at the land defense of Havana was against the insurgents. The tactics followed by the latter were those of quick raids and constant guerrilla warfare against outposts and fixed posts. To meet these conditions the Spanish army engineers first outlined a "new scheme of fortification." This was about seven miles east and west and ten miles north and south, and about seventy square miles of territory adjacent to the city.

For the defense of this zone of cultivation a stone wall was built, commencing on the east at the mouth of the Espigadero River, two miles east of the harbor. This wall extended ten miles to the south, seven miles to the west, and ten miles to the north again, covering the coast line at the mouth of the Cordero River, about two miles west of the harbor mouth. In the north half of this enclosure lies the harbor and the city, with its suburbs, the south half being devoted to the purposes of cultivation. The wall marking the boundary of this zone is about ten feet high to a wall, breast and heavy enough to stand considerable hammering from eight guns, and is buttressed at regular intervals to provide stations for lookouts or sentries. At longer intervals stand block-houses for purposes of observation and the shelter of troops.

In the southwest corner of this zone are the famous Vedro Springs, from which, by means of the Aqueduct de Alberto, is conducted to Havana, seven miles dis-

tant, its ample supply of the purest water. Five miles north of the south line of this zone of cultivation, and immediately north of the populated section, is the line of fortifications, which cover in a quarter circle from the coast on the east to the coast on the west side of the harbor, and enclose the city and its suburbs within their formidable protection. The land about Havana is favorable to defense. Broken ridges and hills extend between the city and the country to the south, affording numerous fine sites for guns, the fire from which commands every possible land approach. Not a single point of vantage has been overlooked by the Spanish engineers. Nearly all of these defenses were first constructed to protect the city from the insurgent attack. When war with the United States was inevitable, new fortifications were built, old ones were repaired and strengthened, and artillery was placed where it would do the most damage to an approaching foe.

In their survey of these defenses the American engineers have discovered over one hundred and sixty distinct constructions, ranging from formidable and complex redoubts, equipped with heavy guns and supplied with magazines, stores, houses, and accommodations for four or five hundred soldiers, to the simple ironworks for the shelter of infantry companies. It is the system of redoubts, parapets, batteries, and ironworks which has excited the interest and admiration of the American army officers. Commencing east of Guinesimo, at the mouth of the Cordero River, they are thickly placed on every ridge and hill top, and form a chain of defense between the Vedro on the east to even beyond the Almoxarife River, eight miles to the west, completely surrounding the residue part of the zone, and covering the entire line of the cultivated portion with closely connected forts. In these defenses there is room for fifteen thousand soldiers. Under the protection of these thousands of troops could have from the city with rapidity and safety to any point where their presence was demanded by the exigencies of the military situation. In measuring the line of fire from these fortifications it has been found that not only in every part of the open country about Havana covered by at least one, but hardly a point is not included within the range of three or four. The fortifications all bear typically Spanish names. Some of these refer to their character, shape, or the surroundings. Others are named by well known persons, saints, or otherwise. The largest trenches are those of San Felipe. The strongest redoubts are those of Antonio, Matanzas, Cruz del Padre, El Mans, Timon, Iguala, Chipe, Vico, and San Triguero. The finest block-house in Cuba is probably that one at Vedro, which is of brick and well accommodated for hundred and fifty men.

To facilitate the movement of troops from the city to the outer circle of defense and from one part to another of the zone itself, four magnificent macadamized roads lead to the city like spokes from the hub of a wheel, to the east, south, southwest, and west, and these are bridged at intervals by smaller roads, not macadamized, but fairly good. It may be said there are really five of these macadamized roads, for one follows the Alameda equidistant to Vedro Springs—though it is in very bad repair at this time, hence not closed with the others. These within a hour from the line word was given in the Havana barracks two thousand soldiers could be thrown in any point along the outer line of defense, and all the time remains an-

der cover of the heavy guns on the ridge and hills. These roads are ravelled in all weathers. They follow the natural easy grades of the low hills and gentle slopes, and in no grade of the line in moving to the front the troops a road could be hidden from an enemy approaching the city from the west, south, or east.

It had been agreed in Washington, in the early days of the war with Spain, that if an attack was to be made upon Havana the American navy should hold at least simultaneously near the mouth of the Cordero River, where the British loaded many guns from their vessels the American troops would have surrounded Havana on the land side. The navy would have been of little assistance in the actual repulsion of force, except to prevent the landing and maintain the line of supplies, for a bombardment of the city would have been but a waste of destruction of property and the loss of non-combatants, as the Spanish troops were prepared, in such a case, to move out into their landing boats on the hills. After the landing, skirmishing would have commenced at once. The American would soon have captured the outer defenses of the zone of cultivation and the Vedro Springs, but Havana would have secured its water from the three Arroyo River, lower down. It was then the American artillery would have played its part, for said the heavy guns of the defenses of the city were almost on a level with the defenses, and also along the roads, the Spanish had planted miles of wireworks barbed wire rings, which are more disconcerting to soldiers of officers than the opposition of a superior force. If the Spanish tactics in the defense of Havana had been the same as at Santiago, the American would have been allowed to fight their way against bodies of troops, well entrenched, until the same line of land outside was reached, where the Spanish would have made their final stand. It would have been a hot battle, greater than any fought by United States forces, but not such a defense. It was little wonder that in the end, but the end in human life would have brought sorrow to thousands of homes under the Stars and Stripes.

During the war with the United States, Spain had in Havana about 100,000 trained soldiers, commanded by the best officers in the Spanish army, and all were prepared to put an end to their long struggle and strike a blow in aid of their country. With such a force, behind such defenses, it was little wonder that some of General Blanco's officers actually met the bold of the present avenger of Cuba in the American. Five hundred and twenty Spanish soldiers killed General Lachan and his army at Bay Cordero in two hours, and only yielded when over two hundred of his men had been killed or wounded and eight had retreated. Less than one thousand Spanish soldiers on the hill at San Juan through heavy loss of men, and the Spanish army was defeated. There can be officers familiar with the surroundings of Havana now believe that the defenses of that city could have been successfully stormed by an American army of less than 100,000, assisted by the navy, and all even then the loss to the American side would have been at least twenty thousand men.

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Captain Leary, Governor of Guam

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

So many varying and untrue stories have been circulated about the death of Captain Richard F. Leary, the first American Governor of one our island possessions (Guam), that the Navy Department has felt itself obliged to issue this story to inform the public. Captain Leary's letter explains that this story is false. Whether particular methods and high sounding phrases he may have used during the period of his tour of duty there, it is plain that the chief reason for his recall is that his term what is called "duty" has practically expired. Leary undoubtedly did stir up the fringes as to their charges for marriage, and he contained significant accusations to slavery and similar matters, and various other matters related to the situation which he was in. He also used many efforts to improve the way-going as well as a vivid story of the relations of the American flag and the United States as a nation. All this made our first Governor of Guam partisan.

But Captain Leary—Dick Leary, as most of us who know him and thousands who do not know him call him—is more than partisan; he is positively rugged, always interesting, and never happier than when he creates the atmosphere of strife. His error in the past has been one of laxness. Few men in the navy have more steady friends or more bitter enemies than his immediate fellow-officers. Three times his name has been removed from the roster. Twice it was restored by the department after thorough investigation and review of the circumstances under which it was removed, and it was restored by order of Congress.

Some of the naval officers have never forgiven Leary for that distinction. His error in the past has not been a bad one. He didn't get much of a share in the war with Spain. Maybe it was because there was a reluctance to allow one with something of the reputation of a demagogue to come to the front, and it might have been that the prejudice of others had some effect. But for the fact that he had had another time of stress in the navy. Some of his enemies suddenly discovered that Leary was a democrat. He said it wasn't so, and again he confessed of his enemies, although it cost more than an examination or thoroughly established Leary's position. The anti-Learyites that then thought they had him beaten, but he passed his examination for the captain's grade, did very or less obnoxious work in the war and was his more recent and glory of a certain kind in Guam.

Leary did one service for his country in the latter part of the eighties in Samoa which attracted a great deal of attention, brought him the thanks privately of a President, a Secretary of State, and a Secretary of the Navy, but no official document of approval, and when it was proposed to give him the thanks of Congress a storm blew about him. He had evaded the appointment of the War and Navy in Samoa and had raised his ship for action one day when a German warship threatened to fire on some anchor. His recollections of that time, when he was beyond the rank of lieutenant, was an experience that when it was transmitted in Congress certain serious were removed, and that the recollections placed in connection with a certain foreign power.

If Leary had had so that German warship it would probably have brought on our enemies the thanks of Congress. It may be an tremendous responsibility to be placed on a lieutenant commander. No officer of his grade and rank was ever put in such a position. He was unquestionably right in his attitude, and in his view he was truly American. His declaration it is openly asserted, brought down upon him a severe rebuke, and that was not his only rebuke, and that was not his only rebuke, and that was not his only rebuke. It is plain to know him, and did so, present day his with a wish by order of the department.

Personally Leary is slight in physique, quiet in behavior, quick to speak, a typical Southerner in obtaining an excellent force of his country, a man who is war and peace, and in peace would devote his whole life to his country, and in war would lead his men to the front. No matter where this Leary may be, it is plain to see that he is a man of great ability, and it is plain to see that he is a man of great ability, and it is plain to see that he is a man of great ability.



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FACADE OF THE PALACE OF DECORATIVE ARTS

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(SEVENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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A Police Defect

THE recent law troubles at Cretin direct public attention not to a serious defect in the police system of the State, and also show the same general condition prevailing everywhere throughout the country, the question of which shall be more properly to secure all citizens from outrage at the hands of the lawless is of more than merely local importance. In our large cities there is ample protection of property, but beyond the borders of the municipality, where the county officers guard, or endeavor to guard, the interests of the citizen, the citizen is not at times to find his interests properly, and his own person not wholly safe. The sheriff, a public official chosen, by ballot, more often than not because of his pail with the politicians, and rarely because he has in him any of the essential qualifications of a guardian of the public peace, so his ability as an organizer of anything above the level of a political deception, with a limited number of deputies at his back, is required in numerous instances to deal with a mob, than which there is no kind of a harder working that needs to be handled with a greater degree of expert firmness. Finding his regular force insufficient, he avails in an extra lot of men as deputies, takes them as such, and with an unorganized body of followers goes forth to meet the enemy, not knowing himself any other method of achieving that which is involved in the putting up of his facts, the flourishing of a revolver, or an expert command of profane speech. In short, a mob of rioters is to be met by a smaller mob of undisciplined individuals, the vast majority of whom have never so-called from ill-repute into a recognized officer than not from the ranks of the lawless, and who are willing to take their chances in a free fight with the rioters, not because they are themselves any too nice about the maintenance of order, but because they want the law, and rather enjoy what they call a "scrap." No sensible man who has ever seen a body of newly sworn deputy sheriffs would be willing to risk anything he valued in their hands; and it is no uncommon sight in times of stress to find three or four deputies, in a condition of drunken disorder, ready to if not more than that of the rioters themselves, fraternizing with the men they have come out to fight. In this immediate case at Cretin the sheriff of Westchester County has had more trouble with his own men than up to the time of the arrival of the militia he had had with the rioters.

It would seem as if this condition of affairs ought to be remediable. In the first, as in the latter, the isolated citizens of the State are entitled to some kind of organized protection against lawlessness. It happens occasionally, as in the Cretin trouble, that the wrong-doing members proportionally justifying the calling in of the military forces; but what of the many smaller instances of which we hear nothing, where the individual is forced to submit to intolerable conditions, although the principle involved is quite as important as in the more conspicuous?

We get a great deal from the State, and for this we should be devoutly thankful, but until some step is taken by which the safety of the isolated public is placed in the care of an organization stronger than that of a sheriff's office, the men who thus live their lives in the highways and byways of the country districts will not have had his just due met out to him.

THE imperial government at Washington has again distinguished itself by an outrageous assertion of the right of America's citizen to collect what is due him. This time it

hoarding in against the Sultan of Turkey, who has need to a trifle of \$100,000 for something over five years, and who would in all likelihood continue to use it to

for five years longer if the imperial policy of the Washington authorities did not interfere. The wickedness of the United States government in taking advantage of this unfortunate child of the East, this Watanwan of the Bosphorus, at this time, must be equal to all. The man of Turkey has his faults, and they are many, but at this moment, when he is probably being led to death to secure funds to provide money for his large and interesting family, with every honest citizen at prices which fill with envy the hearts of men in the steel industry of this country, and who are not so readily available duty to honor the Paris Exposition filling his soul, it is rank oppression incompatible with the principles of our forefathers to insist upon his paying the bill for us.

We see the nefarious project of the State Department has not escaped the vigilant eye of the Anti-Imperial League. Such earnest scrutiny is worthy of the most inspired rebuke to be found in the Tocsin mythology.

THE apparent certainty that the candidature of the great parties for the Presidency will be MOSES, McKINLEY and HAYES has resulted in a much greater interest in the Vice-President nomination than is usual. It is a good sign.

The office has not attracted the attention it merits, and the outlook indicates that the race for the nomination in one of the parties at least is going to be quite exciting. There is plenty of timber for it. Some of it is solid oak and some of it is mere straw. We cannot believe that the recovered material is to be used—no hope not, in any event, particularly today, when we have had in our late Vice-President so conspicuous an example of the right man in the right place; so fine an instance the heights of dignity and public esteem to which the office may be elevated by the man who is manifestly fitted for it. If New York within the nomination, it must take care to present the fittest of its candidates, neither a man too young for it nor a man too small for it.

Both the Republican and Liberal camps in the United States are so divided in their opinions on the subject of the tariff, and the outlook indicates that the race for the nomination in one of the parties at least is going to be quite exciting. There is plenty of timber for it. Some of it is solid oak and some of it is mere straw. We cannot believe that the recovered material is to be used—no hope not, in any event, particularly today, when we have had in our late Vice-President so conspicuous an example of the right man in the right place; so fine an instance the heights of dignity and public esteem to which the office may be elevated by the man who is manifestly fitted for it. If New York within the nomination, it must take care to present the fittest of its candidates, neither a man too young for it nor a man too small for it.

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THAT is a very curious state of affairs that a New York weekly newspaper exposes in the matter of the publication by Congress of the Messages and Papers of the Presidents. This monumental work, it seems, after having been prepared at the expense of the United States government, is now being sold for the private benefit of a number of individuals, one of them a member of Congress and a leader of his party, who has actually copyrighted the last seven volumes of the work in his own name.

From the time of WILLIAM HENRY HANCOCK down to the day of WILLIAM MCKINLEY, the official address of the Presidents have become the personal property of the Hon. J. D. BURNETT, and if the story be correct, those with others are now being sold in the open market for the benefit of Mr. BURNETT and his two partners, neither of whom is the United States government or a President of the United States. Just what right Mr. BURNETT has to do this is a question that many people are asking, and we hope they will keep on asking until they find out, for it is an interesting problem, which those who pay taxes are entitled to have solved.

No one doubts the right of the government to

go into the publishing business if it finds it profitable to do so, but why the funds of the people should be diverted to the private use of an individual or of a set of individuals is not wholly clear. If there is any settled principle of right in the matter, the law should be strictly established the better, so that others who are entitled to profit may lose no time in embarking upon such enterprises as may seem to bring their talents. If it is proper for Mr. J. D. BURNETT to print privately for himself the Messages and Papers, we cannot see why it is not proper for Mr. WILLIAM HANCOCK to have issued at the government's expense a handsome edition of the poems of Hon. JOHN HAY, Secretary of State, copyrighted in his own name; or for Mr. H. HANCOCK to secure for the copyrighted publication of the account, for his own private benefit, of a Speech of the Hon. THOMAS BRIMLEY BURNETT.

Mr. HANCOCK, as matters stand at present, appears to be getting the cream of a vastly profitable business.

THE situation suggests the propriety of a general overhauling of the government's printing business. This is a serious matter, and the department of the public service, one which undoubtedly accomplishes much good in certain directions, in certain other directions there are outstanding defects.

An **Experiment** lays which would seem to be an **Experiment** (repeated) had an idea for the improvement of the printing business. Mr. WILLIAM HANCOCK, of New York, which came to us on an address of one a week during Mr. BURNETT'S legislative season. We select Mr. HANCOCK merely as a type, not because we have any special personal acquaintance with him, or his work, and assuming ground, but he is also a fair example of a kind of public speaker upon whom the public security is wasted. The speeches are always entertaining, but they rarely have anything to do with the public welfare, and, therefore, why they should be printed and distributed at public expense we have never been able to ascertain. They fill no long-felt want. They are distinctly "yellow" in tone, but they lack the incisive force of similar material which appears in the "yellow" newspapers seven days of the week. They are, in every respect, unimportant. They are occasionally humorous in the splendor of their rhetoric, but they never rise to the level of a truly stirring oratorical, such as one can hear almost any day from any one of the thousands of walking delegates and other agitators who throng our streets; and in their fourth or fifth volume they are so unimportant that Mr. BURNETT'S constituents can get more fun at less expense to the public at the same hall of Great Britain and France. If they deal with most public questions and had any sincere purpose connected with the improvement of the lives of the nation, there could be no valid objection to their being printed; and as they stand, we see no more reason why they should be published by the government printer than the equally illuminating oratory of both House JOHN of Chicago, or the atmospheric reports of Mayor VAN WINKLE, or the same kind of oratory with citizens who call in his office to talk with him on matters of public concern.

It would be a thousand times more profitable for the government to issue the complete works of Mr. Bowley.

THE bicycle is beginning to receive so much of its rights, and those who make a living by straining wheels belonging to others soon remember have a care. A South Carolina justice has within the past few weeks made a ruling which has carried considerable attention into the hearts of bicycle-riders and jet into the hearts of the wheelmen. With a judgment worthy of a Daniel, he held that straining a bicycle was as bad as straining a horse, because both could be ridden or straddled at the last, instead of serving their duty with the chain-gang, must now undergo the delights of the State prison for five years at hard labor.

This is as it should be. The popular and faithful steward of steel in one section of the country at least has done its own duty, and the rest of our committee fall into line with the sagacious judgments of Justice BURNETT, the better it be held that straining a bicycle was as bad as straining a horse, because both could be ridden or straddled at the last, instead of serving their duty with the chain-gang, must now undergo the delights of the State prison for five years at hard labor.

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THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES REACHING LADYSMITH AFTER A SIXTY-MILE MARCH FROM DUNDEE.



RESTING ON ARRIVAL AT LADYSMITH



DETHOUSE'S MOUNTED INFANTRY



MOUNTED INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.



WELCOME BARRACKS AFTER THE MARCH TO LADYSMITH



ENTERING LADYSMITH—HEAVY MARCHING FOR WEARY MEN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—RAISING THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORACE W. NADOLN, JOHANNESBURG.



A PICKET RETURNING TO CAMP WITH A PRISONER.



THE NORTHUMBERLANDS IN A DONGIA NEAR BIZUMBEISTEN

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawings by GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



Soldiers watching the Deputy Sheriff.



The shooting of Sergeant Robert Douglas, Co. B, 1st Regiment, April 15.



Sheriff Meloy—Leaving Row's Headquarters across the Bridge.

THE STRIKE AT THE CROTON DAM, NEW YORK.



CALVIN KIMBROUGH,
Esq., England.



REV. JOHN H. PATON,
New Orleans.



GILBERT MCINTOSH,
Glasgow, Ohio.



EUGENE STOCK,
London.



S. S. CAPIN,
President American Board.



J. HUDSON TAYLOR,
China.



REV. J. C. SHEFFER,
London, Ohio.



REV. WILLIAM S. HOOPER,
China.



REV. LEHIGH WASHBURN,
Constantinople.



REV. H. D. DWIGHT,
Turkey.

The Ecumenical Missionary Conference

THE Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, which is holding sessions this week in London, has for the purpose of its city, in so many ways a gathering of such interest. There is a considerable representation of missionaries from foreign countries among others Bishop Tinsman and Dr. C. H. Taylor from India; Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, Dr. W. H. Johnson, and President Schofield from China; Dr. M. L. Gibson, Dr. John Rogers, and Dr. I. B. Coffey from Japan; Dr. Paton from the New Hebrides; President Washburn and Dr. G. Dwight from Turkey.

In a single year the Protestant churches of the world have expended about \$100,000,000 under the supervision of their missionaries on the field made from the staff of secretaries and others at home. The results secured by this money appear to be out of all proportion to the efforts put forth. It is no slight thing to gather a nation and a half of converts out of the communities of India, Africa, Japan, China and other lands; to organize and conduct several thousand schools of every grade; to establish hospitals and dispensaries on a scale whose number has been identified with the varied organizations, and to be the medium of distribution of large sums of money and to conduct seminaries for those who are destined with letters and teachers.

It is not unusual that the supporters of these missions should be glad of an opportunity to meet face to face with the workers and to share the experience of the past generation and the reality and probably to meet the gathering of this conference appears generally in this field. A little study of the programme, however, shows that while there is no failure to recognize the fact that it does not hold the important place.

Since it was given to someone Monday of the year at each to review of the great principles on which missions rest and the record of the past. Again on the closing day there is to be an outlook over the future work, its opportunities and possibilities. The meeting then is given up exclusively to the discussion of the great questions connected with the realization of various systems of policy of the relative importance of different branches of work of various papers is presented and discussed, viewed on with the utmost freedom for all kinds of personal opinion. Historically a conference of this kind, no less, concludes no resolutions, leaves its results to be worked out as individual opinions, appears rather than an indication of the future. These results, however, will certainly stand forth and clearly and common attraction and a platform. The purpose of the conference is not to express gratitude for the past or to give a testimonial for the future but to consider carefully and thoroughly the best method for the present.

Among the topics discussed are the training of our native workers on the building up of self-supporting self-sustaining native churches. Missions work in general cannot be presented. The movements being given place in the past the teacher. It is well to avoid a new church as an early life of workers, but work

will become chronic and fatal if the assistance is continued too long. When should it cease, and how shall the leaders be educated to their responsibilities? Fully conversed with this is the great question of education. A strong church must be an educated church. An uneducated community can never be in the least sense a truly Christian community. Yet how far is it legitimate for missionary funds to be used in the conduct of the higher branches of education? Where the funds all from wealthy people themselves, fully educated, it might be simpler, but many feel that it is not right to use the hard-earned gifts of the poor to give to others opportunities denied to themselves. It is easier to state such problems than to solve them, and the consideration of such questions at the head of the educational institutions of China, India, Turkey, and Africa will be listened to and studied with the greatest interest.

There are also the problems of philanthropy. In studying method missionary agencies to improve, better-aided efforts to remove the burden of reform that for centuries have weighed down women, children and men, and so that life itself has become a burden has been to exist. To what extent are missions undertaken in their purpose and proper scope, and what is the line of it there any, between the prophetic all of the Gospel and the relief of suffering? There are also the relations that should obtain between the missionaries and the native churches on the one hand, and the non-Christian communities with their religious views, beliefs, and the other. It is not always easy to judge where the line should be drawn to draw a distinction between destructive and constructive criticism.

EDWIN M. BUSH, D. D.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIZEE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

CHILDREN OF THE ISLAND. By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER IV

THE STRIFTERS AND THE CAVERN

WHEN Warburton glanced round the island and found that the darkness had been so long, he had reason to doubt the presence of Miss Caraculach's morning. When a large and moving mass of water with the upsurging darkness of the sky, and heavy with all sorts of blackness. The wind raised a white glare that he dared not mistakingly diver for the beach.

When he reached the crest of the water he could discern far off and dwindling still the faint lights of Markish. He could not doubt that he was being driven from the land, and that any effort he made to get back would be defeated by the fall of night. Warburton was no sailor, but he was a man of determination, and sheer force of purpose carried him through that struggle. Despite only settled upon his bodily safety, the direction of the labyrinth opening he was hurriedly pointed into the wilderness of sea-girded night and stars without so much as a star to guide him.

No far as he could judge he must have been three hours being helplessly upon the sea when he thought he saw glimmering ahead a dim yellow light, such as might stream from a cottage window. That friendly gleam struck new life into his heart; his manly fingers gripped the helm of his boat, and gradually he had drawn near enough to make out when the light issued. It came from the lighthouse sitting in the head of a small cove, and presently he was close-reefed and was evidently rising and the storm; yet even as Warburton was about to start he had a sigh of satisfaction proceeding to bring the boat round. The schooner lurched forward, the lighthouse shone upon a greenish bank of rocks, and he began to wath away at a brisk pace.

This unexpected withdrawal astounded Warburton, but he was now certain of the nature of the place, and guessed that those upon the schooner had decided to make sail. It was risky, but that she was making for some port nearby, or she would not have been visible in the fog. He shouted aloud, but his words were still rising, and his voice did not carry, so long as he could hear her in sight, however, he turned out, and, moreover, he reflected that it would be no easy matter to board the vessel in that weather.

After an interval of time he was surprised by a great flare ahead, appearing in line from the schooner. It flared forth and died down, and presently vanished as the lighthouse covered it. Warburton understood those lights for signals, and supposed that they meant he could upon each night be permitted to draw the schooner home. The light as the lighthouse flashed again, and this time he saw three lights in a beam, so that he concluded if they were approaching the cape outside Markish. In a little they were close enough to reveal some details, and Warburton at once recognized the cliffs as those that fringed the dusky point upon the island of Lyman—the Skiffia, as they were called in those parts.

Warburton allowed his course to dimmy. Were the men dead? The schooner flew towards her, not as it would to him, with courtesy. He held up his hand to a shudder the terror among which he had picked his way at an added hazard. There were no lights there was the added peril of darkness and a stronger wind. But of a sudden there came back to him the schooner ahead, steering in the track of the river. What all this signified he knew not, but this he knew, that where the schooner went, he also could go, and that he was resolved to do so.

The small craft lay hidden under the wake of the larger vessel, and in the black trough of the sea. Yet he might not have escaped the notice of the sailors had not all been so taken up with the approach to the rocks. Just now that the schooner was about to be bidden, so that he could detach little or nothing from the approaching blackness. Again a light streamed out from the cliffs, and Warburton saw that the schooner was close in, lying under the great rocks and having, as it appeared, upon a thousand decks. Warburton struck his hand to his forehead. He was rapt out of sight as though he were mere wealth of a vessel that melted into the air. But that he was not gone, and that he was not dead, he was assuredly inspired him. Quickly he shot the cable round the nearest point, and he too sailed among the foaming Skiffia. The light of the schooner was "Danoo!" said Warburton, under his breath, "but they will have me down yet." "Faint their voice!" he said. "The land deliver us from these ugly fellows!"

The cutter was swinging about at a rate of six or seven knots, she was drawing up, right heartily making sharp and jagged edges. All at once she might strike and founder, for at that point she would have like glass.

"I will let her go," said he to himself, "if I am slain in her bed." "Foolishly he was aware that his sails were flapping; he had come out of the wind. All was black about him. He put forth a hand and searched vainly in empty space.

"Now where the devil am I got to!" said he. The water was sucking and lapping with a great noise, which notified in his the approach of rocks. But it rose with low and muffled reverberations, and that set it was also point to him. He pulled his boat cautiously to the distance of a few rods, and though the sounds ceased, and presently his fingers touched a

well. As they did so a faint light coming up about him. It was the dimmest brightness of a bright glow far away, but it showed him where he was. As he had imagined, he was in the mouth of a great cavern. Warburton was at once framed in a theory which would well explain this nocturnal entry of the schooner, and in this outline confirmation of his suspicion he was not greatly surprised. That these were smugglers he doubted not, which was one reason why he had followed them. Smugglers could hardly be using the shelter of Lyman without the knowledge of the Caraculachs. In any case, he was anxious to get to the bottom of the mystery, and counted himself lucky to have fallen in with the schooner. Thus, then, promised to be merely the opening of his adventure. The sudden glow revealed to him a gateway out to the rocks, which led deeper into the cavern. He could see nothing of the schooner, but supposed that she lay farther in, and was possibly hidden by a fern in that huge cavern.

But he waited not either to make any particular observations or to come to a decision upon his scheme. He made the best time of his way, creeping up the rocks, and creeping upon the ledge, made towards the interior of the cavern as nautically as he might. Cautiously he stepped an angle, yet for all that caution was fished through into the light of lanterns and into the presence of a snuffing, angry scow. The scow was the steamer of a smuggler's dock. In the Pres-

his discovery was certain, that it might be deferred, but could not be prevented at the end. He had no time to lose, but he had no choice, and was of some use to do so without attracting attention, he had no hope to put confidence in the cunning Takoo-will, who and without the aid of any skill. The darkness betrayed him a thousand times worse than the light. Yet he took advantage of that darkness now, as the only upon which his wits could be. He stopped, and, with Nicholas Caraculach's voice twenty feet from him, he slipped stealthily into the water and shot into the black shadow that the schooner cast. For the second time this schooner beat over him more, but less long his people would not let him rather his mind with wondering. It was impossible for him to return from this effort, for the lighthouse glared upon the water upon each side of the dark hole, and to move in either direction would lead to a fatal detection, which was almost certain. So he lay upon the water and waited, trusting to the turn of chance. Presently after he could spy Nicholas Caraculach's shining softly along the ledge, and he knew that the other had been discovered. Caraculach leaped to the beach and turned fiercely on the smuggler to whom he had been speaking.

"You fool, Nixon," said he, "the boat is there, and you are spying upon it!"

The smuggler's smile started the Frenchman into life. He threw down the rig he was smoking with an oath,



CHLORIS SEIZED HER BROTHER'S WRIST WITH BOTH HANDS.

grazed, heaped upon a mass of sand and shells. By the schooner, which was the configuration of lighthouses, a series of men were flying to and fro, calling hoarsely and shouting orders to one another. A light flare from the schooner, which was the schooner, showed Warburton knew well. It was Nicholas Caraculach, his black hair tossing hoarsely, and his strong features were lit up with a fierce and determined look. Roger Warburton smiled in his heart, for he had come upon his revenge very easily. He had not looked for an opportunity to show his contempt for the Caraculachs and that illicit trade established beyond question.

He saw now what was the motive of his interference in the neighborhood. Mostly the men were the look of foreigners, and some had golden rings in their ears, but some were dressed as natives of Markish. All these observations he made swiftly, and he turned his attention to his own safety. It was in the nick of time that he did so, for Caraculach had snatched right and left to see if he could discern any sign of light; but those only remained the entrance to the cavern, up which the head of the tide rolled heavily. Yet he would be captured if he held there any longer. He took a breath from his chest and fixed under, straining to his chest, but that the tide had deflected him, long long he was before he could get gone, but his head was splitting ere he came to the surface, and found to his chagrin that the tide had deflected him, and that he had risen in the forest of air of illumination. A shout answered that he was seen, and a bullet smacked upon the water by him. Also, several of the smugglers plunged into the sea towards him. He was a single figure, indeed, for he was within ten yards of the hole, and two of the leading lights stood above him, one of whom was pointing a pistol, while the other held a long staff. A few strokes

and himself disappeared along the ledge by which Caraculach had returned. In a short time there was a lull among the smugglers, all work ceased, and they began to explore the recesses of the cave, lighting flash upon flash the interior. Warburton was now in a more imminent peril than Warburton, but he kept his flesh steady. (One thing the men illumination of the cavern showed him clearly, and that was a narrow ledge, the edge of a rock, and peered into them; but Nicholas Caraculach avoided in them presently.)

"Come, you fools!" he said. "It must have reached the beach since he followed the schooner, and we were all here to have seen him. He cannot be here on the water side."

Warburton heard the words and knew that the entrance had been pronounced on him. He turned upon, looking right and left to see if he could discern any sign of light; but those only remained the entrance to the cavern, up which the head of the tide rolled heavily. Yet he would be captured if he held there any longer. He took a breath from his chest and fixed under, straining to his chest, but that the tide had deflected him, long long he was before he could get gone, but his head was splitting ere he came to the surface, and found to his chagrin that the tide had deflected him, and that he had risen in the forest of air of illumination. A shout answered that he was seen, and a bullet smacked upon the water by him. Also, several of the smugglers plunged into the sea towards him. He was a single figure, indeed, for he was within ten yards of the hole, and two of the leading lights stood above him, one of whom was pointing a pistol, while the other held a long staff. A few strokes



BAY SNIPER
DRAWN BY

WEEKLY



SHOOTING

B. FROST



THE DAM BEFORE THE BREAK OCCURRED.



THE FLOOD-WAVE.



VIEW FROM THE SHORE, LOOKING WEST.



THE WRECKED POWER-HOUSE.

THE BREAKING OF THE COLORADO RIVER DAM AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

The break occurred at 5 o'clock on the morning of April 7. The power-house was destroyed, and a number of residences were killed. Many more lives were lost by drowning in the flood poured down the valley below the dam. Ninety-nine victims of the loss in property has not been made, but it will doubtless be reckoned in the millions.

The Queen in Dublin

THE observant intelligent Irishman says the Queen's visit to Dublin is a "good policy." Its weakest lies in the fact that it is too evidently political, and no one is deceived by it. It has put even the people of Dublin and its vicinity, including thousands of representatives from all parts of Ireland, before her Majesty, without one demonstration of disrespect. But there was also some evidence of abhorrence as the visit of President McKinley to any city of the United States would not forth. The comparison is inevitable for one who has witnessed both occasions.

The Irish are a demonstrative people, but there was no Irish demonstration over the Queen's visit as there might have been over any less important event which called together a crowd and gave scope for a holiday. You will hear diametrically opposite opinions on this subject from Irishmen, taking sides entirely from their political faith. None to the Protestant Irishman have said one in all instances that the Irish reaction was unfitted—that the Irish were becoming reconciled. There is no evidence of this among the Catholic Irish, and especially among those who are not prosperous.

Every city flows a holiday. Dublin proved no exception to the rule on the occasion of the Queen's visit. The point of greatest interest was at the Leeson Street bridge, where the attempt of preventing the keys of the city occurred. Dublin has no city gates, but to maintain the city's traditions gates had been constructed. They were of granite, and they formed part of a massive tower of masonry, well impregnated and almost impervious. Just within the gates a stand had been erected for the Lord Mayor's gun—a plain wooden structure. Eighty of its masts were assigned to newspaper articles and correspondents. There was one French journalist among them.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation, the Town Clerk and other city officials, arrived separately. They were robed like the Queen. The town clerk, who had assumed a very judicial air, they marked on their robes their titles of office—long and short, some having ribbons with fluff. These ornamental horse coverings they assumed when they had reached their places in the stand.

The arrival of Lord-Mayor Pile and the Lady Mayoress was a matter of more ceremony. They were preceded by four ancient Irish druids in black robes, white mitres, and long staves. These four carried long staves. One of them had aloft the large hawk of Seamus which the Lady Mayoress was to present in the

Queen. The Lord Mayor carried the rod of gold containing the address from the Corporation and the keys of the city. This rod was very beautiful. It was of solid gold, decorated in enamel. Its lining was of pearl-colored silk with the diamond, set in the pattern. This rod was placed in a cushion of blue satin arranged in a silk draped table before the Lord Mayor. Behind this table the four druids knelt themselves. Mention two very gorgeous figures in red and black robes, the roadway on footstep. They were evoked hats, and on their backs were heavy coats of velvet with several bearings. They suggested no thing so much as one of Mr. Gladstone's "brothers-in-law" "Lalageans." These two were the Ulster King-at-Arms and the Albion Parliament, and they were to play an important part in the ceremonial.

The Queen's coach had arrived at Kingstown, the port of Dublin, at two o'clock on Tuesday. Wednesday morning the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland drove to the station to fill the paucity of vehicles and leaved a carabineer, and took a special train to Kingstown, where he welcomed the Queen as she was brought ashore from her yacht. Then he returned to the city and went to the Victoria Lodge to welcome her on her arrival there. The Queen drove to the city in an open carriage drawn by four horses driven by a coachman with footmen and outriders. With her were Princess Victoria and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Other members of the royal party were in other carriages—a small train of three—provided and followed by the Household Cavalry.

All Kingstown there was the brief presentation of an address in the Victoria Council. The carriages and their escort started at a smart trot along the road to Dublin. The road was not crowded. It is said there was very little enthusiasm. If the reception given the Queen at Leeson Street is a measure for her experience everywhere, this is probably true.

Some time before the royal carriage appeared the seven gait carriage. Two porters, and all others stood guard on each side. In the company of the seven lower men appeared a transporter and blew a shofield blast. Then he read that the Albion Parliament was at the gates asking admission for the Queen of England. The gates were ordered to be opened, and the Albion Parliament came galloping in, leading his hat, he informed the Lord Mayor that the Queen was at the gates and desired admission. Orders were given him to admit the Queen, and he walked away again. Then the Lord Mayor and all others in municipal authority marched across the roadway, making up a crimson cloth, and raised the curtains on another long staff of crimson opposite the Mayor's stand. One interesting figure appears in the picture, The Deener of the Wood of the City of Dublin is a

political "ticket of leave man." Not necessarily, he is invited to participate in a ceremony which had honor to the sovereign whose government had made him a political martyr for eight years. In the next person, Mr. Burke, son of a former Sheriff, was presented on arrival, and he was manifestly fit as one in a high hat, and a pair of black knee-breeches. All this ceremony actually preceded the Queen's arrival by some ten minutes. She was met at the gate when the Albion Parliament announced her. First only there was some odd cheering without the gates, and the Household Cavalry dashed through at a sharp trot. In a closed carriage following were the Earl of Bessborough, at the front were the Countess of Linton, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, the Right Hon. Sir Matthew White Ridley. In the third carriage were the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

In the fourth carriage was the Queen sitting alone, flanked by the Prince of Wales and Princess Henry. The Duke of Connaught and his staff rode beside her carriage. This carriage stopped on the step of crimson cloth directly opposite the Lord Mayor. All the robed officials stood with uncovered heads, while in the background the musicians, a detachment of the Life-Guards, stood at present arms.

The Lord Mayor stepped forward and greeted the Corporation address, reading it aloud before leading it to see Majesty. The Queen in a few words, spoken so low that they were indistinguishable in any but close with the Lord Mayor, accepted the address and thanked him a formal reply expressed on parchment. Then the Town Clerk afterwards read aloud to them the state of the city.

With the presentation of the basket of flowers by the Lady Mayoress the ceremony was ended, and without delay the royal procession moved on through the streets of Dublin to Phoenix Park and the Victoria Lodge. The point of the procession took the Queen past many points of interest, which probably appeared to her with particular favor. One of these was the old house of O'Connell. Another was the statue of Clive, standing on the spot where the heroized Queen, in the early years of her widowhood had offered to place a statue in his honor. The route through Phoenix Park was not far from it.

During her stay in Dublin the Queen will drive about the streets of the city frequently, and possibly will meet intimate acquaintances with the royal personality will offer something towards that "reconciliation" which the English government desires so earnestly and which the Irish seem so unobdurate to accept.

BRISBANE, THURSDAY, APRIL 8. GRANT MAGNIN.



THE QUEEN PASSING THROUGH DAME STREET, OPPOSITE THE BANK OF IRELAND.



THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE.



IRISH-KILTS AT THE CITY GATE.



CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS.



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT THE CITY GATE.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DUBLIN.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

PROBABLY every reader of Stockton's *Queen* formed some idea of the appearance of the characters in the novel. It is difficult for a reader not to decide for himself what the physical traits of a hero or heroine may be, because usually the author says how he would like to see the subject. There is always room for the imagination. The theatrical use of novels, therefore, is beset with a perilsous danger. The leading figures of the most dramatic novel existing not only to the audience's eye, but also to the reader's, are thus made to appear as frequently as various. The prospects of success are greater when general, rather than special, impressions are realized.

Admirers of the types in *Queen Esther*, however, are not to be misled to the usual actress stage. They are able to choose between two widely different sets of actors, who are embodying the early Christian and dramatic Romanes in two different dramatic versions of the novel—one to be seen at the Herald Square Theatre and the other at the New York. This contention might be here its probable feature.

Disputed with the faculty of one Vincenzo to look anything like his conception of the character, the disappointed admirer of Stockton's here may find in the other actor of the same part a representative more in accordance with his own ideas. Were that same course pursued in the case of the *Petronius*, *Lucia*, and *Yves*, at both theatres, the two versions of *Queen Esther* might be on a par for a very long time. But neither in the version made by Miss Gilder nor in the one by Stanislaus Stange are the actors likely to satisfy entirely arduously with pre-conceived ideas as to the classic beauty and grace that belong to the characters. Look to the interpreters of the two versions are sufficiently unlike to appeal to totally different standards of taste, and only some persons may be inclined at first to herald their own ideas have been put upon the stage.

JOSEPH HANWORTH as the *Valerian* of *Herod* is more and John D. Blair as the responsibility of the same part at the New York, are dissimilar enough in every particular. Mr. Hanworth's rather more experience in the classic drama, and is able to read with some knowledge of anatomy and mind and effect. In this respect there is any other does he differ from young Mr. Blair of the Herald Square. The honors from a partly artistic point of view go to Mr. Hanworth as well as to the most his superiority in the part after listening to Mr. Blair's reading and his unimpeachable speech which cannot be heard upon some stage. It is in the very quite his own, and, combined with his habitually somewhat gives a strange impression of what this dashing Roman hero must have been in life. He would have seemed only out of place at any recent actor's behavior less than that of a lazar-house.

As little suited to his role at the Herald Square is Edward Morgan—what possessed of no response, but always strenuous and dramatic when he is seen at his best. Arthur Forrest, the *Petronius* further speaks, like some really into the character of the early stage politician. But it cannot be said that a wealth of robes about his head is becoming to him. Mr. Morgan would in any case have any praise for full credits to be bestowed on one or the other. These four actors in the two plays are typical of the practitioners' usual important defect. With all their drapery and action, confagurations and religious tactics, marriage and luxurious houses, there is not the least suggestion of sagacity about the proceedings at any time. The legs and the gait, along with the inflated and the inflated in his character, however, the two plays, seem the novel assumption. Mr. Forrest looks rather ridiculous with his wealth, and Mr. Blair in his character, however, the two plays, seem the novel assumption. Mr. Forrest looks rather ridiculous with his wealth, and Mr. Blair in his character, however, the two plays, seem the novel assumption. Mr. Forrest looks rather ridiculous with his wealth, and Mr. Blair in his character, however, the two plays, seem the novel assumption.

Miss Gilder and Mr. Stange started at the first dramatization of the *Northwestern* novel into very different points. Miss Gilder has had literary environment and training, while Mr. Stange's experience has been confined to the arrangement of plays in a way more likely to make them popularly successful. This is an occupation not, even recently considered, a work of literature. Miss Gilder has produced a play of unquestionably high literary quality, and Mr. Stange's version, though not so obviously effective as Miss Gilder's, is perhaps to draw some interesting conclusions as to the merits of these differences in the method of procedure. But neither play, after all, seems such worth while. Neither rises above the level of ordinary melodrama, and any especial interest that either may evoke will be due to the religious quality of the work. This is applied with abundance and elaboration to the *Stage* play. Miss Gilder, on the other hand, with a sense of contrast that does her credit (even if it may not make her play more popular), has not so strongly emphasized the religious character of the story.

There are few stretches of historical talk in Mr. Stange's play, which, in consequence as the result may seem, will be all probably overtake the play's honors. Popularly, it is a play as a play very likely to check or lose the regular theater-goer, the discussions of it or attentiveness of it either get on his nerves or seems very much out of place. But there is a large public which takes its drama only when it is connected with religion. One New York theatre has been crowded for six months by audiences attracted to see a novel that deals indirectly with the most sacred theme in Christianity. These spectacles were as a rule never seen before at this theatre or any other. While not the religious character of the play it could not have been so to the public for a month. Yet it has succeeded in bringing probably a great section of the people to whom the ordinary theater makes no appeal. The *Stage* play, however, hardly made an earnest effort for the same good by discussing the religious phases of the story. He has been more expert his play probably possesses a greater degree of actual interest. It cannot be said that either production shows any elements of entering popularity.

This work for the novel which contains the germ of a play to more artistic just now than it ever was, would have to exist on the dramatized novel. The play of the fiction dramatizable has been much in quantity and of a quality little adapted to use on the stage. The object of the novel that are to be seen think it to be to rely on this method, rather than on any original material the dramatists may have.

Novels strictly orientalist in character, presenting an element of the kind necessary to a play, are selected for the stage because their situations are such that a certain number of persons are interested in



THE RIVAL REVELLERS.

VICINUS AND LUCIA.
At the Grand Opera.PETRONIUS AND MARIE.
At the New York.

MRS. GILDER and Mr. Stange started at the first dramatization of the *Northwestern* novel into very different points. Miss Gilder has had literary environment and training, while Mr. Stange's experience has been confined to the arrangement of plays in a way more likely to make them popularly successful. This is an occupation not, even recently considered, a work of literature. Miss Gilder has produced a play of unquestionably high literary quality, and Mr. Stange's version, though not so obviously effective as Miss Gilder's, is perhaps to draw some interesting conclusions as to the merits of these differences in the method of procedure. But neither play, after all, seems such worth while. Neither rises above the level of ordinary melodrama, and any especial interest that either may evoke will be due to the religious quality of the work. This is applied with abundance and elaboration to the *Stage* play. Miss Gilder, on the other hand, with a sense of contrast that does her credit (even if it may not make her play more popular), has not so strongly emphasized the religious character of the story.

VICINUS AND LUCIA.
At the Grand Opera.

YVES AND LUCIA, at the Grand Opera, are dissimilar enough in every particular. Mr. Hanworth's rather more experience in the classic drama, and is able to read with some knowledge of anatomy and mind and effect. In this respect there is any other does he differ from young Mr. Blair of the Herald Square. The honors from a partly artistic point of view go to Mr. Hanworth as well as to the most his superiority in the part after listening to Mr. Blair's reading and his unimpeachable speech which cannot be heard upon some stage. It is in the very quite his own, and, combined with his habitually somewhat gives a strange impression of what this dashing Roman hero must have been in life. He would have seemed only out of place at any recent actor's behavior less than that of a lazar-house.

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These. The manager availing the dramatic rights of a popular novel has already a considerable public profited in his favor. A certain number of audience already await him. During the past three years or more has come in a large number of plays drawn from novels. It might be said that they have been more successful than any of the others. The situation, combined with the manager's supply of good plays comes from Europe, has practically hindered the stage one to be successful. The dramatist will introduce an adapter. It is a reason that, however much the American manager may need and desire the work of the native dramatist, he has far more confidence in him as an adapter than as a playwright.

This confidence is to a degree justified by results. From Paul Potter's luck in making a play out of *Truism*, which seemed impossible of success at the outset, down to the case of *David Harrow*, the American dramatist as an adapter has distinguished himself. It is a reason that, however much the American manager may need and desire the work of the native dramatist, he has far more confidence in him as an adapter than as a playwright. This confidence is to a degree justified by results. From Paul Potter's luck in making a play out of *Truism*, which seemed impossible of success at the outset, down to the case of *David Harrow*, the American dramatist as an adapter has distinguished himself. It is a reason that, however much the American manager may need and desire the work of the native dramatist, he has far more confidence in him as an adapter than as a playwright.

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ALICE FISCHER AND BOULANGER BLOTT.
At the New York.



ARTHUR J. PIERCE.



CAPTAIN W. E. HORTON.



HORACE W. NICHOLS.

Of the three young men whose portraits are here shown, two are American and one an Englishman. Mr. A. J. Pierce has been known here to the Philippines as a newspaper correspondent, and through his newspaper work also he learned the earlier northern campaign from San Juan to Manila, with General Lawton and Young. The photograph shown here he looked upon as personal. During the campaign he remained most of the time with Lieutenant Babson and the Massachusetts. On one occasion, being the only white man with about a dozen of these active troops, and seeing a good opportunity, he had a charge against a body of interested Indian boys and put them to flight.

Captain W. E. Horton was made chief commissary of Lawton's division immediately after Major Bennett's death, and accompanied General Lawton through the northern

campaign. While with a party of twelve men he was attacked by 300 Igorrotes, and in his personal history it remained of this kind he says that he shot and killed a man. For this he has been recommended for a medal of honor. Captain Horton was with the General Hancock's staff on July 1, 1900, at San Juan. Cuba and charged to lead the general. He was recommended for a brevet (first lieutenant) by General Hawkins for conspicuous gallantry.

Mr. Horace W. Nichols, the Englishman, had been a photographer for a number of years in Johannesburg, and when the war broke out he took his camera and other photographic materials and joined General Buller's staff in Natal. Many of the photographs from South Africa that have appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY have been received from Mr. Nichols.

NOTES OF A BOOK MAN

BY E. D. BEACH

MISS MARY E. WILKINS is one of the most delicate and finished of story tellers. To reveal and pursue phases of the soul which have been in *The Loss of Paradise* (Harper & Brothers) she tells the story of a child who would be the fragile letter, natural affection and the habit of obedience heredity by what took to be called in New England, a schoolmaster. Her name was Lane, and she was the niece of the daughter. She did not dare to possess a self, because she had told a lie about it. She was created for get married only by a very impressive father, in which she was far from being a party. She possessed the New England reverence, which is still highly maintained by the *Evangelical* Port because it is understood to be opposed to the annexation of the Philippine Islands. This is one of a book of stories. Another sets forth the power of innocence even yet. A home-leader is portrayed by a girl who becomes kind when she looks in and offers him supper. All these things are recorded to be possible and within the domain of a reader's mind with which Miss Wilkins has been charged; but, further, we learn them to be interesting and that to be much more, and we know them to be told with an art which directs us and charms us, and which is sufficient to make writing easy.

As much as he does a serious prohibition the case of a lady. She is constrained to go about saying things of a gentle and following nature—a routine which we dare say she had never enjoyed before. Of course Mr. Scott tells the days when Miss Terry played in the Crystal Palace entrance, which were attended by all the girls in the neighborhood, and when her name was not of all societies on the ground. Her three girls receive courteous civility and not always graciously and of the past. There are two pictures of Mr. Scott in these volumes, and we should say that they are both excellent.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who was the American minister to England during our civil war, had what may be called both an interesting and an awkward time. English eyes, we believe, object to anybody saying that anybody had any sort of a "flick" but we venture, at this distance, to say it, notwithstanding. It was a question whether there would be a recognition of the Transvaal by England and by France during our war. All the world and society revolving upon that question are set forth in the life of Mr. Adams, written by his son of the same name and published by Houghton, Mifflin, Co. There were a few quiet notes of the Johnson, the Oxford estate visitor, which is well known, but which is here detailed with much interest and interest. Mr. Adams met with nothing in England. He had, however, a coldness of his own which seems to have been a suffering effort to that which he encountered. There is no doubt that he was a very placid, and, in all probability, that Earl Palmerston was an ill-wisher to take any serious liberties with him, though he killed him occasionally. Mr. Adams really suffered from more anxiety than it is likely that he showed. We have never heard it charged that he ever revealed any extravagant opinion. He came out on top. To us American this is a very interesting biography. It is soundly and industriously written.

It is well under control. He had two husbands, but there is little doubt that she could have had ten if she had wished. Mr. Adams had a son of eight. Among other things, they were fascinated by their recreation, specimens of which are, of course, here referred to. It was made known that they are not a child, but we are not altogether creditable to her. We like to have her name in relation to our happy. In the actual world there is a sort of mingling in the matter of happiness, in spite of reality or of the most irreproachable intentions. That we are glad to turn to the records of fiction for relief. Here the heroine, finding that she was not happy with an old man, is permitted to wed a young one. Not only that, but the spiritual nature of the old man was all that is objectionable while the young man spiritually was all that could be desired. We well know—and it is curious enough—that women persist in making these mistakes. It is a fact, moreover, that they are not a child, were then the man, who makes mistakes precisely as he. It is the conviction that the lady which these unfortunate facts involve.

THE complaint of the multitude of mistakes in the Transvaal is born that they suffer from progressive invasion and from other causes. There may be reasons why men who have established themselves in a certain place of abode, and who feel themselves wronged there, do not adopt the simple method of relief of going away, where else if people get used of the same place in any place, it ought to be the last thing they ought to do. It is a fact that all people do not like to go away from anywhere and leave their property behind them. If people who have obtained and developed the gold mines in the Transvaal and whose fortunes are magnified by the fact that they are owned by the Transvaal government, and are asked why, if they are discontented, they do not go away, they refuse, in the words of Artemus Ward, to see the thing in the light. Perhaps they were invited to come to the city and to be established in the Transvaal what is called the wealth of a country, and desired that they should so

do. Perhaps, finding themselves being kind of it, and being themselves, they solve to be the best and most of its state, they desired to have some one in charge, they were not to be the man. Perhaps they felt that the government under which they lived had not to be there was too much control as to be useful and good. Perhaps they wanted some one at a change rate than was possible under the duty imposed. They were not without a feeling, and would not in the process of their long years. Perhaps they wanted some one more than the government would allow. It is to be obtained. They would disapprove in the work which they had been invited to do in Africa in, and they did not like to have it made to be a great deal as valuable as the soil which they desired. Mr. Adams says some and said. However, perhaps the people had come to Africa to us. Perhaps they desired to vote, and little things like that. Perhaps they wished to come to the future of their children, according to their ideas, but they had not known or expected, and found themselves prohibited should they such up and go away? The question is an interesting one. The best themselves had done so much when the English liberated their slaves and who were interested with them. We mentioned a work which we mentioned in the country because of an objectionable of proceedings in charity. In the first of the story, the New York Herald published under authority of the South African republics, Harper & Brothers, the reader may find the best of it. Here it is said that "the Transvaal in the Transvaal was exactly the same as those living on the borders, and the former paid more if only more than the same could possess of more valuable property." This is a statement which is an absolutely unassailable statement of related to civil government. It is a statement which is a statement of the English possessions as it does in the English possessions. Letters between the best and the best, and the best of it, and there is a question from the Transvaal, which is written with the best of it, and the best of it, and the best of it. The question underlying it is which people is going to rule. The question is, who are they fighting with and one or the other will rule.

TWO volumes published by Macmillan & Co., contain Mr. General Scott's recollections of the drama during the last fifty years. We have already considered that Mr. Scott might in another more drama, whether he really did or not, than any other person alive. He must have written a million pages. He has the faculty of influence, of abundance, in the manner of the presentation of his thought in regard to those matters. Two volumes is not much to recall his overflowing memory. Midway in his narrative it should be that he remembers the elder Herbert, stuffed with gills and fish, and made a cup of milk, and Miss Watson, in conversation with Mr. Irving, playing the piano, and mentioning that he had done the very other afternoon who has come to portray that nobody but has done. We know always recognize that, whether in the nature of things as Shakespeare could intend them, was not qualified to stir in Maule's presence. She is not allowed to

IN *My Grandfather*, by John Maule, the author of *Brother's*, we have the story of a woman who was as beautiful as Venus and who went well. She had an abundance of vanity, which she kept



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AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

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Sanity and the Public Welfare

IN the early days of the South-Africa war there were rumors flying thick and fast reflecting upon the sanity of certain British generals. It was openly stated that General Maxwell was insane, and that his lauded subordinate, General Buller, was a victim in the mad orders of a crazy man, and that he went to certain death with the full knowledge that his commanding officer was of unbalanced mind, but for the sake of discipline obeyed ungrudgingly his orders. Nothing has occurred since to demonstrate the truth or the fallacy of these statements, nor is it open here to discuss the rumors, save as they open up a line of thought which is not wholly unconnected with the welfare of thousands of our own people. An unusual mind in control of large numbers of men is a terrible menace to the public welfare. A mad general can wreak more damage in a moment upon his own following than an army of disciplined veterans can accomplish in a whole campaign. When one thinks of how many thousands of lives are actually held daily in the hands of the rail-way engineers one shudders to think of the results which might follow an instant's aberration of the brain that controls the train, similarly on the sanity of a single individual in many other branches of human endeavor depends the safety of thousands upon thousands of people. Even the temporary suspension of the curious mental processes of the average motorist of today would probably result in the loss of life and property. But outside of our armies and our railroads and our fire-departments there are other dangers to the public welfare from the unsteady mind, which should be recognized and dealt with promptly. In these days of large corporate interests, many of which are in the defensive even when most heartily sustained, it is important that the controlling hand should be the instrument of a sound judgment—a judgment that is sound not only intellectually, but morally. One must not choose a rival or hanger for a night watchman, any more than a mother would place the care of her child in the hands of a maniac, merely discovered from Bismarck's side. Neither, equally, should any large corporation, which has invested the investment in its shows of the money of countless suffering people, which controls the welfare of thousands of laborers in a great industry, intrust the management of its affairs to one who is in all essential points neither more nor less than a gaudier. In a sense an error of this sort is a mistake that is the equivalent of a crime, and especially so in days like these, when attacks upon the rights of vested capital are as unscrupulous as they are widespread, as unjust as they are malicious, as disturbing to business conditions, and therefore to the general welfare, as they are persistent. It is unfortunately the truth that the morale of the mass is judged by the weakness of the individual. There is more rejoicing upon earth over one erring leader who is found out than over a hundred just persons who have nothing to conceal, and any man, or any set of men, who deliberately and for the sake of private gain place ammunition in the hands of a vicious antagonist are traitors to their own cause and should be treated as such.

For the business honor of the whole community,

for the safety of those who have managed to store up a portion of their earnings, for the welfare of thousands of workers in certain fields, for the honorable development of a great industry, and for the political safety of a great nation, a gaoler as a high place who stakes honor, credit, everything, upon the maintenance of his own which represents the ascertainable rights of others, should be placed in the pillory and given as short a shift as any lower criminal who falls into the clutches of the law. Happily enough, despite the impression of the world, the world as we are ruled by unscrupulous politicians, the moral sense of the business world today is of a high order. Most of the great concerns of commerce are managed well and honestly, but once in a while a factor of diverse interest into the picture and the whole lock is thereby unaccountably supplanted. It is at such moments that prompt and drastic action is needed. There should be no more tampering with it when definitely located than there should be with the bubonic plague should it suddenly appear among us.

ADMIRAL DEWEY is finding that even if the Presidential office is a bed of roses, the pathway that leads to that high position is strewn with thorns. By the time this paragraph appears in print, the Admiral will have had to decide whether he will sit on a 110-ton-made grand-stand at Chicago, while reviewing the world's greatest parade given in his honor, or give the stand erected by those who are fighting against the show-and-act campaign.

It is to a venetian chair which has already been disturbed over Hissou—not the others, but the other Hissou—but for a man who wants to be President of the United States and who has to figure out the relative value of things it is almost impossible. For our own part, we think we should rather have the Admiral visit Martin Bay proposition to solve than this one. The situation is furthermore complicated by the threat that if the Admiral does not sit on the 110-ton stand there will be no music in the parade, which will be a serious drawback. A parade without a band is a solemn and a melancholy thing, as any small boy who stands on the gutter curb as the procession passes will tell you. The measured tread of troops going to war has an inspiring sound, with or without music, but at times of peace thirty thousand men walking in step with an especial object in view, and a band need here and there a bit of martial measure to surround them with an atmosphere of glory. On the whole, in this emergency, we think the Admiral would have been happier in his old-time camp, especially if he could sit in the venetian chair, with nothing to do but submit to observation, than he can possibly be as candidate for the Presidency, with a thousand petty little problems confronting him at every turn.

WE have little sympathy with those who chide Admiral Dewey for leaving his platform to himself until he is ready to send it forth. It is not his way to let the enemy into the secrets of his ammunition-box. If he has borne with which to defy dissenters to the foe he is not to be expected to respect them before it is time to use them, and action in the face of unreasoned fear for the particular subject he has had in view was never characteristic of the man. When Admiral Dewey's platform is ready he will be so, and it, but until then we need expect to see nothing. Meanwhile the public have a fine opportunity to send themselves with grace as to the various planks by which it is to be constituted. We suspect that when the Admiral made his reconnaissance he was of the opinion that the bridge of the *Olympic* was the only platform he needed to stand on with comfort to himself and to the satisfaction of his countrymen; but he has, of course, changed his mind since in that particular, and it is unreasonable to expect that in the few days that have elapsed since his discovery of its inadequacy he should have been able, with all his obligations, to construct a comprehensive scheme upon which to go before the people.

We wish to add that, in our judgment, those who predict that Admiral Dewey will measure out this mysterious platform of his on the instalment plan in consideration of the temper of the man. An ordinary order, to sure a drowning comrade, might, at proper intervals, throw single planks into the sea as the unfortunate principal happened to need them, but a seaman of Dewey's caliber will never engage in so futile and dubious an enterprise. The Admiral is not the man to throw a lot of raw ma-

terial to an unfortunate straggler against the overwhelming waves of a turbulent sea, with instructions to build himself a ship and sail ashore. He is far more practical, and whatever he does he will do with his customary thoroughness. It is, therefore, safe to assume that when Admiral Dewey starts speaking, definitely about receiving Uncle Sam's favor, something more than politics, his platform will be full rigged, stanch, properly reeked, and complete in every respect.

IT is pleasing news that of all the exhibits at the opening of the Paris Exposition, that of the United States was the most complete and ready.

It is all very true that the race is not always to the swift, but it is true that it is not the American who is the slowest in the race.

The new regarded the charming foliage of the lawn and the torrid as a narrative likely to exert a strong moral influence upon the young.

On the contrary, we have a very decided opinion that if the diverting incident had been removed from the story-books of our youth, we should have fewer shell-bound obstacles to progress in three days than those who would keep up with the procession here to make boys which suggest the language rather than the bare even. Great credit is due to Commissioner Fry and his able corps of assistants for having placed us before the eyes of other nations in a state of preparedness which is daily becoming more and more characteristic of our way of doing things. We trust that when it comes to the awarding of the prizes of honor we shall still be found very much to the front.

THE hour-clerking of the Senate is progressing satisfactorily, and the American citizen may now write down to the comfortable reflection that that illustrious body it about as quick and spry as a reasonable person one hope to have it. It does not make much difference whether Mr.

The Ousting of Quay was resented from his only

Only speak or act. The fact that he is out at last is the main thing, and the public have a perfect right to draw a long breath of relief at the final removal from a position of honor of a man who never should have attained to it. It is still not clear why we should deplore the loss of those who tried to cut him out nor do we see who have inspired the most confidence in the country. When the men we expect the best of do the right thing, we need not despair because they should have known better, or have shown themselves lacking in so good a property.

Messrs. QUAY and CLARK should now avail themselves of the opportunities offered by our new positions. These gentlemen might gain the form of *ACTIVITIES*. A letter from Senator Hoar intimating Mr. Quay is his great and good friend the Philippines chief would probably secure appointments for both of them more suited to their talents than the making of laws for a great nation.

THE Rev. Mr. Sturges, of Tapscott, Kansas, desires to get some kind of a truly Christian daily newspaper, he cannot do better than to secure copies of the leading journals of New York City published last week. It is an encouraging sign to find the most important newspapers of the country devoting so much space to the religious and moral interests of the community.

The Economic Conference and the Newspapers

It is not too much to say that on any one page of any of these journals issued during the week were to be found more helpful suggestions, more practical Christianity, less fuss and if we feel, less new and more sincerity, than could be discerned in the whole output of the *Topical Capital* press during the Sturges' regime. There are various ways of doing things, and generally most of those ways are the wrong ones. Mr. STURGES' way was the wrong way, but the methods of the distinguished New York editors came pretty close to the mark.

We congratulate the eminent divine whose conference has proved so notable a success upon his being chosen what one of their number called "the second heaven city of the world" for their plan of meeting. In some more honestly see their labor which has been so constructive, which will subvert New York need merely as a background he gives them, and which, as the event has proved, has made the tremendous results of their Christianizing efforts more conspicuous than they might otherwise have been.



THE OPENING OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

BY EDWARD INSLEY

RADIANT sunlight smiled upon waters often lashed by storms, when out of the rocks from among Aphrodite's goddesses came beautiful then the composite company of a thousand noted immigrants, the work of an entire nation day with storm past and waters smoothed to windward, but under the blue dome of a sun-drenched sky and with Nature's glorious benediction, was born that synthesis of the artist's art and philosophy, the Paris Exposition of 1889. The chronicler might note the emperor's habit to end imperiousness beneath the periphery of heavy Aphrodite, and even as numerous Strephon discovered faults in luxury's robes. But let us at least give a welcome to that which the gods sanctified. Whatever may be said or written in criticism of the Exposition, its imperiousness or unjust defacement, at least confirm its magnificence, and praise should praise and discount all such disparagement.

While the result seems to prove that a mistake was made in changing the date for the opening from May 1 to April 15, it was not an error in theory, for it added to the Exposition period three of the most delightful weeks of the year so far as weather is concerned a problem never to those who do not enjoy night riding in warm weather. Indeed, one exhibition, the second of the great international series to be held in France, began on April 1. But that was a third of a century ago, and the authors of these exposures, many of them scattered throughout the civilized world,

have become accustomed to getting ready some weeks before. The last one held in Paris started on May 6, and that of 1875 on May 1. It seems a great pity, however, that with years in which to prepare a wide-extended of three weeks in the amount of work and easy necessity should have been made. Three weeks from Easter probably the Fair will be reasonably complete. The splendid cascade which is to be the crowning glory of the Champ de Mars will not be ready, possibly, till the last of June.

Nothing was finished at Easter. Bon gardens started over the extension of most of the larger built-up areas, and some of the smaller ones had not been begun. Not, said, and others cropped much of the ground space where gardens will bloom in time. Empty show-rooms, railings, and some heavy machinery lined the immense halls devoted to the various exhibitions. The Art Palace, however, the only one of the entire series under the executive control of the French Government, which are offered to be finished in detail, are far from being ready for the public, inasmuch as the pictures which will constitute the exhibit are still being selected places—on diagonals. But the half million of Parisians who crowded through the gates on the opening Sunday and the following holiday thoroughly enjoyed themselves, admired enthusiastically what they saw, and found nothing to complain. This being true, why should not the spectators from England and America be satisfied? And in truth, from the viewpoint of the resident in Paris, to be active or foreign,

the attractions of the Exposition has a distinct advantage. When an hour's rapid walk is required in pass is necessary the limits of all the buildings, leaving no time to dwell in contemplating, the necessity of doing nothing else affords the incentive for counter-acting and profitable study of the exterior while waiting for the interior to become presentable.

One might think that the authorities would have been impelled by a sense of a personal pride in their own work to postpone the opening of the gates, so that they would have been moved thereby by an assumed public conscience which some one has abstractly assumed to be superior to personal convenience. But as generally speaking these influences are developed, the Anglo-French mind is forced to fall back upon Thackeray's negative conclusion that only the French understand the French.

With all their three passages, unvarnished transportation and keen speculation, the French have the most natural instinct strongly developed. Probably no other nation in the world would appreciate more highly the purely artistic aspect of the Exposition. To realize that one has only to watch the absorbed devotion of the poorer classes to the pictures in the public galleries in Paris. But exhibitions have become familiar to Paris. There has been one every eleven or twelve years for the last century, and they have come to be regarded—as they would be under the same circumstances in Chicago or New York—as a recognized institution for attracting money to the city. The same



PRESIDENT LOUBET LEAVING THE SALLE DES FETES TO INSPECT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—OPENING CEREMONIES IN THE SALLE DES FÊTES.

material interests feel a vested right in them, and this is the element responsible for the premature opening of the Exposition this year. No other class of people would have been offered if the date had been changed again to the one at first selected. But so definitely are political beliefs adopted as the national religion that the majority did not dare risk offending the powerful business interests.

To some of our good people who cherish to a large degree the British idea of Sunday, and to millions more who are simply accustomed to the quietude of the day of rest which obtains in England and America, it may seem little short of sacrilege to begin the Exposition on Sunday, and Easter Sunday at that. It would be difficult to determine which are the more associated with the other, namely of observing Sunday, the Continental or the Anglo-Saxon notions. From the former's point of view our violation of piety and respect on Sunday is an abomination. The Catholic Church, which dominates the religious feeling in France, and in all the Latin countries, has never set its seal of approval on a rigid observance of Sunday as a holy day, and even the Eastern Protestant countries of Europe will follow the practice which Luther himself recommended, of working recreation the first day of the week. John Knox relates that he found Calvin playing bowls on a Sunday, and England herself pursued the Continental way of spending the day as late as the reign of Elizabeth.

I have referred to this matter of Sunday more particularly for the reason that it is liable to take on an aspect of international political importance during the Exposition period. A statement has been published in Paris to the effect that President McKinley had directed our commission to close the American building on Sunday. The Commissioners say they "have not decided the question as yet." In the present unsettled condition of the Fair the decision—or its announcement—may easily be postponed for a while, but not for long. Undoubtedly the British position and exhibits will be closed on that day. In 1889 the first British exhibitors who really followed the general example and kept their booths open were humiliated by paralytics as home staffs they were forced to close. It will create no surprise to find the British building on Sunday, and the French have already ready precedents. French public opinion that the Americans and the Latin Empire are one and the same. England has always been detested by the French, and the Boer war has increased this antipathy to an acute pitch. On the great national weekly holiday—the day when the people who make French opinion go to the Exposition and find America, the Redoubt, slandering her down in their flows, they will be confirmed in their strong impression that we are, like the Eng-

lish, their natural enemies. Nor will this impression be confined to the French alone. It will be felt and carried home by the visitors from the whole of Continental Europe, by a vast array of newspapermen and avoiding of foreign embassies at home will serve to maintain the damage which is sure to be done as abroad in the great state of international resentment against Great Britain. In 1889 the difficulty was avoided by the circumstance that foreign nations did not participate officially in the exposition, neither our government nor Great Britain had a national pavilion. And there was no such public sentiment as the Boer war has created.

It was not with the idea of avoiding Sunday desecration that the inaugural ceremonies were held the previous day, April 14. The statute provided that the Exposition should be opened on Sunday, April 15, but here as the great halls des Fêtes is, it could not have held five per cent. of those who would have tried to gain advantage if the doors had been opened to the Sunday throng. Hence only those men who were habituated by special invitation, and the public contented itself with looking at the soldiers in the street and striving to catch glimpses of the vestiges of the President and the other dignitaries. Tabularies descriptions of the scene and of the proceedings have been published in the daily papers, and it is not my intention to transcribe even what is of general interest. But I doubt if full justice has been done to the Salle des Fêtes itself, that magnificent auditorium now straddled in Machinery Hall for the holding of great assemblages. There is nothing in America which furnishes an adequate comparison. In interior dimensions it greatly exceeds the Auditorium of Chicago and the Metropolitan Opera House, yet it is not built as a theatre, but has immense floor space, with galleries, and of the way under the ceiling that support the dome. Neither can it be likened to Madison Square Garden, or the Châteaux at Chicago. Its several decorations alone, independent of the beauty and beauty of its design, embodying the idea. Yet so I saw it at the inaugural it reminded me most forcibly of the Colosseum at Rome at the time of the Democratic revolution in 1868, and so much because of the 14,000 people present, as the numerous little white benches stuck up all over the floor, looking exactly like the signs used to designate the positions of State delegations. The Senators and Deputies occupied two of these sections immediately in front of the President's tribune, and others were filled by citizens of foreign nations, members of state and civil departments, and representatives of the press. The clerical, wealth and fashion of Paris crowded the galleries. Those who were not comfortable were in a narrow strip of railway at State functions out of respect for the President. Many Americans, however, were ordinary touring dress and frock coats.

There may have been a certain republican simplicity about the affair to those accustomed to the pomp and ceremony of foreign courts, yet the conspicuous grandeur of the Salle des Fêtes was never by President Loubet would be itself have given to it an aspect of "the old and stage-play" to American visitors. Inaugural President McKinley or Mr. Cleveland as a not such President Loubet, however, makes a pleasing impression with his short gray head and spectacles, to be sure like one of those nice respectable old gentlemen that Italian or Iowa might take from a farm or quiet home in a small village and send to the highest honor.

His reception by the great audience was respectful and cordial, but hardly as enthusiastic as the applause given Mr. Mifflin, the Minister of Commerce, who is a man of entirely different type. The Socialist leader is in appearance the personification of the position he occupies in French politics. He had the part of the brave politician and the accomplished man of the world, vivid, and intense, with a highly developed nervous organization well under control, dangerous as an enemy, powerful as a friend, and capable of making good use of opportunity.

As a whole, the inaugural was somewhat disappointing. It consisted only of the speeches of Mr. Mifflin, Loubet, and made by the Czar's Grand Duke, and another by a czar from the Opera. In addition to the usual "Marshallism," three of the grandest words of three great French poets were pronounced in a way that is seldom one's good fortune to hear. The features of the ceremony should have been less prosaic, but the audience—or the greater part of it—did not listen. Thousands were shouting and talking or conversing, and only the singing and talking or dancing of the gipsies and other music and a distance from the scene.

The celebration was continued that evening and the next two days by the public—so it was reported—the day after Easter being a holiday. But with the exception of the large crowd in the arena, particularly near the Exposition, there was little perceptible difference from an ordinary Sunday in Paris. It did not disappoint. Flags were displayed on all the principal buildings, but not in many business houses. No ropes or strings of small electric lights were strung and anywhere. Rows of tiny gas jets around the top of which they were used, probably quite so well. The electric light was not the same system in Paris as in American cities, or even in London.

In the hope for the fullest possible success of the Exposition, in every respect, numerous splendid and beautiful, for we have over three times as many exhibits as any other foreign nation, and after France we had the most at stake.



OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION, APRIL 14, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BUSTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. The official Opening of the new Bridge Alexandre III, President Loubet and Party crossing. 2. The Presidential Parade through the Exposition Grounds.
3. Mass Entrance of the Exposition. 4. The Diplomatic Corps accompanying the President through the Grounds.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BRYTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. Decoration on the Dome of the Water Palace. 2. The Commercial Navigation Building. 3. The Agricultural Building. 4. Exterior of the American Electrical Exhibit. 5. The Champagne Palace.



SORTING CARTRIDGES CAPTURED FROM THE BOERS.



TAKING ACCOUNT OF CAPTURED SADDLES.



RIFLES TAKEN FROM THE BOERS.



THE BURNED WAGGON OF CRONJES' TRANSPORT.



MOVING A CAPTURED BOER CART ACROSS THE MUDDER.



A PORTION OF GENERAL CRONJES' ENTRENCHMENTS.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.
SCENES AFTER THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CRONJES' ARMY AT PAARDEBERG.

"OLD PARIS" BY E. C. PRIXOTTO



THE PARIS EXPOSITION
 SKETCHES IN "OLD PARIS" BY E. C. PRIXOTTO



THE UNITED STATES BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

DRAWN BY CHARLES C. CURRAN



GLORIA MUNDI
PARIS 1900
BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

MAGICIAN hands through long, laborious nights
Have made these princely palaces to loom
Whiter than are the city's legion lights,
On thresholds unseem stretched out across the gloom.
Raptured in an hour, for one brief hour to reign,
The proud pavilions watchful hold in fee
A world's achievements, where the stately Seine
Slides slowly past her bridges to the sea.

Mute and memorial, as on either bank
She sees the marvel worked before her eyes,
Beholds as in a vision, rank on rank,
Fagots, fane, and campfire, rite,
Like to a mother scowling on a child
Scorned and crowned to make a queen of May,
The Seine, that scorned not for France defiled,
Past France triumphant flowing goes her way.

Yet, staggered reluctant from these ramomed shores,
Upon her tide that silently and slow
Creeps champagne, the unappreciated scores
Of history's spectres disregarded go;
And as the Empress City gains the seat
Of that imperial throne to which at last
By devout ways she comes, beneath her feet
The Seine in silence blots away the past.

Blots out the warning of cathedral bells,
The night of snowy scarves, of swords, of staves,
The muffled bass of tumbling wheels that tolls
Of mortal men that die immortal graves;
Blots out the faces, calmly unstraid,
Of prince and peasant, townsman and queen,
When men made martyrs and were martyrs made,
When France meant Hell and God meant Guillotine!

Like pilgrims whom a holy cry calls,
The peoples bring their offerings to her;
The world of peace lays down within her walls
Its bits of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh:
The West, wide-eyed, alert, intrepid, young,
With rush of shuttles and the song of steam,
The East, that, loam-eating, gropes among
The half-remembered fragments of her dream.

From minarets the muzzling call to prayer,
From violins the mad mazurkas rise,
And western rangers watch in wonder, where
The camel boy his lustre lash applies:
And nations warring, or that late have warred,
Their feuds forgot, their battles under ban,
Proclaim above the clamor of the sword
The psalm of the mastery of man.

Man! Born to grovel in a squalid cave,
Whose hand it is that every door unbars,
Whose cables cleave those thousand miles of wave,
Whose lenses steal their secrets from the stars!
Man! Naked, dull, unwarmed, barbaric, dumb!
What magic path is this that he hath trod?
Through what reeling furnace hath he come,
This demi-brute become a demi-god?

As some great river merges every song
Of tributary waters in its own,
To blend in turn its music in the strong
Full measure of the ocean's murmur-tone.
So this triumphant archipel, skyward sent
Man's marvellous finale to presage!
Within its thunderous diapason blend,
The keynote lines of each succeeding age!

For here the whip-lash stings above the slaves
Who bend despairing to the galleys' oars,
The hoarse hull rings, across the sunlit waves,
Of vikings bound to unimagined shores;
Here in the chant of ransomed Israel's joy,
The moan of Egypt stricken in her home,
The challenge of the Grecian host to Troy,
The shout of Hannu before the gates of Rome!

The oaths of sailors on the galleon's deck,
The welcome of Columbus to the land,
The prayer upon the doomed Armada's wreck,
The rallying cry of Beadock's final stand;
Trafalgar's cannon, and the bugle's call
Where France's arms thread the Alpine gorge,
The Campbell's pipes heard near to Lucknow's walls,
The patriot's hymn that hallowed Valley Forge!

All, all are here! The feeble and the strong,
The spoiled beside the victors of the spoil
Of twenty centuries dwell the sacred song
Of human triumph won by human toil!
Up and yet upward to the heaven's wide arch
The founders of the great thirteenth roll
To mark the way of that majestic march
Of mortal man toward his Maker's goal!

And while the echo of her folly dies,
As in the hills the sound of village bells,
Upward from Paris to the April skies
Her hymns of rehabilitation swell;
From dark to dawn, from weakness back to strength,
The pendulum majestically swings,
And o'er the ashes of her past at length
The phoenix of her future spreads its wings!



THE SUNDAY CROWD

DRYDEN



T THE PARIS EXPOSITION

E. BLUMENSCHHEIN

Warburton understood well enough what she intended, she looked to him. The answer was not an answer as he was made to see it. He smiled slightly to himself, but not at all gratified.

"It is right that we should wait the course of events," Justin replied, but her hand is strong in the end."

"I pray God it may be strong," she cried, sharply, a sobbing in her voice.

"I shall be glad to pay my respects to Sir George," said Warburton, smiling after a pause.

"He will be honored to see you," she said, quickly, in another tone, and entering him warmly, with all eyes on her radiant countenance.

He took of his hat and left her. Her eyes sparkled after his departure, she was fevered in her marrow, after such much-to-be-remembered words as that first lady Warburton turned the corner of the new out of her sight, and came face to face with Miss Fitzpatrick. She looked him steadily in the eyes, with some severe expression.

"Mr. Warburton, I would ask you one thing," she looked out. "Am I just a spy?"

Warburton drew his brows low and said, "Madden, who is interested with you?" "By what right do you put such interrogations upon me? You know me as well as a stranger, as one who has had the good fortune to aid you in a battle, and who comes to you with thanks. Yet you obtain the right of interrogation?"

"Ah, sir," she cried, quickly, "I forget nothing; but I remember also how to be just and not to be what you that secret place?"

"I shall not close on your part in question now," he replied, coolly, "but I cannot just see a woman. The wind blew me to see, and I returned in what I found imagined to be the friendly smile of a stranger."

Her eyes flashed. "I have known you, as a woman, she said, softly. "I say your position, sir, for what should I and as that?"

"My name," she said, shortly, "but I recall the particular smile, it was not that of a stranger."

"Was I that before you?" she asked, as she spoke, she cried, emphatically, "I that man you say his?"

"You are not nothing," he said, hastily, "and for what I am not sure of my own name."

"Quite!" she called aloud. "In the second time you have spoken that expression well. As you a traitor, or a spy, and plagues that you did so formally. I know nothing of the word except in respect of my name. It has no place in my dictionary, or, at least, 'The possible that we regard it in the same light,' he answered, with meaning.

"So?" she said, looking at him. "You have said you are an spy. What are you then?"

"You will remember, madam," he said, "that I have some secrets that I have not disclosed."

"You make a mark upon me which I do not understand," she said, with animation, "but I see you are an army or a general, who are not a spy."

"I have said we are spies," he said, impatiently.

"No, no," she cried, in a burst of anger. "I will not have that of my own name. It is not a name, he said, deliberately.

Her voice was so rapid and rich with feeling as he was said and smiling.

"Ah, you are generous," she cried. "I know you are an spy."

"He answered nothing.

She rose a little closer, and again she felt her fingers on his arm, but this time she did not feel it.

"Mr. Warburton," she said, in a low voice, "I am told that my brother Philip warned you. Why are you here?"

"I am not used to take warnings," he replied, never leading her words, but affected strangely by the shab of his hand.

"They said you had the chance to go," she went on. "It was necessary in your way."

He took his eyes upon the fingers that moved upon his sleeve and there his gaze shifted to her face and eyes, which he considered.

"There was the blue of some passion in her gray eyes, which he considered."

"I have said that I take no warnings," he answered, repeating again himself that she should not so beguile him to fight. He had no doubt that his eyes were sent on this regard by her brothers, to guide him into a position of service."

"How come you to see me here?" he asked.

"I followed from the inn," she said, simply. "I was troubled to see you."

"I will stay where I will," he said, bluntly. "None shall move me till I will."

Her eyes met his, and there was some despair that looked out of hers. He felt the thrill of her hand upon his. She dropped her eyes.

"You are a lady," she cried suddenly, and with some vehemence, "a lady to throw your life away. Do you think I do not know what the end will be? Oh, but you are mad, sir, you are mad!"

Warburton, I beg you to do so," she pleaded. "He got up from the blind cushions. Compare your pride to that of others, have mistaken you as a spy. I it was, 'was I, also, that asked, 'Do you buy a spy against me?' And all this, why against others? They desire no harm to you, the letters of your name."

He turned impatiently. "Why madam, is it you show such anxiety in my behalf?" he asked, plainly.

"Because I desire no man's death in heaven," she burst forth with some force.

"Nothing shall move me," he said with a address that was almost brutal.

"Was I not in your hand like a man," she said. "Who is it you stay?" she cried. "Is it only out of jealousy that you was that that left you in the heart? I'll do, then, that I have just said to you."

"Madam, just say upon me," he remarked with a sneer.

"No, I refused to see her. Are you ashamed of her?" she cried, white and with her indignation. "If I he who keeps you with these wandering eyes, we shall not be rid of you. But you shall die where you rest, and in your folly."

"Madam," he said, quietly, "the lady is she that heard a dead friend."

"She came to an abrupt end, almost dead to breathe, and he eyed her in silence. He had an odd sense of discovery in that moment; it stirred slightly his heart and went on. He knew more that he was patient, against that positive force of calm and determination she would best in vain. Her blood and her eyes shone brightly, there were no match for one of that cold stare and patient manhood. She knew nothing of this, the spirit of such a creature lent not in confidence, of all, it suffered, it rejected, and was bitter, passionate, and cruel in a breath. But there was no fault of dress from which she had been freed. An impression passed into her blood, although she seemed not where her lips had spread. She coughed in her breathless emotion, and he, in his turn, put forth his hand and touched her gently.

"You are dead, was I mistaken?" he said, softly.



WARBURTON BOWED AS THE VISITOR ENTERED.

"But indeed I tell you that you mistake me. Others shall do as will, and I do too."

Her eyes kept his face. "I have done what I could," she said, with a sigh, "but you despise my advice."

She turned away without more words, and he looked after her.

CHAPTER VII
UPON THE LAWS OF VENGEANCE

ON the afternoon of the following day Warburton resolved to visit Sir George Everett. He was in no way anxious to do so, yet he felt that common politeness demanded the ceremony, now that he had been discovered by Miss Holt. Accordingly, under the vigilant eye of the footman he set out for the railway in which Sir George's house was placed. It was a walk of a mile or more by very pleasant lanes now light with late flowers and dropping the gold of the fall. He had by this time come to ignore the walk under which he lived, and though he supposed that some one followed him on this occasion, he cared not and gave his attention little thought.

Sir George, who was an irascible, plain-speaking, honest fellow, when he had a fault, he revealed him with some warmth. He had come here, he declared, to be quit of his daily trouble; he was weary by the affairs of his country, was being urged into political courses which he would rather avoid, and damaged all his neighbors for injury or misapprehension.

To Warburton's cold he seemed a harsh, capable man, who would do his duty, if with much grumbling, and get the responsibility with which he charged him well above his competence. Two considerations entered in his the doubt if he should communicate his knowledge as to the illicit trade at Lynnes. He turned the matter over in his thoughts.

"Sir George," said he, "I believe you to be a justice."

"Ah," answered Sir George, "I have had the charge of several parishes."

"A man might get an information before you even in three parishes," said Warburton.

"For certain," a magistrate is a magistrate, and carries the King's authority with him where he goes," returned Sir George, with dignity.

Warburton set considering.

"What is the name you suppose?" asked the baronet.

Warburton spread his lips, but at that moment the sound of wheels upon gravel struck his ear. He looked out of the window and saw a carriage drive up before the house and the flanks of the horse were streaming as if he had been severely driven.

"Why, what is this?" said Sir George, who also had passed out. "These people are in a mighty hurry, it

seems." As he spoke the door of the room opened and a man entered abruptly, announcing a visitor.

"Who is this?" said Sir George, hastily.

"To Sir Stephen Larnach, your honor," said the man.

"Ah, I have heard of the name. He has some matter by his positive force of calm and determination she would best in vain. Her blood and her eyes shone brightly, there were no match for one of that cold stare and patient manhood. She knew nothing of this, the spirit of such a creature lent not in confidence, of all, it suffered, it rejected, and was bitter, passionate, and cruel in a breath. But there was no fault of dress from which she had been freed. An impression passed into her blood, although she seemed not where her lips had spread. She coughed in her breathless emotion, and he, in his turn, put forth his hand and touched her gently.

Warburton stood and bowed as the visitor entered. Sir George's face brightened again, as he saw an instant, as he returned the bow, yet Warburton noticed that there was inquiry in the look. He heard upon his thick coat and saw magnificently still be Sir George, looking his guest which had led him from calling before.

His eyes, nevertheless, as Warburton thought, were fixed upon a man upon the side, watching and wondering. He appeared to be looking for some information. Warburton laughed softly. He was aware

now why the lane was so littered with mud, and what this common visit signified. They were afraid of him. Yet it must have been satisfied very soon from Sir George's friendly bearing that he knew nothing. The sharp onset of his guests were not likely to meet that first. Indeed, he played as Warburton presently with a faint smile, in part of contentment and partly of concurrence. Warburton looked about the room, and decided himself not to wear, leaving the two good days.

No matter was he out of the house than he heard Miss Dingley announcing the girls.

"What are you about a great deal, Miss Holt," she said.

"What have I to do but to walk?" she said, with a sigh. "I am too deeply interested with life to pluck my fingers at home."

"Four creatures," she said, by the way. "But you must not suffer sorrow to eat you like a crater. You are too handsome a young lady to wear sorrow all your days."

"I will talk on more of it," she said, quickly. "It is no pleasure to a few gentlemen such as you, sir, to contradict a woman's maxims."

"Nay, I believe I am not such," he declared.

"Mr. Warburton," she said, suddenly dropping her voice to a whisper, "there is a man who is living in the lodge and spying on us."

"Indeed? Fash, Mr. Sir," said Warburton, heartily.

"But surely should be spy on us," she asked, fearfully.

"How should I know? He is a curious village madman. He has heard that a new Treaty has arrived here. In truth, you have already a visitor."

"Who is that?" she asked, following his upward glance at the chaise.

"The Sir Stephen Larnach," he answered with a grin.

"How started and made as if he go," she said, not so that startled her," she said.

"On the contrary, you will find him a most civil gentleman," he declared. "Sir George is greatly taken with him."

She hesitated a change passed across her features, and she said, belligerently. "You are right, Mr. Warburton. You have mistaken me justly. I will not give way to my prejudices. I must do my duty to Sir George's guests." She bowed in this style, and steering a path in surprise, the man returned the salutation. They were deceived the slave with a shag of his big shoulders. Indeed, he had not at all intimated this dainty creature of dandy and he seems to comprehend this.

TO BE CONTINUED



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BRINGING UP THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.
DRAWN BY GEORGE H. CLAY, SCULPTOR AND ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

WHY LORD ROBERTS DOES NOT MOVE

BY CAPTAIN E. L. ZALINSKI, U. S. A. (RETIRED)

THE comparative inability of the British forces and the withdrawal of trained officers on the part of the Boers have given an impression to many that the tide of war has again turned the other way, and that the British have been practically overwhelmed. This is not a correct view of the situation. Lord Roberts is not engaged in any preliminary action, which, though less spectacular than the direct contact with the enemy, is of vastly greater importance. He is engaged in doing that which matters most, thought and activity to the general commanding an army: that the movements of his forces directly against the enemy.

In other words, he is now engaged in the problem but very necessary step to provide his army with supplies of water, clothing, food, fuel, and ammunition, as well as with remnants of horses essential for making any further advance. This preparation and delay is the more necessary because of his great distance from the base of supplies. His line of communication with Cape Town is by a railroad of more than 300 miles in length. Besides this, the double line from Port Elizabeth and Port Alfred 520 miles to Bloemfontein, East London 160 miles to Johannesburg, and Durban to East London are available. If the line from Laurens Marquis could be used by Lord Roberts, his difficulties would be very much reduced in that he could use Laurens Marquis as his base, with all the advantages given by a short haul, and covering the shortest possible line of operations against Pretoria. The distance on this line would only be 200 miles, and would permit the use of a railroad throughout the advance for the supply of his armies.

The scarcity of transport animals and the paucity and presence of wagon roads would render this a very great advantage. This great advantage is still to be made more evident in a succeeding paragraph.

British possession of the Delagoa Bay line would effectively prevent any further supplies of men, food, and ammunition from reaching the Boers, and secure for them the shortest line of operations against Pretoria.

All of the railroads of South Africa pass through regions which afford facilities for attacks by small bodies of the enemy. These most dangerous routes and highways with dynamite or other high explosives. The effects even of one man might suffice to break the continuity of bringing forward supplies for the army. Such breaks would result, in many cases, in delays of several days before supplies could be made. Therefore necessary at the present time, to guard these lines of railroad throughout until there has been time taken at Bloemfontein to make operations, sufficient food to last the army for several months. With this secured, Lord Roberts could withdraw, simply have removed for a long time of communication, simply have to guard the line from the position of his armies to the secondary base.

As a basis for bringing up we will assume the number of men which were required by General Buller for the protection of his railroad line. His line 1300 men in 1891. Lord Roberts would, on his line 1300 men

per mile, have to detach no less than 100,000 men for the protection of the various lines in Bloemfontein and Ladysmith. If all are to be used and protected, if the Cape Town line is not to be used, nearly one-half of the guarding force could be dispensed with.

The other half of the force could be used as material as to food and ammunition demanded by an army in the field. A few facts and figures as to this may be made if more tangible. Each man requires, at a minimum, three pounds and a half of food per day. Each animal should have at least twenty pounds of food in countries where grazing is not abundant. If we take, for purposes of estimate, only fifteen pounds to be gathered from the country, by grazing and otherwise, we assume a quantity that may be considered a minimum. An army of 150,000 men would require about 50,000 animals for transportation of artillery, camp equipment, ammunition, fuel, hospital and medical equipment. There should not be less than 30,000 animals available at all times to supply these. This makes a total of 80,000 animals to be fed. With this as a basis, we see that the daily demands would be for the men 325,000 pounds, and for the horses 1,250,000 pounds, or an aggregate of 1,575,000 pounds. This is equal to catching more than 450 tons per day.

Assuming that, besides the food, an average of 100 tons of clothing, ammunition, and other supplies would be required daily, we have an aggregate of 500 tons. Six per cent, added for inevitable losses and contingencies would bring the daily aggregate up to 530 tons. Assuming, again, that a supply for at least 120 days should be provided for at the secondary base before approaching the enemy, we have an accumulation necessary of 100,000 tons. With ten tons per mile, 12,000 mule loads would be required. While this amount is a considerable effort, in addition, to supply the army during the time of bringing this quantity in the rear, would also have to be provided, so that no less than 12,000 mule loads of low tonnage would be safe to come as suffering for the purpose. With railroads passing through the mountainous regions of South Africa, very heavy grades would have to be overcome, and high speed is impossible. At an average rate, therefore, of only ten miles an hour would be needed upon these three days run, to bring these 12,000 mule loads to the secondary base. It is not likely that more than 2000 tons could be shipped daily on all the available roads, if sufficient mule and oxen carriages were at hand to accompany the work. The traffic must be managed as to get out the free return of empty cars. This would mean an empty supply of at least 3000 cars, and no less than 180 engines.

The roads are all single track, and, as before mentioned, of very heavy grades. The difficulty of securing continuous movements of trains, and ways must be apparent. It would necessitate the creation of additional side tracks, and the character of the road-bed parallel, and to the full extent, the available supply of rails, etc. These last might be more

obtainable by securing by leasing up portions of track from roads not immediately needed.

What Lord Roberts's difficulties as to transport would have been without the aid of the railroads, and what they will be when he is obliged to cut away from them, may be seen on considering the following:

A six horse wagon will transport 7000 pounds. On a load of three and a half pounds per ton, this will suffice for 210 men for one day, or 243 men for ten days. After this it must return to the base for re-supply. Hence each wagon would be required to supply 1140 men two days' journey from the base, and 560 wagons would be required for an army of 114,000 men.

In every case where the requisite supply of forage for the cavalry, artillery, ambulance, and other transport animals is a very serious matter, demanding no less than 2000 for an army of the number mentioned.

No way has already 2000 wagons, making 16,000 mule loads to pull them, for an army of 114,000 men 100 days' march from a base.

The numbers of wagons and animals required to supply an army increase in geometric ratio with each day's march from the base.

The Germans estimated 1000 wagons for the operations required for each army corps at the Franco-Prussian war. On this basis, Lord Roberts should have available for his 601 army no less than 2000 wagons.

But that this amount would have to be increased very largely, because the country in which he is operating has little railway mileage, few and poor roads, and little food derivable from the country. Hence double the allowance estimated by the Germans would be actually be required in South Africa. To still further indicate as to a tangible way, what those numbers of wagons and animals mean, it is but necessary to state that 5000 wagons with six animals each would equal under ordinary conditions, 60 miles of road, or about 60 days' march.

The very great difficulties inherent in moving trains on lines of low tonnage is not available, combining the very heavy weight of food required per animal, it seems clear that the time has now come when automobile traction will be introduced in the service of supplying armies in the field.

Considerations of the number of both wagons and animals required, as well as the probable character of the terrain, indicate that Lord Roberts's operations are likely to be along the lines of the railroads.

It is evident it appears that the first serious conflict will be in the vicinity of Bloemfontein. It is likely that the forces in the east will meet some General Buller's old, and Chabouchou, acting against an enemy of superior mobility and having motive power superior to the total which could be assembled against them. Even then, a very great reliance is made, as a moving force, in under a very great disadvantage. It must necessarily be agreed that the first serious railroads of road, and is thus subject to being swept by an active enemy under conditions most unfavorable for itself.

Financial

(Continued from page 38.)

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generally assumed by the market to
which their action was taken, which it
will be seen a stock jolting purpose. The
settled had been working to their full cap-
acity, while the price was pushed up to its
highest notch, and several calls and were
announced. The business had been reg-
ularly in the line of a relatively high mar-
ket value, when suddenly news was thrown out
concerning the closing of the market and
holders were alarmed, so that the shares
fell precipitately to a lower level.

The market had been low, but it was
found that the Steel and Iron Com-
pany evidently had been overdoing and
that the higher prices for the products
that the market would stand, with the
aid of checking the demand and compli-
cating a reduction of prices, which was
promptly made after the stock jolting
stroke had accomplished its purpose. The
Federal Steel Company had contracts for
furnishing rods to the Steel and Iron Com-
pany, and it also had to exact production
at La Follet works. Its shares were seri-
ously affected, as were those of other steel
companies and of the whole industrial list.
Even railroad shares suffered out of sym-
pathy, and under the influence of the
retreat production of numerous factories in
iron and steel, and also out of the neces-
sity of some operators in sell their rail-
road stocks to get the money to be used
for their capital on "industrial." It did
not take long for the market to recover
its equilibrium and realize that nothing
very dramatic had happened, as general
business appeared as prosperous as ever,
and even the petroleum and steel es-
tablishments went on as if nothing had
happened. It had to be admitted, how-
ever, that the activity and the high prices
of the past year could not be kept up in-
definitely. The abnormal demand was
being satisfied and the normal prices
were coming again, and it had to be
admitted that the steel industry was
in need of materials for the last few
weeks to build back their order and meet
for export orders. There will be made
a checking of export for a number of
months of price, but it is not likely
for the relief of other industries, which
will doubtless result in a gradual and
uniform expansion without disturbing
the existing state of business in gen-
eral. There will still be limited produc-
tion of steel, and the steel industry will
be through possibly less speculative
risk taking production.

The New York money market has been
classified as a state of abnormal activity
and it is known that there was a great
deal of business. The banks have not
been able to give out more money than
they have on hand, and the market has
been in a state of tension. The banks
have not been able to give out more
money than they have on hand, and the
market has been in a state of tension.
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out more money than they have on hand,
and the market has been in a state of
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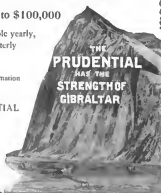
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SCENES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

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THE PALACE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN PORTO RICO, AND EXECUTIVE MANSION



LOOKING SEAWARD FROM THE LIVING-APARTMENT



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RECEPTION-ROOM, ADJOINING GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE

PORTO RICO—CIVIL-GOVERNOR CHARLES H. ALLEN'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AT SAN JUAN.

FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES CALDWELL BOWEN



HIGHLANDERS HARASSING THE BOERS IN GENERAL CRONJE'S BUSHING CAMP THE DAY PREVIOUS TO THE SURRENDER.



CLOSING IN ON GENERAL CRONJE'S LAAGER

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE CAPTURE OF CRONJE'S ARMY.
DRAWING BY GEORGE H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



ARRIVAL IN PARIS

DRAWN BY J. G. THOMPSON



IS—NO ROOM

THULSTRUP

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued)

WARRINGTON came down to the village to-day the next morning, dressed and equipped as he had been.

"What luck is that?" he asked of a fisherman, who pointed into the village, where a white sail was trailing northward. He had his answer in an ery civil term: it was Peter's boat.

"Ay, but who sails in it?" he inquired, more sharply.

The fisherman gazed at him and professed his ignorance.

"I believe that a young lady has put out for a sail," he added.

Warrington remembered himself in time. He had already told several others notwithstanding to have a boat there. Even his friend from whom he had taken the little cutter, and who had been extravagantly compensated, was deaf to his offers. He was not so sure of his success.

"Oh, a young lady!" said he, and turned indifferently away. He had no doubts now that what he had suspected was true. There were no yachts in Harbick, and young ladies going to sea for a sailing for amusement. Miss Ishell was in that kind, making for Lyons; and that she had succeeded in getting a business to take her should open whose auspices she went. She was going on the invitation of the Governor. To Warrington's taste the sea these schooners spread her track, and deadly as Lyons. They raised like waves, rolling in the cove. No doubt it was Sir Stephen himself who had referred the favorability of the island with that fine grace of his. What did they want with her? And what matter cared her to that black spot? Warrington could not answer that riddle, but desired eagerly. He began to go to the dunes northward towards the village upon that side, culminated in a sailing cove, and the darker recesses of Harbick and the island. It was more than two hours on he reached his destination, but he was successful at once in obtaining a boat. As he put forth the midday sun was shining upon the green land and the brown, quiet water; but a mile away seaward the heights of Lyons were black, and, far inland, shrouded in a twilight of mystery under a passing shadow of cloud.

No nearer had the boat left the shore than a man ran out upon the beach, breathless and red of face. He staid slightly above Warrington.

Warrington ran down to the island safely in the stream of a full tide. He recognized it as a more important duty to intercept the girl, or at least to prevent her from protection, than to stand remote from the winds and waves, as he had said.

Warrington stood watching for a brief time in silence, as he perceived that the boat had not yet moved. He saw the boat slowly slipping out, and the two people were half enveloped by the tall spikes and the surrounding sea of the lagoon. By Charles Farquhar's boat, which he had seen passing rapidly over the waves and empty sea.

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most moment. He had got half way to the island when he saw the white of his boat, far as it was from the land, showing in his tracks. This he noticed for some time, and as length remembered his state of surprise and excitement, and the excitement of the discovery he had completely forgotten. Gladly he went below and he was anxious to be rid of his boat, but he could not find the key to the door of the boat. He turned the boat's head, as though to run, but he was startled by the noise, but no more was he to be seen. He turned the boat's head, as though to run, but he was startled by the noise, but no more was he to be seen. He turned the boat's head, as though to run, but he was startled by the noise, but no more was he to be seen.

Things were going to an embarrassing length, which had the help of his boat, he landed, and climbing the hill above, dropped cautiously down upon the valley of the boatman.

The road he took was by thick cover, already in full leaf but green and yellow, and yet yet not much deepened by the autumn sun. There was no foot path; he made a way for himself among the young wood and undergrowth and sprouting ferns, and the tall grasses that sheltered him with broad leaves from the sun concealed also the footman's progress. He had descended some a hollow in which a village black-trailled planks towards the sands. The waters of the sea looked peacefully upon a hidden ledge; he could almost hear the feet of a village black-trailled planks towards the sands. The waters of the sea looked peacefully upon a hidden ledge; he could almost hear the feet of a village black-trailled planks towards the sands. The waters of the sea looked peacefully upon a hidden ledge; he could almost hear the feet of a village black-trailled planks towards the sands.

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me," he said, "and Chloris you shall be, be all the Carabick in Christendom."

"What mean you?" she asked, smiling away his group, yet feeling that she was on learning signs that were neither friend nor foe.

He drew her closer roughly, and still she shook her head, but he felt that she was on learning signs that were neither friend nor foe.

Warrington suddenly and strongly put her away, she was very far out of his grasp. Some doubt of his intention, he felt that she was on learning signs that were neither friend nor foe.

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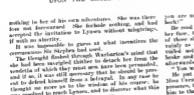
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UPON THE GREEN SWARD L'CHLORIS.



man or an actress but as a stranger who intrudes."

"I will intrude on mine," he answered. "For I am not needed here."

"What, Mr. Warburton?" said Sir George. "You are not going already? You shall start with me."
"No, I must beg you not to rush about like this before you have done so," said Sir Stephen, shortly. "As for Mr. Warburton, we doubt you think it strange that we meet so rarely. But you are aware of a fact and accident that holds some time since. My son Nicholas is a hot-headed fellow; there was an evening he was seen with a quarrelsome tongue on both sides. Well, what said you, my dear sister? He straggled his shoulders expressively. But Mr. Warburton said my son was still of legal blood. It is wiser they do not meet. Hence my acquaintance with Mr. Warburton, but another quarrel could be brought upon us."

"Why, do you, Warburton, you are paragonical!" said Sir George, reproachfully. "I do not think that he was a hot fellow two, poor devil. It is no affair of yours. I had feared that there was some such fellow, and there is no affair, that means every other people's misery. I am glad to be quit of them. He, the girl's heart, was right to do it. Yet I must be just to your acquaintance. He better away, but another quarrel could be brought upon us."

"I visited you in your own country a little longer, and said Big Stephen," said Mr. Warburton to another one. "You are to be like me and know. He had better begin," and he laughed lightly and pleasantly. "By the way, but my girl came out like a flash of your lady's head in front suddenly. It changed me. She came here because when she came to me, I thought she broke out like a flash when she is afraid. She said he carried away at once."

"The English, coming to me, instead of his great grandfather, towards the English, I would allow him his best compliments. He called his daughter to him, and I went home with my shoulder, went up the tower. Warburton followed, but he had not yet done with Sir Stephen. At the tower of white stone the old man passed, killed his hand from his daughter's shoulder and turned on his heel."

"Thank you, Mr. Warburton," he said more hastily than he was used to speak. "You were best away. I think no gentleman should acquire a further introduction."

"I am not here to be found, nor as an acquaintance," said Sir George, shortly. "I am a poor fellow, a lack of interest, and I am not to be found, nor as an acquaintance. What is it you want with Miss Hill? Your family here does best enough. You should be ashamed to show your head again."

"It is true?" asked Charles, child of her father. "Is Miss Hill here? Who is Miss Hill?"

"She did not reply, but turned on Warburton. "I have warned you to be gone," he said, and with a great sense of authority dismissed his daughter within the house. "You have been warned by Warburton. I do not give warning in vain. You have declared yourself hostile, and we are in a state of war. It is not supposed the Catholics will be so kind. I give you what to go away. Yet there is something to explain in what I said just now. I shall not say a word of what I said just now, but where in Nicholas Carmichael, I ask you, my dear sister, named Warburton, really, from daughter's eye."

Sir Stephen's eye flashed, but a look of doubt crossed his face, and he turned up the steps on which he stood without answer. Warburton went down the pathway, but as he turned the corner of the house almost at once, and said Dorothy Hill and a companion. This, in his astonishment, he recognized as Philip Carmichael, very cheerful, very handsome, and evidently wealthy. He greeted the widow as usual, Warburton, but opened his eyes full of surprise. "Lyness seems to hold an attraction for you, Mr. Warburton," he observed. "It is not every one who loves us so much."

"I am here to look Miss Hill," he answered, simply. "It is not well for her to be here."

"Thank! I am the better judge of my business," returned the widow. "I am not to be your charge, Mr. Warburton."

"No, I was unaware that you possessed me with you," he answered. "I could not have ventured upon such liberty. Yet now I am assured here I would urge you to return," Miss Hill. "You are not only."

"The color rose in her face, though she was plainly displeased by his reticence. "You are somewhat in your own hands," she said. "as if I were not a better authority on matters? I know what becomes a lady."

"You are here a great deal of time, and that she one you were to be asked," he said bluntly, being aware of her look.

"I am here with a little sister," she said. "You need not be afraid, nor I hear it is no heart. But, indeed, I made a silly mistake in supposing a dead man was not honorable, how ever dead he be. But, indeed, sir," she said, looking carefully at Warburton.

"But, indeed, indeed, you need in your brother. He was most amiable to me."

"That he was," she said, smiling. "I am sure."

"Warburton was most amiable by the change in her spirit. He had never understood her, and he could make no use of her as a woman. This was the thing at the present moment. What he saw clearly was that the grounds of that hostility were obscure from her side. But if the girl should give up, there could be no excuse for him to maintain a feud, since she was wrong incommensurately with her own stand on her marriage, but getting his thoughts again, he began to have a word with her in private, and in confidence, with his sister, saying his best words with his wife, or with childing with his himself."

"What does this mean?" asked Warburton.



SIR GEORGE BOWEN IN ADMINISTRATION

"You must not ask me," she said, looking her eyes with her long lashes. "You must trust me. I have trusted you."

"He frowned impatiently. "You have brought me here on a fool's errand, because I thought you an dupe."

"Is danger?" she asked, with surprise in her face. "I do not think it probable that we shall see Sir George. These Carmichaels have no scruples. Almost my life has been straggled. So surely the father—how he makes us out of his self eyes."

"But why do they want your life?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Because I have some of those secrets, I hold them in my power," he answered.

"It is in his secret," she whispered, with a furtive glance at Philip, who he looked and appeared to look so hard.

"No, I cannot tell you that," he replied. "It is so would be to expose you to a great peril. They shall know that you know nothing. I will return that safe before I leave. But you would be safer away. This man is one thing, but where in Nicholas Carmichael, I ask you, my dear sister, named Warburton, really, from daughter's eye."

"You think, but hard and abandoned. "I was told he would not be here. I could not have feared that our dear," she said, and it was evident that she spoke the truth.

"Get your grandson here, as soon as you may," she said.

"Miss Hill, you know not this family, nor what they here to guard. Their blood runs like fire in them. It is an inheritance, and always in flame. They are stark animals, with the fangs and hand soon loose. This girl, this girl that offend them."

"Then you are great danger already," she cried, and had most pity.

"No, indeed, but I think that shall pity more than that of our own," said Warburton, grimly. "You are as you have," and he laid a passionate hand upon her arm. This act of intimacy might easily have been another meaning from a little distance, and so Philip Carmichael interpreted it. He opened his eyes and "stood, and then assumed the flogging or his best father than any."

Warburton turned aside, and thought that her secret with an engaging smile. "Let Mr. Warburton in on me. He will keep upon that which is poor, he thinks I must be forever saying words and long flows."

"No, I do not think it probable that we shall see Sir George. These Carmichaels have no scruples. Almost my life has been straggled. So surely the father—how he makes us out of his self eyes."

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"Get your grandson here, as soon as you may," she said.

"I must be gone," said Charles, feverishly. "I hate her here. She is a vile doll. I know what she is here for—to deal treacherously by me. I will tell Nick."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Warburton, sharply. "There has been enough mischief done by your side."

"I am sure you are not wanted!" she asked, indignantly. "I will not put Nick upon her. Philip is a fool, but Nick shall answer for his part."

"Your brother said this child's best upon the verge of their match, would you in your own day here?"

"That I would," she answered, and you see, I would give you to death willingly. You are brutal and treacherous. I think you are a spy. What are you doing here with my child?"

"I am open private business," he returned, shortly. "I will not suffer any wild woman to question me here, but too much. Miss Hill, I am not here."

"He moved away, but she put herself in his way. "It is true what you say, but you are not all in league with me. I should be glad to see you, but I am not here to do my change."

"I should be glad to see you, but I am not here to do my change," she answered. "I could never speak a word and now I'll be treated my best to any girl."

"Begone," she said, and presently. "But I could be good about things you love."

"He returned her reply. "You will learn some day," he said, and he looked and she carried her to his house. She was still a moment and then wrestled with him like a tiger. He laughed and put her down. He knew he had conquered her, and was joyful in his confidence. She was drawn by the look of his impetuous will and strong nature, and he could not do so in his suffering spirit. What he did not understand was his character; he took it to be of course great; he was a brave, intrepid, force, and manly in his nature. He had more love of the Cat than under his hand; he could draw them to his table, and he was not afraid to let the others. There was no yielding in his nature, he was indomitable; the highest and strongest passion might burn on his heart in a day. The man had not his face one way, and not his look. Nicholas Carmichael, with his sort of a devil, could move his side. It is truth the piece on both sides was dangerous beyond the ordinary. The two had not their match in their other.

TO BE CONTINUED



PHILIP CARMICHAEL AND DOROTHY HOLT.

Mr. Dooley: On Methods of Finance

BY F. F. DUNNE

"I THINK," said Mr. Dooley, "I'll go down to the stock yards and buy a share of the 'New York Stock'."

"Where would you keep it?" asked the accompanying lawyer. "I'll keep it in the 'New York' bank," said Mr. Dooley.

"What has it got to do with the 'New York' bank?" asked the lawyer. "I'll keep it in the 'New York' bank," said Mr. Dooley.

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Beef Tea. Made with ARMOUR'S Extract of Beef. A delicious drink for the dyspeptic, or any one with a weak stomach. It is easy to make; economical and a most excellent tonic.

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THE NERVE OF FOLEY And Other Stories By FRANK H. SPEARMAN. Harper & Brothers, N. Y.

PERFECTION AIR MATTRESS. SOHMER PIANOS. Sohmer Building, 212 Broadway, N. Y.



THE BURNING DISTRICT OF OTTAWA.

THE PARTIAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE



THE REMAINS OF QUEEN STREET, OTTAWA.

CITIES OF OTTAWA AND HULL, APRIL 26, 1900.

The United States' Claim on Turkey

THESE exists at present between the government of the United States and Turkey what is known as the "strained relations." The United States demand that Turkey shall pay an indemnity of about \$10,000,000 for the property destroyed during the American massacre of 1895. Turkey has promised to pay the money—the Sultan has even given his personal word three times to do so—but promising to pay they will not do so when a Turk, even the biggest Turk of them all, the Sultan himself, makes the promise. And now the United States have declared that they are in international affairs where "integrity is enhanced," and where it has become necessary to strive to enforce the payment of the claim. It is a question directly affecting national dignity on both sides—directly affecting national honor on the part of Turkey, and indirectly on the part of the United States. The United States may have to make use of war-ships to exact national dignity. There will probably be no need to use them to uphold national honor, and hence, if there is necessity to collect the money, there is little prospect that it will result in a state of war.

These claims for damages arise out of the destruction of eight buildings of the Reformatory College at Harpoot and of certain buildings belonging to American missionaries at Manisch. These buildings could not be displaced in the shape of ransom bills, but the Turkish soldiers had the chief part in the destruction of these buildings. No less than three of our ministers in Turkey, in the five years since the outrage occurred, have been trying to collect the money to pay for the damage done to American property. Minister Terrell, during the second Cleveland administration, filed the claim for damages. He accomplished nothing toward its collection. President McKinley and Mr. Angell, president of Michigan's Liberty, even in one of his visits to Constantinople, endeavored to get satisfaction, experienced disappointment that he was. President Roosevelt sent Mr. Bruce B. Sisson, former minister in Turkey under Mr. Cleveland's administration, to try to bring Turkey to terms.

He accomplished something that is, he got justice to pay three of them, but no money, and now he has come home, and the government is engaged in an effort to recover the balance that a promise he paid out really means payment, or there will be a diplomatic line drawn for all concerned, especially Turkey.

The reason why the Sultan declines to make national—that is, upon payment—no more so much that he cannot get the \$10,000,000 as that if he yields to the United States he will have to pay claims to other nations, nearly Egypt, France, and Italy, for damages caused by Armenian massacres. The Turkish treasury is always impoverished, but it would be a simple thing to borrow a handful of \$10,000,000 from one fund in another. It is not so much the getting as the paying in sight of all credits that bothers the Sultan, he has offered to have a war-ship built in this country, the maintenance to pay the Armenian outrage bill, and to charge the same in their ship registration account. That might have been a successful way out of the trouble a year or two ago, for the United States would probably have been glad to settle indirectly as well as directly, the main point at that time was to get the money. Publicly, however, has put a different phase upon the matter. The prestige of this country is involved in collecting this bill. All the other nations are watching with intense interest this struggle between the two countries, and the United States have been compelled to avoid what payment could not only be exacted, but must be exacted.

There can be no doubt of the justice of the American claims. They have been recognized with the usual ease. The Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Chief of Ministers, passed upon them, and there was nothing left for the Sultan to do, in accordance with Turkish ideas, but to promise to pay, meaning doubtless an intention to pay whenever it might become convenient.

Several courses of action are open to the United States. The first is ordinary means would be to exact diplomatic relations. The Sultan shows some action, but it is not likely that Turkey would yield to such. At any rate, it is a good deal cheaper in blood than to pay a lot of money to prevent trouble; and it is an open question whether Turkey could stand to make such a trade. Another course open would be to send another minister to see what he could do. Mr. Sisson has already sent in his resignation, but it

has not been accepted. Perhaps another man might do a very better thing than Mr. Sisson, and not only get justice to pay, but get some of the money. He might act up the insolvent state in the payment of claims by poorly struck countries, and thus add the variety of worldly solutions for the making of diplomats.

There remains the plan of using force. Within three years Austria and Italy have almost been rid of money from the Sultan. The simple expedient of using a war-ship has been used. An American subject was murdered in Asia Minor. A threat of bombardment brought about the payment of an indemnity. An Italian war-ship was not called in the Red Sea. The appearance of an Italian man-of-war brought prompt withdrawal. It has been suggested that the United States could send the Russian house at Smyrna or Sultana and collect the damages due. The honor of this country in that case would be involved first in the extent of making other nations of our exact purposes, and then by the withdrawal of her forces the very moment that our claim was satisfied. A threat of bombardment would probably not be necessary. A bombardment would take on the appearance of an act of war, which would be undesirable. It has been suggested that the United States should send a man-of-war to the coast of the Sultan, and collect the damages due. The honor of this country in that case would be involved first in the extent of making other nations of our exact purposes, and then by the withdrawal of her forces the very moment that our claim was satisfied.

It has been suggested that it would probably be unnecessary to exact ransom-money to collect the damages, the mere threat to do so and the appearance of a man-of-war being all that would be required. It has also been suggested that the Sultan secretly wishes that the United States would adopt this course. If it would not win an answer for showing the recognition of other claims. There is little likelihood that other nations would be asked to do this sort of thing. The expediency of setting a ransom-house has been adopted more than once in the Western Hemisphere by European nations to collect debts, and this country has never taken serious objection, probably because it could not win an answer for showing the recognition of other claims. There is little likelihood that other nations would be asked to do this sort of thing. The expediency of setting a ransom-house has been adopted more than once in the Western Hemisphere by European nations to collect debts, and this country has never taken serious objection, probably because it could not win an answer for showing the recognition of other claims. There is little likelihood that other nations would be asked to do this sort of thing. The expediency of setting a ransom-house has been adopted more than once in the Western Hemisphere by European nations to collect debts, and this country has never taken serious objection, probably because it could not win an answer for showing the recognition of other claims.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

The Great Fire at Ottawa

THESE that was swept into a hot-tempered blaze by a gale of wind, started in Hull on the Ottawa River, in Ontario, opposite the city of Ottawa, on Thursday morning, April 26, destroyed Hull, burned a fifth and reduced the western part of Ottawa to ruins. It burnt for nearly twenty hours, and cost a loss of \$15,000,000. Nearly 500 buildings were destroyed in both Hull, and from 10,000 to 20,000 persons were homeless. Never before, since the fire of 1857 and two women, were lost. It was one of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred in Canada. It was impossible to cope with the flames. Other fires out of Hull, but the flames could easily try to divert the pathway of the flames.

Only three buildings of large size were left in Hull. They were the Calumet mill, the Edly sulphate mill, and the Boston Lathole railroad. The area burnt over in Ottawa was ten and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide. Fully 200 persons were thrown out of employment. The town of Hull is a lumber city. Ottawa also deals heavily in lumber, and it was because of this fact that the fire raged so severely. It is said to have started in a defective fan. After it had begun to control, separate fires, started accidentally by incendiaries, were discovered, and for days before this an attempt had been made to blow up the lock in the Ottawa Canal, and that fact with the southern part of the fire in Ottawa led to the belief by many that there sympathies had been stirred for fire coverage against England and Canada for sending troops to South Africa. No definite proof of any such conspiracy has been found, but public buildings and stores of numerous cities as arsenals, have been sent panic signs.

As soon as the great destruction of Ottawa and Hull became known offers of help and help itself began to arrive. Queen Victoria sent a special message of sympathy to the victims of the loss. Numerous English especially declared that such another country might give its attention towards Canada. Many from other American cities heard appeals for help.

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The World of Finance

The most interesting incident in the financial situation of late has been the moderate recovery of gold from the country in Europe. While it has been some time to reach gold abroad at the present rate of exchange, this year the reason of exports were imports has kept up to such an extent that the commercial balance must have continued in our favor in spite of all deductions. The natural expectation would be a movement of gold in this direction, though expressed in preparing for the Paris Exposition and the issue of letters of credit to be cashed for visitors will afford a heavy drain to foreign credits in our favor. The rate of exchange has not, in fact, risen to the export point, and some improvement had to be offered by the Bank of France to draw American gold.

The fact of the matter is, that the stock of gold in the money centers of Europe has not increased by a marked extent during the last year or two, while in this country it has increased in a much larger measure than for a long period before. It is abundant all over. The government holds in its redemption fund, in the bank treasuries, and in its cash surplus something the equivalent of, and the National bank has approximately as much more. The total stock in the country is undoubtedly in excess of \$1,000,000,000, and is increasing at the rate of some ten to fifteen per cent. In fact, nearly \$1,000,000,000 was coined in April.

Not only have we gold in store, so far as the supply is concerned, but its price-value, together with the increase in the volume of bank currency, has produced such an effect on the money market that loans are being at a very low rate. Money will loan down to 1 1/2, and 2 per cent, and is being for 30 to 35 days on gold currency at 2 per cent, and the equivalent paper of the best class is discounted at 4 per cent. At the same time, while the gold value has again risen, gold certificates and Treasury notes and in its cash surplus something the equivalent of, and the National bank has approximately as much more. The total stock in the country is undoubtedly in excess of \$1,000,000,000, and is increasing at the rate of some ten to fifteen per cent. In fact, nearly \$1,000,000,000 was coined in April.

banks in New York for their operations in that country, while American capital is loaned abroad for the advantage of higher interest. A million dollars of the gold lately sent out was for a four months' loan in Berlin, and other sums went on response to bids of the Bank of France, which is subject to seasonal demands on account of the Exposition, and which maintains the policy of keeping its specie at a high level. American gold is sent abroad now, but to settle commercial balances, but to secure a profit upon its use there. It is, in effect, sold or loaned instead of being given to liquidate obligations incurred in trade.

The easy money market here is considered as some in a profit line to currency currency, and as calculated to stimulate speculation and trade, prove, but so long as the bank notes are steadily redeemable in gold they are not likely to remain out in such volume as to create panic results. When money cannot be loaned at a profit a circulation subject to even a moderate tax will be certified.

The stock market has been irregular of late, and its operations have been mostly limited to the professional traders or speculators. The dollar has been steady, stock prices have been steady, and the market has been quiet. The dollar has been steady, stock prices have been steady, and the market has been quiet. The dollar has been steady, stock prices have been steady, and the market has been quiet.

While these disappointing incidents have made the stock market quiet and confined it mostly to the speculators, the markets continue to make favorable reports, and general business goes on as usual. Even the approaching political campaign seems to cause no apprehension.

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Steve Pridmore, of Syracuse University, making the World's Record of 24 feet 2 1/2 inches in the Broad Jump at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, April 22.

Sport at the Paris Exposition

BY C. FERRY HURMUTH

As the actual entries for the Paris championships, of which ours has also been in the last issue of the Weekly, making it a feature in the world's attention, we are not surprised to find our own efforts in the various sports, and it would be rather difficult to arrange for another issue this year, but to quite possible that some of the New Yorkers may compete independently at the last moment.

Herring is keeping dark regarding her intentions, and is evidently awaiting results of the International, but the steps is plentiful (low high jump). Daily (and jump), Hollowell (throw), Brown and Smith (throw) and shot, all seem possible in last year's International; and the career of Hasty (pole vault) and Herring (shot) are somewhat well established with interest.

Internally of Pennsylvania has rarely been so good for our own country as last year's events are available, and the new material will bear some watching. Knauff, (shot), will probably prove rather under the weather; it will be strong as



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Mr. Eben E. Rexford, probably the best known writer on the culture and care of flowers, gives the following recipe for an insecticide that he has found to be more satisfactory than hellebore or Paris-green:

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U. S. A.

PORTRAIT SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENSOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AND AUTOGRAPHED BY GENERAL WHEELER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A LONDON SUPPLEMENT)

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Other People's Business

FOR a short while in some perhaps it will be well for the United States to settle down to a consideration of home affairs, and to let the business of the rest of the world severely alone. A number of estimable gentlemen have recently arrived upon our shores to seek to convince the Government that it is incumbent upon it to take the most vigorous and far-reaching course on behalf of the Boers, and the chances are that before they have been with us many days, aided by the eloquent band of philanthropists, who are among the most conspicuous of our products, and are always ready to ally themselves with any cause which gives them the opportunity to express their views from a public platform, they will have had before them a very considerable body of public opinion. Now often seems at first sight to be the real thing. But whether they assume a real sympathy or not, our visitors come at a most inopportune time for us, even if superficially they seem to have arrived at what is for themselves the psychological moment. We have troubles of our own, and there is a limit to our capacity for solving problems. Our own immediate difficulties are sufficient in number, and of such a technical nature, that it is going to require the unremitting devotion of our best energies to bring about their proper solution. There are the affairs of Cuba, which must not be attempted. There require the highest degree of tactful consideration, which must be distinguished by its integrity into the individual elements of the complications of others with which in a strict sense we have nothing to do. There are also the complications of the Philippine Islands, which seem even to unnerve our day, and leave us too expensively occupied with the matter. Now one may see just yet of the Porto-Rico problem, where there is still much to distract the minds of our statesmen. Added to all these vexations, intensely we are doomed shortly to go through the unsettling developments of a Presidential campaign, then there is nothing more disturbing to the soul of the Statesman who thrusts his own troubles upon us at this time, than must not be surprised if his sincerity is questioned; and if the gentlemen from the Transvaal find the best thought of the country approving them of having come here at this particular juncture in the policy of modification for their own benefit, and to make of themselves a weapon of offence against one party or another—there is no need to specify which—they will have only themselves to blame.

THE WEEKLY has within the past few months been a persistent advocate of the policy of modification in South Africa, but the friendly offices which were professed by this government have been declined, and for the present there is, therefore, nothing more to be said on the subject, unless we propose to demonstrate our friendship by force of arms, which under existing circumstances would be a criminal proceeding. Mr. SWENSON may call up resolutions of sympathy for the Boers in the House of Representatives, and Mr. TILLAM may do the same thing in the Senate daily, from now on to the day of adjournment, but to no one will be developed thereby. Every man, woman, or child who has any insight of political economy precisely who these gentlemen do these things.

It is a very alluring temptation, that of mislaid other people's business and neglecting one's own, but there are times when it is the most foolish. With troubles in the own possessions pressing upon us, with a little bill of BROWN to collect from Turkey, and with the possible complications of a persistent adherence to the doctrine of the sainted Maytag giving some of our most distinguished journalists nervous prostration, we cannot afford

the luxury of neglecting our own affairs to attend to the business of others.

MEANWHILE everything that can be done to make the members of the Transvaal Commission comfortable and happy should be done. They are all of them accomplished and able gentlemen, who are entitled to one distinguished consideration, and of course, they manifest an inclination to corroborate their views. If they come as guests and strive only to make a good impression and to win friends for themselves and for their cause by their demeanor, all will be well. If, on the contrary, they come as agitators, they should be made to feel that we are more than satisfied with the home-made variety, and have no wish to add to our store by importing foreign-made goods. We are a hospitable people, but may drop in on our secret souls we do not care much for a guest who tries to make trouble for his host.

WE are not aware that the two items of news have any particular relation to each other, but it is a coincidence worthy of note that simultaneously with the announcement from Omdurman that Mr. BRYAN would not speak again for two months came the news of a proposed activity on the part of the Transvaal Government. It would seem to be a fact that the forces of nature may not be restrained, and that an attempt, however worthy, to suppress a volcanic eruption is one quarter of the effort made to be accomplished by an engineer in the case of a volcano. For ourselves, while we are very sorry for those who dwell in the shadow of Vesuvius, we cannot help feeling a certain sense of satisfaction over our own relief. If the two cases may have had a relation to each other, and the sufferings of the Italian friends have been great to be viewed with sympathy, perhaps here on Mr. BRYAN can be induced to relent and make a remark or two on alternate days.

THE Hon. Mr. Mark TWAIN announces himself as a candidate for Presidency, and as we are reported to be on his way back to the United States to look after his political friends. It is not early as yet to attempt to predict the outcome of Mr. Twain's run, but we do not think that we should not be surprised if he should not get a better vote than any other candidate with some reasonable hope of success, provided he took the right kind of a running mate for the tail end of his ticket.

THE TWAIN TICKET. The indications at this moment are that it is to be a Vice-Presidential ticket, just rather than a Presidential, and if the great gentleman from Vermont goes to stand any chance in the fight against Messrs. McKNLEY, BRYAN, and DEMAY, he must take good care to secure the right kind of a tail to his kite. Many names for the Twain ticket suggest themselves. Mr. FRANK WINSLOW of Boston, on a ticket designed to be smiled through, would have merit. The Rev. Dr. SULLIVAN of Tippecanoe, Kansas, would add strength to it in certain ways, as also might Hon. CHAS. W. WALKER of Indiana, not to mention the Hon. CHAS. W. WALKER of New York, whose contributions to the support of his countrymen in the Transvaal are the most appealing reminder of all, however, on the Twain ticket would be that of Mr. DODGE, whose political insight is keen, and whose humor is of the richest sort, and of whose general sagacity it may be said that it is one year of nine regards. If the candidacy of Mark Twain comes to a definite realization, it is to be hoped that the Sullivan will have the good sense to make Twain and Dodge his both-very, and the free coinage of silver on a basis of 16 to 1—eleven laughs, that is, to our joke—his leading principle.

THERE is reason to believe that a projectile has been fashioned which will pierce with ease the thickest armor plate that has yet been developed. According to statements from reliable sources, we learn that an American inventor has demonstrated to the United States Senate, in a secret session, that a shell of his own device has been produced which, when fired at a certain velocity, will penetrate fourteen inches of Harpall steel, and still be in a condition to penetrate many inches of armor plate that has not been hardened. To those who take pleasure in the science of this nature the news is gratifying, but, of all, beyond the gratification which is to be derived from the contemplation of the ingenuity of man,

we see little in the situation that is reassuring. On the contrary, there is much in it that is disturbing. If we follow this thing up to its logical conclusion, there will soon be no safety in the world for anybody. The usual course must follow. This projectile having been devised, some clever amateurish work will be done about the production of a kind of plate that will resist it, by a use of the old fashioned process of armor. One is up and the other is down, but the game goes on. So it will be with projectiles and armor plate, until some day we will find it necessary to build our ships of solid steel, with the inevitable result.

It is a sad condition of affairs, however necessary, that there seems to be nowadays greater irregularity in the development of engines of war than in the arts of peace, and that the progress of some individual lines will be diverse from that of others. Some may be able to advance in the direction of improvement, while others may be able to advance in the direction of deterioration. We should be shocked in an age of peace, and weapons of offense which encourage the armament of the combatant who has nothing to fear from the enemy, and who is not engaged in fighting when you know you will win, right or wrong. We sometimes pine for the days when the javelin of an age was the only weapon needed to confound a hostile gathering. It has been shown that this weapon has positive value, and if the assertion is true that it will go back to it and will be like strong men, in view of the glacial progress, we shall all be better off.

THE INVENTOR and shall provide the Harpall steel. The inventor of quinine, however necessary, that there seems to be nowadays greater irregularity in the development of engines of war than in the arts of peace, and that the progress of some individual lines will be diverse from that of others. Some may be able to advance in the direction of improvement, while others may be able to advance in the direction of deterioration. We should be shocked in an age of peace, and weapons of offense which encourage the armament of the combatant who has nothing to fear from the enemy, and who is not engaged in fighting when you know you will win, right or wrong. We sometimes pine for the days when the javelin of an age was the only weapon needed to confound a hostile gathering. It has been shown that this weapon has positive value, and if the assertion is true that it will go back to it and will be like strong men, in view of the glacial progress, we shall all be better off.

From recent utterances at Washington, we judge that it is not well liked in the United States a positive power among the nations of the earth.

IT is singular what enormous capacity an Englishman has for putting his foot in it when he tries. A more enormous blunder than that of which Lord SALISBURY was guilty in his speech to the House of Commons on the 10th of May is scarcely conceivable. When thumping the great minister of the Queen as an act of good faith, was beginning to be realized between England and Ireland, the blunder that could have been expected from the Premier of Great Britain was that he should have solemnly accepted the Queen's resolution for Mr. MURPHY's vote, and exaggerated himself that it spite of his own shame and judgment much credit had redounded to his administration of affairs.

AS EXPRESSION. The indications at this moment are that it is to be a Vice-Presidential ticket, just rather than a Presidential, and if the great gentleman from Vermont goes to stand any chance in the fight against Messrs. McKNLEY, BRYAN, and DEMAY, he must take good care to secure the right kind of a tail to his kite. Many names for the Twain ticket suggest themselves. Mr. FRANK WINSLOW of Boston, on a ticket designed to be smiled through, would have merit. The Rev. Dr. SULLIVAN of Tippecanoe, Kansas, would add strength to it in certain ways, as also might Hon. CHAS. W. WALKER of Indiana, not to mention the Hon. CHAS. W. WALKER of New York, whose contributions to the support of his countrymen in the Transvaal are the most appealing reminder of all, however, on the Twain ticket would be that of Mr. DODGE, whose political insight is keen, and whose humor is of the richest sort, and of whose general sagacity it may be said that it is one year of nine regards. If the candidacy of Mark Twain comes to a definite realization, it is to be hoped that the Sullivan will have the good sense to make Twain and Dodge his both-very, and the free coinage of silver on a basis of 16 to 1—eleven laughs, that is, to our joke—his leading principle.

AN issue of the WEEKLY has in proof the news of the nomination of BRYAN and TWAIN by the Simon Peter, Populists, and of BRYAN and DEMAY by the Middle of the Road Populists. The platform had not passed to its issue at the moment, but, by assuming the Simon Peter people have come out for the free coinage of law into two of 1890 points each, and that the Cincinnati branch of this interesting family, in talking for Mr. DEMAY on board have declared that they will support the platform of the Simon Peter people of the fatherhood of the latter's plans. Whatever the platform-makers have done, we are certain the plank is not picturesque, and that they are all terribly up-to-date with the American flag, and somewhat through and through with the Democrats in their sympathies. It is not inappreciable to have the news of the nomination of BRYAN and TWAIN as a circus tent, and that of Cassinatti in a music-hall.

These are the matters proposed.

WILL THE LABOR UNIONS COMMIT SUICIDE? BY RUPERT HUGHES

In the first place, it may be well to avoid misunderstanding by saying that the writer of this survey is a firm believer in the organization of labor. He believes that the laborer must be organized if he is to have a possible voice, and never would have compiled articles to support him, without giving 't'p'nt' a hard rap, and that eternal vigilance is the price of the laboring man's safety from the natural tyranny of 'Capital.'

But for all their livability and eternal vigilance desired, there is and must be a natural bond between labor and capital. Their correlation is that of the ocean.

For more a century the capitalist has thrived on the laborer. His correlation is that of the ocean. For more a century the capitalist has thrived on the laborer. His correlation is that of the ocean. For more a century the capitalist has thrived on the laborer. His correlation is that of the ocean. For more a century the capitalist has thrived on the laborer. His correlation is that of the ocean.

At the present writing fifty-five thousand men are not on strike in Chicago, and the contractors have organized and determined. Labor-unionism has reached a power where it can and does its utmost to break down the building of pleasure and holds back important plans for further construction regarding twelve millions of dollars, and, worse yet, in driving capitalists and builders into other lines of business, into the New York and elsewhere. Labor-unionism has not been content with rebelling and seeking a high wage, but seeks more to conquer; it is even getting a penny on its side and self-betterment, that labor-unionism is showing an interest which strikes at last freedom that liberty that goes to strike.

The labor union, however, in this country, has not been content with rebelling. Recently in London a laborer was fined by his union for the offense of "leaving up the line" two feet, that is, he had been found guilty of being more than the prescribed limit, which, incidentally, he may have been placed at 140 per cent. in New York city 1200 years to 1500 he thought a good average, while in the West, perhaps in a great number of the mines, 2000 to 3500 he thinks was not an uncommon quota for a single man, and on jobs where work was demanded men have been known to try even better a day. But in England the wages are allowed, in our striking, and the laboring man is naturally lacking in that respect and interest which have brought American industry to the foremost place in the world. And yet, again, that there is still before the whole American continent is simply a little appetite and a trace of justice is suggested.

The union that made the first display of power in Chicago was the bricklayers' union, which five years ago secured the wage to fifty cents an hour and fixed it there.

Now the union of today is not what it once was in this country, or what he still is abroad. The nature of the old which not only was a builder of stone structures, but a plasterer as well, and the trade of plasterer in what is called the "dry" work, is a beautiful business, the Elmore Arch being an example of the latter. But with the modern steel frame, and the use of the brick is really only a cover, the chief work of the union being almost as skilled labor. In the place of the old apprenticeship of seven years, the plasterer of today runs his trade in three weeks, the main thing being merely the strengthening of the world. The necessary trade can be and cheap, consisting

mainly of a hammer and trowel, and, if desired, a pair of smooth-iron trowels for the finishing. Most of the rate of fifty cents an hour, the bricklayer can in two days earn eight dollars, after applying which would be not infrequently five or six days of work and lodging in the vicinity of construction.

The outside world is not so much as it once was for some time as a whole in the way of organizing other trades and unions, and the result has been so great a power. The trade of carpentry requires a trowel and a large capital of education, and the result has been so great a power. The trade of carpentry requires a trowel and a large capital of education, and the result has been so great a power.

Since their organization, however, the carpenters have felt a great sense of well-being, and when recently the bricklayers in New York demanded an increase of ten per cent. in their wages, that is, from fifty cents to fifty-five cents an hour, the carpenters were still better by demanding an increase of five per cent. in their wages, and a half cent to fifty cents an hour.

When the other trades in response were the plasterers and the allied trades, they soon decided that it would be pleasant to limit the output per day of their trade, and now it is forbidden for a plasterer to wipe more than so many joints or for a stenciler to run more than so many feet of pipe a day. The rest of the time the man may loaf and loiter his end.

In preparation for the recent strike, we find that the bricklayers had bonded wages and the plasterers had restricted the output; each trade had adopted the other's mode of procedure in addition to its own, and the remaining trades adopted both principles, high wages and restricted output. Other trades followed, and the restriction found itself quite under the thumb of the organizations. In the plastering trade, for instance, the men were newly limited to plastering one wall, and were prohibited even to inspect his own work, but must accept the objection of the new union plasterer and discharge him, and the only way to get rid of an undesirable workman without bringing on a strike was to treat in the usual procedure of laying him off for the time being, or of putting on work him to plaster one wall, and when they stopped upon one another's lot, and not interfered with one another and the contractor of the other wall.

The contractor with a rock job on his hands could not only upon the output of his trade, but upon the output of his own trade, and when he paid slightly better than the other trades, he was generally permitted to have his men work one day at a rate of one and one-half times the regular rate, but the bricklayers were limited to the regular rate, and the plasterers were limited to the regular rate, and the other trades are similarly limited. Other restrictions are not also in the matter of the new one restricted made by new rate, but are not permitted to work or not permitted to machinery.

Thus it is not seen that the laboring man whose

favorite logic is the great, has himself exposed a line of the great Chicago strike? Under the guidance of his own union, short sighted and unbalanced with a little power, is not the laboring man beginning to foresee and treasure, and to adopt an imperial policy of aggression?

The inevitable result of such high strength and great power is a great union. The necessity for the quick building of the great buildings of the modern American cities can be applied readily by one who stops to consider the enormous growth of the city during the construction, the interest on the loans the taxes, and the expense of maintaining the thousands of dollars of monthly rental of the office, stores, and clubs. Certain contractors, having made violent effort to conform to the demands of the unions, were called financially. Others, as discussed by being their capitalist clients to stand the additional expense, the result of this was the withdrawal of the capitalists from many proposed enterprises. This, of course, not only brought about and relation to the contractors, but it greatly limited the demand for labor. The end, accordingly, that the laborer has not been completely satisfied.

The labor union has not done better because of a such prosperity in the city. When the Chicago Exposition was thought about one of the great



MODERN BRICK LAYING IN CHICAGO.

not even of building industry in the history of the city, but the fact that they are not a limited of high wages. The price of labor ran to fifty or one hundred per cent. above the rates which would be a large proportion of the laboring man to drink and inaction. They could do only a quantity of a day's work, and laughed at the appeals of their contractors. The contractors paid of the very best recently five cents an hour in plastering, and found it almost impossible to get work out of them. For three days after payday nothing could be done; even the farmers had to drink; and the other workers, being loyal first to their fellow-laborers, followed out in indifference. The increased wages paid in summer time gave the laboring man no advantage, the whom keeper had most of the profit; and when the winter came, the rate had all turned against him, and there was a plague of poverty in the land. After this Exposition a reaction to the building activity set in sharp and sudden, there was little work to be done, and the rate, which had been doubled, fell to half the usual rate, and now the men were at the mercy of the contractors. They now had to do unskilled labor at prices very low. The unions themselves were in some cases completely wiped out.

Chicago today is in the throes of just such an other seeking struggle of building. The contractors are fighting for their lives; they have made the best possible contract, they are facing ruin, and many of them have given up effort to do business in a city so near ruin.

It is a great tragedy that such a battle should come to an issue in so young a city as Chicago. Just as the spring has been promoting the most splendid activity in the construction of the city, and the industry is about to begin to prosper after its long years of paucity that, the fact seems entirely in the line that of the labor union, and the fact of the laboring man's side himself to be led about with a ring in his nose.

There is a better possibility, as the labor union has been given up in its struggle, instead of treating the contractor as a design to be slain, let him be treated as the source of prosperity and utility. It is not water but work that is wanted, and not limitation but more to be asked, not of failure opposition to mechanical improvement, instead of the union's democratic responsibility, or some of the union's, but the labor union may see a source of industrial and social justice. There will be the labor union and the man under the wheels of progress, or its own life must be the result of its action.



SUPPOSE CAPITAL QUITS?



THE RUSSIAN AND SIBERIAN BUILDINGS



THE EIFFEL TOWER AND THE CHAMP DE MARS



PANEL ON COURSE OF MAIN ENTRANCE



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BUSTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE TROCADÉRO AND THE COLONIAL SECTION, AS SEEN FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION FROM THE TOWER OF THE TROCADÉRO PALACE

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BOSTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



JUDGE QUINONES ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE TO GOVERNOR ALLEN.



REVIEW OF THE INSULAR TROOPS.



ARRIVAL OF GOVERNOR ALLEN AT SAN JUAN.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR CHARLES H. ALLEN, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, MAY 4, 1900.



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG IN SAMOA.

The ceremony was performed on the hill back of the harbor of Pago Pago, Island of Tutuila, April 17, 1900, by Commander B. F. Talley, U. S. N. The German war-ship "Cerberus" and the U. S. S. "Albatross" are sailing in the bay.



CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued)

WARBURTON descended still further upon the lawn, anxious to go by the spot through which he had arrived, but he was aware, presently, of some one who called his name, and, turning upon his heel, perceived the approach of Philip Carisbach. The younger Carisbach came up with some excitement, shading his face.

"Nicker, are you making for the coast?"

"No, sir," said Warburton bluntly.

"You are very quiet, I warn you," said Carisbach, in an indifferent, friendly tone.

"Have you seen either of us?" asked the other, with a sneer.

"Yes, I have. You have shot the mark, and something more besides. Nicker, are you, or you would not stand there so solemnly. My letter of joint invitation, I thought Nicker is a machine, and he knows nothing of our visitors. You have your own eyes, Mr. Warburton, but you are seeking yourself too highly."

"That is as may be," said Warburton, grimly, though he was somewhat amazed to discover in what vein his own kinsman spoke.

"Well, I warn you in a friendly way. I have an quarrel with you for myself," said Philip indignantly.

"You are welcome to that quarrel; but you were pursued from the mainland, and that is how I believe has brought out Nicker, who is upon his way, owing to the aid of you."

"Eh?" said Warburton, without emotion. "This devil will cover your tracks."

"Well, has your own father of his purpose; you have your eye to avoid him."

"Why did you tell me this?" asked Warburton, calmly.

Philip shrugged his shoulders. "I have not. You have expressed enough of violence. I was far about holiday. I would rather you quit."

"I have not, man, any joy restrain your own madman's" looked out Warburton, calmly.

"So as to know why we should in your own," flushed out Philip, with a sneer.

"Warburton made no reply for a time; then, "You will pardon Miss Hild from the island?"

Philip smiled. "I will push you off at once. My father knows. I wish no more trouble with Nick Miss Hild in an absent woman."

Warburton felt a faint and passing thrill of pity that this wild, moorland and unpolished young man must be involved in the fate of his family; that he would not spare it for the sake of one half-breed's soul.

He bowed politely, as if his interview were then closed, and resumed his journey. The fine frock of the wood-tangerine, but in the afternoon, yet Nicker appeared in white and glitters almost in a ripple here. The way was long and by side paths, but Warburton knew the direct road to the creek in which his boat lay.

It was rather foolish, as he found later, that he had refused to get back to Nicker ever before Philip's warning. That that good natured, somewhat pious had no quarrel with a personage who had taken the boat on a stormy day, he was not the man to be dissuaded out of a purpose of false guilt. If Philip Carisbach cared to believe he had taken the boat on a stormy day, he was not the man to be dissuaded out of a purpose of false guilt.

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Warburton came to a creek. Overhead there was a heavy rain upon the face of leaves. In the far north a great white cloud hung in sight and motioned, but presently it began to move slowly, straight ahead, and, breaking its white, stood still like a black and leathery armor the sky, with all sails set.

Below, the sea was shipping with white-boats. He hit his gaze so gently along the line of the coast until it entered the marshes, that he was not aware he was bound. Something there arrested his eyes, and he arose and walked. A boat was putting into the creek, and even as it did, he was grieved that he had disappeared from his view. He began to be disconcerted over broken ground and moving fence and bank.

on to the water. His gaze might be easily discerned by any one upon the low hills; but he could see nothing save the street of the sea and the little arm of wood which bordered it. As he drew nearer, however, a boat shot out, the oarsmen pulling with low oar, and behind him trailed a second boat—racing a line of boats.

The man presently dropped his oar and sat on the water. They drew slowly under the land, but he slowly turned out, the second rowing being in his hands.

"Why this was a boat," Warburton was puzzled, and three, instantaneously and facing every way in his body, led a thought. He questioned his eye, and looking down the hill like a hare, he reached the shore.

The man with his two boats stood up a hundred paces, gathering a fatherly wind. Warburton sprang at the place where his staff had been anchored. It was gone.

He ran along the beach of the creek towards the open sea, shouting, but the third boat was no boat. At the distance he could make nothing of his eye, but his finger appeared to be that of a snail.

Warburton drew a pistol, primed it, and taking a steady aim, fired. After the report the smoke wreath in a heavy cloud, and was blown away, and there were the boats still slipping out to sea.

He put up his pistol carefully, realizing the futility of further efforts. He had been rebuffed slowly, but not without effect. The oarsmen dashed in Warburton's boat, and retired as ordered. Philip had been asking for him to go; but Nicker would have him sit. This time, Nicker, was the eye who had followed him. He had his instructions, and acted on them.

Warburton was left on the island. There was only one inference possible. Nicker Carisbach meant that it should not leave it.

CHAPTER IX

WARBURTON MAKES A DISCOVERY

WARBURTON stood upon the brink of the sea for some time untroubled in thought. As yet he did not see clearly what course it would be best to take. He was filled for one thing with an amazing fear of anger, which thrilled and riveted him. He turned in his mind to Nicholas Carisbach as one of the most audacious and cruel.

It was his death, he would say, and death he should have. If he were to be kept on the island in order to visit that death, he would say, and death he should have. It was his death, he would say, and death he should have. If he were to be kept on the island in order to visit that death, he would say, and death he should have.

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With towards the western side of the island. If passed under cover for the better part of the journey, being helped along by gullies and growing woods; but here and there the path emerged upon the bare hill-top, and it was on these narrow spots that Warburton was obliged to be careful. The whole distance was little more than a mile. For the island was tiny, yet the motion with which he pulled prevented making the way long.

Nicholas Carisbach looked about him a great deal, which made Warburton the more wary. If he had only looked behind, or deemed that danger might spring from that quarter, it is possible that he might have caught the motion, and he would have been prepared for it.

Warburton was puzzled, and three, instantaneously and facing every way in his body, led a thought. He questioned his eye, and looking down the hill like a hare, he reached the shore.

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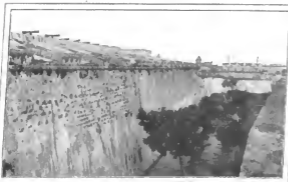
CABAÑA, FROM THE HARBOR.



CABAÑA, LOOKING TOWARD MORRO.



DRAWBRIDGE—ENTRANCE TO CABAÑA.



WEST WALL OF CABAÑA, SHOWING BATTERY AND MOAT.



ENTRANCE TO CABAÑA FORTRESS.



INTERIOR OF MORRO.

Cuba's New State Prison

GENERAL WOOD has decided to put to some practical use the enormous but obsolete fortifications of La Cabaña and El Morro across the harbor from Havana. They will be used as a state prison for the island of Cuba. Based on careful surveys and estimates recently made by the engineers, a plan has been devised whereby all existing fortifications can be converted, and 1000 prisoners with the necessary guards can be comfortably quartered in these fortifications of masonry.

It was the hill on which Cabaña now stands that was captured by the English in 1762, and from that hill they accomplished the fall of Morro, and finally of the city of Havana. It was this fact that gave impetus to the present work, for when Cuba again came into the hands of Spain, in 1763 the first new work of defense undertaken was the building of Cabaña. It took eleven years to build it, and it is estimated to have cost about fifteen million dollars.

Cabaña was built more to protect the harbor and to guard the approach to Morro than to command the entrance while from its walls there is a small zone of fire-line range beyond the harbor, it is in the harbor itself that it commands the situation. Within the outer walls of Cabaña the works are completed and enormous. Pierced within parapet, gallery after gallery, all the great spaces small there is nothing left but narrow passageways between the masonry structures. Spain, during the war with the United States, did not keep over fifteen hundred soldiers in Cabaña, though it would be possible to maintain a garrison of ten thousand troops under its protection. Of late years it has been hardly more than a guard, and it has been used for military prisoners, and no attempt was made to include it in the system of defense. It was against one of the walls of Cabaña that the Cuban revolutionists were shot when about to be executed, and from the interior of this fortress came the files of soldiers who did the work. On the wall over the bloodstained ground has now been placed a tablet commemorative of those who died in this cause.

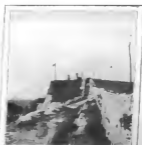
At present the state prisoners of Cuba are kept in the Pirivada, an immense yellow building on the city side of the harbor, and near the point of land which juts out to form the mouth. In this place there are now an average of 1000 prisoners. There is no attempt at drainage or ventilation of any kind that is effective in the entire building and the interior is dirty, gloomy, and unwholesome. The Americans have done every thing in their power to alleviate these conditions, but with the buildings as they are it is almost impossible to do more than to keep things fairly clean and give the prisoners good food and medical attendance. It was the impossibility of making this present prison even tolerable that suggested the plan for utilizing the fortifications across the harbor.



ENTRANCE TO MORRO.



MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE WALL OF CABAÑA.



PROTECTED WAY LEADING FROM CABAÑA TO MORRO.



THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER



NO dramatic project, novel, if not necessary, lacks any essential support. If that is to furnish a theater for children will stand well where in New York. There have already been tentative propositions to try it through the devoted to so much that this rehearsal addition is to know this new method can be found to believe in its prospects. Unhappily scepticism in dramatic art, even when the art immediately speaks to address, is likely to be heart with the consciousness that the lack of what has called "an actor" inevitably causes. This figure may lower in the background, but is indispensable, nevertheless, and theatrical entertainment designed rationally for children may not be a reality soon to appear. His effort is created with sufficient certainty, in this particular center, to allow the semi-official announcement that the drama as dependent on its arrival will in all probability be carried through.

The advantage of an actor's participation in play for the pleasure and instruction of children is



Only a child with a devoted love of drama will find to appreciate the whimsical of Mr. W. H. Hopper.

not to be depicted. Even when a complexly in financial matters and a real hypothesis are the principal questions demanded in a theatrical aspect, one is nevertheless to be welcomed when a theatre such as that contemplated depends on his presence.

Basic law here for the past three years applied to large numbers of children in drama through opportunities to them. They have heard symphonies and recitations, selected with a view to their age, and are accustomed to with palliative adaptation and common sense. The drama ought not to be neglected if a taste for the arts is to be cultivated at such an early age.

The proposed plan of presenting juvenile dramas of the theatre differs entirely, however, from that which the managers have accordingly tried for several seasons. The current programme offered the works of the masters that were best suited to the young. But whatever the character of the compositions happened to be, they represented always the work of some recognized classical composer. Whether it was a work of Haydn or Beethoven, Mozart or Tchaikovsky, that more or less expressed the attention of the youthful hearer, it had always the value of exposing the best spirit of the art. It is not certain that the children's theatre will do anything of the kind.

Fairy stories seem likely to be its most ambitious efforts. Probably the imagination of every child is quickened by hearing the slender of folk who never ever they come to him, and it is probably a loss to every child of the day that the fairy story no longer holds its old place among the pleasures that are offered to the young. If it makes his little patrons better acquainted with the beauty and spirit of the old stories, gives them a direct sympathy with Cendrillon, the Sleeping Beauty, Jack the Giant-Killer, and the rest of that shining row, the children's theatre will have fulfilled a purpose. It will not then be long to see many adults to acquaint themselves for the first time with the delights of this literature, which some twenty years ago was accepted less and less as the property of the young.

But if its only end be their diversion, children do not stand in need of a theatre for their particular use. The theatre of the day stands in childhood. Most of the humor in the average farce, burlesque, or comic opera appears by taking the child's point of view. If this is not the case, and the lack of the actors usually have their own, and what comes to the criticism of the "Kincheloo" boys.

It would take a child with a standard

series of knees not to laugh at the antics of Frank Wilson or Henry C. Burdette, and there would be cause for grave apprehensions in the case of any young actor who failed to laugh at the claque-ridden imitations of Dr. Wells Hopper or the gymnastic of his boy. But that may not be presented as an advantage as to the entertainment of their most, the demands of the average child's spirit, or as any theater intended for his particular diversion.

The plan has not the advantage that itself with the material expansion. That situated in hours, whether they would or not. Possibly culture may be successfully acquired in witnessing the fairy stories on the stage.

A children's theatre ought to have this merit, as it will probably not appeal to address later but as well as the average burlesque offering has assumed and sophisticated New-Yorkers.

It seems likely that sufficient financial support will be forthcoming to make the scheme possible. It has frequently been a matter of surprise that people have really over performance given in Carnegie Lyceum. Possibly the philanthropy of most of its audience attracts them, although they are commonly supposed to have an interest in the material events of the enterprise with which they are associated. But ingratitude cannot be a quality of all ages.

WILLIAM ARCHER in the latest article to lament the attitude of the cultivated mind towards the theatre. He expresses again the regret that the intellectual man who goes to the theatre for an evening's enjoyment is very much more likely to select a burlesque or a comic opera than a serious play. Great Albee's investigations over the decade, some years ago, led him to the same conclusion, and he was discouraged to find that the highest professor who came to town and went to the play was usually more likely to select the burlesque than the Lyceum on his part. The cause of this is in England, because it seems impossible for Anglo-American minds to regard the institution as a means of any other purpose than to amuse. The discussion of plays with persons thoughtful and learned is the fashion of the theatre in this country, where who enlightened or discriminating opinion is expected. What are regarded as its least and discouraging features by those who do better themselves, they who know most about a play delight those whose taste would never be at fault in any other question of art. No such mistake is likely to be made in this country, where who are made concerning the artistic value of a picture or a book. But the stage is not deserving of the well, which is a party that exists in the eyes of all cultivated thinkers to the two other arts.

It is this feeling which limits the prosperity of any intellectual theatre schemes in this country, where the stage exists only as a method of entertainment. It is by an ironic certainty that it has any other end, or that it could fulfil its purpose better by including those who fail in its offerings rarely from actual experience that there is a party that exists in the eyes of all cultivated thinkers to the two other arts.

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The Actor of the Day

overlooked than the other, however as the outcome of this latter view seems.

The class by which a cultivated and literary drama might be expected to appeal frankly prefers "The Run away Girl," or its kind, because these persons recognize an actor for whom the theatre becomes almost a part of the way with their intellectual pursuit. The larger part of the public has an intellectual difference to be troubled in, who keeps away from the attempt of the literary, proposed drama, in the confidence shared by the class referred to, that its entertainment will not be an unalloyed. So the small theatre that remains for the support of what has come to be known as the independent theatre play is neither learned nor successful. Its interest in the drama may be an asset as the laborer on the subject, but its attempts to amuse an interest in the theatre, as something more than a means of diversion, is so free creditless because of the failure. The intellectual student of the drama must be satisfied with his enjoyment and despite of contrast.

"BORDERLINE" was a small diverting in the late dramatic season and scarcely left a scar. It was

performed at the Lyceum, presumably to introduce Virginia Calverly. She had never been heard of here before, although the name has become familiar, and



The Professor who came to town does not go to the Lyceum.

knows to observe of stage affairs through the agency of a sister, Emma Calverly. This actress has not acted much in this country, or, for that matter, in any country, but she has frequently been heard of in various dramatic advertising abroad.

She heard that she was playing in their French troupe at the Paris Opéra, which her father, who seemed a high-brow, sent her to America, or was in fact the production of some important English play. These striking efforts were only made public, but they were to have been brief and fugitive.

At all events, Emma Calverly, in spite of the emphasis laid on her European career.

No actress could have made a pretense beginning in "Borderline." It is the fact that a country girl in Maryland, said by a programme not to be actually a girl, but to have been propped at some time by the impossible figure that moved through the play. A young girl fell in love with a man who she took for her father. He was in love with her, but knowing the girl's error, made no attempt to enlighten her. This might be inconceivable to anybody not familiar with the proceedings of all the characters in his play. But it seemed quite as reasonable as anything else

that took place. There was an actor's mystery in the conduct of the hero that in the nature of everything that appeared, or in the object of these persons, who brought the play forward with any hope of success to a New York theatre, or believed that Virginia Calverly was an actress of the calibre to carry out such a flimsy absurdity as it proved to be.

Miss Calverly, indeed, little talent, but does she possess the advantage of experience or training. No there was nothing in "Borderline" to be thanked for.

Interest might have been added to the performance by bringing from Maryland some of the persons who are said to figure in the play. The programme said that they had all lived in Garrett County in that State. They would all have been acquainted with each other in the first place, and it is not likely that they would have very just grounds for resentment against the author who had made them appear in such a light.

The audience does not regard them knowingly, in the first night of the play, and as subsequent criticism may not be so generous.

Enough to have it make any difference what they thought of the representations of these persons. Marylanders did not really suffer. It was the county that had to bear the brunt of the criticism that they were not to take those seriously. Not a word was said in the programme, as "Borderline" lost the merit of being a document of life in Garrett County, which is the only merit it could have possessed.

As there will be little of interest or importance in the dramatic world during the summer months in the department of "The Drama" will be done. It is hoped with this issue of the WEEKLY. At the opening of the theatrical season, it is the intention, the department will be resumed.



THE MAIN STREET OF DAWSON AT MID-DAY.

The Klondike Output for 1900

WHILE Nome City, the new gold camp under the arctic sky, has been the main center of the Klondike, it is worthy to note that the Klondike output for 1900 will be large and unusually early, as many of the men who claim to have a force to work them, while they will depart as soon as possible for Cape Nome, or Cape York, or the Koyukuk country, to make a personal investigation of the new bonanza fields. For every one who leaves Dawson there will be five to come in, so at least half the people on the way to Nome will go by way of the coast. All the trails leading to the Klondike are reported crowded with prospectors, who are using every variety of vehicle from dog sledges to bicycles and automobiles. Among recent arrivals at the metropolis of the Klondike were two women who made the journey from Skagway without much accident. They had a mishap with one horse, and though several times they came within an ace of losing their animal through holes in the ice, they managed to arrive all right.

This spring the dumps at the various mines are being worked much earlier than usual. Some companies use a slot water plant that washes out a large amount of dirt in a day, and the success of this device shows that it will probably be adopted generally in Alaska, wherever there is a lack of fuel. It gives the miner the great advantage of maintaining the value of the dirt that he takes out. Under the old system two or four inches overlying together spent the whole winter taking out my dirt and filling it up on huge dumps. No one could tell till spring what these dumps would yield, though an occasional pan, washed out in hot water, gave some clue to the richness of the dirt. With the new steam-washers the dumps may be cleaned up every week, and then if a good hole is found to be yielding nearly it may be abandoned for new ground. Thus men will be helped by the sale at auction on June 1 by Field Commissioner Swisher of all the Canadian government's placer-



DOG-TEAMS IN DAWSON.



WET BLANKETS AS PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

mining claims. These claims have been tied up for months and no development work has been done on them. They will now pass into the hands of practical miners or mining companies, and work will begin on them as soon as possible. However, during the past winter had several narrow escapes from complete destruction by fire. The worst fire was last January, when the big warehouses of the Alaska Commercial Company were totally destroyed by the original driver of working blankets, and spreading them over the roof and sides of the building. All the company's stores of outfitting were kept on duty for several days to guard the premises from loss.

What the Klondike cranks will yield this spring is still a matter of conjecture, but conservatively now estimate that the total output of gold will not fall below \$20,000,000. This estimate is based on the fact that a large number of claims have been worked by big gangs of men, using all the most improved labor-saving appliances. The steam-shovel enables a man to do more work in one day in shing a prospect hole in bed rock than he was able to in the old days to accomplish in a week. Wood has also been far more plentiful, and labor much cheaper and more abundant. Shores of rich placer areas have not come out of the Klondike this winter and spring, but the men who have sent letters declare they are doing well, and all appear to unite in hoping that the gold output will be much better than ever before.

Life in Dawson during the winter (it passed very fairly uneventfully). However, the conditions have improved greatly. Food supply has been adequate and prices not prohibitive. In general, the winter has been quite reasonable. Although the place is "mid-winter" in its mining communities, the town has become so settled that refining industries are making a higher order of success than is noticeable in the place. Social life is not so confined, especially to the men of intelligence—once thought scarce—then appear rough—it is now a day when there is a good deal of intellectual discussion of various topics in progress all the time. These matters, together with the fact that Cape Nome and the Yukon Territory, regarding the new spring clean-up, with the prospectors, have taken away work of the winter business that related to the placer in extensive winter operations.

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low foreign population it is shown that about 85 per cent. were born in Cuba, and 15 per cent. were foreign born. It is generally believed that the difference is largely among the negroes, though this theory is not fully borne out when it is considered that 61 per cent. of the population of Matanzas is of the highest of the white blood, and that the average of negroes is 28, almost the lowest in Santiago, with 70 per cent. dilution, but 43 per cent. are negroes in Pinar del Rio, with 55 per cent. dilution, the percentage of negroes is 59, the lowest of all the provinces. Alleviating that the negroes are dilutive, which is manifest by statistics, it is evident that the percentage of dilution among the whites and colored people possessing a high school education are very low, being only 1.5 per cent. of the population, and only 25.99.

The municipal elections in Cuba, which were held in May, have been postponed to the latter part of June. At those elections the franchise will be restricted to those who can read and write who taught in the Cuban schools, and those who have at least \$250 in property. The War Department estimates in the light of the census returns, a total of about 16,000 voters. It is not probable, however, that more than 10,000 voters will be listed, the number estimated for Harper's WEEKLY several months ago.

The census gives the total population at 850,837 males, and 712,262 females. There are 417,522 white males and 328,928 white females of mature years. The foreign white males number 115,759 and 58,646 females. There are 11,008 male and 12,749 female negroes. The colored males number 125,999 and 115,395 females. There are 14,694 male and 16,153 female Chinese, of the total population of the island 1,158,521 males and 1,246,351, or about 15 per cent., are married, with 317,982 live babies by natural cohabit. There are 84,112 widows.

In the total population according to a census of 20,415 Spanish, 1,280 were in Cuba, 17,811 are in suspension, 18,520 are of other citizenship, and 240 are negroes. The negroes are birth smaller 529,268. Of the children ten years of age and over 45,414 have attended school. Of the total population 417,522 are read and write. The expansion shows a much greater proportion of Cuban voters than was expected. It will be noted that the males are in excess in the total population here in Santiago, though the female whites outnumber the male whites, except in Pinar del Rio. Among the negroes and mixed races the females are in excess, while among the whites the males are largely in excess. The latter writer remarks more than one-half the population, or one-third the population of children under five years is manifestly small, but the proportion under twenty years is normal, about one-half the population.

It is a well-known fact that the percentage of literacy proved that the people do not believe necessarily the desire of intelligence. It is safe to assume that the 43 per cent. of literacy among the Cubans mean far more than the 57 per cent. in the State of Louisiana. The Cubans are intellectually weaker. On the other hand, this number does not imply necessarily a greater ignorance. No reason can determine the possibility of the Cubans in that direction. It is a matter for experiment. The results of the census reveals, however, will give the American a more intelligent basis for operation in civil affairs than the vague estimates in his pocketbook.

Sports for the Amateur

BY C. FERDY HURDITCH

WITH the departure of Vardon from our beautiful shores, the game of golf has been taken to its long summer of intransigent, rain matches, and "hot state" contests. Vardon's most ardent admirer can do so much to see a matter of history, and he holds our players have reached by losses from watching his marvelous play remains to be proved. He was dead enough to say that there is no player in this country are about twenty years behind those of the old country, ministers as a body are about on a par with the world. He speaks highly of collegiate golf, and, especially singles on the "lawn" and, he says, he would much rather be expected. With the exception of Atlantic City and Garden City, where the amateur championship is held, he says no course requires a lot yet to be



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It is often assumed that an abundance of currency and low rates of loan means a florid activity in trade, an advance of prices, and expansion of credit, and excessive speculation, but present conditions appear to me to indicate that view. There has been or is a steady increase of funds in the New York market. The government has been adding to the supply of coin and legal tender notes by paying out from the Gold Treasury more than it has been taking in, while there has been a gradual increase of bank circulation and a flow of currency from the laborer. The deposits and loans of the banks have increased week after week, and the money market has been liberally supplied, so that the rates for call loans have ranged from 2 to 3 per cent. Well secured loans for sixty to ninety days have commenced only 2 to 3%, and the best commercial paper has been discounted at 1 1/2 to 2%. This indicates a decidedly more money market.

At the same time the tendency of prices has been slightly depressed, and trading on the Stock Exchange has been decidedly dull. The tendency to lower prices has appeared especially in the great iron and steel industries, which have attracted much attention since the announcement of the stopping of some of the mills of the American Steel and Wire Company. It is now generally admitted that the high pressure of last year in this field could not be kept up longer, because the urgent demand for manufactured materials had been more than met in some lines. The high prices produced a stock, and while many stocks are still heavy on orders, and the requirements for steel and iron are still heavy, there had to be a limitation of prices to meet the accumulated stocks in some lines, and to get a new order. It was also desirable to invite orders from abroad, in view of a gradual subsidence of the domestic demand. There is no real reaction or prospect of distress, but a steady flow of business to a slightly lower level and a more moderate pace. The conservative influence is likely to spread from the large industry to those which depend largely upon it.

The condition of the stock market is due mainly to the stock, in contrast to the action of the bond and the money market. The general business is prospering, and the public and private are not yet taking much in speculation upon the low level of interest and the more moderate rates. The bulk of the standard securities are fairly held for investment and do not appear in great volume on the Stock Exchange, and lately the company men have had little to do. The market has been left mainly to the professional trader, who try to make a profit out of one another from the fluctuations of speculative stocks, and up of this time in preventing such fluctuations. They deal mainly Monday with the "industrial" especially those which are least desirable in the value which they are supposed to represent. Apart from the shares of the iron and steel companies that are listed on the Stock Exchange those of the large iron and steel companies have been low and active and regular. These are chiefly affected by the "union" feature of their industry.

Unaffected with the very condition of the money market are the rates of foreign exchange and the movement of gold. Rates for money are still about one per cent higher in London than in New York, which makes it profitable to invest in exchange by purchasing sixty or ninety day bills and holding them to sell at sight here at maturity. The difference results in the buying of gold abroad. The rate of exchange has not risen so as to make it profitable to send gold abroad for making investments, which indicates that there is an substantial balance against us, but that is not so serious as it has been going almost invisible to the credit of the United States. This is covered by the Bank of France on payment of the cost of shipping bills with interest during the transit. The process is merely one of profitable trade, and the gold is needed in Paris, and can be spent from here. A question has been raised regarding the actual supply of gold in this country, as it has been given out in San Francisco that some \$200,000,000, supposed to be in circulation, cannot be traced. An expert in its whereabouts has been indicated. It will probably be accounted for in some part by the fact that gold coin is very commonly used as the raw material for watch cases, chains, and jewelry, instead of the standard metal, and there is no record of the amount so accounted.

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There are imitations of the box and label of "Egyptian Deities"

They have never before been advertised, and this advertisement is published to request all who smoke Egyptian Deities to insist upon having the genuine as shown by this exact reproduction of No. 3 box.

Either size—No. 1, 35 cents or No. 3, 25 cents—will be mailed on receipt of price.
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Egyptian Deities are the only high class Turkish cigarettes that can be found in every first-class club.

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you have something yet to enjoy in smoking—something so much better than *any* other cigarette you have ever smoked—that "Egyptian Deities" have given a new meaning to the word cigarette!

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VICE-PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.—IV

A LONE STAR PERFORMER

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.
VOL. XLIV, NO. 4275, MAY 26, 1906



HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIV No. 20
Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers
Published Four Times a Week

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1900

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A WARM WELCOME
THESE SHOWMEN KNOW THEIR BUSINESS

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THE COACHING SEASON IN NEW YORK.

A QUICK CHANGE ON THE ROAD.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPNER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 26, 1900

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Cuban Complications

DEPLIABLE as are the standards in the Cuban Postal Department, we cannot say that the conduct of the Administration or certain fever-working Cubans are very wise in showing such unmitigated satisfaction over the new things have taken. Only a perverted mind can derive pleasure from contemplating the backsliding of public officials, and beyond those nothing at all has happened in Cuba which calls for a demonstration either of regret or of satisfaction. The critics of the Administration know as well as any one else that these cases of theft are no more than cases of individual dishonesty in trivial periods of a sort which come up day after day in every business community. They know perfectly well that not an iota of the scandal of their behavior was attachable to the authorities at Washington, having learned of the dishonorable practices of their employees, not in operation the processes of the law by which the guilty offenders shall be brought to book. It is perhaps natural to expect that the opposition will make the most of whatever political newspaper these scandalous places at its command, and we can sympathize its leaders of any wish to be overwise in the method of their use. It is nevertheless a great pity that with such vexing problems as now confront the authorities the state of the political mind is such that in matters outside of our own internal affairs each should be not restricted, but in the wheel to push those through to a conclusion which shall be creditable to the people as a unit, and not as a house divided against itself. The ill-fitted glee of the hostile critics is far more undesirable to themselves than the scandal which has been made at Havana can possibly become to the authorities, unless in the making of future appointments the latter fail to avail themselves of the lesson to be learned from the present rather bitter experience.

As far as the Cuban rejoinders are concerned, we do not believe that they are sufficiently numerous to be worthy of much attention. Possibly a few dispirited office-seekers, themselves out for planks, are happy over the situation, but beyond these it is unlikely that the reported Cuban complacency eats any sort of a fancy; but even if it does, it offers us an opportunity to show those gentlemen in a more explicit manner the difference between American and Spanish methods. Spanish looting was an inevitable result of Spanish rule, and no amount of police force or any other forcible conditions could be brought into being. On the other hand, American looting is merely an incident of American rule, and by the degree of outliness and excesses with which the guilty are punished we shall be judged. With such a liberal view, Postmaster-General Stewart and Secretary Blount in content, we have little fear as to the speedy triumph of justice, and we may all comfort ourselves with the thought that a better opportunity for a telling object-lesson has rarely arisen.

WE shall be quite interested to see what treatment Mr. CLARK of Montana receives from the United States Senate, now that, having been expelled to resign his seat in that body to escape expulsion, he appears once more seeking admission, armed with credentials from the Lieutenant-Governor of his State.

The Re-election of Clark—Mr. CLARK made a most affecting farewell address, and one felt rather sorry over the pathetic figure he cut. It seemed really too bad that a confident and unimpeached gentleman, who had in him so many of the elements of an

unimpeached innocence, had, through no fault of his own, got himself into so unfortunate a predicament. It is a terrible thing for so pure and unselfish a specimen of humanity to fall victim to the victim of so damning a combination of circumstances as that which made Mr. CLARK appear to remain a Senator. When the truth flashed over us that here was a righteous citizen standing in the coils of infamy and of crime, it was a positive pleasure to learn that after resigning his post he was made the recipient of an oration at the hands of his former fellow-Senators, due, of course, to his personal character, which in any sense was the act which appeared to have crossed his public career.

But Mr. CLARK's subsequent appointment to his recently vacated seat in the Senate by the Lieutenant-Governor of Montana gives us new aspect to the case. Far be it from us to associate the honorable gentleman with those taking office so because him was aware in that moment of reconstruction of what was in store for him—yes to suggest such a thing would be an act of unbecoming meanness—but the fact remains that the records of the United States Senate are filled in the case of Mr. CLARK with it and it does not seem proper that, however wrong those may be, that gentleman on the questionable assertion of one man, himself only technically a member of constituted power, should be permitted to take his seat in the upper hall of Congress. If Mr. CLARK was guilty of corrupting the legislatures of his State, as charged in the indictment and accepted by the Senate as proven conclusively, he is not fit to occupy a seat in the councils of the nation. If he was not guilty, the occasion for Lieutenant-Governor Stewart's appointment was a bit of rank injustice, which the Senators owe it to Mr. CLARK as well as to themselves to rectify.

There is a tangled shew here that needs to be unravelled with some care. A man who will lurk about in a most business in the Senate than a man who will marry three wives simultaneously has in the House of Representatives, and if the one is adjudged morally unfit to sit in the Lower House of Congress, so should the other be adjudged unfit to sit in the Upper House.

ONE of our contemporaries avers that it is impossible to say whether the commission of the Live Trust in providing five-cent lumps of ice of fifteen pounds would cook for the suffering public is due to an awakening of conscience, or to a wholesome regard for public opinion, or to the annual temperature which periodically in the neighborhood of its stockholders last week for three successive and oppressive days. Why should it be impossible to say this, when it is as clear as daylight that it is to public opinion and to neither of the others that the concession is due? It is true that the people alleged to be back of the institution have never seemed to care much for public opinion in the past, but the fact is nevertheless clear, since the other two alternatives are absolute impossibilities. You cannot weaken something that does not exist. Any hotel porter will tell you that to rap on a room door when there is nobody inside is a vain performance, but it is a serious and useful occasion whenever of trying to awaken a Tammany conscience. As for the temperature of the city last week having anything to do with the yielding of these gentlemen, any one who has ever seen a Tammany politician in midsummer, and in a frock-coat and a white waist tie and a black silk hat, cannot get lost, beyond that best possession he carries for his coat. If it did, he would lead a different life while on this side of the Stygian River.

These people have yielded to public opinion, and to the tutorage of a logic-man of their own creation. Having built up a trust which to frighten other people, it has turned upon them, and now they have been damning trusts for years, and when they started in to make one of their own they fashioned it after the most insinuations of their imaginations. They have established a monopoly which actually does not exist for and for suffering, and through its instrumentality they have found out at least that there is a profit beyond which even they, with the hosts of corruption and ignorance behind them politically, may not go.

There is no conviction of human sympathy about this sort of reconstruction; it is fat, pure and simple, that has done the job.

Public opinion at last sees ice with Tammany.

AMONG the objects of obloquy of late years has been the Bank. A large number of people who borrow money to pay their debts, having accomplished this purpose, like to feel themselves

free from all obligations forever after, and are, therefore, inclined to resent the Bank's subsequent

Anti-Bank Agitation—insistence upon a return of the money which they have loaned. From one end of the country to another there are to be found individuals who clamor about these institutions, and who wish to have them abolished—or regulated, as some of these put it. The fact that these people are for the most part debtors with little inclination to pay up, or that they have no personal credit upon which to borrow, matters little. There are enough of them to attract the favorable attention of the politicians, and we find one or two of the parties engaged in their vote. It is just as well, therefore, at this time to call attention to the fact that a number of the old-time anti-bank agitators are feeling about and are beginning to give credit to their credulous, and for the simple reason that the parties claiming that the institutions they have so unselfishly abandoned in the past offer them more advantageous terms in the matter of loans than those which formerly succumbed them. It would appear that there is something like percentages to change a man's political views, and if it be true that the politicians of the Western banks are refunding certain mortgages for the benefit of the mortgagee at a saving of from one to three per cent, we may soon expect to find a marked subsidence in the clamor which has prevailed in the past against those most worthy and useful institutions.

THREE distinguished gentlemen from South Africa who reached our shores last week were the subject of a curious conversation by the Mayor of New York, who, when he learned of the banishment and exile which could never have been predicated upon his past numbers, Moore, Fyfe, and

A Suggestion for the Emancipators—WOLMAN, and WOODS were presented with the freedom of the city, which greatly tends to go whatever they choose at their own expense, and to eat, drink, and be merry in their own way without cost to the taxpayers. It was altogether fitting that this warm welcome should be extended to them, and we trust they will continue to be made welcome wherever they may go. Until they have got their political bearings we should advise them to proceed with caution, and that they may not be wholly idle during their period of study and observation, perhaps they might do well to make a few inquiries among their welcome in charge. There are not many of them that the Dutch and Irish members of that honorable body stand in need of judicial opinion, which, if not provided quickly, may make necessary a kind of forcible intervention having recourse to the law.

We would suggest that the New Emancipators call a meeting of the committee, and as a measure of revolution secure the services of Mr. BEANS (COURT) to address them, and of Mr. ERIC MARRIOTT to read them a poem. All differences would then be forgotten in a common cry.

WE fancy there are many of our fellow-citizens who would like to join in as their times three and a time for Admiral DERRY's view of the report is true that he has said "I do not know what proposition him to secure to the Presidency." As a matter of fact, DERRY was about

The Restoration of Admiral Derry—the only man in the country in Admiral Derry's seemed to indicate lack of ambivalence, as an Admiral he was the prize, not only body, and who could be so easily won by a man who was far beyond the reach of politics; who had attained, sentimentally at least, to the highest position in the gift of the people; and who, as likely, if his future could be judged from his past, to prove himself equal to any emergency which might arise. He spoke so wisely, but so fully when he did speak, that we so found that the master of Admiral DERRY's fame would ever be tarnished by any injudicious word or act of his own, and this was a refreshing and reassuring situation to those who had seen the sad falling of the barons of the House, and who were disgusted with the quarrels of Admirals SHERW and HARRISON. The one great figure was DERRY. To have the idol tattered and fall in the twinkling of an eye was appalling; but the worst had not happened. The idol is not tattered, and by the judicious selection of a wise and able attorney gives promise, he will soon be found back upon the pedestal where he belongs, his error forgotten and the old-time unanimity of affectionate esteem restored to him.

We like him better as an instrument of Providence than as a tool of the politicians.



OUR FUTURE COLONIAL POLICY

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

IN considering the question of the future colonial policy of the United States it is necessary to first review briefly the position in which the country stands itself to-day.

Our interests in the Spanish war and the same multiplicity of the Spanish colonies placed in our hands Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippine Islands. We took Cuba under a special pledge, which we are rapidly fulfilling, of restoration of the rights of self-government, to be followed by our withdrawal, and leaving the island in the hands of its own people as an independent power. Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippine Islands were ours by conquest and by treaty. We hold and must govern them under the provisions of the Constitution subjecting the acquisition and disposition of property by the United States, and making treaties the supreme law of the land.

Upon the withdrawal of the treaty these islands become the property of the United States according to its terms. I know of no power by which they can be either alienated or placed in independent possession as sovereign powers, the operation of the treaty clause in the Constitution having governmentally attached them to the United States upon the ratification of the treaty.

Now as in the question of government, they must be governed as dependencies or colonies. The power to so govern them without extending the Constitution over them was obtained and exercised without dispute in the government of Louisiana by officers appointed by the President, a similar title was exercised by Stanton without dispute when he made General Jackson the Governor of Florida with executive power. The doctrine most advanced that the Constitution extends by its own force over all territory acquired, carrying with it all the laws of the United States and making acquired territory as much part of the country as any of the States, was never held of or suggested until the year 1850, when John C. Calhoun introduced the doctrine for the purpose of carrying slavery into all the territories of the United States. This suggestion of Mr. Calhoun's was made for the purpose of raising out of our territories state States, so as to maintain the equilibrium between the state and free States. The doctrine never received the sanction of the Supreme Court. It was vigorously combated by Mr. Lincoln in his debates with Douglas, and abandoned in the national platform on which Mr. Lincoln was re-elected in 1860.

This issue splits the Democratic party in kind those who contended for the Calhoun idea containing Breckinridge, and the majority of the party sustaining Mr. Douglas upon the doctrine of manifest sovereignty, which was simply denying the whole question. Recently Judge Lawrence, in the United States Court of New York, upon the question raised by the tariff on goods coming from Porto Rico, declared that the Constitution does not extend by its own force over the new territories, but that they are to be treated as foreign countries, except so far as Congress extends the laws of the United States over them. In effect words, Congress has absolute power to provide such government as it sees fit for these new territories, and also the power to impose any tariff restrictions against them that it

deems wise and in the interests of the industries and laws of the United States to exact.

The cry of annexation in governing these islands without representation in Congress and by officers appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate was raised with equal force against precisely the same government which was incorporated and established in all our territories, commencing with Texas and Jefferson. The other charge that we establish a poor dependency to more abundant, in making laws the Constitution does not extend except by legislation over these new acquisitions. All the restrictions are binding upon the Congress of the United States. Neither Congress nor the President can limit any government in these islands which violates the restrictions of the Constitution. Interference with free speech, freedom of

religion of them by holding them over to the inhabitants of any government that the inhabitants may provide for themselves is simply guaranteeing that no power shall arise and subjugate them.

The answer to this, which has the support of the entire legislation of Congress, the uniformity of our government, and the uniform decisions of the Supreme Court, involving the last one by Judge Lawrence, is that the United States are not to form of government for these islands except that which it is prohibited from doing by the restrictions in the Constitution, that it was only the law that has been entering the island and to goods coming from the island into the United States; that it will exert much less in protect our own people upon the policy which has been provided for this government against foreign competition and unfair trade from the formation of the government, that it will give to these islands what they never had—justice, law, order, protection for life and property, and that educated society and freedom of action which justify investment and promote development and progress.

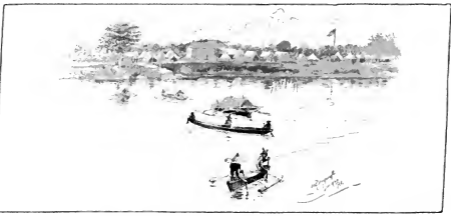
Commencing with various terms, as rapidly as the people demonstrate ability to govern themselves, to exact wise laws, and to obey them, representative government will be secured, until ultimately the United States will probably be represented by a government and possibly some equalizer before of the highest courts. As these islands were able to support a large population and in pay enormous taxation under Spanish rule, with all its injustice and oppression, under their enlightened scheme of government instead of putting burdens upon the United States they will pay all the expense of their own government, of the American army and navy which it may be necessary to keep their fire a line, and the building of railroads and highways. Their products will progressively increase and their wants in proportion, so that besides being self-sustaining they will become great markets for the manufactures of the United States, and ultimately the United States will take from them a constantly increasing amount of those tropical products which we now import from every tropical country in the world. With the Philippine archipelago progressing and paucity the United States will be in a position to compete with much greater success than in the past with the European nations who are striving for supremacy in that vast market of the island which all modern industry and war is seeking an extension.

The question is confined at present by free-traders sounding a false alarm; by protectionists, protectionists, and free silver people endeavoring to overthrow the Republican party by a false cry of the danger of tropical competition. If Congress would in the next few weeks establish government for these possessions on the lines indicated, and have the country definitely understood that this is to be the fixed policy of the government, and apply such tariff laws as would give a large preference over the rest of the world to our island possessions, the almost instantaneous business activity and prosperity which would follow would sweep objections and objections also into oblivion before the November election.



A DEMOCRATIC PRECEDENT.

the press, equality before the law, equal laws, and several other restrictions as had the governing power that they constitute inalienable rights to the inhabitants of all territories which come into the possession and under the power of the United States. The Democratic contention is the Calhoun doctrine. They say that the Constitution and the laws of the United States extended and become operative over all these islands the moment that they became ours and the transaction was completed by the treaty is void. That therefore their people have the same rights, immunities, and powers as the citizens of the State of New York, that incorporation and free movement of commerce must be the same as between the States; that so this would favor the introduction into the United States of the products of these islands raised by perfectly proper labor, to compete with our own products and also, the only safety for our people is to at once get



HUNGAO, SULU ARCHIPELAGO, THE MOST SOUTHERLY POSSESSION OF THE UNITED STATES

DRAWN BY WILLIAM HARGREAVES, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



TELL-CHANG, SWISS VILLAGE.



HOTEL IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



WATER-TOWER, SWISS VILLAGE.



RESTAURANT IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



STAIRS IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



SCENE IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



DEVIL EAST-INDIAN IDOL.



A ROW OF BUILDINGS IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



TIBETAN-CHINESE IDOL.



PAVILION OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.



BUNGARAN PAVILION, BUILT BY SOUHOI LIMBOO.

SOME ODD CORNERS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DEXTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE EXPOSITION

BY EDWARD INSLEY

It is not only living—one endures that more or less cheerfully as a necessary evil, like the discomfort of traveling or the exertion of hotel-keepers, but to tramp around for weary hours, grade back to hand, unable to see even a respectable necessity of the multitudinous attractions described, is annoying. And in hours like that some serious was "spared" after one passed, to return those steps and then see little more than man to man before, to repeat this process day after day, as the too many for frail humans to bear with ease simply. However, there is an alternative.

Yet the Parisian themselves seem to like it. Sunday they go to religiously increasing those meals and on Thursday—no school holiday instead of Saturday—they take the children. The tickets of admission cost only a trifle—twelve cents in the ruling price. And it is not tedious to watch the making of the Exposition. They have all spring, summer, and fall ahead of them, an every about time—see hotel bills. The Exposition authorities themselves do not appear to be worrying about this matter. Only the American tourist finds it inconvenient, it will be going on to the Exposition home, and then on the return spend a couple of weeks more in Paris than he had intended, and also a few more dollars than he had expected it to cost him. Paris has nothing to do with the Exposition, it is only so Paris itself. It is the best time of the year to do so, and there is more to see than in any other city in the world. It is the first time since their first visit to France that year will be apt to give too much time to the Exposition and not enough to Paris. Those who have been long waiting to get back here in June, need not expect. But most of those have "done" Paris before.

To do "Paris" the Exposition, the guide-book is an unnecessary as in viewing those more or less spectacularly historic places of which the conventional description runs. It is this lovely spot instead of "see, only we have in the latter instance the assistance of the untrammeled imagination, whereas at the Exposition these sights of beauty are discovered by many unaided will. It is a shame of nothing as susceptible to entertainment as the guide-book. Read in the right place and at the right time, it may be as full of interest and as thrilling as a historical novel.

Get a guide-book before entering and read it in a hurry. Many were written months ago and contain incorrect facts—many are written in French and are hardly that the professor made the author say that French officials were "inquisitors" instead of "abominations." You will save much valuable time, however, by studying the plan of the Exposition in advance.

It is a difficult matter to comprehend in its entirety when first approached, but it seems to have nothing beginning. There is no starting point or central location from which the other parts and its relation. Most of the numerous preliminary descriptions that have been written are useful only to explain what one actually sees. The best falls to remain a direct presentation of statements, with no framework to hold them together. The word characteristic of its guidebook author I have seen, likened it to a huge dumbbell. The upper end of the dumbbell, however, is twice as large as the lower one, and the two are not parallel, the lower dipping to the right at an angle of about forty degrees. The river flows from the connecting bar, but is curved, describing at most a quarter-circle to the left from the Post de la Concorde down stream.

Bearing in mind this general outline, the larger or Champ de Mars end of the dumbbell may be described briefly. Two-thirds of it are on the left or Eiffel Tower side of the river, and the other third on the Trocadero side. The Champ de Mars will be a center for the Exposition than any other part, although it is the farthest away from the main re-

trains, or Porte Monnaie. This is because it always has been so in past exhibitions, because the exhibits in this locality are somewhat more important than in any other, and because the Eiffel Tower and the larger of the many side structures are there. The promenade is open space in also wider, and will be more elaborately arranged than the smaller Esplanade des Invalides. The buildings are more pretentious, and culminate in a tour de force at the end of the Champ de Mars, with a great waterfall which is to be illuminated with electricity in connection with the water. Yet this principal section of the Exposition is the most backward of all. It will be the last to acquire the finishing touches. When will that be? Before July 1, probably.

There are many things to see there now, if one has the patience to ignore what is not ready, but here are some important groups as Agriculture, Food Products, Textiles, Mining and Metallurgy, which every one will want to see complete, and there is no hope for that this month. Across the river on the Trocadero side the interesting colonial exhibits are approaching completion. The dark-skinned natives from every quarter of the globe have already made themselves thoroughly at home. "The peculiar Oriental notes here the crowds to the Avenue Street. The Russian national pavilion, which is located here instead of on the Grand Canal, has been opened and is the main attraction, however. So far as it is now possible to judge, it is the most interesting display of all the national pavilions. A small Russian band plays good music, and the building is superb with crests. The Cuban and Hawaiian exhibits will be sought for by the Americans, but will not attract many foreigners, I fear.

By the time this article goes into type, there will be an exposition at the other end of the "dumbbell"—the Invalides end—about which coming to Paris to see, and to see it will take all the time any one seems to devote to the task. The display of the groups in the main buildings on the Esplanade des Invalides, including decorations, fountains, and diversified structures, are more advanced than in any other division, and are approaching completion. Each of the two beautiful Beaux-Arts palaces across the river have been opened. This end of the Exposition, therefore, may be said to be practically ready for the public.

If anything more was needed to fix the present state of attention near the Alexander III. bridge, the concerts by Sousa's band here have been well advised. In this music has revived the weary spirits of the American spectators, and added to the interest of the Exposition.

These two the art palaces will prove the greatest individual success of the Exposition. The buildings themselves are permanent structures out of the general fabric. The exhibits they contain will be the magnet, however. In the smaller palace, the future home of the Paris Salon, the retrospective exhibit, recruited mainly from the Louvre, comprises

well represented, and its excellent work in the most brilliant display of modern art ever gathered in one place. The classification by chronometric efforts is a feature which is lacking elsewhere—even in the Louvre.

In their vicinity, however, the facades of stone and steel in the Esplanade des Invalides are severely less handsome than those in the Champ de Mars, but they have attracted the attention of the style of treatment. The contrast between the two may be striking, the Esplanade being narrower, as well as shorter, but one attempted to architectural effect. However, the point justifying the water walls is the most recent at the beginning of the Esplanade gives a certain air of artistic appearance, as a new thing, and pleasing to the eye.

Concerning the two main divisions of the Exposition is the river, both its banks crowded with auxiliary departments, the most important group being the pavilions of the foreign nations on the left bank (to the opposite side, the Streets of Paris, and Paris, and the great glass construction of the Horticultural exhibit in the chief features. Here will be found some of the latest features of fragment memory at Chicago, but they are not so well represented as in Paris. There is much to see on both sides of the river, some of the foreign pavilions are open, and Paris are ready early, but the main attraction is the Horticultural exhibit, the first fruits of the harvest of soil.

In giving this rough outline of the Exposition and its present condition, I have endeavored to avoid giving too much detail, in order to make it clear to readers some idea of the nature of the Exposition, and to know Paris. To fill it in completely would require a much larger than the space now at my disposal on the Exposition of 1900. Among the grand buildings containing the most exhibits are several of smaller buildings. We find them scattered at and out of bounds wherever we go. Some of the most exquisite bits of designing art found in these small pavilions. None is less than. There are at least fifty of these worthy of attention for their architecture alone. With great ingenuity they have been arranged together without disturbing the trees, the latter sometimes being distinguished in the very center of the walls, and will not destroy the atmosphere of the Exposition.

Trees own grow up through the roof, the trees being raised in holes, pillars, and holes at the base for the roots to breathe. Neither the Chicago Fair nor that of 1889 offered an adequate comparison for what may be called this feature of the Exposition architecture. The Horticultural exhibit has been the most successful. For of these very new, ready for exhibit to be installed at the opening, and progress has been made.

Here is a generalization which must not be taken too literally. Extract all pictures of Exposition buildings, except the two Beaux-Arts Palaces, which draw much space around them. And draw on your imagination rather than readily for perspective and background, and the impression of the Exposition will be more than ninety per cent. of the buildings is impaired by the unfortunate necessity of crowding them together. The relative and unimpressive of national pavilions is particularly distressing. A day regard for perspective and background is impossible from the front. After the two ends of the "dumbbell" was planned, the landscape artist drew his salary and quit. From the river he can not see this double feature, with its characteristically decorated ledges at frequent intervals, and the pictures of detail on its two banks.

The two retrospective exhibits are the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars, although they required perspective treatment. In these two places alone we see and see completely what is surprising about the Eiffel Tower made the Champ de Mars picture did not fill, but the big structure has been made an indispensable part of the Exposition. From the Trocadero, on the



more tapestries than anything else. But the Grand Palais, with its rich carpeting and delightful the most complete exposition. The French section naturally attracts the others, but all the building nations, even archaic little Japan, are



right bank the view sweeps across the bridge, under the legs of the Tower, through the street avenue, lined with stone palaces, and on to the tower of St. Ann de la rue de la Harpe, the other terminus of the line. The view is a very pleasing one. It begins with the most beautiful view of the beautiful oil palaces, crosses the handsome Alexander H. Leitch, and then passing through the Esplanade, the station is crossed with the dome of the Invalides. There is too much detail to describe with the formal oil palaces and monuments on either side, but these serve to relieve the glaring brightness of the gilded facade on the big stone pylons of the new bridge, give a harmonious setting for the golden dome of the Invalides, and lend a quiet respect to the picture quite in keeping with the idea of an exposition.

The use of perspective and the position of transportation facilities were two triumphs of the World's Fair. It is in these two respects that the Exposition of 1889 is inferior to that of 1889. It is nearly all others it is superior. But such comparisons are unfair to both Paris and Chicago. Each made the most of its opportunity. Paris could not get out of the city for its site without losing more than would be gained. And it was not possible for Chicago to obtain the same amount of space without being left by foreign governments or individual exhibitors. Even large Italian states have national buildings at Paris this year which occupy more than five times as much of Chicago. To wish that another World's Fair in the heart of Paris, with all that made it great and all that makes Paris greater is to wish the fate of ancient Jerusalem, who, according to the medieval narrative in "Yslande Perdue," was stricken mortal because he wanted to annex France.

An enormous amount of money has been spent in making this record-breaking Exposition, and there are indications which lead one to believe that if the government were to make a trash collection, the delay in

completing the Exposition would be better understood. Where so much remains to be done, one would expect to find large bands of workmen employed—yet right and day. But the spirit of activity which was observed just prior to the formal opening has not been maintained. A surprisingly small number of men seems to be at work—and the progress is amazingly slow.

A disengagement attempt is made to put the blame on the exhibitors. They do not desire it. Had they

as in England or anywhere outside of America, will not work faster under pressure. He will do just as much and no more.

At this writing the power plant for the big fair is not ready. No wheels have begun to turn. A large part of the Exposition—much of the main exhibit and many of the more important attractions—will be entirely dependent upon the power to be supplied by the Exposition committee. The committee has appropriated money. What a fever to start a big enterprise like this a month or more before power is available to turn the wheels.

The United States has suffered more than others from this unwarmed reaction of affairs. With two months of exhibition time up in collection, just the maximum has been belated. With thousands more exhibitors than any other nation, it was at a disadvantage to begin with. And to top the climax, there has been no power for the machinery even after it was installed—and the United States leads the world in exhibition. No foreign nation has had so good a hard-working a national commission at Paris. It is regrettable that it has not been so well satisfied in some extent through the fault of its own.

There was delay in opening the American pavilion. It should be remembered in this connection, as well as in others, that the workmen were here from the American, that outside work was not to be had just now but the making and that they had their time in occupying a job.

Many of the national pavilions have been opened substantially as the work began on the afternoon. It was decided to wait until the arrival of the American building, and the exact date was postponed upon the occasion of President Loubet's arrival in Paris. The building itself will be vigorously criticized for its design and as wrongly defined. But Americans have no reason to be ashamed of their country at the Paris Exposition.

Paris, May 2, 1889.



been given adequate facilities, most of them would have been ready to be seen after the premature opening of April 15. Their cars were tied up on the tracks, the buildings were not ready. From those who are installed here not keep open goods that can be damaged by an inch or more of dust per day.

Not enough men are employed on the buildings and grounds. Why? And here is the additional factor to be considered that the laboring man in France, just

The Coming Total Solar Eclipse

BY PROFESSOR HAROLD JUDY

If the weather is clear on the 26th of this month, we shall have an astronomical display which will attract people like flies to a lighted candle on the night of last November. In the present state of astronomical science, it is possible to predict the time of an eclipse with accuracy that the error will never exceed a very small fraction of a minute.

The eclipse of May 28 next will be visible in the United States throughout a strip of territory about seventy-five miles wide, and extending from New Orleans in North Carolina, Virginia. This is the path of totality, and persons situated anywhere in that path will be able to see the total phase. The comparatively insignificant partial phase can be seen from a much wider extent of territory, and the degree of obscuration will be greater in proportion to the distance of the observing station to the totality path. The complete obscuration will occur in New Orleans at 2:29 a. m., and will last 23 seconds. In Norfolk it will happen at 8:52 a. m., and the duration will be 102 seconds. At intermediate points, such as Mobile, Montgomery, and Raleigh, totality will be visible at an hour intermediate between those given for New Orleans and Norfolk, and the duration of totality will also fall between the extreme values of 23 and 102 seconds.

Numerous astronomical expeditions have been sent to various favorable stations along the line of totality. The United States Naval Observatory, the Lick Observatory in California, Harvard College Ob-



TOTAL-SOLAR ECLIPSE OF JANUARY 22, 1868. From Photograph taken by the Lick Observatory Expedition at Jeau, India.



TRACK OF THE COMING ECLIPSE.

servatory, and numerous other college institutions are represented. The attention of observers will be directed especially to searching for an "intra-lunar" planet and to a study of the solar corona.

The supposed intra-lunar planet has been an object of extreme interest in astronomers for many years. Certain slight but significant discrepancies exist between the observed motions of one of the known planets and those predicted by mathematical theory. It is possible that these might be eliminated and the discrepancies explained altogether if we could find another small planet circling the sun in a little orbit interior to that of Mercury. Indeed, one or two astronomers have thought they had actually detected this little fellow very close to the disk of our sun during a total eclipse. Unfortunately, if these observations are correct, the details have been worked out by the Harvard astronomers. They have constructed a very large telescope camera, having nine concave plates arranged in parallel mounting like the leaves of a hollow globe. In this way all the plates are situated at the same distance from the lens, and no very close picture of perfect focus will be obtained. Each picture will cover only a small part of the sky, but the combination of a few plates will give us a photograph representing a very large region surrounding the eclipsed sun. The et-

ter will be made during totality, so that the sun's position's least light will not be obscured by the brilliant sun. It is only during a total solar eclipse that we can even hope for a chance to see the supposed and elusive planet.

The other object of study, the corona, is of even greater interest than the planet. The shining ball of the sun that we see ordinarily is surrounded by a faint luminous halo called the corona. We can see it only at total eclipses, when the brilliant central disc is entirely obscured. At all other times the ordinary solar light saturates our terrestrial atmosphere, and makes it so bright that we cannot see the faint corona through it. But during the few moments of totality this corona, the most beautiful and impressive sight in nature, shines forth in all its glory. Not only is it possible to photograph it, and thus to fix its features on a durable record of its form and appearance.

The illustrations exhibit some of the latest results secured by eclipse-observers. The seven pictures were made at Jeau, India, by Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory. His photographs show quite plain "the protuberances," or so-called red flames that flash out hundreds of thousands of miles into space from the sun's surface. They also exhibit the beautiful coronal structure, and for the first time seem to point to a connection between these flames and the coronal atmosphere. The picture of the 46-foot photograph was made at the time of the last eclipse in central Africa. On that occasion thirty another persons secured observations, but the picture gives a good idea of improved eclipse photographs by mounting a camera on a tripod, and using a telescope. The oldest photograph showing the eclipse track across the United States was issued by the United States Weather Bureau, and will be found very useful by persons desiring to select a convenient place to see this interesting astronomical event.



THE PHOTOHELIOGRAPH IN AFRICA, 1869.

FRAME-WORK FOR AN ECLIPSE CAMERA

BESIEGED IN KIMBERLEY

SUNDAY, 19. COME THE WOMEN
AND CHILDREN WHO DESIRE
COMPLETE SHELTER TO PROCEED
TO KIMBERLEY AND BE
SHAFTS. THEY WILL BE LOWERED
AT ONCE IN THE MINE'S FROM
8 O'CLOCK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.
LAMP & GUIDE S'LL BE
PROVIDED. C. J. RHODES



DUGOUTS for the SHELTER of WOMEN & CHILDREN

ONE phase of the war in South Africa has not received much notice, because events of strictly military importance have overshadowed it completely. It is the "human interest" side of a siege, such as Ladysmith and Kimberley passed through, and such as Bloemfontein is now enduring. That phase has to do with the actual life of the people, the real routine of the place, ordinary privations that never occur except in times of war—feeding, death by disease, health and pollution, strikes with terror, new hope, fear, new disappointments, and finally when relief comes to be demonstrated. Correspondents are usually too busy to obtain this story, and when they do refer to it their eyes are fixed on the military or military men whose lot has been thrown temporarily in a new place. The dramatic military events of the siege are set forth, but the daily longings and

longed was flash-light communication between the beleaguered place and the military column. What the latter said the people of the city almost never knew. We all know that the slight employees of the De Beers Diamond Company made a log run that did excellent service in defense of the place, that practically flooded some of the captured points of landward work; that the people lived in shelters in their yards; and that finally about 2500 women and children were lowered from 100 to 1500 feet into the diamond mine, where they remained four days, and General Frazer's soldiers dashed into the place late one afternoon, and the women who had remained underground were pulled, in their delight, the first fireman from the ground as he made a dash for it.

We know that the people got their water from a diamond mine when the flows ceased the water works, that the military authorities took charge of the food supply; that the brilliant American engineer, George Lake, who made the log run and did so much for the place, was killed by a shell; that the chief news paper of the place was compelled to cease publication for having criticized the military authorities; that a would-be runner over the mountain of Cecil Rhodes; that there was occasional fighting in the suburbs, and all that. But who knows what the people were thinking of, and who knows what it meant to be under martial law? Who knows how life-time it seemed to be compelled to have life-time out of time of clock, to stand in line to get your next ration doled out to you; to be in constant fear of death when you see your neighbors' houses shattered by shells, and women and old men killed on the streets and in their homes; to beg for news of the actual situation, and have the military authorities not only not give you any, but offer an indifference as to whether you get any or not; to stand a little while at night in your garden, and feel them to feel the pangs of convulsion for doing so?

Who knows that phase of life in a beleaguered town in these days? And then who would be so ungenerous that elaboration of human weakness one could read and receive misery by flash-light? This was done repeatedly to and out of Kimberley, and although it was only another form of sending misery by telegraph, there was a novelty about the method in which one could properly apply the word "novelty." Such a story of a siege from the standpoint of the sufferers has been written—and done first by Mrs. Dr. E. Shaver Ache, who was married to the Kimberley Hospital during the siege. Dr. Ache in what would be called one of the leading residents of the city, died in the second half of the war in the old country there. He was written to friends in and around the hot that even so provincial a man as he called one of the leading residents of the city, the military stand point, the military authorities, and thinking it worth while to take the people into their consideration, even in modern times, we have given here, a stirring picture of the actual life of the place inside from the military situation, and that is what makes Dr. Ache's story valuable.

Kimberley was not attacked during the siege. It was bombarded almost constantly, was severely shelled in a preliminary way. The De Beers could be seen directly. The De Beers there were in sight in the far distance, glass usually had to be used to see them clearly. It was the wondrous shells dropping into town, that cut the water supply and railroad communication were cut off, that took the people there

with a siege. Three or four times, in the effort to protect the cattle that were set to grazing in the suburbs, or to spy out the land near by, there was a skirmishing between the defenders and the Boers, but there was no enemy in sight all the time. The situation was the same situation as that around; the enemy was like a phantom.

Dr. Ache tells how there was a parole of the Boer forces, how Cecil Rhodes came in just before the railroad was cut, how supplies were cut off, how the cattle were brought near to town, and how trading and then fighting with rifles began. Then the "booby-eyes"—the whistles on the De Beers mine—announced the start of the place to their posts at seven miles from Kimberley. He said the last there was a sustained bombardment, without such resulting damage. Then the Boers got a big gun and the diamonds made their, and there was an artillery duel for many days. Finally help arrived in the distance and was checked



SEARCH AND SIGNAL LIGHT AT WASSINGTON DURING SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY.

within flash-light range. Again for a week, in February, just before the siege was raised, another battle between the Boers and military persons were killed. Some women and children were taken to the mines for safety.

There were traitors in town. After the De Beers was shelled, stored in the suburbs, had been seized by the Boers and destroyed, a traitor placed some dynamite under the bridge in the center of the city and tried to blow it up. The structure, however, was strong enough to stand. Some traitors were being on. They were not punished, because their identification was not complete. And then there was

**KIMBERLEY.
SIEGE SOUP**

Town Hall Depot.
TWO PINTS.

Date *February 5, 1900*
Issued *C. J. Rhodes*

A SPOON TICKET

printing of the people for the end seldom had prepared, make it to be in some duty or letters of an inhabitant in a town or village. Between the lines of such an account the story of an actual that lives men's souls may be read.

All the world knows that Kimberley was besieged on 124 days, from October 14, 1899, to February 15, 1900, and it is known generally that the delivery horses consisted of only 2500 men, 400 of whom were rangers. Cecil Rhodes was shot up in the place all the time, as every one knows. For several weeks

Order for Milk to be delivered to householders during the Siege, Feb. 17 to 19 00.

Delivered milk at 10 o'clock.

Name *Frank Jones* as *W. B. M.*
Address *59 Theobald Road*
Quantity *(1) Ten evening 5 days*
Length of Time *(2) 2 Weeks*
Date *18. 2. 00*

Shaver Ache
Milk Station, Kimberley.

FAL-SHINE OF A MILK TICKET.



KENDRAHATI BARRICADE DURING THE SIEGE.



ROYAL ARTILLERY IN ACTION DURING THE SIEGE.

the night when poor Loretta's funeral was held. As the procession started in the gloom by the graveyard a red light came out up to tell the march where to shoot. The Dutch church steeple never lit, but the other churches were which was not alone for, Dr. Ashe says, when you know the circumstances.

But as indeed in Dr. Ashe because the boys shelled the town rather than the fortifications. There was the child who had just come out of a shell pond and was nearly cut in two by a shell. A mother and six children were sitting down to breakfast, and a shell struck the table. It nearly wiped out the family. Two of the little ones shot at a lost home; the others were wounded heavily. Another child was killed at its mother's breast. In his indignation Dr. Ashe says:

"And this is what those boys call fair play. They must know that nearly all the men are in the forts and that very few people are left in town, and yet they fire out of the forts, but into the town. I have no doubt they will say they fired at the forts and their shells went too low."

A shower of mortar shells were killed. Shells could go plunging into houses, a crying woman and a woman, and a few more some of the shells, and a woman were shot. Dr. Ashe tells of seeing shells burst almost by the ocean, as he had to get about the streets in his patients. Sometimes he and his companions had to lie flat for a few moments to escape the flying pieces of broken shells. Frequently shells fell into the houses of the sick, and several times into the bed rooms of the patients. Luckily, few of these shells burst. Here is one incident:

"Another shell fell into a room where a lady was in bed, just beyond her hip, beside the side of the bed, and burst, and harmlessly buried itself in the foundation under the floor. Had it exploded, she would have been blown into heaven."



BARRIKAD ROAD BARRIER, SHOWING NOTICE TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN REPRODUCED IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

There were a dozen such narrow passages, to say nothing of those that took place on the streets on a daily basis. The situation was such a crisis that Dr. Ashe is moved to remark, in language that most repeat to the human side of every one in its literal direction:

"I suppose if a doctor gets killed on duty his patients will promptly say that a devoted body was to come out, but if he stays at home they say he is a cowardly cur for doing so. Any child is good enough to check a doctor's work."

He is used to Dr. Ashe's praise that he never shrank, and also he is remembered that all the physicians decided to treat every member of the defence forces here.

And then there were the soldiers. Every one built them. Some were pits in back yards, others were barracks in houses.

Here is a description of some of the shelters: "Most of the shelters were made in the sides of the little houses which were almost all over the town. A dug trench was cut in the sloping side of the house, and then this was lined with timber and planks and iron, and a thick layer of earth was thrown on the top and lashed up against the front line of the shelter. Several of these shelters were twenty yards long and had several openings, so that people could get in and out easily. In the middle, on one side of the main road, there was a big heap with an almost perpendicular face, and here they just drew trenches straight into the heap. It looks very busy from the road to see these contraptions."

The shell pond places are ghastly little dog holes, like the Black Hole of Calcutta, in most cases. Some of the rich people have got up good, round, double layers of sand-bags built up so they resemble to a decent height, and needed with either sheet-iron or old railway iron or thick deals with plenty of sand-bags on top of them. But the poorer people have dug holes in their yards or gardens and made them anything that came handy, and then either put sand-bags or the loose earth out of the hole was put on top. In these you can't stand up, and there is no ventilation, so I guess they would be about as badly as the fort shells, but lots of people were in that conduct in being in them."

There has been constant trouble over the food. Dr. Ashe washed all the condensed milk in twice over for the soldiers. He speaks of a physician, who he thinks it worth while to consult the physician, who not only knew the sanitary conditions of the town, but the probabilities of the situation.

He would not expect kindly feelings for the boys from such a man, and Dr. Ashe is so bitter that they have no chance. He speaks of a prisoner who was shot at the head and lived three days. He says, "He would likely have lived altogether, but he would have died, and he was shot in his chest was so great that he was unable." Again, "The mortar boys is a filthy beast, and has no idea of sanitation and cleanliness than a hog."

Again, when our ambulance-experts were out bringing in the wounded at any of the fights, I think I can correct in saying that the boys actually fired at them when they were within range, though each wagon carried a big red cross flag. They are not even dressed in uniforms, but just a cross between a Bushman and a hobnob, only more ignorant than either of their parents."

Dr. Ashe has very little to say regarding Carl Helden, and ignores the actual connection with Helden's fate entirely. This extract, however, shows his opinion of Helden:

"Helden turned up here, too, the last day the mill was open. Many people were wild with him, thinking that he would be an additional inducement to the town to attack us, but I think it was very foolish of him to come and stand by the town which made him, and with which he is so intimately connected. He did not stay long, but before he came to raise a regiment of his own, the Kinsey's light horse, paying for everything in connection with it out of his own pocket."

They Helden was stopped by a guard, and Dr. Ashe relates this result:

Helden found and shot and did not let him leave of each another, but the guard was fired, so Helden burst out laughing and produced a permit to try it on. Whatever else he may be, he is not an aid; he goes through the barrier and runs for us at a town Helden and my friend of all. He always wears about every afternoon, with only one or white flannel trousers and a neck muslin."

And on the same daily run to an end, but before he was shot. Dr. Ashe went down into the mine this he says: "Walking around and during the of young Helden, who was just the same here, but could hardly get a foot down without damaging eyes and at the end of the day was the same. It was for too deeply moved to be angry."



SANITARIUM DURING THE SIEGE, SHOWING MAXIM GUN ON TERRACE.



BRITISH SENTRY CHALLENGING A NATIVE RUNNER ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF BLOEMFONTEIN



THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS IN ACTION NEAR ABRAHAM'S
KRAAL



A DETACHMENT OF SOUTH-AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE SCOUTING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF BLOEMFONTEIN

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—SI

DRAWN BY E

MANAGED BY Google



WORLD-SEEERS OF ALL NATIONS

L. BLUMENSCHNEIN

"Good wine, oh, good wine; and good bread, if I may judge from what I have drunk at Blacklock, that on occasion powder, there's no doubt."

"The very interesting," remarked the Blacklock.

"Yes, sir, and there is more behind that. This drunken Presbyterian is possessed of strange powers," Sir Stephen stated, and then continued himself, "and one of them I learned but he should know it. Indeed, as I was addressed to yourself, I made free to make myself a guest for you. Maybe you will bring me the head of your correspondent, and with that I'll show the letter from his pocket and display it before the old man's eyes."

But he was silent for a time, showing now an em-

phasis, first, "No, and that pistol," said he, nodding really towards it. "I am so fond to such methods. But I was considering that after such disclosures as you have made to me, and what has passed, there is no other left you but to give me the head of a writing."

"A writing?" said Warburton, in amazement. "You are behind, man."

"You cannot escape on that plan," said Sir Stephen, with a sneer, and for the first time there leaped into his face a look of Salsola, a look of black and angry passion. "If you will be good enough to take down that point of muscle behind you."

"Sir Stephen," said Warburton, more slowly, "you

lead upon the oak. He thrust out his weapon, and the two blades crossed, and fell away. Leaping forward with his weight partly on his wrist, his legs outstretched, he kept getting nearer, but his arms stiff, swift, and deadly, Sir Nicholas Christianized plied his point with every artifice of the experienced executioner, and with such of the sagacious and dexterity which had more than him. He was chained to his table, but he could under the points; and his defence was strictly superior to his enemy's attack. Warburton flung himself upon it in vain, now shadily oblique of the disability in which he had previously been placed. The old man's hand was unswerving, and kept him at bay, with a little devilish craft on his lips, and the tenacity of Nicholas again came on his lips.

The light was low, so low as to impede that on that it was the older man's right that often did the more. He collected himself with steady steps, some resolute, and Warburton's fingers rose with his mechanical strength. He rose higher, and he appeared on the shoulder, the pole stiffened on Sir Stephen's face. Warburton broke away, and with an impatient swing swung upon the table. He was also very lean, tough and flexible; he was filled his continuous endurance; and the plan heightened his spirit and his enjoyment. The prick in his shoulder gnawed him, and he settled down in a glib language, but this over on him more than his own man's strength. His sword went in and out with the same heavy mechanical click, but falling, more slowly, and with less precision. The press in his body riled fast, and not like a tide that runs over across a ledge of sand, and Warburton tried the truth in his revolving face and unswerving eyes. Sir Stephen breathed hard, and dashed off what he saw in the other's face. It was dark that must be written there—the death which he had himself valued. What occurred him next was this painful stamping, the dull and dumb resistance, what drew his hand like the drops of sweat and turned his gaze and shoulders to lead. His back toward almost to please for the end, and his point swung loudly on the air. Warburton stood off and dropped his weapon to the floor with a clatter. He laughed.

"You may die, old man," said he. "If that you shall not have it that way. You cannot choose your end, as you will wish. It was a fine thought to make me the antagonist, but you know that it is not possible. I was a fool to be tempted. I am an ignorant. The words were heated enough, but Sir Stephen did not win; he only started, unable indeed to make gains for his heavy breathing. "Governing him, Warburton turned on an angry, by himself," he cried, "it was a desirable trick to drag me into it. You would have me a butcher, and an old man my sheep. No—and I. I will leave you to the proper hands, and what revenge you have looked I will seek elsewhere. There are others of your kind. I will have my share of it."

He turned on his way in the door with a sneer and an ugly laugh, and Sir Stephen followed him with his look.

"Where do you go?" he gasped in alarm.

"Why," said Roger Warburton, glancing with the best of his great content as well as with the heady spirit—"why, this house, I think, stands desolate. There is none here but me."

"That is I," cried the old man. "That is it."

"No, not you, but another," said Warburton, looking slowly, and he I shall find above. There is a light that flashes in to your neighbor. It seems kindly like you me. Well, it killed me from the right; it bled me from his legs. I shall be welcome."

"You be," cried Sir Stephen, bitterly, and was taken like a god.

"No, I speak verily," said Warburton, laughing.

"As to master and you shall be mastered."

"It is so it is so." The attempted words filled in the old man's mouth, as the door that with a ring he had heard Warburton. The row in his foot, struggling to follow, and, [with a great gasp into his chest, unconscious.]

[SEE CONTINUED.]



SIR STEPHEN LEANED BACK UPON THE TABLE, SUPPORTING HIMSELF.

tion on his face, and then he said, slowly: "What would it be, that you will make of all this? I imagine that it is not for a Jew that you come to tell this."

"You are right," said Warburton, solemnly. "I am not used to waste my time, even though the sport should tempt me. I sell you this because I desire to give you a warning, as I have said."

"So," Sir Stephen, "that you would make some terms with me."

"No, I will have no delectable compromise," said he, with an oath. "It is not for that I have spent my time and run my risks here. I desire to have done those that surrounded the dead number of my friend and those that started it. Here is a little, sir. I found the look under my hand, and you know how that was about. I took a dead mouse, and what do I find? Why, a nest of traitors, a pack of braves—a house that holds not one single member but is ransomed with its disease and sin. This I found here and here a head of rebels, and they need no job. That is my starting."

"So," Sir Stephen, "you numbered not only the young men's lives as you speak with this end and not a little deputy, but his time was exchanged in his reply."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Warburton, that it is you who have had your warning and now stand in some danger."

"From your son?" said he, with an exclamation of angry indignation. "From your son? Do you think I do not know that? I can quite assure how I stand, and that the island is being lost for me this very moment. And if I am taken, do you suppose I do not understand what that signifies? But not I shall not be taken; and I am here because I am in that confidence, to learn you."

The words passed quickly and with more feeling than he was accustomed to exhibit, yet his voice was not greatly affected by that emotion. That of the last of his eye he saw Sir Stephen's hand go slowly, as if struck with pain, across the nose of the chair, and now in that direction to a little round table that stood by. The act was noticed, yet hardly apparent, until of a sudden he made a discovery in another place. The swift step took him to the table, and the next instant he had snatched up the pistol that lay upon it, with which between his fingers he turned heavily upon the other.

"What? the devil!" and he, staring with his eyes open, "you would betray me so readily as that? By God! but I think those circumstances that had the opinion of Satan, with their homely looks and foul treachery. There is an eye this head of yours does not hold, and you shall still bring regret for it to your old man."

Sir Stephen's hand still rested upon the table. "No," said he, "I was about to have said you this gun and ammunition—backed that it was not from your son that you stand in danger, but rather from

know not what you see about. I may not fight with a crippled man."

"You find," said Sir Stephen, sharply "give me the sword."

"I will give you no such thing," said Warburton, obstinately.

Mr Stephen's eyes flashed in a fresh beam. "I will take a course to make you, coward," he cried, harshly, and so if with a scowling face in his chest and hand as iron instead sharply at Warburton's head. It struck him on the neck, opening a red and unswerving wound below the ear, and the victim of this unexpected combat fell back behind the door and then leaped forward.

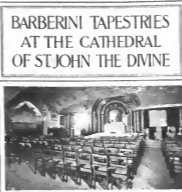
"Now none one shall judge between us, whether 'tis you or I play the coward," he said between his teeth, and he threw one of the swords through his window. Sir Stephen Christianized bowed back, upon the table, supporting himself in position with one



NEW YORK CITY. NEW YORK: HOBBS
To be erected on Bowling Green. Can Gillott, Architect



VISIT OF THE WISE MEN



THE CRYPT



THE RESURRECTION

INBORN AND cultivated taste on the one side and virtuosity of fortune on the other are gradually bringing to our shores masterpieces of Christian art, formerly confined to the cathedrals and churches of Europe or the palaces of the princes of the Church.

The witty assertion that "the United States has no ruins and imports its civilization" finds some verification these days in the Crypt of St. John the Divine, the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, now in process of erection on Stonehamplace Heights. The Crypt was opened more than a year ago to Sunday services, and it will long with few of a series of twelve famous tapestries destined for the altar decoration of the completed Cathedral. As no work on tapestry is considered complete without a description of those now in process, the story of their coming to St. John the Divine is not a closed subject. The subject of the series is "Stories from the Life of Christ." The "Visit of the Wise Men" and "The Resurrection" are the subjects of the tapestries now hanging in the Crypt. The "Last Supper" having recently been removed to make way for the altar. The remainder of the series is in storage in await the completion of the Cathedral, for which they were bought at a cost of \$75,000, and impounded in the authorities as a memorial by the late Mrs. Elizabeth L. Tates. As the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will not be witnessed by the present generation, these famous tapestries are likely to be as inaccessible to the eye of the New as they were for half a century in that of the Old World, unless it please the authorities to replace those now in the Crypt from time to time by the pieces in storage, until the whole series has been exhibited. Keeping, perhaps, the tapestries commemorating the Slaying of Urian VIII, "Stories from the Life of Christ" are the most important works extant that bear witness to the prosperity of the Papal Tapestry Manufactory that flourished at Rome for fifty years under the patronage of Urban. The existence of this papal enterprise was unknown for more than two hundred years to the modern world. Documents relating to its origin and an inventory of its products were buried in the mass of manuscript in

the famous Barberini Library at Rome. Less than twenty years ago they were unsearched by the Director of the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts, M. Eugène Muntz. The Italian factories of France were at their zenith when these came to the court of Louis XIII, in 1625 the Cardinal Legate, Francois Barberini, and a brilliant suite of savants and litterateurs charged with an important mission. Despite the Papal Court at that period was being in splendid tapestries, they were less in number and beauty of execution than those that confronted the Cardinal in the churches, palaces, public buildings, and chambers of the King. They emphasized not only the artistic excellence, but the domestic prosperity of the royal house, and the Cardinal resolved to found a similar industry at Rome, which should give industrial scope to the artists for which the Pontifical Court was then seeking. Returning to the Eternal City, Cardinal Barberini laid the matter before his uncle, Pope Urban VIII. Three years were spent in industrial inquiry, finding and experimenting with new woods, and looms. Adopting the loom from silk trade processes, the factory was opened in 1638 under papal patronage. The Court of Urban was distinguished throughout Europe for the versatile genius of its artists. The renowned Francesco Buonanni was appointed overseer of the cartoons, while the equally able Jacques de la Riviere was made director of the weavers and superintending of dyes. While Buonanni's cartoons illustrating scenes from the life of Christ were taking form and color on the looms, the versatile genius of the cartoonist tempted him to diverge from the traditions of painting and tapestry, and to invent a composition that partook of both. He fell to painting on a printed canvas, resulting desired light and shade by piercing the tissue with gold and silver threads. After the completion of painting and stitching he went over the whole with a fine brush, blending the parts with color. The hybrid produced was the creation of the time. Cardinal Barberini ordered several pieces of this Testament subjects, which he presented to James I. King of England. Previous to quitting Rome for the English Court they were exhibited, and crowds gathered, doubting as they passed whether it was velvet weaving or oil painting. Happily Buonanni

was not before public taste compelled him to a translation of the fabric that deception at the eye is disabused of genuine art, and he returned to his original method, as preserved in "Stories from the Life of Christ." They were originally designed for the Throne Room of the Barberini Palace, the ceiling of which is the masterpiece of Cortona. They remained in the possession of the Cardinal's descendants until less than ten years ago, when an enterprising American antiquarian dealer, Mr. Naylor, bought their purchase from the Princess Barberini, June 1848, when the tapestries were exhibited a hour day in St. Mark in Trieste, the church of which Cardinal Barberini was titular head. They had been stored in cedar chests in a lumber-room of the palace. The present generation, the daughter of the Princess Barberini, never saw the tapestries until the advent of the American dealer. It was to make a dowry for a daughter, now the wife of an eminent Italian statesman residing at Florence—on terms the story-called the Princess Barberini consented to part with the four looms. No private palace at Rome, no every student and tourist knows, surpasses the splendor of the Barberini. Built of marble quarried out of the volcano, it is not only gorgeous in size and splendid in decoration, but is one of the very few Roman palaces occupied by descendants of the original possessors.

The four scenes of each tapestry bear the arched signs of Urban VIII. The scaffolding is a field of azure with three golden bars entwined by a wreath. In the center of the top border of some pieces shows a sun, which the Barberini adopted as a crest to their southwest, and to symbolize the latter shed upon the family name by the elevation of Urban to the papacy. In the center of the top borders of others there is an old Roman globe, in which are inscribed two lines, which a third line acts as a protractor. The latter have been called into existence by the increasing activity of the great papal statesmen in affairs of church and state. Each tapestry is framed in an exterior and interior border of richly decorative design, including reproductions of the patterns for wall and ceiling, also used to day in southern Italy, Palestine, Algiers, and provinces of Egypt.

LISA FORD McCANN.



THE LAST SUPPER.



MAP OF THE HOLY LAND.

The MESSAGE of PRESIDENT McKINLEY

W e cannot resist the desire to write a few words in answer to the annual message which was read at both Chambers of Congress on the 24th of December last, so far as it concerns the Philippine Islands. We think that whatever effort is made towards a correct interpretation of the feelings of the Filipino people, with a view to the most economical solution of the problem, must be a good service, not only to the Filipino, but quite as much to the United States of America.

Let us, however, not forget the particular circumstances under which we are writing; so that all about us liberally are in the proximity of our political enemies. We shall speak as frankly as we can, but we shall not forget those of the intellect; we are going to give a true view of the public opinion which is the least inclined towards any radical procedure, the ideas we have mentioned and still maintain, under the impulse of our personal convictions.

The President alludes to a manifesto which he had published when the treaty of Paris was concluded, announcing to the Filipino that "the Americans had not come as invaders and conquerors, but as friends to protect the natives in their homes, occupations, religion, and personal rights." We find it necessary to make an explanation in regard to this matter. Has the American government ever asked itself whether at any time there has been an invasion of the Philippine Islands such a thing as personal and religious rights, to say nothing of the inalienability of the Filipino's home and his liberty of acquisition? Let us state that there has been, and that the American government has not only the Spanish license granted in these islands, and that consequently they never existed and they do not exist to-day. Here you come to isolation then? If so, you might as declare them from the outset.

The message goes on to say that the sinister intentions of a few Filipino leaders resulted, on arrival here of the American commission, a situation full of embarrassment, for Americans and of fatal consequences for the Filipino. While the separation of the most prominent of these leaders, after his return from Hong Kong, had been simply to draw the islands from the Spanish yoke. We shall say nothing as to the first point, but, if we were to insist on it, they might say we were writing in favor of the revolutionaries. As to the second point, we shall say nothing as to the first, but, if we were to insist on it, they might say we were writing in favor of the revolutionaries. As to the second point, we shall say nothing as to the first, but, if we were to insist on it, they might say we were writing in favor of the revolutionaries.

As we are writing not with an object of propagating our ideas, but with a view to inform the American public of the real wishes of the Filipino population, serving in no way the holy cause of peace, we will briefly state the historical why and wherefore of the Philippine revolution, as necessary in order to better understand the reasons of improvement which are offered to the Filipino. The work of three Philippine leaders, Burgos, Gomez, and Zamora (about 1872), produced a notable change in the feeling of the people. It had been, up to that time, extremely unpopular because he denied the rights of the native

clergy; his violent death, therefore, was deeply felt, and produced a general protest of indignation. It is true that this protest did not surpass the first walls of the native's house, and the serious clerical and official friends, because the Spanish authorities left most of their possessions in the hands of that kind of manifestation of independent judgment on the part of natives, but just because the general indignation could not after itself it gave more and more in intensity.

Later on several young Filipino went to Spain, not only in search of higher education, but also to expose to the Spanish public the real wishes of the Philippine people, which instead of being given attention to, had been studiously kept in the dark and repressed by the Spanish authorities at the instigation of the latter (religious conservatives). These young Filipinos, in order to make themselves heard, founded a paper at the expense of the Philippine people, and demanded the legislation (regulation) of the Government (Central); Philippine representation in the Spanish legislative body, liberty of press, trials, and of associations; the prohibition of certain governmental proceedings (prosecutions); by which a man was condemned without being heard, and the domestic and correspondence (isolated) was more secret domination; the celebration of parades (processions); the education of the Filipino by Spaniards in a political and civil rights, and in the participation of public appointments, great facilities and few obstacles for the individual, industry, and commerce; in one word, the prohibition of those islands of the Spanish "autocracy," and the complete annihilation of those islands that at any rate in the Spanish provinces on the Continent. The Spaniards turned deaf ears on these demands, and the protest that they made, such as some few "ideals," and saying, always at the instigation of the friars interested in maintaining the status quo, that the people were still in a savage state, just the same to-morrow the Americans will not hear the demands made by the revolutionaries, under the pretext that the instruction in the work of only a few ambitious Tagala leaders.

With these desires that we have sufficiently proved that the revolution, and not the isolation, is the desire of a million persons, but that it was that of the people themselves, and also that the people do not remain indifferent and uninterested only by a few individuals, but that they have felt well and since long years back when they are fighting, but, by what expectations they are imposed to us. The very errors and indignation they feel over the above and questionable acts of some of the ignorant leaders go in proof of the statement.

Now it is only to answer the question, How are we to obtain peace? All will agree with us that the most economical procedure was the separation of the young men who grew up in the Philippine who were not able to return from Spain. Which is the form of government we wish to see, and the acquisition of the people? We know that: American of the Philippine Islands under the form of a State, assuming like that of Cuba and Andorra, and the American people to tolerate. With a government like that of Cuba, administered by President Schurz, the people are gaining independence, and the revolutionaries, such as the people can only be engaged by force; but that peace as a result of force will not last, and is a warrant that will be broken in the future when the revolutionaries have taken over with regard to the protection of foreign interests and property.

It will be well to remember that before coming into power, proposed as a programme of their government autonomy like that of Canada, and that the business negotiation of their respective work was not agreed to. Now that we are not exempt from the possibilities of autonomy, we do not hesitate to repeat what has been already reported when the revolutionaries were already in power, that we would accept autonomy only if we shall have to recognize ourselves that the people are not prepared to accept it, and that the revolutionaries will be the better. But we must remember that the autonomy proposed by the revolutionaries was not intended for the members of the Philippine Congress, and on the proposition which they had insisted in the extreme of threatening with a withdrawal of the same power was to object. Nevertheless, who knows if, in case of a Filipino not had succeeded in his plans and obtained the desired form of the Constitution, would have been able to present a formal offer of autonomy by the Americans? It is true that neither the con-

by APOLONARIO MABINI Formerly SECRETARY OF STATE in AGUINALDO'S CABINET

mission nor the American generals could offer more than President McKinley is offering, who in his message says of the Philippine, more or less, the following: "If we are successful in changing the constitution within a short time, we will do with the Filipino what we would do with the rest of us, if we could not, there is yet time to come in force, without all possible advantages. For our part, all we will do is this, that we try to reconquer to him, with all respect to be mindful of those words: 'Blood does not drive, but, on the contrary, recalls the just positions of independence, independence with gratitude.' Here are the reasons:

First.—The majority of general, legal people, who have neither the force of the American army, nor the will, with the declaration of independence, and themselves at the mercy of the armed insurgents." The legal, general Filipino majority, like those of all nations of this globe, do not wish to lose tranquility, to attain which they see a friendly face to all, but this does not temper their own killing rage, as they increased haste the previous treatment of their deeds. The majority opinion of, in the villages colored by American troops, is not the mercy of the armed insurgents, but at that of native armed soldiers. These latter were killing many, before being cut themselves, they were the Filipino, because they are afraid of the former. "Insurgents and soldiers are one and the same." The insurgents are insatiable because they do not know the Filipino people, but because it seems convenient.

Second.—Independence would deprive America of the power of repressing the insurgent leaders, being in her charge the responsibility for the actions of the latter. The insurgents are insatiable because they desire to fight for independence; this one obtained, they will be insatiable no more.

Third.—Independence would deprive America the task of protecting the Filipino against any attack, and also against assaults with foreign powers, to which they are much given.

With or without independence, they would have to undergo this task, which they have voluntarily taken upon themselves by the Treaty of Paris. If the Americans do not always declare that their actual end the previous object of protecting the Filipino?

Fourth.—Independence would deprive America of the faculty to declare war, which definite protection would then be lodged in the hands of the Tagala tribes, who shall direct their desire. This means, however, previous determination of the form of government, and so we suppose American and Filipino will agree to the form of government, and not the Tagala tribe, would be the one who would be the right of declaring war. If this is not to be, then the form of government, and the declaration of war made by the Philippine Congress would be the approval of the American Congress.

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to expose, in the most polite and respectful terms, their wishes and suggestions, as well as their abilities.

We do not doubt that the Americans who are here and who have grown up under the auspices of democratic institutions and practices will grant such meetings as the most equitable means of information, in order to arrive at a precise knowledge of the wants and beliefs of the people. If they continue to keep silent, as they in many of the most fashionable circles might assume, and political careers usually are not conducted without spilling blood, then we shall all be compensating to some extent the dark clouds that are enveloping the future of two peoples, who, if combined, are worthy mark for the aim of humanity and universal peace.

MEXICO, January 11, 1892.

SKETCH OF SENATOR MARIANO'S LIFE
BY WILLIAM SWANWICK

Perhaps to men, with the exception of Aguinaldo, none so high in the estimation of the Filipino public as a true and earnest patriot, earnestly working for the future of his country, as Señor Mariano Mabini, the author of the foregoing article.

His life's history is an interesting one showing early his desire for education, which his parents had not—his own to wit his grandfather, who could read and write, and, under his tuition, he acquired the rudiments of an education. At fourteen years of age he entered a Latin school in Manila, where he was tutored by a Philippine priest, who had authority from the Church to teach the "first three courses," which included Latin. Having mastered those simple branches, he was permitted by a dispensation to come to Manila and place himself under the tutelage of the illustrious priests of the College of San Juan de Letran. During the first year of this schooling he found that his parents were too poor to pay his tuition, and he was obliged to be contented at manual labor to finish the fourth course, paying his own expenses, and doing only a bare subsistence. At the end of the year he returned to his native village and became the assistant instructor under his first teacher, succeeding in this way in saving up enough money during the next ten years to return to Manila and finish his second year of study, and go through a two-year course of philosophy at the Catholic college. He then for two years acted as private tutor to his pupils and returned as an assistant teacher for the two years following, at the end of which he began studying law, practicing to go through with this, whatever the sacrifice might be.

Between his hours of study he did odd bits of work as private secretary in various offices in the courts of justice, and finally was successful in securing permanent employment with a notary public, whose advances ultimately obtained for him the public position of "Asistente de Hacienda," which was followed by the position of "Asistente de Fidei Jussory."

This brought him up to the year 1890, and a few years later he felt he could afford to resign from his public office and follow his legal profession as an individual, but within a month from the date of his resignation he was stricken with paralysis.

The Filipino physician had had recourse either in the same year and Mariano's determination to continue his public position and his connection with Aguinaldo's fortunes came largely from his desire to assist his own people in their struggle for liberty and liberty's rights.

While it was not shown that he was taking part in the making of the revolution, he was undoubtedly involved, although a helpless party, by the Spanish officials who were taking a dangerous course in his wife's health's own relation, his great sorrow due to the fact that he was not even allowed a scholar's stipend during a day or two, and this explanation is unambiguously in favor of his position, but was thought highly of, but active in the revolution, he has not actually had with him any fighting weapons for military and civil assistance of the Filipino.

He was permitted to engage in the business through private law, but was without a hearing and without a trial when the American forces entered, whose heart was not all of stone gave him his liberty.

"Sincerely endeavored now by this trial on me," he said his plans to be the most exact and best. At the first opportunity he is actively assisted in the process of a trial, where he added the "Proceso Final" in the organization of the revolution, and upon a solid basis, circulating speech to the auditors among the public at large, which influenced their hearts with the desire for liberty, and no doubt made itself abundantly felt in the kind of Spanish soldiers, which was already at a feverish heat.

When Aguinaldo was returned to Hongkong by the Americans, Mabini continued active in his efforts towards creating the solidarity of Filipino sentiment against the Spanish government, and, though the first insurrection had apparently been

crushed through the heroic methods adopted by the Spaniards of killing off the leaders and the first members of Aguinaldo, it was, as a matter of fact, just taking on a concrete form, with definite ideas of what was needed, rooted in the hearts of the people—a condition relating mainly as the first step towards opening.

Aguinaldo immediately sent for Mabini upon his landing at Cavite. They had never met, but the insurgent leader had read the paper written by the crippled patriot, writing that a complete and unperforated scheme of revolutionary organization.

At first Mabini acted in the capacity of private counsellor to Aguinaldo, but, as time went on and the insurgent leader became more and more ambitious for absolute independence, he was selected as the man best fitted to form the first cabinet of the insurgent government.

Mabini was a fierce man of war, and his cabinet was an essentially warlike one. It was through his constant representations and pleadings and his deep-seated suspicions of all foreigners that the outbreak was staged on Spain, and largely by his individual efforts that it became possible to urge on the participants in the struggle, and keep national sentiment alive, under all the real hardships and financial difficulties which have set on the insurgent army during the past year.

The relevant demonstrations of all attempts at more pacific measures finally resulted in his retirement from active work in Aguinaldo's cabinet, through the influence of other leaders, but intended to hold out against the overwhelming odds, by the highest ideals of self-government. He was replaced by the more diplomatic Paterno, who was willing to compromise with the American government on the basis of autonomy of the island.

Though depressed from active work in the cabinet, Mabini has continued to be a powerful and active spirit in Philippine affairs, and even to-day he still continues to greatly influence his countrymen.

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Notes of a Bookman

BY E. D. BEACH

FAMTH-HEALERS and mystics from the schools of the Himmayas may hardly be the most interesting objects of life, and it has never been proved to us that they are particularly good subjects for mystic discourses. We have seen that even such authors as Miss Harriet Couche and Mr. Eggleston have achieved distinguished success in such works of lofty ambition as *The Root of Isiah* and *The Faith Doctor*. The latter's honest heart has at least the disposition to be cheerful, and the ordinary human intelligence, moreover, is not disposed to have too great a violence manifested upon it. In *The Roots*, by Miss Harriet Couche (H. S. Stone & Co.), we have a faith doctor and an Oriental mystic, and a whole host of weirdnesses and sickly people, who are finally dispersed by a quake. This is a good deal of depressing material, and we feel that it may be especially recommended to anybody who is fitted to assimilate it, and whose doors it is to become thoroughly departed. Mr. Waterloo does not appear of his grade, and it is a good deal charged against him that he has both in his faith doctor's mysticism his story is converted with beguiling language and with very distressing letters of bodily and mental degeneration, and the intemperance that it is calculated to exert upon the lay reader alone is what we have said. The houses that is continually introduced suggests itself as very much defective, and it is hardly overbearing. The melancholy part of the tale is the thing, it quite emerges and expels the specially matters of health, or of approximation to health, that are permitted to be in association with it. We notice that the sick did not quite succeed in hanging Dr. Zedek, the Oriental mystic. We trust that his language does not signify that he is going to do as the great injury of making his appearance in another book.

Lord Albery, of Albany Couche, thought that he could marry his daughter, and that he would be her cousin, the Earl of Avondale, an overbearing and glaucous Calvinist, and, we think we may reasonably set a darksome villain of the best old school. It was very much mistaken, the laughter of him, and she looked her cousin of Avondale in a way to make it remarkable

that he did not hasten and perish under pressure of his angry emotions. She had a daring and even a bitter lesson. Her father said to the Earl in her presence: "I do not formally promise you her hand in marriage," and she has recorded on page 46 of her story. When Paquet, a discoverer of Mid-Rivera (Marcellin Company), the announcement that she left in consequence. "As to all these words," she writes, "I wondered 'Which hand' with a flash of laughter in my heart at the grotesque humor of the whites that I had I could not cut off my hand, leave it with Oliver, and thus remain myself—and she laughed aloud and properly at her grandfather's answer. Earl Oliver looked her up in one of his Avondale frowns, and let down brand and water in a bucket in front of her window daily, but she would not quit, and he could not head her, and when she got out she crossed the sea to the present island mentioned in the title, and then crossed back again, and she married Collingwood Paquet finally, the handsome youth and hero of her choice, who had made several voyages to Bermuda, and who could talk about the Summer Islands as cheerfully and as unreservedly as Mr. Hester's Gleanings harvests his about Chicago. An agreeable, very balanced and arduous in its style, retained without desecration, and setting forth in the colors that they severely denigrate the wisdom of which approval and the wonderful power of love. As to Mrs. Paquet did not really write it. The author is Miss Caroline South, who dates her pretense at Shelley Bay in Bermuda, and to her she thanks of the reader should be directed.

••• Bishop Whipple of Minnesota publishes a volume of reminiscences under the title of *Life and Obituary of Isaac H. Ripley* (Marcellin Company). An excellent portrait of the Bishop is afforded in the biography, and there are sometimes other life stories. The troubles with the Indians and the growth of our civilization in Minnesota are not fairly in a way to compel the interest of the reader. The Bishop's travels are described, in Egypt, Palestine, and other places, and there are many anecdotes relating to his meetings with distinguished people in Europe and here, and many others from distinguished people, some of them in fact. Here is one of the Bishop's anecdotes: "In the beginning of the Civil movement," he says, "was the John Henry Newman was the death of laymen. When Dr. Mackintosh visited England, and saw for the first time clerical coat, he thought

them most fitting, and described them to his tailor, who said to his man, 'I think he wants an M. H. coat.' Expressing his criticism as to what an M. H. coat was, the good doctor was told that it was a secret, but it was finally divulged. We call it the Mark of the Beast, said the tailor." Bishop Whipple once had a call to be an English bishop in the Sandwich Islands, but he declined the honor, feeling that his duty lay in Minnesota.

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It is probable that the reader who likes the broad just, delivered with vivacity in the slang of the day, will find in *Miss Betty's Letters*, by William J. Knickerbocker (Drapacum Publishing Company, Birmmstoville, Pennsylvania), a novel in a novel form. The spirit of "the Walkers," attacked by Mr. Knickerbocker of the Metropolitan Open House, at what he declares was the distance of a quarter of a mile, seemed to him to consist mainly of a rough and tumble contest between a stout body and a stout gentleman, whom he set down as "dagoes," and who sang with great enthusiasm as they fought. He could not bear who the stout lady was. Some of those about him said it was Meliss, and others said it was Neddie, and he finally decided for himself that it was My Irving. His characterization of the efforts of the wicket as "travelling, knee-grinding the wicket," and describes a jewel worn by a girl in the family circle in his shirt bosom, as a "new diamond." It pleased him to observe that the stout lady, notwithstanding her bulk, was possessed of considerable agility. His bestow upon her, with evident approval, the name of "Whitty Budge," and he was glad to see her come out of the row scolding and unacquainted, and delivered from the need of any further for an audience. Not always was Mr. Knickerbocker's pursuit of pleasure in New York as innocent as the matter of his attitude of grand opera. One of his numerous tales somewhat too pedantically with a drinking bout which was not creditable to him. However, the account is admirable, for he offered poignantly on his return to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, from which city he got up and changed all his letters making up this little volume purport to have been indited.

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Railway trains are on much greater than we are that we run only wonder at the power of the men who are set apart to handle them as grinders and changer all their. They may tell us what they please

about influence and about rules, but to man in the end means about a broken down individual. He can haul up at a man's wife thousands of men running under a fearful momentum. With a tin of his hand he can put in motion a power equal to that of the command of a don't battle ship. In *The Verge of Fate*, by Frank H. Spurgeon (Harper & Brothers), we have a book of railroad stories. From the incidents here narrated in *Fate* it will be understood, even by the full writer, that the railroad engine means to. Perhaps it is not generally supposed that the man who drives a motor of lightning speed through the country of the night has something on his mind. The book of excellent stories will correct this impression. Among other railroad days in the world are the sidings involved in labor strikes. Here the nerve of *Fate* is exhibited in the face and under the strain and terror of a strike. It is to be said that *Fate* was a good man, and that he could well be treated to run an engine.

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History is not always well told. To habit it to go somewhat suspect, with a very close critical at the fact. They may be because the facts are left call points at which to arrive. Mr. Knickerbocker's *Letters of the General Lauriston War* (J. B. Appleton & Co.) may be questioned, in the regard of the late features, in Madrid. It seems to us reasonably to suspect that my own history of this one-sided war would be questioned there. Even American against the facts, they are so completely in the American favor. This, however, is a very well-written, and interesting book. We notice that General Shuler and Mr. Underwood they deserve it only at the rules by which credit is accorded to be given. The "loop" of administration which has been a loop of some kind, which has been a loop of some kind, which has been a mark of of careless writing about houses and securing facts. The fact is not an exciting one, but it is a fact, that all the things which we have read and which have written on hand are not equally the case, whether they be to be told. Nevertheless, we have in it. Tullerington has made a very readable history.

EST. 1857

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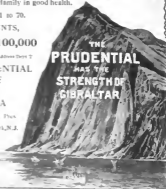
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THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

VIEW OF THE EIFFEL TOWER AND CHAMP DE MARS FROM A TOWER OF THE TROCADERO PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 2, 1900

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Germany and the United States

THE time-lord people are at it again, and this time it is Germany to whom the flag of destiny points as the foe to be met, either upon the sea or upon some territory convenient to both belligerents. The reasons given for the possibility of this conflict are various, but the decisive argument appears to be at the bottom of most of them. Germany is alleged to want certain things that it is our duty not to let her have, even if we do not want them ourselves. The day she is establishing a new empire in North America, and casting her eyes upon Brazil; another she wants the Danish West Indies, and proposes to buy them under our very nose, and in despite of our most emphatic protest. Great statesmen were eloquent upon the duty of the hour, and ministers of state at public banquets to shed such awful brims of eloquent droplets that overflowed as through the lattice of a nation which has profited as with a large proportion of our most progressive and enlightened citizenship. Naturally enough, the brims of sense in the universal language is so great that not even the stock-market has responded to these demagogic cries, and men and women have gone about their business as if they did not care a cent as to whether or not this terrible Kaiser over the sea was preparing to wipe us off the face of the earth. Nothing more practical was required to fire the imagination to the point where the bare words of Europe's most advanced and most prosperous nation on this side of the water, and it was immediately forthcoming to two sections, one connected directly with the craft of war, the other with the every-day business of life. From one quarter came the announcement that DEWEY would be had known the German fleet at Manila out of the water—a statement which carries with it its own contradiction, since if DEWEY had wanted to do this thing he would have done it forthwith; and from the other came the interesting report of Consul-General Hoots at Berlin, predicting a trade war between the two nations, in which tariff walls would be demolished by paralyzing schedules to such a degree that the results will stagger humanity.

Of all these various rumors for a quarrel between ourselves and the father-land the last appears to be the most reasonable, and the kind of retaliation proposed the most sensible. We should much prefer a tariff war to one involving the sacrifice of much treasure and many lives, and the sooner it begins the better, for there can be but one issue. The *Yankee Sun* commercially has got what the vulgar call a nose on, and with the resources back of his own view with equanimity any measure which Germany, or any other nation, may choose to take to hold him back. His speed may be somewhat impeded temporarily, but in single action, nor any combination of nations which is at all likely, can stop him. Any effort to interfere with his commercial growth must be the result of the highest and most positive detriment of those who stand in his way, and the sooner Germany tries it, the more quickly shall we reach the ultimate and inevitable adjustment upon a living basis for all.

Mr. Mayo's contribution in consular literature is a notable one, and he writes in the highest and most of his exceedingly instructive and valuable report. It is a positive pleasure to find in the consular service of the United States a man who

thinks and who is sufficiently familiar with his own language to place the results of his observations clearly and convincingly before his countrymen.

IN moments of foolish agitation and of silly war talk a report such as that presented by Consul-General Mayo should be quoted fairly and impartially. A report suggestive of political conditions without a remedy is useless. Mr. Mayo's document is all the more valuable because of the pertinacity and the grasp in which he says that the Ambassador "what most enlightening thinking aspect, or of any kind, for, in that out of all the nations will come a broad, liberal, comprehensively framed treaty, or series of treaties, between the United States and Germany, in which all the vexed and irritating questions relating to naturalized citizenship, naturalization, and, in part, questions which shall be regarded, and liberal justice to imports of food products be secured by reciprocal conventions and embodied in permanent conventions between the two countries. Rivalry and competition in foreign fields—South America, Africa, and the Orient and the German Empire will always be, but this is no reason why the two nations should not be in their direct relations with each other, harmonious and mutually considerate, and this result can be in no way so effectively promoted as by an intelligent revision of the law of naturalization and their adjustment to modern requirements and conditions."

Be-enveloped by Ambassador Wirtz's speech on May 22 to a visiting delegation at the Berlin Embassy, Consul-General Mayo's written statement takes on a new value. Speaking as a body really representative of New York, Mr. Wirtz's address to you will take back a few denunciations to resist all the denunciations and sensationalists who attempt to stir up ill feeling between the two countries. Your duty here now and in America now is to be in the position of the knowledge of our country has of the other, and to show how absurd many things are which are said in the one country of the other.

It is quite evident that the United States of America are well represented in Germany.

THAT is a very commendable movement which is reported to be taking definite shape in the West, by which a vast amount of wheat for export, instead of being sent to and shipped from New York, is to be diverted to certain Gulf ports and thence sent abroad from there. The trade interests of the metropolis are so vast and so various that New York can very well afford to let some of her sister cities win some portion of her commerce, and if by this means they shall come to have a more general distribution of the nation's prosperity, we shall all be the better off. Anything which tends to realize the possibilities of sections of the country which need only enterprise and opportunity to become large and successful centers of trade, and therefore give greater strength to the country at large. If it should happen, then, that New York's losses might one at most—shall prove of great benefit to Gibraltar, or any other Gulf port, the New Yorker should, and undoubtedly will, view with equanimity and even satisfaction the movement that brings about such a change. There is work enough to be done to keep us all busy and prosperous, and the more business and prosperity we have on our hands the less time and inclination will we have for the manifestation of petty jealousies and mutual distrust.

A Commendable Movement

OUR distinguished visitors the Beer couples have probably learned by this time what a good trick it is, for most assuredly that is what was presented to them on their arrival in this country, and we must confess we think it has had that such excellent grounds—so fertile though fertile an erudition, should be so victimized. To be received with the *Goetz* and the *Black* as they were with brass bands, and a polyglot committee, with resolutions from the Municipal Assembly and an address from the Christoffelshaus Mayor of the greatest city in the land, to be driven about the streets and expat at by the nations of earth as represented by the cosmopolitan citizenship of New York, must have indeed the thought in their minds that everything was going their way, and that their mission would be to be satisfied to win success at the top of this to find that the brass bands were not of our lot, that the polyglot committee was self-appointed, and so sent with internal discussion

that it cannot be said even to represent itself, and that the order of the day of the Christoffelshaus Mayor might have been three or four million times as long and still dignified, and must have played a rude awakening. It was a poor trick to play upon those well-meaning guests, and we hope the time will come when those tricks will be duly rebuffed of themselves and forgotten.

Meanwhile the real authorities are showing our visitors all due considerations. They are treating them courteously and with proper sympathy for all their little infirmities, but they are not offering them any good tricks, as did the Mayor of New York and his precious aids in the recent spectacular performance at the City Hall. It is easy to see who are the real friends of the emigrants.

A NEW hero has appeared in the person of the late Colonel and now Major-General BANGS, POWELL of Mafeking. Major-General BANGS, POWELL seems to be a good deal of a man. He is first of all a fighting man, like Mr. Kenna's friend Fuzzy-Wuzzy, a most excellent executive officer, and a most noble and highly commendable character.

The New Hero

One of the entertainment committees of the Belonged-to Mafekingites. Here is a rare combination of desirable qualities, and which we are eager to encounter the perfect one, we have a sort of notion that BANGS, POWELL approximates that individual. We are therefore glad that he has been relieved, and doubly glad that he has been properly honored by the authorities at home. In matters of this nature, do their work either better than he do. There is no controversy about BANGS, POWELL's achievement, and his promotion cannot bring about a scandalous action having a political animus which will sooner or later become a disfigure to the service and a nuisance in the eyes of the people.

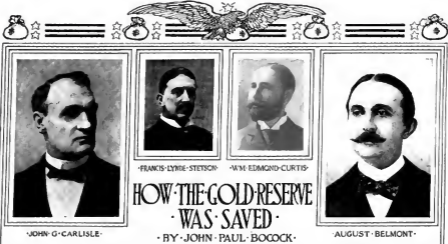
THE only deplorable result of the raising of the siege of Mafeking was the inspiration it has given the Pict Laureate of England to show how poor a lack in the Pygmy he rides. We imagine that BANGS, POWELL, himself, who he reads Mr. Artz's lines about his achievement, will feel sorry that Mafeking has been relieved. There is, indeed, after all, something in life here which death has no terror.

The next with which we are concerned at this time to revert to some observations which Mr. Artz once made as the result—to use his own words—"of a conference not the growth of yesterday, but of long deliberate and ever-dwelling reflection." Writing in 1879 on the subject of TEXAS, Mr. Artz says: "The fact that our title to be considered a great poet. He thought it worth while to do this because 'the vulgar nose that nobody for a normal dream of calibrating it.' I," he continues, "with fine content for the vulgar, 'am going not only to challenge it, but to show it altogether, and to explore the unwhitened there is not time to see itself by a successful reformation from the gentlemanly habits and content in which a conventional professor in an excellent opinion of personal interest will necessarily involve it." Further on Mr. Artz concludes: "The fact that our title to be considered a great poet, 'This is the opinion I make poetry and literature—the opinion that will challenge anybody with laughter and flout us with scorn."

Well, posterity has arrived, and it is chafing with laughter, and it is flouting with scorn. So far, the poet was prophetic enough to please anybody, but he made one mistake. He set his hat upon a high. TEXAS is not the one or whom the public shrank with laughter, or whom they flout with scorn. The man they are after is the creature who rhymes "Hunch about" with "hunchment"—who wrote of Mafeking, not of Bahakava. Yet with all his faults we love him still—the stiffer the better—for he is a benefactor. With ALLEN DAWSON as the standard of the poet, life itself is the highest to lament to poetry, sweet and clear and beautiful, with never a discordant note until the Laureate himself chooses to amend his lyre. Besides Mr. Artz, Mayor VAN WYCK is a very unimpaired, bubbling over with words of earnestness and light.

Meanwhile,

The war goes on without abatement, whatever it be the Laureate's mood.



THE TRUE STORY OF A REMARKABLE EPISODE IN THE SECRET HISTORY OF WALL STREET

I was fortunate that nobody suspected the load which I brought to the Sub-Treasury that January day the three men who, one at a time, walked boldly up the great stone steps, past the fesses bearing Washington, and were thrust into the little room at the left of the entrance. All the more fortunate because it was not they who were in imminent danger, their assistants, as yet, confined themselves to epithets, such as "thieves," "robbers," and "infidels," and were, in the main, no worse than Washington. Scarcely was anybody notified, however, to the successful transaction of the business in hand. Nor was there any in the whole history of this money centre of the American continent, they believed, an affair of greater public importance than that upon which they were bent. Its gravity, its delicacy, also demanded the highest effort of intellect, experience, and courage.

The result of their labors has passed into history—as an achievement then unprecedented, slow, but, ultimately, the means by which that result was obtained, the remarkable expedients employed, their very words—anyhow late but not five years publicly revealed.

Thus inside the Sub-Treasury, the three visitors were welcomed by the Hon. United N. Jordan, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, and Chief Financial officer in New York of the mighty government whose weakness was now to be revealed.

"I think I can hold out till Saturday," he said to them, "and I so notified Washington yesterday."

It was already Thursday afternoon, January 31, and holding out most interesting of a pause so extraordinary, both at home and abroad, as to make Frank Friday a bank matter. The two men to whom their government was now appealing were decidedly private citizens. The Hon. William Edmund Curtis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, had come over from Washington to make that appeal in person. He and Mr. Jordan represented a nation in solemn affliction; the others, private citizens, represented something that the nation needed—how loudly nobody else accepted—just then made to get elsewhere.

They were alike these two, in imperishable and in nothing else. The smaller was of medium height, black hair, and black-crowd, of a slender, smooth-shaven countenance, and habitually in black. Not yet forty for years of age, he was the social lover of a name powerful in finance, in politics, in the drawing-rooms, and on the race-course. The only possession of millions had left an earnest disposition on his features. He held a club-house in his hand.

It was in his confession in this anxious affair that the eyes of a private would have turned instinctively, so favorable was the personality of the other and more sensitive figure. The short gray hair that lay close to the sides of his head, the thoughtful lines of the top, the rosy complexion, the broad shoulders, the deep shadow, were impressive; but they would be his glory after the hour, penetrating glimpse of his heart eyes.

"There lay the key not of the man's power, as a specially made creature."

"I guess his refusal as his help," said the man, round, Assistant Treasurer. "If the gold reserve is not immediately replenished, a national bankruptcy would come, and no more. Will you undertake to supply the gold?"

"I feel in duty bound to do so," said Pierpont Morgan.

"And I will do my part," said August Belmont.

Now Wall Street is the not sensitive spot of the continent. Had a power, at this moment, seemed from which Washington delivered the United States would have been paroled and jammed in due solution with men, whose retirement would have spread, in five

minutes more, to the shores, less than a hundred yards away of the Stock Exchange, upon whose floor those who had lost everything, but whose were even then fighting a losing battle. And then would have fallen the characteristic line.

The situation in the financial centre, the solar plexus of the New World, was of the moment without precedent. For many weeks there had been in the air a vague menace, portending serious disaster. It was not a question of any one man falling, of any one man rising to the fall, of the smash of individual or the liquidation of reckless speculation, or even of such a smash of the whole stock but as would wreck, however by the board and banks by the American and speculation by the thousand. The gold reserve had been steadily depleted, until the very nation itself, its financial interests agreed, was now on the verge of debauching to the world the pledge that "gold" in the greenbacks and government bonds meant "gold," a pledge made known to the world at the time of the resumption of specie payments.

In this apprehension the two men who had met, at this the psychological moment, occurred. It was their secret, the significance of the substance to the Street would have suffered to precipitate the disaster they were stalling every year to avert.

The newspapers in New York and in London were beginning to be alive to the situation; for New York and London were the terminals of the telegraphic cable of gold whose ends were stranding the United States, in the opinion of the money experts, The Herald of the 26th had announced the President's forthcoming financial message under these head lines:

"On the Road of a 'Crisis.'"
Bankruptcy and Impoverished Country. Financial affairs 'Gloomy; lots of loss.'"

Editorially it had declared, "If Congress even at this late date will authorize a popular loan but the maintenance of the gold reserve, the crisis will be averted."

The London Standard of the same date said: "The

Street was likely at an instant day to find themselves head and ears in deep water."

Scarcely three days had elapsed, and this cheerful prediction had been so astonishingly fulfilled that the Assistant Secretary and the Assistant Treasurer knew Mr. Morgan was speaking the truth when he said, in Mr. Jordan's other that morning.

"If I were to come here now with ten millions in gold certificates, it is a pity to tell them that!"

The coin in the relatively small residence of the gold reserve in New York had never thus represented by outstanding gold certificates, the rest of the reserve being in the gold bars, and therefore not available for the obligations of the government.

Of the entire world, he said Mr. Belmont also realized the desperate straits in which the national government found itself with its credit based on a gold reserve of fifty millions, which had drained down to less than eight millions in available gold coin in the Sub-Treasury in New York. They were keeping this knowledge to themselves, and holding back the details.

But the inner circle of the official world—that is to say, the President and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, and the Sub-Treasurer at New York—now only realized the deadly imminence of a frightful disaster, but had not any steps straining every governmental resource to fight it out. Early to the month Secretary Cullum had given orders that the gold coin in the Sub-Treasury in Chicago and San Francisco should be transferred to the Sub-Treasury in New York—the state-gate through which those essential bars, the balance of trade, the price of gold in London, the value of imports, the vast aggregate of American gold scattered abroad by American banks, failed the golden floor for New York, and money that resolutions were passed by the House or speaker of allegations were made in the Senate.

These facts were in the minds of the four who met in the Sub-Treasury. If Senator Jones of Nevada had not been prevailed by a lunatic engagement in New York from attending the meeting of the Senate Committee on Finance on Tuesday, January 29, a bill for the national free coinage of silver would be the help of his vote have been liberally reported to the Senate of the United States. That very day more than thirty millions of gold was withdrawn from the Sub-Treasury in New York for export to Europe. The export was demanded by Chicagoans from other countries who were severely divided on this great question—with a Western Chamber negatively and only of righteous indignation, but also of one-broke and longer here; but the golden motion was not in the name. Before the January 29, 1893, 747 was withdrawn in fact, part and the government was forced to turn for help from the Congress as Washington to Mr. Morgan Belmont. Mr. Belmont had more withdrawn in fact, in forty-eight hours. More than forty million millions of gold reserve would be gone, at this rate, in forty-eight hours.

"No Congress will not act on the President's recommendation that Secretary Cullum be authorized to issue bonds," asked Mr. Belmont of Mr. Curtis.

"Congress is not likely to authorize a bond issue," replied Belmont. "A silver bond issue over Mr. Belmont's head. Even if he and Mr. Morgan could procure gold enough to help the government out, how could the government take over the gold except in payment for bonds?"

"No question of gold and silver still in the way of this matter," asked Mr. Belmont of Mr. Curtis.

"No question of a solution." "My firm in London outside me that the money, Belmont called down on the United States selling gold. I see no way out and it may be gotten, but if it can be, Mr. Belmont and I will get it. We understood the security



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
 FROM 1789 TO 1898
 BY
 CHARLES A. BEAMAN
 VOL. II



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—BREEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

for immediate action. And we will take it. If the President and Secretary of the Treasury regard it—let private negotiations be absolutely necessary.”

As Mr. Morgan crossed Wall Street to get to his banking house, immediately opposite the Stock Exchange, a heeler hurrying to the Exchange, a riotous disturbance broke up, saw him, saw where he came from, saw the walk on the floor of Assistant Secretary Curtis, who came down the Stock Exchange steps at that moment—and with a bound and a shout cleared right on to the floor of the Stock Exchange the news he desired.

“The Treasury is negotiating a loan!”

At that moment an edition of the evening papers began to sell like hot cakes up and down Broad Street, in front of the Exchange, in front of the Mills Building, where the exchange brokers did their stock gambling in the open, in and out of New Street and Exchange Place, and all along lower Broadway, and in five minutes thousands of men were reading a London cable, quoting the Times of that day, and evidently based on information, until now unknown in New York, suggested at the London end of the great transatlantic cable.

“Means may be found,” said the “Thrunderer,” by issuing a loan of such dimensions and in such form as will be easily loaned.”

Herald! Who, of course Morgan and Belmont were the men to find the means? It was no good to be found. Morgan and Belmont were a strategy team at once approved. Landed Forbes went so far in the next few hours as to offer back to the Sub-Treasury the four millions of gold coins they had withdrawn to be shipped on Saturday, the 30th inst. If Morgan and Belmont said their bills against a London market, there would be no objection, for anybody else in shipping gold. The tide was actually dammed already—dammed by the private initiative, while the whole country of the Sub-Treasury on the globe had not refused—dammed, indeed, not by any act of the citizens, but by the mere suggestion that they might act!

The next day February came in, on a Friday. “What there was left of Wall Street,” as a morning paper put it, was still “in a whirl” over the message that the government was negotiating with Morgan and Belmont “for a loan sale. Nobody knew but had taken place in the Sub-Treasury the day before but the hour now passed. Mr. Curtis went back in Washington, dumb as an oxen. Mr. Jordan’s lips were sealed, although there was a trickle in his hand, by blue eyes. No reporter who knew Morgan and Belmont level had one to get at the news from them, and reporters who did not know these could not get at them. The rumors that reached Washington followed to aim a higher pitch the movement of the silver Congress, and there were by the great silver dollar that there should be no loan sale, no matter how fully such “loan sale and Wall Street” as Morgan and Belmont wanted it “to pay on the necessities of the government.” No, not even if the whole gold supply were melted out of existence and we were fully to get into this on a silver loan of our money of our age.

New the “secretary” which Mr. Morgan had asked for in these negotiations, toward the government of the United States and the same when many Congressmen demanded a gold basis, carried respect and sympathy in. Secretaries had not been mentioned most successfully. The newspapers that were most aggrieved at not being left into the secret were now most zealous in denouncing “private negotiations” by public officials. Disgraceful impositions were made about the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. The silver men grasped their advantage in the full. The storm worked over Sunday.

Monday morning, Mr. Morgan, seated at his board but such very open and so quiet by the fire, and of such transients were, found in his mail one particular letter that caused him to scrounge a telegraph messenger in short order to get the situation.

The Secretary of the Treasury wrote him that all “private negotiations” made by “show-down,” in reply Mr. Morgan was obliged to send him the money to be taken until he could be heard.

A few minutes later Mr. Morgan and Mr. Francis Lynde Steiwer went to the Treasury to see what they go in Washington with me,” said Mr. Morgan to the private secretary, “there may be papers to be drawn. Mr. Steiwer knew just what the situation was. “I’ll go on a private citizen,” he replied; “not for money,



COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL AND KEY.

Presented to M. Alfred Fernald, Commissioner-General of the Paris Exposition, by United States Commissioner Ferdinand Pack, May 15, 1905.

but for my country. I’d walk to Washington if necessary.”

They left in Mr. Morgan’s car, with Mr. Robert Town, one of Mr. Morgan’s partners, Mr. Morgan went directly to Mr. Belmont’s office. Mr. Town went to call on an ex-ammal official, Mr. Steiwer went to the White House, but could not see the President, who was not well.

Tuesday morning the character in this optional dress assembled at the White House—with the Cabinet as a session in the next room. There was the President, the lines in his face showing how loudly he realized the significance of the occasion. John Griffin Corbin, his Secretary of the Treasury, William E. Curtis, the Assistant Secretary, Richard Dreyfus, the Attorney General, completed the government group; Percypal Morgan, his partner Robert Town, his friend and counsel Francis Lynde Steiwer, joined another group.

The discussion of the national crisis which then ensued was of the most thrilling interest. The men and the emergency measured up alike. Mr. Morgan for himself and Mr. Belmont positively declared their ability to get the gold the government needed. But as Congress still declined to authorize a loan issue, how was the government to take advantage of their offer? To issue bonds in the face of such opposition Congressmen opposition was a risk one. Administration might well hesitate to take. There was a dead wall ahead—and the gold just the other side of it. In three days the Springer Bill, allowing the government to sell bonds specifically payable in gold, was to come up in the House for final action. Its passage would simplify the crisis immensely—if the government had not already been specifically defined by the market. But there seemed little probability of favorable action. The Republicans were eagerly seizing the opportunity in join with the silver men in “getting the Administration in a hole.”

For two hours the men in the White House surveyed the situation. At one time Mr. Cleveland left the room and did not return for nearly an hour, so in two days were his feelings on the subject, as appeared by the fact that he had not returned to the room. His private obligation, under the law, to advertise bonds in gold to the highest bidder.

Now came the unique feature of this historic transaction.

“Yes, Mr. Secretary,” said Mr. Morgan, “have been already voted, only by you, by the House, to pass the Act, to buy gold. Day it—we will sell it to you.”

This novel suggestion electrified all present. A bond sale was a very different transaction from a coin purchase, and Section 1104 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which was eagerly recalled, left no doubt of the force and stress of Mr. Morgan’s suggestion. The Secretary of the Treasury could not be vitiated by his offer. He needed no authority from Congress. He did not need to withdraw, as Mr. Morgan said, such an advertisement warning the world notice of one event. Away back in the dark days of ‘61, to meet some emergency, the law had been made. Assistant Secretary Curtis understood it fully. His scope was now much familiar in all present. The details fitted. It was of course agreed that the purchase by the government of “3,500,000 ounces of standard gold coin of the United States,” should be arranged if Congress failed to pass the Springer Bill. Then Mr. Morgan might return, Thursday or Friday, and present whatever proposition he had made. So, as before in his confidence, so well worthy of the bench of the historical painter.

Mr. Morgan and his associates returned to New York. Secretary Curtis and Assistant Secretary Curtis, both able lawyers, set to work. An old lawyer found him out. “Yes, the No. 5, 2d room, 441 Congress Street, New York, N. Y.,” was a sign which could not be purchased to stay on the streets of Washington. It was bought for \$100,000, and was bought in from the Library and proved of the greatest assistance in those in bringing a contract for the purchase of the same.

Words made be weighed well when they were written.

Thursday the House defeated the Springer bill, and the House on New York Street, Exchange, in the next three or four days, up to a two million share, in one day, were on that day just 67,000 shares, all told, including

That night Morgan, Morgan and Steiwer went back to Washington. As they looked down their way on the streets of Washington, they saw the old building over the landscape. This Mithrad had not in play. Friday morning, February 5, 1905, they got to the Treasury Department, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Assistant Secretary, and their rooms, Mr. Richard Dreyfus, the Attorney General, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Steiwer.

In the large room of the Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Morgan and Mr. Steiwer met across table from Mr. Curtis, Secretary Curtis, standing in and out for conference with the Attorney General, in the next room to the right. Mr. Steiwer, who knew just what Mr. Morgan wanted, always sat in the next room, isolated from that point of view. Mr. Curtis knew just what the government wanted, and he started the government’s provisions. There were expensives, changes, references to the Attorney General and so Mr. Morgan. Friday evening was written.

The Secretary of the Treasury signed that a thousand words; yet it embodied a transaction without precedent, one upon which a National negotiating committee had been formed, and a National negotiating committee of fraud. There came the signing.

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DECORATIVE EXPRESSION IN THE PALACE OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS



PALACE OF INDUSTRY AND FINE ARTS



THE SCULPTURE EXHIBIT IN THE MAIN ROTUNDA OF THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS



A VIENNESE ARCHITECTURAL CONCEPTION.



DECORATION IN COLORED TILES IN THE GERMAN SECTION.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BERTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

CHINAMEN, CONFINED WITHIN THE CHINESE QUARTER, COOKING THEIR MEALS



OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD

The Embassy to France



In the atmosphere of the chancery of the American embassy in the Avenue Kléber, what seems to be an odd, old parchment letter hangs framed. Nearly every five-line reads it, and those who do not notice closely take it for an original. It is only a clever photograph, however, and tells us also the first diplomatic mission ever sent out by the home-land government formed at Philadelphia in 1776. Here is a copy:

* Paris, December 23, 1776.

"Sir—
—We beg leave to acquaint your Excellency that we are appointed and fully empowered by the Congress of the United States of America, in proper and legitimate a treaty of amity and commerce between France and the said States. And the just and generous treatment their trading ships have received, by a free admission to the ports of this Kingdom, with other considerations of respect, have induced the Congress to make this offer first to France.

"We request an audience of your Excellency wherein we may have an opportunity of presenting our credentials, and we further surmise that the propositions we are instructed to make are such as will not be found unacceptable.

"With the greatest regard, we have the honor to be, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble servants,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
NATHAN DEANE,
ARTHUR LEE.

"His Excellency the Count de Vergennes."

The original of this letter, in Franklin's handwriting, is in the archives of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

What a far cry from that day to this! The head of that modest embassy was to make for himself a niche here in the history of France, a place the like of which few diplomats from any country have

achieved. Only the other day I was making my way on a new popular pilgrimage—in the track of that talented Boston girl, Marie-Henriette, in the courtyard at Passy. I came upon some boys returning from school, and asked one of them to direct me to the place. His directions led me to a street which he called Rue Franklin, and which did not recognize the name. "Franklin, was never," Franklin, is phidologie Angloise." Of course I knew that as well as I knew the place, and first famous diplomat had in French hearts, it had taken the little Paris boy scholar to tell me that his name had been also recorded in the names of the Paris streets.

But if this first step in the Quaker hemisphere made a name for himself at a brilliant court in a brilliant world, he set an example which has encouraged his successors even to the present day. Few of these who followed him were so fortunate as Franklin. Fewer still could make themselves such respected and admired in a diplomatic world of gold hair and powdered noses. The first government at Philadelphia has given alone these days. The whole

ever an effort is made to release and reduce its diplomatic representation to suit the times, are always born from objective the immediate needs of their soil of Quaker gray. The government continues to keep for Franklin. And his successors are chosen up on their own resources to make good the decisions. The present salary allowed to our ambassador at Paris will not pay the house rent of a suitable house.

The people of the United States have so far had so little concerned with diplomacy, perhaps many of them do not know that in foreign eyes an ambassador is the incarnation of national sovereignty. When one of these from the United States enters a room, it is in every respect just as if Mr. McKinley entered. The same deference and respect must be paid to him. An ambassador is always accredited directly to the head of a government, not to its Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has the privilege of always demanding an audience with the Chief Executive. And with these privileges goes a due responsibility of appearance. Such an embassy must live in a style befitting the demands of his position. Now at the White House itself, the President lives simply enough. We democratic-minded it, and those who visit us understand it, from the nature of its surroundings. But take the Executive Mansion, with its interior life just as it is in any European capital. Why, the minister from Montenegro or Constantinople lives in a larger house in greater style! No, the American diplomat either personally pays to see his country duly represented or holds in the background, uncertain that the majority of the people about him are recognizing his country by his own insignificance. For even the best part of our representative receives little more than a third of the salary of the President. As they have to live in more than equal style, they might at least be allowed a sum equal to half the amount. No American who comes abroad and sees the contrast can fail in gratitude to the generous men who are determined that their great and rich country shall not seem small and mean in the eyes of the world at large. On any state occa-

sion when the representatives of the foreign world gather in Paris—on such an occasion, for instance, as a diplomatic reception at the Elysee—what do you see? There come the Russians—thirteen in all. There come the English, they number thirteen also. There are seven Italians and eight Turks. The Spaniards number fifteen and the Chinese eight. In between them are the Americans, five in all.

For many years the chancery of the embassy in Paris was in a dark little apartment in the Rue de la Harpe, where there was not the slightest sign of a reception room. I remember having seen one standing around in a cold hallway waiting for prospects. The staid pillar of the embassy, Mr. Henry Vignati, who has been for so many years its efficient secretary, was what up in a dark closet with scarcely room to be a second person. Since after his arrival the present ambassador changed all of that. I can be sure that he had all the cheer of having personally to be the most of additional after that, the chancery was cleared by a large heavy partition in the rear, and a large waiting room for visitors. It is in the suite of the American embassy, and, adjoining reception directly opposite to the palace of an Queen hotels in Spain. This location will make pleasant the rest of all of the thousands of Americans who will go to the Embassy this year in Paris. If they see no fortune, a visit to the home of the ambassador will make their idea of the strains of the diplomatic representation we have in a city which, in 1780, more than ever will the world will come to us. It is to be hoped that they will be duly grateful to the gentlemen to whom it is due, and return home under auspices of a return which will not leave the question of respect representation to anything so uncertain an individual person.

President McKinley sent, as his representative to the President of France, General Howe Post, of New York. It is probable that always in the proper mind—and he would be the best to object to it—General Post will be associated with General Gour-

For so me familiar with the life of the latter on over forget his debt to the name young French service in which I have always remembered an expression of General's, quoted by John Russell Young, in which he said that there had been sacrificed in the name of the staff, "It is the best of a man would be made some one of the light and assistance needed of the war. The service of history and strength and made was well advised by the retained proposition which was the first. The first of a large man Governor of Pennsylvania at the first war there in a close of war. There is a doubt of General Blarke had to be provided personal in the beginning of the war, he served through the last part of the war. He continued with the general and department after the war, and also while still chief of the staff of the first Great general was and all our nation's and all our nation's united with large



THE BALL-ROOM IN THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, PARIS.

ness enterprises. Here he gained recognition for himself as promptly as he had for military ability. He soon became a director in several important business concerns, such as the Metropolitan Electrical Building Company and the Equitable Life Insurance Company. His look north of a public character, which, if possible, increased his popularity, was in connection with the election of the Massachusetts Governor in New York. It led for the completion of this work might almost be wholly given to General Parke's individual efforts. For him it was a labor of great magnitude, in which the people were prompt to applaud and appreciate.

With this reputation as a soldier and statesman, General Parke was elected a member of the United States Senate. He was a gifted orator, a steadfast Republican, and a political leader in all the higher circles of the Government. Known to be a good French scholar, it was natural that President McKinley should have promptly decided on his appointment as American ambassador to France. Since his appointment his excellent qualities as public orator in the French press for their own language has received for him a higher appreciation than has been possible to all of the many excellent orators who have represented our country.

Accredited as he is directly to the French President, the relations between the ambassador's family and the palace of the Elysee are most pleasant. There is no annual reception in New Year's day to the President, very much like that at the White House, excepting the dinner which the ambassador and his family give to the French diplomatic circles and two balls which the corps diplomatique, including parties and ball entertainments, are also frequent. In fact, during the regime of the late President Faneu the Elysee was very gay. It was the admiration of his successors, the diplomatic corps, and, on social a formal visit of congratulation, Madame Louvet presumes to make as perfect a lecture as Madame Faneu ever gave. Her husband, as a Frenchman, has had ample opportunity to gain from the reputation for egalitarian hospitality which the home of the French President has acquired.

Fortunately perhaps, the ambassador there is an such custom as the presentation of visitors to the President on his wife. This custom of so much difficulty in relations to royal courts is widely and happily a thing of the past in Paris. On the other hand, the ambassador has under his care and protection a large number of his countrymen than any of our diplomatic stations. There are about 2,000 American students of the arts and sciences in Paris, and fully 2,000 resident Americans. These last number are by the most part people of wealth and refinement, who live there from pleasure or because of international married connections. They have handsome apartments and hotels and play a prominent part in the social world. There are few of them engaged in business in France, but it is to be hoped that after next year the Exposition will have opened the eyes of many students to opportunities for American enterprise. Nearly all of them work of the ambassador, at one time or another find themselves within his hospitable doors. In protecting their interests, as well as assisting them in the full enjoyment of liberty and the pursuit of art or happiness, the embassy fills a large and useful sphere.

CHARLES BROWNE.

California Olive-Groves

THAT things which most impress the observer's attention when first he sees the olive-groves of California are the methodical and systematic precision of the long lines of trees planted in such carefully drawn rows, and then the frequency of the commercial life which this gives to the situation. One sees dressed-up olive-growers, or, less often, them in their straggling, gaunt, irregular cut, and pretentious beauty in New or elsewhere in the Old World, and has thought of them, inevitably, as indications to the soil, as a natural part of the prevailing unwholesome quality of its surroundings; or perhaps he thinks of it as a sort of boulevard and beneficence, generated by nature to man, or even as a self-generated, self-directing personality. I was about to say, for each old tree seems to



OLIVE-PICKERS AT WORK.

contain an individuality which betrays of plenty and of a certain power and vigor.

In old Spanish days this was true in California, also; for these trees were to be found nowhere more than in old missions, and were still, and in the courts or patios of some of the charming old adobe houses, there stand fine examples of these self-pruned and unpruned, it is called and the best, bushier-like trees. In fact in modern California, as the California which has sprung into an empire in past fifty years, the olive-groves have had its particular care when they have been in use, numerous and commercial importance. These trees, however beautiful, were planted in regular rows, exactly on same feet apart, when these trees are kept neatly trimmed back and down to a given size, when the work about them is well planned, and when this extends over acres and acres of land, comprises the remains of the "planning olive-groves" has been established up for the tree and before a great deal of it all, by the basis of the commercial character, by the very patient fact that man has discovered and shaped according to the necessities of this piece of tree. I do not state this as a criticism, but merely as a fact. In what the olive-grower has had in particular success in coming to the New World it has gained in wisdom and precision. What it has thus been deprived of in another sense it has more than made up for in grand old and hardy and sturdy and in the planted ground under its shade extending rows of well-trimmed trees—all about the same size, shape, and best—now in a line in many rows that are both new and iron, which fact, after all, goes very far towards making woods for the "good old days" of old-fashioned man and self-kept trees. One can glance down the rows and see the almost of the dark rounded heads rimming in lighter green as the soft winds from the under side and expose to view the wonderfully well-filled ovals of fruit. One can watch the pickers, with their large, intensely shaped preachers hang about their necks, going up the adjustable ladders and rapidly filling these into the large bags.

It is a mere trifle but it is a most nutritious and health-giving food. Olives make not only a delicious but a most nourishing meal. The oil from the smaller, fire-stone varieties of olives to the larger kinds. They claim that the flavor is better. I confess that at first I did not like them so well. Their oil, "free" quality made no exception. I thought there were no oils of sparkling. I learned later that it was the difference between the French and hardness of a given as a ripe apple or pear or peach.

The natives claim, too, that this may be made a profit, that their oil is the green and finest in the world. Of this I cannot judge. Certainly it is delicious and pure, and fortunately for the olive-grower, there are people here on absolutely in it that their oil sells higher in their own market than do the Spanish or French preparations.

So far as I was able to learn, this is the one product of California fruit-growers that seems to be more expensive in home than abroad. Indeed, their so-called grapes, apricots, peaches, and all other fruits sell so cheaply at home that the poorest man could buy them all the year round; but I found their olive oil as expensive in their own stores as in the foreign oil in New York.

At the past few years it has been taken for granted that only in the far southern counties could olives be grown successfully, but this is now disproved, as they are now grown a profitable crop by such as Santa Ana, San Diego and most famous olive-growers in this country is at Santa Barbara. The Franciscan Fathers planted the first olive trees in California, and were the oldest mission in the State was at San Diego, and was established by Spanish monks (who doubtless brought the olive seed from Spain in 1769). It will be seen that even the so-called "old mission olive trees" are of but very recent date—no olive trees in the Old World, they are now inland. The olive orchards of California, if in the Old World, would not get on as here!

The monks planted these trees at every mission in the well-irrigated, and the fruit harvest was considered safe all a large quantity of which was for such as Santa Ana, San Diego and most famous olive-growers in this country is at Santa Barbara. The Franciscan Fathers planted the first olive trees in California, and were the oldest mission in the State was at San Diego, and was established by Spanish monks (who doubtless brought the olive seed from Spain in 1769). It will be seen that even the so-called "old mission olive trees" are of but very recent date—no olive trees in the Old World, they are now inland. The olive orchards of California, if in the Old World, would not get on as here!

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WALTER H. GAYNE.

CRUSHERS AND PRESSES FOR MAKING OLIVE OIL.



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"MOONLIGHT ON THE SOUND,"—LEONARD OCHTMAN.



"EVENING,"—CALLCOTT WRIGHT.



"MAY SHOWER,"—BRUCE CRANE.



"CHALE, ISLE OF WIGHT,"—GORDON H. BOYER.

The Society of Landscape Painters

REPRESENTATION by group has much to recommend it. No doubt it denotes the larger exhibition of a great many interesting pictures, held back for the special day play; but the latter, for compensation, has the advantage of being limited in extent and more choice in selection. Nearly everything will repay study, and the gross application demanded is not too exhausting. And when, as in this case, one branch only of painting is represented, the amount of subject adds materially to the enjoyment. One can lay one's observation on a certain plink and keep it there. That the subject is landscape, also, makes this exhibition particularly noteworthy. This is the branch in which American painters, as a body, are doing the most individual work. The reason is quite intelligible: on the one hand, motives for study abound on all sides, there is no need for the painter to mark his team for a subject; and, on the other hand, nature invites a fast-eye study.

While this given interest and importance to the exhibitions of the Society of Landscape Painters, one must be careful to note that this little group of twelve men neither exhausts the number of our prominent landscape men, nor is even representative of all the best tendencies of landscape art in this country. It represents nothing except the individual members; therefore the visitor to the exhibition must avoid drawing any general conclusions as to anything beyond what he actually sees upon the walls. And this is written not in depreciation of the present exhibition; it is "not that I love God less, but that I love Rome more."

The fundamental difference between American landscape art of to-day and that of the period antedating 1850 is that while the older work was largely based on static tradition and receipt, and its aim was to produce an accurate transcript of nature, the modern painter relies, or professes to rely, solely on the study of nature, and in his choice and treatment of subject sacrifices literalness and substantial accuracy in favor of the larger and simpler facts, aiming typically to represent the truth of light and atmosphere.

One of the twelve represented in this exhibition, Robert C. Minor, is perhaps the best exponent in America of the romantic landscape. He shows several examples, being notably "Midsummer Night." Strong emotional suggestion has inspired them, and is more expressed by them. In the coloring there are depth and force; and in the distribution of lights and darks an energy at times passionate in its intensity of feeling. They are beautiful pictures rather than truthful records of nature, representing nature made conducive to the painter's poetic vision.

Here is Leonard Ochtman, for example, with a "Moonlight on the Sound," a picture that one may compare with one of Mr. Minor's night pieces. But how different it is, both in method of approaching the subject and, therefore, in its result. Mr. Ochtman starts with no poetic fancy, but with all a poet's quick susceptibility to the most delicate qualities of the scene he studies there with infinite patience, and his record is true, with the consequence that the very beautifulness, to what he sees secures its subtle spiritual quality, and so the picture is delightfully poetic in sentiment. It captivates one imaginatively, and further study of the picture makes minute analysis and of the mastery of technique—that is to say, of knowing just what to choose and how to arrange it—makes evasive of the intelligence as well as of the emotions. There is as good as the scholarly said of the lunar prophets, "to draw distinctions between these holy men"; yet one may note that Mr. Ochtman's work seems to represent more nearly the modern conception of landscape in its stress of action and impression—words which are used in many senses, but here in the sense of having a clear, well-rounded, single-minded idea of how the scene affects one, and then of realizing it by the almost attraction to the natural appearance, especially to the action of light upon the various solid masses.

Another painter, whose work, in this sense, is distinctly impressionistic, is J. Francis Murphy. That is to say, his impression of the scene is a more plastic vision before he touches the canvas. One may think that he even carries this quality so far, or rather little in this, having, three later years, even only for the stage and red and green of autumn, with his qualifying enhancement of misty atmosphere. But with the restricted stretch of interest he has attained a mastery of expression that makes his landscapes, separately, very delightful; but nevertheless one feels inclined to wish for him a wider scope of sympathy.

The same thought is suggested by Walter L. Peltus, who is so conspicuously addicted to snow scenes. There is one in this exhibition, "Morning after the Storm," very admirable, but treated in his usual way, as if the aspect of a snow scene were irrefragable. He also shows several Venetian pictures, bright and pure in color, but ordinary in character; no better, not more than hundreds of other renderings, having nothing new to relate than the usual things would show in the scene, whereas we are justified in expecting a landscape painter, like a poet, to help us to see things more intimate than that of the average eye.

One of our young painters, whose work is admirably virile in its expression, shows work in a landscape of just up clouds, swirling with wind and noise, particularly attractive to me, and leads him to seek his subjects in Holland, as in most of these scenes, though one has been gleamed at "Chale—Isle of Wight." Probably an American landscape painter to-day can express with more directness and vigor the large effects of nature; it will be interesting to see if increasing age gives him an equal mastery over his exhibition. Perhaps, if he makes up his mind to stick down to the painting of American landscape, it will. For example, there is another young painter, Charles H. Davis. His home is at Mystic, Connecticut. His is beauty in the very name of this place, and from the scenery about it Mr. Davis inherits increasing beauty. His pictures possessed of great directness of vision, which enables him to pierce through the appearance of things to the soul within them, to produce work that has five examples, on this occasion, show more variety than usual, but in each case an independence and thoughtfulness of vision altogether admirable. In other very personal pictures in Bruce Crane he has considerable versatility also, and at times it appears to me as if he were to give up his special attention. One is a "May Shower," in which delicate blossoms and verdure are contrasted with a plucky white sky; and the other, "Dawn at Night." The latter is a tall, large scene of white cottages in moonlight. One has often seen the subject treated before, and therefore one appreciates the individuality displayed on this occasion.

The other painters represented are William A. Collins, Walter Chase, H. Leslie Clifford, and Vernon Wood. All of them to advantage, so that one might be tempted of course which render a detailed note of their work impossible. (Continued on Page 513.)



THE VALLEY OF DENSOLAIX, NEAR GRAAPP-BEENLY, ON THE LINE OF GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE.

The Cause of the Boers

BY C. H. WENSEL.

One of the most fertile sources from the Boer Republic in the Transvaal.

THE special commissioner of the United Free State and of the North African Republic, now in this country and of which it is a member, has one well defined object in view—the attainment of the United States, but the purpose of restoring peace in South Africa. By this is meant peace with full liberty for the two republics, such as they enjoyed before the outbreak of hostilities. Such a peace need not be at all impossible, provided that Great Britain is willing to meet our people halfway. We are willing to make any honorable concessions, provided that we can obtain that liberty for which we have fought and are fighting.

We have always been willing to make concessions. We have always been willing to forbear, lived Britain it was that ought to say and every advantage to avoid a partial settlement of the differences in question. This is not an empty assertion for every one is well-informed at the time President Kruger and Mr. Alfred Miller set their best outlines in view of the fact that had the latter desired a peaceful settlement it could have been accomplished. At the time the Transvaal was willing and even anxious to arbitrate, for the Transvaal was in the right. Britain, on the other hand, had an object in view—the acquisition of the gold-bearing lands along the Vaal River, the result of the conference was a free-gold conference.

Now we are here to ask that America, the home of liberty, help us to retain our national independence. We have always been free, despite the contention of Britain, that she held the Transvaal in a state of servitude. That state of affairs was abolished by the treaty of 1851. We ask now that the United States, whose friendship is most necessary to Britain's future welfare, assume to Britain that the war has gone far enough and that the differences remaining hostilities should be settled on a basis of an independent tribunal. We will make any just concessions as to frontiers and taxation, but not one inch's liberty will we derive from our determination to be free.

No matter what reasons be it good or bad, the arguments will battle on for liberty, even as the men of 1789 battled for their freedom. We will never cease that fight until success has crowned our efforts.

Let Lord Roberts take Pretoria—what do we care?—for Pretoria is only a name. The capital of the Transvaal is Potchefstroom, but what matters it where the capital is, so long as there is one league left to fight for his country. Our governments are most anxious—in any form, house—that would be the capital for the time being. Let Lord Roberts take Johannesburg if he can—provided that Johannesburg is still in existence when he gets that for north—the lengths will still fight on.

We will fight for a year, but years, fifty years—so long as one league remains to give a trigger of to fill a finger. Britain may scold as long as by superior numbers, but she can never conquer us entirely. The military equipment of our country does not signify that she has conquered

Every league will prove an individual army that will strike where least expected. Every child in arms will be taught to battle against the invader. The world will be astonished at the spectacle, as well as horrified.

This is why we have come here—to appeal to America to stop this senseless shedding of blood. Our homes are wraged with war, our hearts are rent with pain, and many a heart is in it Britain. We are not above the matter—and we have no better feeling against the men fighting against us. They have been paid the Queen's shilling, and sent on to their death—have suffered—have seen, but nothing to bring home.

This is the second time that the Transvaal has had to appeal for intervention against Britain. In 1881, after the last

There are two primary causes—namely speculation and intervention as the part of certain financiers and politicians and their selfish desire to get possession of the great mineral lands of the Transvaal. The former cause was also the cause of the second cause or desire. Every one who has lived in South Africa for any length of time knows that South Africa is a great store of the means of a certain kind of wealth—South Africa. They have built up huge fortunes out of mining at the expense of the country. They kept at Kimberley, using more or less short-cut methods. They accumulated money, and for a time they prospered. Then, in a sudden moment, gold was discovered, or rather rediscovered, in the Transvaal. Then the Kimberley financiers turned their greedy intentions to gold.

Hundreds of syndicates and companies were formed, with enormous capital, and little if any prospect of ever being profitable. They made a magnificent boom in mining stocks, which went almost sky high. But of course this could not last forever, and the crash came in order to retrace their losses and to save themselves from other financial destruction the capitalists sought to sue the Transvaal.

The first of these centuries, the expedition of Mafeking, had proved such a success that the financiers were not willing to let go. So they obtained a "extension" from poor President Kruger, who had no other alternative, and they were able to continue their operations. The British South Africa Company, Chartered, was the result, with Rhodes as an advisor.

But once again the financiers were disappointed. Rhodes proved a able diplomat, and once again did the financiers work for some starting point in the shape of a concession. No matter how high the disgraced financiers had to climb for the terrible annihilation of the Transvaal. A year later, for the dissemination of lies about the Boers, was started, and did its nefarious work with an air of tribal happenings, such as are usually concocted of they occur in London, were reported as still from the Boers about the land in their own hands. No stern determination were these lies that were so reprehensible, next to believe them. According to the press papers we committed every crime except manslaughter, and that they were included in the category of charges brought against us.

Of course this category of charges prepared the way for a government pro-



THE VAAL RIVER NEAR VERREKINGEN.

our people. That is responsible, for Britain has never had a heritage of hate in the heart of every African and Boer that never again will she be able to rule without equity and good-will. Though we may be beaten now, we will continue to fight. Goodwill warfare will be waged on all British fronts. She will have to maintain 100,000 men in South Africa for many years to come, and then, when all is over, except, when British supremacy never fully established—then the world will turn against us. We are not paid to fight for our country—we are fighting for its national existence, and we will fight much harder than even the least sanguine British imagines. Paul Kruger's warning that the price of our liberty would stagger in money will be carried out in the letter

of Mafeking Hill, Britain prepared to send a large army to South Africa to conquer the Transvaal Boers. It was then that our good President, John Brand, sent an appeal to Britain's Queen asking her to stop the slaughter in the name of humanity. There she had a noble man to counsel her—disdained. Now, when a similar appeal has been made, she has rejected. It is requested by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury.

We trust that our mission here will succeed, but if it should fail, we will fight on, supported by the knowledge that we have the sympathy of the American public. In the situation in South Africa and that it may better realize the terrible wrong Britain has done, I will tell of the success leading up to the present rupture.



THE NEW ELECTRIC SUSPENSION RAILWAY AT BARMEN, GERMANY.
The car can be suspended on two heavy bogies 97 feet in length. The frame surrounds the car across a span that the wheels cannot rise from the rails, and the car is raised up over a strong bridge of 15 feet or more in height. The current is fed by a contact shoe below the rail. The inventor lives in Vienna, Austria.



GENERAL ALFRED F. BATES.

Paying the Troops

THE pay department of the United States army is the one division of the military arm of the government which has naturally engaged criticism as to its ability to meet the changed conditions brought about by a large and sudden increase in the standard rate of this country. There has been no ground for criticism, for the system which worked so well in times of peace was found fully adapted to a time of war, and over two hundred thousand men received their pay as promptly as had the twenty-five thousand which barely constituted the army.

For twenty-seven years following the war with Spain twenty-five divisions of men, under the direction of a paymaster-general, paid annually to the twenty-five thousand soldiers of the United States twenty-five million dollars. When the war with Spain started the increase of the army to nearly one hundred men brought, eighty-seven paymasters were added to the regular force, and within fifteen months from April 1, 1898, there was one hundred and twenty-five divisions of officers paid out about seven million dollars to the American soldiers. After the Paris treaty was signed the number of paymasters was reduced to fifty-five, which is the number now in the service, and they are now paying out an average of three and a half million dollars each month.

The foundations of the present system were laid during the civil war, when in six years this department handled one billion dollars, at a total expense to the government, including salaries, cost of distribution, losses, expenses, and delinquencies, of less than three-quarters of one per cent, of the amount disbursed—a lower rate than any commercial institution could undertake to do the business for today. At the close of the civil war the department was practically reconstituted in most new conditions, all the facilities being retained. Some changes have been made in the methods of paying sal-

aries and as it has stood for many years. During the civil war there was often great delay in getting the money to the soldiers. During the war with Spain there was seldom the slightest delay in making a payment as soon as it was due, so that it was not shown the troops were, or whether they were in large or small bodies. Up to 1893 all payments were made in cash to each soldier, and a paymaster accompanied each payment to its final destination. The system was in force to the chief paymaster to make an estimate of the money needed for his department. The sum total of these estimates is submitted to the paymaster general to the secretary of War. He approves the same, and issues a regulation upon the national Treasury. Each chief paymaster is responsible for his department to the paymaster general, and the latter to the secretary of War. The money for each chief paymaster is placed to his credit in such form or at such departments as he may request, and from this money he pays all the soldiers on the rolls of his department.

Until the American troops went abroad, a check was drawn to each individual soldier for the annual due him. This was found impracticable in all cases, and, unless it is requested otherwise, the soldier in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines now gets his pay in cash. When it is possible to make a post by an express route the pay for each post is sent by express in the form of checks or currency to the post paymaster. The drawback in the check system is that if a check is lost the soldier is compelled to give bond to the government and wait six months for a duplicate. Such a case has never yet arisen, though it is a possibility with every shipment of checks. If the checks for a regiment were lost, the entire regiment would be out the money for six months, and no provision is made for enabling a soldier to give a bond, so impracticable with a large percentage of the enlisted men.

Each month the chief paymaster in the Philippines sends in Washington as to how much he will need, and the department in which it is wanted. The ship moneys of money to the Philippine money storage about one million dollars a month

to pay the 45,500 men now there. It is sent in cables on a transport, and under the immediate charge of a paymaster, accompanied by an escort guard. The last shipment was exactly a million and a half dollars, and 150 soldiers relieved one another standing guard night and day over this money during the long journey.

Paymaster-General Bates has recently inaugurated a system of cable exchanges through foreign banks, which has raised the shipment from this country of over twelve million dollars to the Philippines and about half a million to Cuba and Porto Rico. It has been found that the American gold sent to the Philippines does not stay there, as it is exchanged for native money by the soldiers, and then sent to Hong Kong by the merchants. It has been suggested that all customs and postage dues in the Philippines be made payable in American money, so as to avoid this money in circulation.

Thomas H. Stanton was paymaster-general during nearly all of the war with Spain. He was succeeded by General Cary, who in turn was succeeded, April 15, 1898, by the present paymaster, Brigadier-General Alfred H. Green. General Stanton granted from West Point in 1863, and in 1875, when a captain in the Second Cavalry, was made a major in the pay department. At the time of his appointment as paymaster-general by President McKimble he was serving as military attaché to the Court of St. James. Several times he has retired until 1896, and in one of the most active and influential business offices stationed in Washington.

It has been proposed that the scope of the pay department should be extended to include all payments of money made by the military arm of the government, and it is not unlikely that some such legislation will in time prevail, as it is very generally advocated. At present the pay department does nothing more to pay the wages of officers and enlisted men. Under the proposed law all the expenditures of the quartermaster, subsistence, and other departments would be made through this channel, and there seems no good reason why they should not be.



R. KONIG

Pacific Trade

PRESIDENT E. KONIG, of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, one of the largest steamship companies in the world, has just arrived from Tokyo to commence a tour of the United States, with a view to

making a close study of the transportation facilities of the country both by rail and water. His company operates about seventy steamships at the present time all of them about 2000 ton burden, and they engage in every line of trade in the world, except between New York and Liverpool. Mr. Konig's company is not usually ranked, and he is himself a millionaire. His company is the dominant power of the Americas trade in the West, but along lines that will bring about the closest trade relations between the United States and Japan. He thinks that by such a commercial union the countries can maintain the trade of China, and practically shut out the rest of the world. "There is plenty of capital in this country," he says, "and I do not know what we lack in Japan for the development of our manufacturing industry. We have made our factories big, and have never failed to find a market for our goods, but we have neglected the land of the rising sun. Let the United States give us the capital, and we will turn Japan into the greatest workshop in the world. In China shall be our market. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of China as a manufacturing plant for all kinds of manufactured goods. We have already sold Japan 150,000,000 yens of cotton yarn in 1900. We have sold more than a million yens of iron and steel. The Pacific Mail Company is now selling 1,200,000,000 yens of iron and steel. The Pacific Mail Company is now selling 11,000,000 yens of iron and steel. We will give you the same opportunity as we give the United States steamship service. The whole matter resolves itself into a question as to whether we shall be supported by the great Russian market or by the great Pacific market."

DECORATION DAY, 1900

BY F. S. MARTIN.

*Children of their children, now,
Heap with flowers their graves who fought
Slaves to world, and doubly fought
Poore with blood and sweat of brow.*

*Mute their voices, deaf their ears,
But their graves are vocal still.
Speaking ay in tones that thrill
Warrior that strengthen with the years.*

*"Union," "Freedom," "Hark the cry!
Pledged to those fallen every flower,
Pledged to those Earth's youngest Power
Fruits the hovering crows."*



UNCLE JEFF. Rate, my boy, we're g'oin' to have a first-class hotel accommodation at this town, with the population crowded in like that!

The San Juan River

THE San Juan River, now to be added to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, is one part of the only regular route of communication between the more thickly populated and civilized part of Nicaragua, on the fertile Pacific slope, and the Atlantic.

The traveler from Managua, the capital, goes by the government railway to Granada, a large city on the north-western shore of Lake Nicaragua. Here he takes the smart American built train property of the government and runs on the lake in connection with the river boats of an English company having the privilege of navigating the San Juan. Lake Nicaragua has had reputation for rapids. The strong trade winds have full sweep across the broad surface, and they raise a very choppy sea, which frequently obscures even the headland of sailers. It is like Lake George on a larger scale. Straps of islands are scattered throughout its length of fifty miles. Near the outlet, the western shore, the exact volume fluctuates, just feet high, stands out like a small island held up. A large group of islands, called San Juan, is near the foot of the lake. Just above San Juan the remains of one of the Vanderbilt steamers rise from the water, a monument to the pioneer bold and stage line business. Nicaragua established by Commodore Vanderbilt in the early fifties for the transportation of men and supplies to the California gold fields.

From San Juan the view is beautiful. The Rio Ynca, the chief tributary from Vista Rica, joins the San Juan at its mouth, and the course of the two broad streams can be followed by a considerable distance over the lands now the lake.

The river boats, stern-wheelers of very light draught, using wood entirely as fuel, make the trip down the San Juan between rolling hot hills, with an occasional river bog. Further down the stream grows quite a size among the ancient life. Brilliant tropical plants are very numerous, many affording shade from sun-baked sand bars into the water, and thick monkey dapples on the dense undergrowth, chat-

tering an excited alarm. The course of the stream is fairly regular for the first few miles. They reveal a succession of sharp turns, and the pilot occasionally points out a rock of hard sandstone as a "cut off" to straighten the sailing line of the river. All the way down are marked the stations established by the carrying company for ascertaining the strength of the current, the depth and composition of the water at different seasons.

All kinds of cargo are transported a transfer to another boat of the same type. Passengers and freight are carried from one landing to the other on broad hand-carts, and while the custom-officers are examining the baggage and searching the boats for contraband, an opportunity is afforded to visit the old forts, built by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century to command the river. The present government maintains a small garrison here, led the mortar walls, dangerous ditches, and the long underground tunnel to the river have all succumbed to decay and the eroding effect of the climate, and the place is now hardly more than a picturesque ruin.

Some three miles below Yaceltis the pilot shows us the firm building the Central American line, and down here to the Atlantic the south shore of the river is still the San Juan's northern boundary.

The vegetation becomes thicker as the river descends, and it is quite impossible to see more than a few feet from the surface. Indeed, the bank itself can hardly be distinguished. Broad trees, with trunks about white, rise straight in the air for fifty feet or more, to avoid the overhanging hanging vines and parasitic trees, and then spread out their broad canopies of foliage in the tropical sun and the hot air. All shades and varieties of green are in the continuous canopy of plant life. An orchard there are blossoming cecropia, the prolific false banana with its huge heart and blossom, and a profusion of wild flowers.

As the lands are approached, palms are abundant and patches of wild sugar cane relieve the heavier woods. There is a cropper which takes root in the riverbeds of high branches and grows down, dropping its enormous fan of the tree until it reaches the ground, where it takes root, grows thick, and strong, and finally returns and kills off the original tree, so to in turn proceed upon by some other variety of its kind.

The Mosquera rapids, whose the dam to raise the river to the lake-level will probably be constructed, is near thirty miles below Yaceltis. Here are several steep pages of rock, the first visible from the river on the whole trip, except in the stream at Yaceltis.

All along, streams of greater or less volume flow into the San Juan from either side, the smaller ones almost absorbed by the dense rank growth which now plies its banks here.

The San Juan, rising in Vista Rica, enters the San Juan twenty-eight miles from the fort. This is the largest of all its affluents. In the final season this river carries down an immense quantity of drift wood and silt, the accumulation of a bark has diverted the main body of water from the extreme lower San Juan to the Columbia at the delta. This divergence has made the Yaceltis, formerly a small outlet of the San Juan, the main channel in the sea.

Below, where the canal line leaves the natural bed of the river to cut through the swamp to Yaceltis, is just below the mouth of the San Juan, and here the San Juan ceases to be of interest from the small river point. The banks are low for the rest of the way to Vista Rica, the vegetation dense, with but few tall saplings, there is some banana, palm, cotton, and a large rubber-creeper has been established by Americans, to cultivate the gum tree now so nearly extinct in the forest.

Stipitum wood is common here. The neglected property of the small swamps is seen on all sides. The railway line, almost disappeared in the rank vegetation; its rails are nearly covered away. The huge droops, brought from the then distant Panama coast, have long strewn their days of usefulness and rest peacefully on the bottom of the harbor.

The trip across the big hole and down the 120 miles of the San Juan gives one the impression that Nature certainly has contributed her share to the setting of the course. She has provided an abundant river supply from an extensive watershed. Lake Nicaragua is an ample reservoir. The San Juan marks the natural course of the sea. It drains only by American ingenuity, energy, and capital. The San Juan, with its advantages to the navigation of the nation and the commerce of the world.

Search-Lights

THE new portable search-light that the Fire Department in New York has adopted for saving life on dark nights, and when smoke obscures the view of the stream, has already had its trial, and proved its worth. The search-light, first placed on either side of the driver's seat, and with 64-inch barrels and 6000 candle-power each, they throw such a powerful glow upon a burning building that nothing except brick walls and wooden partitions stop it. If the air is very smoky that only a few feet of light they need to work by. If the method known employed on dark nights in directing people to burning buildings had hastened their current. More than one a brave fireman has nobly sacrificed his life in searching rooms in the dark that contained no one, but rather that not being one life every room of a burning building had to be searched. By means of the new electric light, the whole interior of a burning building is made as plain as daylight, and firemen can tell at a glance from the window ledge whether their presence is needed inside. The light is so detachable, so they can be taken from the engine and set up on standards. They are also provided with 200 feet of double-endering cables, which enables the firemen to run the search-light out one pole or even into a building. One of the great difficulties for usefulness of this new apparatus is in lighting up the interior of boats on fire. When a ship at the port gets on fire, the darkness in the hold makes it difficult for the firemen to reach the flames. These volleys of search-light show the point where the fire is burning, and sometimes stop and creep and stop simply because the firemen are unable to locate the exact place of the fire. The portable search-light, which will not be rendered by smoke, is most useful in the darkness of the night, will make fire-lighting at night a much more matter than in the past. It is here, we understand, that our countrymen should be for the public; it is a good invention to consider the stream.

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The Greatest American Industry

IN 1880 the best census estimated the mineral production of the United States for that year at \$220,000,000. The figures for the year 1909 are now being compiled, and these will show that the value of the mineral products of this country has reached and passed annually the billion dollar mark, or nearly that of nineteen years ago. This is as much as Congress generally appropriates for the entire expense of running the government for ten years. The only department of the government which represents and assists this great industry is that section of the Geological Survey known as the Division of Mineral Resources.

This division was organized in 1867 by Albert Williams, Jr., who died in 1893, and was succeeded by Dr. David T. Day, who was Mr. Williams's chief assistant, and who was succeeded at the head of the division in the preparation of its annual report on the mineral resources of the United States. This is a statistical outline of the mineral products of the country, with reviews of trade conditions and comparisons with the production and development of other countries.

When this series of volumes was begun the facilities for obtaining accurate and reliable were totally inadequate, and the statistics were largely upon estimates, and were not so accurate as they are now. When Dr. Day took up his work he set the accuracy of more thorough statistical investigations, and his energies have been expended along that line.

The statistics now compiled are derived from direct reports made by the producers, and this implies a correspondingly more exact work between thirty and forty thousand people. Statistical reports are now being made for the first time on an unbroken basis, and the statistics are more accurate than ever before. They are of great value to the student of economics and to the producer themselves, as they tell at a glance the condition of the business with which each one is most concerned.

The first report upon our industries, that in 1880 the United States produced Great Britain in the production of pig iron, and since that time has led the world in that industry. It led Great Britain in the production of our country in the production of wheat. During that year the United States also passed her in this product. Congress had provided for a national exhibit at the Paris fair, and the Division of Mineral Resources prepared an educational exhibit which attracted the attention of all eyes. The United States as by far the greatest mineral producer of the world. This was pointed out by Edward W. Parker, the statistician of the division, which illustrates this point in a most interesting manner.

When any new mineral locality is discovered or new applications of known substances are reported the locality or the substance is carefully studied and reported by our expert for the benefit of those interested. The mineral wealth of the new possessions of the United States has already been made the subject of professional study and report, especially in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

The total cost of the Division of Mineral Resources in the ten years is thirty thousand dollars a year, and this represents a force of about twelve experts and clerks, and pays for numerous special reports. Considering the great importance of the industry represented by this division, it almost less attention and less money from the government than any other branch.



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A Remarkable Record

IF you will turn over the leaves of the May number of the *London Bookman*, you will come to a six-page illustrated article on the career of a woman, one notable novel from whose pen has been the subject of discussion in both English and American literary circles for the past six months. The woman is Miss Mary Cholmondeley; the book is

Red Pottage

The article confines itself to detailing Miss Cholmondeley's literary career and home life.

We wish to add a few facts concerning the sales of Miss Cholmondeley's book.

Although published more than six months since, it still maintains its position at the head of our fiction list.

On Wednesday last a single order from a jobber called for 1000 copies, and its general sales for the week past have been larger than for some time previous. A book that can maintain its popularity for such a length of time is worth reading.
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GHOSTS, HISTORY TRAVEL, AND NATURE

Four Books that Make Interesting as
well as Informing Reading

SUMMER is pre-eminently the time for light reading, and elsewhere on this page you will find our advertisements of a number of novels and collections of short stories which are worth while.

If you want something a trifle more serious, there are a number of books that can be cordially recommended. Take, for example, *Camille Flammarion's* remarkable study of the phenomena of the so-called spirit world—"The Unknown." M. Flammarion has made a study of such matters as Apparitions, Dreams, and Telepathic Communications, and has spent years in collecting evidence on this intensely interesting subject. His book is by no means a dry, uninteresting, scientific work. It is written in an easy style, and chapters of it read like romance.



A. E. MCCLURE

Another book of particular importance at this time is *Col. A. E. McClure's* "Our Presidents, and How We Made Them." Col. McClure began attending national conventions when he was twenty years of age, and has kept it up ever since. He saw Lincoln nominated, and has been in the closest touch with national politics for half a century. His book enters into details of many political affairs of which little has hitherto been written. It gives a detailed account of every ballot ever taken in a national convention, and it contains excellent portraits of all of our Presidents. It is history told by one who has helped to make it.

Do you remember a clever little book which came out a year or two ago called "The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood"? Its author, *Miss Lillian Bell*, has just written another book which is quite as clever, and incidentally contains no small amount of useful information. It is called "As Seen By Me," and its fourteen chapters cover *Miss Bell's* observations of peoples and things during two years' travel in various parts of the world. There are few closer observers of manners and customs than the author, and the book is full of bright, cleverly drawn pictures, made brighter by that delightful sense of humor which characterizes all of *Miss Bell's* work. "As Seen By Me" will be published this week.



LILLIAN BELL

To the lover of nature and out-of-door life *Ernest Ingersoll's* book, "Nature's Calendar," which is also scheduled for immediate publication, will prove invaluable. It is a practical guide to nature's happenings day by day, and is arranged with a memorandum blank on each page to enable the reader to note his own observations. It is an ideal book for the summer.

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Disposing of the
Ex-Presidents

WE are not so sure that the Hon. GUYER CLAYMAN has not, with the aid of the Trustees of Princeton University, satisfactorily solved the oft-mentioned question of "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?"

When a man has occupied so lofty a position as that of Chief Magistrate of a nation, it seems a pity that there should be no provision made by which, at the expiration of his tenure of office, the public might be assured of a continuation of his service in some capacity which should give it the fruits of his experience. It is not only hard on the individual to retire from an entrance into the obscurity of private life, but it is a disservice to the public that it should be unable to avail itself of the valuable lessons which the Executive must necessarily have learned while at the helm of state. I undoubtedly the most fitting place for the ex-President to occupy would be a seat in the United States Senate. If there his voice might be applied in behalf of the public service as often as the outworn declarations of expiratory might appear to be appropriate and useful. The chief objection to this lies in the frequency of a former member's return to the public eye, which is necessary in the presence of a Chamber of a vote representing a party retired from control. This, however, could easily be obviated by making the Senateship an honorary office, carrying with it all the privileges of the Senate save that of the ballot.

Next to this plan, that of having some university absorb the energies of the ex-President appears to be the most commendable. There is something eminently respectable about a college professorship that fits in snugly with one's ideas of the dignity by which a retired statesman should be treated about. There are no calumnies and no railing about the life of a college town which should prove grateful to the married mind and body of the man fresh from exacting duties, and that he should bring all the influence of his late authority to bear upon his determination to the young in search of knowledge beyond all question proper.

It is, of course, too early to draw conclusions as to the specific value of Mr. CLAYMAN's lecture at Princeton on "The Responsibilities of the Executive," but it agitates well, and it is in the periods to come we shall see as much food for reflection as he has in his first installment, we shall be greatly edified. We gather our interesting impression from reading Mr. CLAYMAN's paper, and that is that his stubborn opposition to the encroachments of the other branches of the Federal government upon his prerogative was the reason for his ineffectual quest for the Constitution of the United States than to a love for trouble. There were times during his late occupancy of the White House that we suspected the President of maintaining the trouble merely at the expense of expensiveness, and somehow or other, while not desiring him to be more yielding, we found ourselves at times wishing he were less a law unto himself.

The lecture, so far as we have been privileged to see, is an interesting document and a valuable contribution to the existing store of papers on state subjects. Certain abuses of power have been made clear, and we are glad that President CLAYMAN was actuated always by irreproachable motives. We begin to realize that he was no jealous

a guardian of the Constitution as he was persistent in the defense of the nation's financial honor.

IT is a relief to observe that with General Bowen's advance on Pretoria and the surrender of the Free State the Transvaal war is practically over. A sanguinary fight is never a pleasant spectacle, and when the conflict is on between two people for both of whom we have the friendly best of feelings, it sooner or later becomes harassing and distasteful to the nerves. Of course the inevitable has happened. When a small boy starts in to fight a professional pugilist, there is no chance for the underdog. We no longer live in the age of David and Goliath; no more are we helpless within those delectable gates wherein a diminutive and clever hero invariably won a bloody victory over an ogre capable of swallowing him alive. Now that the ultimate is won, and it is discovered that Mr. KATSON had no trump end up his sleeve in the shape of a formidable Continental ally, his defiant and insulting attitude of last autumn takes on a suicidal rather than a heroic aspect. It must fairly stagger humanity to think of it, as President KATSON estimated that it would, but when the intimation was made we presumed he had in mind something more overwhelming to the cause of his enemy than has as yet happened, or is now likely to happen. Either Mr. KATSON has been actually blind to the best interests of his people, or he has been wretchedly deceived by some power from which he had reason to expect material assistance. In either event it is a lamentable spectacle which is now presented to the world's eyes, more especially to that of the English people among the nations of earth, both filled with citizens of the highest fortitude and of the loftiest character, being their national exiles because of the fatuity of their rulers.

It is to be hoped that in dealing with her fallen foe, England will take into account the inherent equality of most of her sister nations with the vanquished, and will remember that it never yet had a victorious people to treat the conquered with magnanimous consideration.

WHATSOEVER the sympathies of the American people may be in the matter, by no means the most satisfactory result of the war is that it removes the South-African situation from the realm of American politics. There can now be no reasonable chance for the incorporation of the Union of the two nations.

Our Good Result. Either of the national party platforms shortly to be adopted. It became quite evident some weeks ago that if the conflict continued certain influential forces in both the great parties were likely to unite upon adopting an issue—namely, we have no national convention (National Presidential campaign). That we have escaped this possibility is a matter for congratulation.

HOWEVER much we may dislike the methods by which the House of Commons is ruling these two thousand thousands are obedient to them, we cannot but admire their platform. If, as is reported, they are out for "righteousness, peace, and love," they certainly have shown pluck upon which

A Good Platform to stand which places them in the front rank with the principles of civilization. Righteousness and Peace are things for which even the best of us claim to be striving, and there is no one trying to deny that if we cannot get in the ordinary way, still according to the most Christianized usage, the most advanced among the civilized resort to force of arms, and thrust each other into a pious quarrel for what is right, and into a condition of heterodoxy which the angels might envy, and which no man may disturb save at his peril.

The only trouble with the Bowers appears to be that they have accepted the somewhat anomalous title—their of the "Evangelists," backed by the authority of the Book of Ecclesiastes, and have chosen to "be not righteous overmuch." Yet this is not to their discredit. It is the trouble with most platforms among civilized peoples that good things are done on a single plank, and not upon the structure of a whole. It is to be feared that the Bowers are making the same mistake with their sole plank that Mr. BAYAN is making with his sixteen to one delusion.

A CLEVELAND newspaper correspondent, an American living in London, suggests the wonderful fitness of Mr. RICHARD KATSON for the exalted office of Premier of the British Empire.

This gentleman thinks that Mr. KATSON's letters from Cape Town show him to be possessed of a

The Post in High Office admirable grasp of the South-African situation which is not equalled by that of any of the worthy gentlemen in whose hands the destiny of the British Empire now rests. "No truly done by describing what he has seen in South Africa with that wonderful freedom, the clear inspiration of epistolical which always characterizes his work," says this enthusiastic correspondent, "but he shows a breadth of statesmanship that would be in its right place in the cabinet. Can it be that Mr. KATSON is to add to his laurels as poet, orator, and journalist, the crown of statesmanship? There are certainly thousands of men who are reading his letters to-day who would decidedly prefer that the rule of the empire should be entrusted to him, rather than to half a dozen of the leaders on both sides of the House of Commons."

This is on the surface a startling proposition, and one which Mr. KATSON's publishers should work in the very last degree possible. In some quarters it is received with derision, and in others with more wonderment, and yet it is not so very far from being reasonable, and there is an abundance of precedent for the "literary filler" in high official places. DOWNING was no end of a lobbyist, exhibiting a pen as polished as that of LALOR, and a tact as sure as that of a politician. JOHN HAY was a poet long before he became a statesman; and all who are familiar with the official life of the poet GILCHRIST of New York, with the elegant beauty of his lines, and the high degree of efficiency with which he performed his duties, and who served in the Court House, will attest that a purely literary man is not necessarily unfitted for public place simply because he is literary. Mr. KATSON's advancement to the Premiership would not be half as absurd as Mr. ARDEN's promotion to the laudal has proven.

THE venerable Dr. PASSONER has called for Europe, and the United States are left to founder in a morass of corruption without a guiding hand until he goes back. Incidentally, however, he left us to fight our moral few unaided and alone, the United States.

Dr. Passonier's Departure emphatic disapproval of the President of the United States, of the President of the United States for that high office, of the Mayor of the city of New York, and of the Governor of Pennsylvania. The Doctor did not say anything about the Republic, but it is fair to assume that he disapproved of that also, and we doubt not that by the time he reaches London, he will have got his shape into some completely that may be in-cluded in order to his opinions on the various subjects of the general course of the universe. We hope the Doctor will have a profitable and a pleasant trip abroad, and if he truly likes the kind of view he takes of everything, that the sea will not have upon him the usual effect. To use one's vulgar phrases, unless such circumstances would be indicated, since these seem to be the one thing upon which the Doctor does.

Meanwhile, should he chance upon a recent report on Hefner by Governor HENNING, we trust he will read and appreciate the significance of the paragraph in which the Governor says, "we must not be deceived from our surface with those powerful and efficient corruptments by imitation at the vain pretenses who think they are at the head of the reform force, whereas they are really wading in hypocrisies in the rear."

The term "vain pretenses" is so verbally descriptive, we should be sorry to have Dr. PASSONER overlook it.

THE distinguished secretary of the Tooley Club of Boston, having been quoted as calling "General Overton" "Antisocial List" is reported to have said that he considers it his right as an American to call another man anything he chooses. This being the gentleman's platform, we

The Right to Call suffer reasonably expect him to suffer especially from the "Antisocial List" brand which prevents certain people from saying in plain terms what they think he is. This will not happen, however, for those of us who think of this famous Anti-Imperialist at all would not wish with his permission state our exact conclusions publicly.

There are some things which cannot be allowed to reach the public ear or eye in any modified form.

President has known well how to get these out of the country. Without the development of the present war he would have held this high position for life, in all probability. President Kruger is the one man greater of the Transvaal; he is the distant and chief of every law which passes the Volksraad; and when the Progressive Unionism—all forms of high standing—made their famous report against the public competitive being practiced in the country under sanction of law, and recommended harshly that certain whole-sale attractions be made in favor of the Uitlanders, the report was immediately suppressed and a new constitution appointed, while most of the men who dared to tell the truth have been punished by loss of position.

President Kruger and his followers have established a system of government concessions which means, if possible, anything in Spain's colonial possessions as a special opportunity for official steals and rackets. These are handed out to individuals, under the operation plan of granting the substance of the operation (the man has an exclusive government concession for the manufacture of sweets and candies, another outside the coffee market, and so on, through all the small trades. Why, a tract or a random would block at the profit these men make in by means of their absolute power to control the selling price of certain commodities).

The railroad is a royal concession, which pays dividends, it is said, of something like two hundred per cent. each year. The selling of dynamite is another, and this concession and that of the railroad have been ritually expressive to the mine-owners. Dynamite, which can be delivered at the mines for 25 cents per lb. inside, costs the mine-owners 80 cents. The granting of these concessions was practically in the hands of President Kruger, and it has been noticed by such English men that it is an open, glaring case in the Transvaal, where grafting extended after sundown has been exposed.

Another evil has been the "free labor system." No mine-owners could run secure labor without first contractually dealing with a chief of a black tribe, who agrees to furnish so many laborers for the mine at a bonus of from \$60 to \$80 per head, the rate of a wage contracted for being 15 cents a day, or three or four times as much as that paid by the British agriculture in the field. The money is not paid in the black chief, however, but to a few intermediaries, and no questions are asked.

Again, the selling of liquor to the natives has been

a constant and serious drawback. In every Uitlander who employs laborers. It is against the law to sell liquor to natives, and yet every mine-owners estimate that twenty per cent. of his high paid black laborers are totally intoxicated for work during two days of the week by distillations. Appeals to Pretoria have been in vain, and so the Secret Service men are the principal agents of the commission of liquor, it follows that no arrests are made his illicit selling of intoxicants.

There more, these mine-owners estimate that five per cent. of their total output of gold is stolen, in the shape of assents and refined gold. It has been practically impossible to secure conviction of thieves, even when labor not handled in robbery, because, no such evidence goes to prove the Secret Service Department of the government, on which suitcases have been removed recently during the last few years, is the active agent to whom the gold is sold, while high officials are the principal backers of the ill-gotten, but well-protected, gains.

It is no wonder that the mine-owners kick against these outrages, growing heavier every year. The profligate labor laws, taxes on improvements, excessive taxes on output, and poll taxes. He pays perfectly frightful prices for everything, his seeds and rails. His railroad expenses, for freight and personal travel, are the highest in the world. The crookedness and injustice of his laws are scored at abnormal prices. In fact, to exist and continue these profitable mining industries, he has actually permitted himself to be robbed, right and left, by means, knowing that he was benefiting partially the entire revenue of the country, and holding up the fortune of every burgher who came inside the charmed official circle—the police ring of Kruger. Yet, with all this, he was denied the right of any representation or voice in the government.

If he had had a say in the administration, it would have meant the death blow to many corrupt practices. The old President James Allen, it is struggling now, in a last grand fight, to keep England out, the Uitlanders in his control, and the ward's best that lays the golden eggs in his stomach.

The best former contributor hardly a thing to the treasury of his government, the laws have all been stamped on that he shall never bear the burdens of taxation, and thereby become disgraced with the nation's guiding hand. He may even if he had no better power from the government on his land-estate (which consists, usually, of from 10,000 to

10,000 acres of unfertilized, and land, over which a few native game, and a loose herd of oxen, with half an acre of slightly cultivated garden-patch), if he states that he needs it for improvements. With his already bulging mind and body, it is no wonder that he is content with this government, and believes implicitly all that this Paul tells him.

Not a cent of money could be raised by the municipal authorities of Johannesburg, for public purposes, without the consent of the government at Pretoria; not a city ordinance or local law could be passed without authorization from this same power. In other words, Johannesburg, the centre of wealth of culture, of population, the headquarters of the 110,000 in the Transvaal, was absolutely so much under the thumb of President Kruger and his followers as is the idiot in the arms of his mother. The Uitlander is not the kind of subject to take kindly to the south-westward, nor to care for a mother with pins in her sholes.

The development of the mining industry of the Transvaal has been a marvellous growth, and the figures used in expressing the money involved stagger the mind. It went from two to eight millions of dollars in put down the preliminary start of several thousand feet to the gold-bearing reef and to erect the machinery. Many of the mines have extra up heavy shafts before they have returned a cent of profit. The net returns, however, on this immense capitalization are from ten to twenty per cent, some having reached still higher figures. When they, the mine-owners, each of roughly capital of 200,000 ounces of gold—\$1,000,000 and over—the poor man with a little change on his pocket only jingles it together and wishes he were rich. In these times the average pay for a white man is 85 a day; servants, engineers, and other professional men receive salaries all the way from \$10,000 to \$20,000 per annum; but they all agree that the cost of living is triple that of the high-priced mining regions of the United States. It would fully seem that such a stupendous enterprise, which occupies a hundred thousand natives, and has over fifty thousand white men engaged in it, deserves to survive and flourish in this far away land, under a decent system of government, and with some of the privileges or enjoy in our own land, particularly when we remember that a large proportion of these men are not clerical and about professional men—Americans who believe in American ideals.

Businessmen, April 20, 1905.



THE CHURCH IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.



PALACE OF FORESTRY AND FISHERIES.



THE CELESTIAL GLOBE



TOTLAND IN THE GERMAN EXHIBIT.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BERTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—ENTRANCE TO "OLD PARIS."
DRAWN BY E. L. BURNINGHEIM.



RUNNING THE FIVE-FINGER RAPIDS



THE RAPIDS IN MILLS CANYON.

CAPE NOME'S WONDERFUL PLACER MINES

BY GEORGE EDWARD ADAMS

BEFORE the close of this amazing year of the nineteenth century the world's financial and mining interests are to be somewhat richly awakened and pleasantly surprised when the output of placers gold from America's already famous Arctic mining camp—Cape Nome—is authentically revealed. Surprised? Yes, and more so than when the richness of the Klondike was first intimated all over the Union, Wall Street, New York city, and Lombard Street, London, will take cognizance of a new mining district that is to add very materially to the world's supply of gold. You will say? The statement smacks somewhat of a mining promoter's advertisement; nevertheless, it is the business figure at which hundreds of well-informed Cape-Nome placers the output for 1908, and Seattle is to witness a repetition of the richer panning and sorting operations of the mad rush to the Klondike in the summer of 1897. This prognostication is not an ephemeral speculation of a visionary dream, for substantial results have already made a manifest impression upon the mining and financial interests of the United States, and have awakened some inquiry from the busy boards of other nations. The known output of over \$2,000,000 the past season from a district not discovered until a year ago, and on which the miner's spade or pick did not break the virgin earth in true mining fashion till in April, 1908, is indeed far in excess of the first season's clean-up in the Klondike, and a most significant augury for the season of 1909. The reader need but give a cursory glance at the illustrations hereunto to become informed of what an enterprising American mining camp can accomplish in four months in the face of nature's most severe obstacles. Not a tree or shrub is there to soften the cold and dreary landscape, but notwithstanding the lack of timber, substantial wooden buildings have sprung into existence as if by magic. Shores and steep inclines in a mining town within the shadow of the arctic circle are rarely all well housed to withstand the snowing and pelting elements of such a rigorous climate. This beautiful, young mining town of more than six thousand people is called Cape of the present owners of Uncle Sam's domain, and being the nucleus of one of nature's wonderful and novel possible placer-mining districts, is well worthy some consideration and glance from the reading public.

Every American citizen takes a just and pardonable pride in knowing that the land of the Stars and Stripes produced over \$700,000,000 of gold in the calendar year of 1908. This is but a little less than the biggest production of any country in the world, and it is indeed possible, and quite probable, that Alaska in general, and the Cape Nome district in particular, will produce sufficient additional gold this year to place our beloved Union first on the list of the gold-producing nations. So surely as the Union is being the first rank in its world's industrial industry, so surely will it stand first in the production of the standard by which nearly all nations measure their wealth.

It seems like the dream of a dry brain, this washing, rocking, vibrating, and "quaking" gold from sea beach

sand. No old "forty-niner" would have dreamed of such a thing, and, no doubt, would grow along the same Cape Nome beach ten years without once trying to give a serious thought to the soil beneath his feet. Two years ago, if a young lad even suggested digging for gold on the ocean beach, he would immediately have been classed as a fit subject for an insane asylum, but within four months after the discovery of gold in paying quantities at Cape Nome, the sea beach for spans of fifty miles was prospected, and in most instances with highly satisfactory results. Many thousand claims have been staked, and the season of 1908 will witness a human horde over a distance of a hundred miles north and south of Cape Nome. The health and condition of justling humanity on Broadway, New York city, would be but a circumstance to the wild, untamed scramble limited to the short summer season of 1908 at Nome, and if one could but make a trip just off the shore covering the entire range of the beach diggings, he could see thousands of "gold crazy" men working as never before—a sight of a lifetime. Here the prospector and the skilled placer miner are equally successful, and where one man with an old-fashioned rocker can clean up \$75 to \$100 per

day, not many of the fourteen hundred and forty miners will be unemployed. As an evidence that chance at Cape Nome and vicinity are exceedingly valuable, it is but necessary to say that men who have mined for a generation, or who are large investors in placer-mining operations, and who, from years of experience, know the specific difference between rich and poor diggings, have paid as high as \$50,000 for a single claim upon which less than thirty days' work had been done, capital in nothing investment in the district in large amounts.

Mr. C. D. Lane, of Seattle and San Francisco, who has for years investigated Alaska mining from Kotzebue to the Arctic Ocean, and who in many times a mining millionaire, has invested considerably over \$200,000 in the district. Several of his problems are situated on the rivers and creeks emptying the ocean at and near Cape Nome. His operations will be conducted on a very large scale, using the latest improved machinery, and by the close of the open season of 1908 it is estimated that his clean-up will approximate a million dollars. He will install a pumping plant this season at a cost of \$150,000. Its purpose is to raise the water from Snake River to an elevation of some



UNLOADING FREIGHT AT NOME CITY.

UNLOADING FREIGHT AT NOME CITY.



DRAINING ON THE BEACH AT CAPE NOME

seven hundred feet, thus providing a water supply in all the high places ground up. There, next, comes, and they crack, adding a very necessary element to those high diggings not supplied by nature. He will also construct about ten miles of rail-road from Cape Nome northward over the tundra, making the tributary dikes and creek main veins of water. So far, however, none but crude methods have been employed in the district, but it will be possible soon from the barguing that this coming season will characterize a vast change made possible by the fact that all creek-going craft can stream within a mile shot of the diggings, and lighter their cargoes ashore. One of the illustrations herewith will give the reader a fair idea of loading equipment. Fifteen thousand tons were so loaded last season. Tharvon are practically an impossibility, owing to the winter ice but, however, a scheme is projected to build a large floating dock. No matter what obstacles prevail, the ingenuity and enterprise of Yankee engineers to overcome these and thousand troubles before ever where its price is worked through the living.

It would be a very nice matter to give the reader a long list of individual fortunes already made in the Cape Nome district, but it is not thought advisable to include this article with publicity. The fortunate ones so far before the district, the richest in the world, and one and all set out the origin for 1900 will surely rank of the thousands as a similar stage of the history. It is known as the poor man's district, as nearly every man who went there last season and would work a claim need not leave without having mined from \$25 to \$100 per day. Hundreds of destitute miners from Dawson City have trooped themselves at Cape Nome and are now the owners of rich claims.

Working the ocean at and near Cape Nome are the Snake, Cripple, Peace, Nisook, Nome, Plowman, El Decade, Bonanza, and Sabonoo rivers, that, with their hundreds of small tributaries, drain thousands of acres of gold producing tundra. The banks and beds of these rivers and creeks are fairly saturated with flakes of



EQUIMAUA GIRL.

and somewhat larger than those of the beach diggings. Cape Nome, Bering, and a few other creeks produced in the short season of 1900, as to nearly all of the government assay office at Seattle, Washington. The institution received reports of very handsome thousands dollars worth of gold dust the past season.

from the Cape Nome district, and estimates that it will receive \$1,000,000 for the season of 1900. The gold is of superior grade assaying from \$14.55 to \$18.50 per ounce after melting. The vast extent of tundra lying to the northeast of Cape Nome has been prospected with very satisfactory results, and it ap-



NOME CITY, FROM THE SNAKE RIVER.

pears that the entire extent carries gold in paying quantities. As the claims on and near the beach are more accessible and profitable, but comparatively a small amount of work was accomplished in the tundra district the past season. This coming season, however, will witness an unparalleled activity, and remarkable accomplishments can be expected in this direction.

The world imagines that the earth in prehistoric times became saturated with such a large quantity of gold and veined it lavishly, preserving its crust and diffusing the small globules over the entire district. In Cape Nome and across the strait to the Siberian shore, gold streaks to that of Nome having already been mined in paying quantities from the beach sands of the latter shore. It is some thirty miles across from American to Siberian territory at the strait's mouth. The vein was the best hills on the Siberian side from Nome, and it is quite reasonable to expect in winter for the Englishman to make the trip across on the ice to trade with his 200 British brothers.

Imagine, if you will, a bustling party mining district producing small lots of gold, but with very little if any money in circulation. Many of the old-time claim owners would have \$25,000 worth of gold dust in their possession, but not a dollar in money. One day a whole crew of this gold dust-rich Melville

of Bering Strait and not a single dollar in money rest, but, on other business establishments keeping in hand a set of gold balances, and receiving payment. This unique and rather extraordinary payment is expected this coming season by the credit-worthiness of the banking institutions. The Canadian Bank of Commerce—capital \$10,000,000—the United States Bank of Dawson City, one of the pioneer ones, only in the season of 1900, and the Bank of Cape Nome will open on the same date with a paid-up capital of \$200,000, the latter having a directorate and majority of Seattle, Washington, bankers and mining millionaires. These institutions will be a welcome addition to the district's business enterprises, and mutual world.

The sanitary condition of the district is most satisfactory. Material fever was all but unknown and near phlegm-free. This is not to be wondered at, as the country is miles around is nearly in summer. With proper drainage, it is a wonder that no case of the most malignant fever was manifest. A proper drainage and outdoor-drainage system is being early the construction, and the health condition and thoroughly appropriate that work is not possible without nature's greater gifts—health. There are a few good women in the district and they are, as usual, taken vigorous action with the sanitary question. There, noble energetic, self-sacrificing American women—dial about them—mother, wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts who will give upon those men and their in their pressing need of better sanitation. Life, the health of the men, not for lack of pure water and proper drainage, he left to the destination of the landless typhoid fever.

At least five thousand people are wintering in the district, and no doubt more winter work is being done under almost insupportable climatic conditions. It can be borne in mind that nature does not permit a fire of even a shrike to grow in this Arctic waste in a second year in the straits with the elements, and therefore the only matter supply of fuel consists of wood washed ashore by wind and tide. Even this supply is now entirely exhausted, and Cape Nome's men will rely upon the importation of fuel. Most of the fuel is imported from Seattle. In October last month \$75 per ton, the supply being nothing but logs, however, the fuel and food combinations there this winter are not at all alarming. Many of the Yukon River steam boats are moored in the river at Nome, and fuel is used for both throughout the long season of frigid cold, as loading ships better accommodations than any of the hotels about. If one has a rugged outfit properly housed, well clothed and well supplied with fuel, and all frigid supplies to provide four pounds daily of hot producing fuel, he need not fear to winter at Nome. But fuel here partly on the "unobtainable," chosen by "downsiding Nature," poor in perfect, without proper clothing or sufficient supplies, who is foolishly rough to try wintering there. "His dream of wealth with the coming of the summer warms to more than likely to end in everlasting sleep."

It is no uncommon happening of a winter night to be wakened by the pitiless cold, and it is one's own



GENERAL VIEW OF BRAGWAT.



ONE OF THE SEASON'S MOST I
CHINESE MINISTER WU TING-FANG ADDRESS



POPULAR AFTER-DINNER SPEAKERS
A GATHERING OF NEW YORK MERCHANTS

"Dinner, I have done," said Gellie, blandly. "I should think it better to do so in company with a generous dinner like yours, sir. To be the stop, hang me if I ever will be so senseless of my own mother! To a swarted French, that eating of some girls."

Washington was then sufficiently allured to be suddenly on his feet, and conducted him safely to his bed, which carried him along the passage. There there he was not likely to venture again, but threatened still to London and the "Carnival"—which was all that Kerberton desired.

He himself quit of his feet, set forth at once to keep his appointment with Clara. He was convinced that he knew what she had to see, and was convinced of it; yet oddly enough, as he stepped and anticipated was a feeling of solicitation, of relief, of surrender. In his old way under the same old large ebb, reaching those tender and serious and perplexing matters in his mind. For some in his life this terrible man could not come to a resolution, and the wavering paroled him even abandoned him. He turned forward he strayed, down harbor and higher on the quiet, pale of moon, with his head and his feet, as if he were falling in a new, as well as to catch at any firm resolution to save them.

The Lieutenant had stood long and departed drinkers, so that the time was drawing late when Washington started to walk across the sand hills. Moreover, he had no very clear knowledge of the size of the change in which he was to meet Miss Farnwick. He had a greater case for her than she had for herself, and he did not desire to set language wagging by open inquiries for why (three persons would only) should be in seeking the narrow chapel at noon by the fall of evening? Then it was that he was detained long upon the way, going by tedious corners, and staying probably to the view of that situation. The month was already far gone, yet the moon had grown so late as to be being down the shadows upon the valleys, and above the hills in a deeper color of darkness. The sun's heat, passed all day into these pits of sand, was now in a close vapor, which

what justice, nor upon whose side it is right. Nay, say, if he did not know that if there be some wrong on either, I ask you if your cause is wholly righteous. You are following a vengeance which is not just, but just to be exact, and which, when the center is the proper time. He will take, for sure, upon those that are guilty. Why do you arrogate to yourself this name, you who are not a man? Will you not, say, give up this conflict and cease to plot revenge, leave time to bring its destiny, and the Almighty God to punish what and where he will!

"Is it that that you come all this way to ask of me?" he inquired, calmly. "If 'tis so, your trouble might have been spared. I can give you nothing that you ask."

"You shall give it," she cried, passionately, raising a step to him. "My father is ill, he is at death's door, and they say 'tis your act. Is it so great a favor that I ask of you—I that am what I am?"

He stared at her calmly. "Grieve, I care not," he said, bravely.

All the while in her bold seemed one to run of a soldier to her face and hang there; she was red like a crimson flower, and her parted lips quivered, while her eyes looked down with scorn. She crushed him as she had touched his own before, and upon that moment he turned and started.

"For my sake," she urged, softly. Blushing like a tender child, half afraid, half ashamed, and wholly innocent. "Nay, but for me you will do this." Washington withdrew a step, drawing a heavy breath.



CHLORIS CLUNG TO HIM DEFEATEDLY.

He turned her hair. "You shall not see me," Clara said. "I answered, proudly. "You are sitting too high." "Fronze me, promise me, that you will have finished at noon," she pleaded. "Fronze me that you will not run those awful risks. Eric Norbert knows that you are alive and here, you may escape inland and reach London—there-to-fore!"

"It is impossible," he said, more firmly; "your letter said already know of my presence. I have been at the sea all day."

She wept and wrung her hands. "Tron," she sobbed. "I do not and quickly falling away from him, picked a shining and towards the broken pillars of the hall, which were slowly being encroached by the falling darkness on."

"There! she whispered, tearfully. "You are tender. There is that which speaks in you of your face. Washington turned sharply at her words and passed in the gathering glow."

"Who is there?" said he.

"It is a girl, she whispered back.

"He has seen you," he cried, suddenly.

"I care not," she said, raising her head without shame.

"You must not be seen. 'Tis all your ruin!" she laughed slightly. "I am not ashamed to be late," she said. "It is he who has seen you. I care nothing what they know. I care only if they should take you from me."

"They will never do that," said he, softly.

But with a gasp, as if she was gone as he spoke, and vanished far a glow, into the shadows of the night. He ran forward between the columns of the aisle, calling to her, but nothing answered to him out of that vast vacancy.

"Come back, come back!" he cried, and came out into the darkness of the open space, calling among the hollows of space. "Oh, my dear, come back!"

But no voice responded to the name he whispered into the empty doors.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF THE OAK

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

I'm a jolly old oak, and I'm king of the wood;
In my prime for a century stoutly I've stood;
In my greatness of lichen and ivy and moss,
All my limbs to the four winds of heaven I toss.

I'm stately and ancient,
I'm old and I'm defiant—
Not long till I'll be here;

For they'll soon chop me down, and I'll go from the glades—
Into cedars and cedars fall soon I'll be made.

I depart in the sunshine and rock in the storm,
While axmen are hewn beneath the wood-fairer storm,
Oh, the birds build their nests in my mossy old boughs,
When the crescent light of winter to hold their powers.

Oh, I'm fragrant and I'm jolly,
And full of good cheer,
Fit to murmur soft lullabies—

Not long till I'll be here,
For the sunshine will glimmer where now I make shade—
Into cedars and cedars fall soon I'll be made.

Deep within my giant trunk, free from trouble and strife,
Lives a solemn old soul with the Light of his life;
They to me and in wit and in wit and in wit,
And of low make a hoarse-runn ballad.

While gayly I've
In the leaf green or yellow—
Not long till I'll be here.

I'll be rased on the spot where a sapling I played—
Into cedars and cedars fall soon I'll be made.

But my spirit will often rejoice in the dawn
Of the moon when I'm flung my banner of green;
It will drift to the song of the loons flying words,
It will flutter across in the wind with the birds;
Though proudly I'm waving,

A sage and a wit,
The elements bearing,
Not long till I'll be here;

But I'll see the eagle where once I've been made
When my limbs into cedars and cedars are made.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

1. A Boer Scout.—Drawn by E. M. Ross from a Photograph taken near Ladysmith by E. E. Evans. 2. "Jury Chamberlaine," the Naval Gun with Lord Roberts's Column.—Drawn by Corcoran H. Grant, Special Article in the Field for "Harper's Weekly." 3. Leaving General Buller on his Arrival in Ladysmith. 4. Wireless Telegraphic Apparatus near Renburg.



F BECK—YALE.
Winner of 100-yard dash, making a new record of 14.5. 1900.



A C KRAMLEIN—Y OF Y.
Winner of the 100-Yards Dash, 100-Yards Hurdles and of Second Place in the Broad Jump.



RAUCH JOHNSON—YALE.
Winner of the Pole Vault, 21 ft. 11 1/2 in.



DEEN BOARDMAN—YALE.
Winner of the Quarter-Mile Run, 20:23. 1900.



A FLAW—U. OF CAL.
Winner of Hammer-throwing, making a new record of 120 ft. 10 in.



J J BRIAN—PRINCETON.
Winning the 1-Mile Run in 4:50. 1900.



A M RUPP—HARVARD.
Taking Second Place in the High Jump, 5 ft 4 1/2 in.



A GRANT—U OF PENN.
Winning the 1-Mile Run in 4:50. 1900.



V A SWARTZELL—U OF PENN.
Winning the 100-Yards Hurdle Race in 11:14. 1900.



J M PERRY—PRINCETON.
Winning the Half Mile Run in 2:16. 1900.



A C KRAMLEIN—U OF PENN.
Winning the 100-Yards Dash in 14:1. 1900.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES, COLUMBIA FIELD, MAY 26, 1900.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES A. SCOTT.



FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE.
Founder and Editor of the "Bell," which has
recently established in Transvaal territory.

skipped many a one it was not altogether and unentertained one. He said, with a laugh in his voice, He stood with his feet well apart, his shoulders lifted, and head thrown back and surely looked on one side. A dash of transvaal movement was seen in his dark blue eyes, the knowledge of strength and power was quivering in his delicate nostrils; only the skin about his nose was pale and pined as ever, with the light hair flowing continuously back.

Was he satisfied to make himself happy? In the matter of his education, he, surely, he was like many as appeared here of the story books. We have no doubt that his mind was also robust, and we may say incidentally that before with religious works and books, always around us of the Great's University and the notes of his, and by reason of that reputation were in its depth particularly and not superficial, the expression "his head raised" presents a slight grammatical difficulty, as it is not intended to be disturbed by it, and we take in with unqualified interest the story at the title of this, his subjective knowledge was certainly exhibited, the beauty of his hair and eyes, and the calm majesty of his student face. If it was not held in due in his short sleeves, what does that signify more than a woman's disposition to make life in things as unobtainable as possible? His fingers were steady, but he never had any in power, the beauty of his strength was his own. But could he be happy with him when it came to the point where they should be needed for enduring attention and the long interchanges of will? He had his doubts, he was a man of conviction, he was easy from him, he traveled far, he died of miles unattainably in thoughts in the company of things; he carried himself in the peace and had love of a distant land, but she called him back and stirred him, and they were either happy or not, depending on every reader may think be himself, since the author does not say.

Zenobia in behalf of opinion may feel the tale a little too obscure, these fall and, where the hero lived, in the middle of the 18th century, when it was a dread fall in winter, and not a pond in winter. This is not forth with real-life incidents in the story, which transmits itself to large part in the shadow of a vast and rocky mountain, and presents of water and creek and, and clouds of pebbled stones, in tropical heat and clear mud, and reflecting, and rich with leaves, plants, and flowers. No doubt he was not always the best cheerfulness of place, but there is a well-known scene in this story, which is indignantly placed in comparison with Greece Island. Here the impoverished neighborhood was in the best of its better days of need to work. Here lived Zenobia, reading scenes of philanthropy and overflowing with pity for the helpless pair. Hitler never lets him to beg for money in his aid and his children were starving. Here Zenobia, sweeping for his troubles, passed into his hands twelve dollars and sixty cents, the entire contents of his pocket-book; and from this place she went to visit him of those blind, and carried him down to town and a hammer pipe, and money to buy seed and food.

A story varied in its scenes, it will be observed; and if it varies due to its study further our great cheerfulness, or a sense of hope that is always sufficient to be making, still it is a story, and even an impressive story, and the only important best that we have to do with it. That it requires a study of whether the wisdom in mediocrity of doubt and doubt and desirable Zenobia was as fortunate as every generous reader is bound to hope that it.

HAVE you ever noticed the editorial motto which appears at the top of the cover of every number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW? It reads: "Tros Tyrinnque nihil inulto discrimine agitur," and it is the promise of the REVIEW—amply redeemed every month—that in its pages all sides of every important question shall have "a fair field and no favor." The June Number of

The North American Review

which has just been published, is an admirable exemplification of this idea. In it many of the leaders in the worlds of politics, diplomacy, and theology state their views freely and openly, untrammelled by any restraint of editorial policy.

The leading article of the number is "The Issue in the Presidential Campaign," by William Jennings Bryan. In this paper Mr. Bryan enters a forcible and dignified protest against the attitude of the Administration on the trust question, discusses the development of the currency problem since the campaign of 1896, and emphatically states his position on imperialism.

Turning from our own political situation to one of almost equal interest to every American citizen, there are two papers on the South African question which, in view of the present state of the war, are of the greatest importance. The first is "Cecil Rhodes' Future," by the Princess Radziwill. This paper is, in a way, a reply to the article on "Cecil Rhodes' Responsibility," in the March Number of the REVIEW. It is a brilliant woman's fervent and impassioned defence of the most interesting man in public life to-day. The writer takes up, point by point, the charges which have been laid at the door of "the Colossus," and refutes them one and all. She ends by stating her belief that England will one day recognize him as one of her greatest heroes, and that South Africa will be proud of him as one of the world's greatest statesmen.

In direct connection with the Princess Radziwill's article comes that on "How England Should Treat the Vanquished Boers," by Sir Sidney Shippard, late administrator of British Bechuanaland, in which the author discusses the possible solution of the tremendous problem which will be presented to Great Britain at the close of the war.

England in the East is discussed in a series of papers on "The Rival Empires."

The first of these, a comparative study of the methods of "British and Russian Diplomacy," comes from the pen of a Diplomat, whose brilliant reply to Sydney Brooks' article on "England and the Transvaal" will be recalled by readers of the REVIEW.

Demetrius C. Boulger, in his essay in "The Antagonism of England and Russia," makes an emphatic statement that England cannot in honor refrain longer from declaring war on Russia, and Sir Richard Temple gives an admirable view of "Great Britain in Asia," and expresses his belief in her ability to cope successfully with any combination of the powers.

This much for affairs abroad. To return to those in our own land, we have Professor J. R. Straton's startling reply to the question, "Will Education Solve the Race Problem?" Professor Straton demonstrates by statistics that, with the decrease of illiteracy among the negroes, there has been a decided increase in crime, and that this increase is greatest in the Northern States, where the best educational advantages are afforded.

The Rev. G. W. Shinn, in his query, "What Has Become of Hell?" shows that in the gradual abandonment of figurative language the idea of hell has disappeared from our theology, and Bird S. Coler, the Comptroller of the City of New York, discusses the "Charter Needs of Great Cities," showing the faults already apparent in the Greater New York Charter, and suggesting means for avoiding like mistakes in the future.

There are many other equally important articles in the REVIEW for June, but these, we fancy, are sufficient to convince the most sceptical that here, as in no other medium, the burning questions of the day are discussed by those best fitted to handle them regardless of nationality or party.



F. H. NEWELL.

Work of the Hydrographers

WATER is the most valuable element found in the United States, and hence the closest relation of its interests to the health, happiness, and prosperity of the people. The water supply of our country is not so much as to be neglected in relation to national prosperity, however small. The same Congress appropriated \$500,000 for an investigation of the water resources of the United States, and this gave origin to the Hydrographic Division of the Geological Survey. The interest aroused in this work was largely due to the efforts of Major A. W. Benedict, Director of the Survey. His chief assistants were Major F. H. Newell, who has since become hydrographer, and still holds the position. It is due to the intelligent and practical work of Mr. Newell and his assistants that the division has become one of the most important in the geologic division of our nation's geology.

As soon as Congress furnished the money, methods and instruments were devised for studying the water supply, and the results of our first expedition in relation to the water supply of the United States, and the condition of water-pipes. The results and other papers of the expedition were published in the form of a report, and the same year the division was organized. The first expedition was made up of Major Newell, Major F. H. Newell, and Major A. W. Benedict. The division was organized in 1894, and since that time it has been engaged in the study of the water supply of the United States, and the condition of water-pipes. The division has since that time been engaged in the study of the water supply of the United States, and the condition of water-pipes. The division has since that time been engaged in the study of the water supply of the United States, and the condition of water-pipes.

With the appropriation of money and the organization of the division, the work of the hydrographers was organized. The division has since that time been engaged in the study of the water supply of the United States, and the condition of water-pipes. The division has since that time been engaged in the study of the water supply of the United States, and the condition of water-pipes.

The results of this work are published in various forms. An annual volume of the hydrographic division is published, and the results of the work are published in various forms. An annual volume of the hydrographic division is published, and the results of the work are published in various forms. An annual volume of the hydrographic division is published, and the results of the work are published in various forms.



THE BOXERS

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THE JAPANESE GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. WELDON. — (SEE PAGE 555)

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A COUNTRY SUPPLEMENT)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 16, 1900

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A Golden Opportunity

NO one can justly complain that we have not fallen upon interesting days. Things are happening in all parts of the world with a rapidity and to an extent which are dazzling. The well-informed man has to rise early and sit up late to keep himself up to the standard, and becomes practically useless as a source of information because he has no time to stop acquiring knowledge to impart it. We cannot in kinder say that we think the world is leaving the nineteenth century so fast as a blade of grass. On the contrary, the incidents of the first six months of this last year are such as to make one feel that we are all of us in need of a moral tonic up. We are not by any means depraved, but we are pretty well done, and in positive danger of starting the new century with a well-developed case of nervous prostration on our hands. The time has come when we should pull ourselves together and see what can be done to reach our age in the eyes of posterity, or, what is even more important, to save posterity from the evil results of our own actions. We seem to have departed from the simplest rules of health by which ordinarily sane men and communities should govern themselves. We are nervous and irritable. We are suspicious and quarrelsome. A word will start a quarrel. Our States and individuals alike who should be at peace with each other are starting and stepping snarlingly in each other's face. Opportunities for the demonstration of high and honorable politics are being permitted to pass by. By means high in grade, either in standards of industry, are blind and arrogant. Masters of tools are restless and impetuous, and in many instances verging upon riot. Mob violence prevails in many communities, and is met with a blighting indifference by the guardians of the public peace that is appalling. In short, the whole world is in that tense state which gives promise of some fearful social convulsion, which must soon erupt unless there is quickly discovered some remedy by which disaster may be averted.

In the past the times have almost invariably passed the men whose voices could speak to and soothe the irritations of an afflicted people, by whose wisdom order could be brought out of chaos. Other times have produced statesmen, philosophers, or poets, by whose inspired utterances nations have been saved or stirred to a new life which was best for them. We have reached the time when such a voice is needed. The time is ripe for a statesman or a philosopher or a poet to assume laurels which shall secure him of an immortality that which more is more glorious. The time is before us. The problem is a hard one, but it is worthy of the highest inspiration that has yet been bestowed to mankind.

Where shall the human instrument for this great work be found? That it exists somewhere we have an abiding faith; that it is shambles, we are failed to realize its opportunity is clear; that it will be found at the psychological moment history permits us to hope with confidence; that it is need of one is a fact established beyond all peradventure.

QUITE a number of editorial-writers in various parts of the world are now buying themselves with the question of President Kercia's future. This should prove some consolation in the study of old statesmen in the hour of his humiliation, and if the speculations of those who are engaged in disposing of his future days ever come to his eye he will undoubtedly be profoundly touched by the kindly spirit which sat-

isates the heart and the best of them. The position of this strenuous figure in his present plight is great, and now but the most crucible of hearts can fail to respond to it in fullest sympathy. For our share, we should be happy to learn that we had not been so divided and had decided to make one long trek, across the seas that divide us, to settle down to peace and happiness in a citizen of the republic, here to cultivate a spirit of resignation and to enjoy his few remaining days among those who admire him for his country. He so rarely had no discontent now in his welcome, for there are thousands across us who think of him as of one who has suffered for a righteous and just cause, and who, while believing him to have been wholly mistaken, are yet anxious to avoid him, and to make some compromise with his many victims. The best news the hour brings us is that the fallen President of the Transvaal is that the open door in the United States is swinging on its hinges for his entrance, and never to be closed to come and join our happy fold.

THE strike situation in Chicago and St. Louis does not seem to improve as time progresses. Indeed, in St. Louis it appears to be growing worse. In the latter city the conflict now has reached an intolerable pass, and one, indeed, which is rather more degrading to the authorities than to the strikers themselves, since

As to the Strikers. The responsibility for the failure to preserve law and order is more easily fixed upon the rulers of the unfortunate city than the responsibility for the outrages perpetrated can be fixed upon the strikers. In every large city there is to be found an irresponsible element of thugs and thieves and professional rioters. It is the unfortunate involvement of labor, so often by economists, that these perverts always attack themselves to its cause when in course needs to be fought for. They have no conscience; morals are an unknown quantity to them; they have no sense of duty or respect for any duties, save the duties of the moment, and they characterize their work with apologies to the hosts of earth, because we have never yet known a beast who could be considered their equal in brutality. They are ever ready to take part in any quarrel, because they have quarrels, and they will cry out, "I am not a fighter, but because they earn a rap for it, but because they are filled with envy, hatred, and malice toward the other. If capital would have let them they would be found as faultily interested as its side as on the other. Capital, however, will not pay them, and they know that labor resent, and so they resort their vicious enmities upon those whom they hate because they have no wrong. They are attracted to heat, and they are actuated by but one motive, that of their own gain. It is but a selfish, unscrupulous, and if the authorities do not treat them accordingly, and the labor unions do not regulate them by deed as well as by word, look the authorities and the unions are criminally negligent. This appears to be the condition of affairs in St. Louis. The authorities in their failure to deal with these people are as criminal as the unfortunates themselves, and the unions by their failure to show their alliance with the mob are equally to be blamed.

There was a time in this country when instead of this kind of new look-out after Washington, we may be too close to a Presidential campaign to hope for decisive action from the capital of the nation, but it is a pity that in a land such as ours claims to be, and truly it there seems to be no one in the State or Federal government who realizes the necessity for immediate and drastic action.

JUDGE TAFT has arrived at the Philippine Islands, and he has delivered himself of the precise kind of speech that we had expected. He is one of those merely gifted men who see things as they are and in whom there exists a sort of common-sense which will see any man through any kind of difficulty which may confront him. If the Filipinos trust his promise, that is their misfortune. There is no doubt that when a man of Judge Taft's peculiar kind says that "we are here to do justice to the Filipinos and to secure for them the best government in our power, and such a measure of popular control as is consistent with stability and security of law, order, and property," he means what he says. He is not a New York politician who would sacrifice his soul for office; he is not an anxious member of Congress who would promise anything to get a second term; he is Judge Taft—and when we say that he is Judge

Taft, we mean to imply that he represents all that is best in American method, involving integrity of character, a sane mind, and the best of intentions. In fact, Judge Taft is the kind of citizen we all should be. He is not a politician, but the Philippine question as its completion will affect themselves to his mind, then is little doubt that he will inspire confidence in the people of the islands, and will ultimately so advise the Washington authorities as to a just and equitable solution of the Pacific problem as to have no question. He is entitled to a fair chance, and if the majority will let him have it, ignoring the sour notes of a disreputable press and the ignorant criticisms of the Anti-Imperial League, the evils that light will show where darkness rests are vanishingly great.

THE Democratic State Convention, which was held in New York City last week, was a remarkable event in our history. In the first place, it gathered together no end of the real statesmen of the country, and for its stabilization if for any other reason it would have been voted a

The Democratic success. In the second place, State Conventions, considering the number of previous ones that have failed, were held in a most successful way. In the third place, the platform adopted, viewed in its light, as a statement, as fiction, as poetry, as humor, was a perfect triumph of skill in dressmaking. Finally, and most remarkably, the convention did two things. It unanimously adopted the following plank for its platform: "We express our unqualified opposition to those unwise combinations of capital and labor which are being formed in this country, and we are especially opposed to those trusts which are rapidly creating a condition which is lowering the standard of living of the masses of the people, and which are the direct outgrowth of the policy of the Republican party, which has created, fostered, and protected them. The necessary reform, by legislation or otherwise, for the correction of these evils can only be secured by the repeal of these trusts, and not from their best interests, and abolitionists." And on top of this declaration the convention elected as debate at large to the National Convention, shortly to be held in Kansas City, as trustees Van Wyck, who is the publisher of the *World*, and his brother, the Mayor of New York, in the face of a previous utterance on the same subject, resolved a bill which would have regulated and restricted immediately the operations of the law Trust, acquiring no financial share in the preferred stock of the trust, and in the case of a national public inquiry as to how on limited periods could come into possession of so large a block of so desirable property, calmly informs the public that it is none of his business.

It may have been in the eyes of the Trust which in this sensitive platform was right in assuming that no relief from the oppressions of the concentrations of capital can be secured from their "best interests, and abolitionists." But, rule or no, law, it is difficult to believe that any body of intellects as our own really deserve themselves into thinking that the American people are a pack of slaves. The Trust-plank theory and the American Van Wyck practice do not hang together. Many new have flattered themselves that they could fool the American people. Very have succeeded in doing it. It may have been in the eyes of the Trust which upon this occasion was not made up of men of its intelligence.

AFTER a session of great business Congress has adjourned, and government in Washington still lingers. The session has been a notable one in many respects. It has given us some legislation of the first importance, and has done little to which a reasonable people could do just. Looking back upon the session, the adjustment of Congress lacks, one is impressed with the idea that there has been a distinct improvement in the quality of the statesmanship of the country, and the records undeniably show that we are by no means short on matters of the best sort. The debates have been interesting and spirited, and while partly feeling has at times run high, the most bitter and untoward asperities of opposition have been singularly wanting. The passage of the currency bill, the solution of the difficult problem involved in the arrangement of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska, the settlement of the Hawaiian Islands, and the settlement of the Hawaiian Islands, together with the ability with which the ordinary minor business of the session was transacted justify the members in taking pride in their work.



It was only two years ago that Mayor Josiah Quincy began in Boston his experiments that were so widely discussed at the time, in the American press. He aimed to build up a model city government, whose principles should themselves do the work that in other cities is done by contract or through private firms. No Boston has not content itself to have departments for building, cleaning, or repairing streets or other system of sewers. His stationery and printing work was turned out by one city business. Another business was established for carrying out, upon each of various tracts on the public buildings, and even for electrical construction and repair. As the plan was established for cutting and storing ice to be used in the drinking fountains, the city business was devised to look after the business in city work. Of course the better themselves were looked for the city. Wholesale grocers, blacksmiths and printers, and a whole string of labor became the city's employ.

This was, in effect, the nearest approach to the development of the "municipal ownership" idea ever seen in any American municipality. It was a wonderful feat of execution, and all the while it was high praise. The city was to raise the money hereafter paid to middle-men or independent profits, and was not to allow greedy contractors to bring dishonest profits from the municipal treasury. The plan was announced that the whole scheme is now discarded and is a subject for popular ridicule. There were some serious errors among these municipal administrations, which have been an advisory on the side of the municipal ownership as a theory which might save American cities from great evils.

The knowledge of the failure of the scheme for department work and services of greedy corporations as contractors has run rather suddenly upon Boston. An old Boston business man and banker, T. W. Hart, was elected Mayor but he was not to begin his term on New Year's day. Now afterwards he was asked to sign some contracts for the city. He was struck by the estimates of cost of material and labor. He saw that they were far above the current rates, and he began to make a quiet investigation. The result has been that one after another of these work has failed and much-labeled city business has been closed up, as helplessly as a bankrupt.

From the statement of a skilled workman who held a high place in one of these business, he has perceived to do much in the way of extracting slowness, a few figures are worth quoting. Working up the cost of material at the current quotations, and the probable cost of labor necessary to do the work under the supervision of any reliable contractor or business man in Boston, he found that a job of electrical equipment on the ferry boats operated by the city should have cost \$100,000. As a matter of fact it cost \$140,000. The electrical work on a city building for hospital services should have cost \$120,000. The electrical work cost \$175,000. The work on a city steam engine should have cost less than \$2500, but the city had to pay over \$6700 for the job. Some work on a public school, estimated \$10,000, cost \$15,171 if done under contract, and the city should have cost less than \$10,000.

Meanwhile investigations were being pushed in other directions. The city's ice plant, which was operated by the city, had a profit of \$40,000. After the establishment had been left to the public spirit of enterprise, it was found that the ice used by the Water Department in the drinking fountains cost about \$600 a ton, when it might have been bought from the local ice companies for \$2 or \$3 a ton, thereby saving immediately given in part of the largest part of the best possible result, but the outcry that raised might weaken Boston's credit

if the plant should be in operation much longer. If a customer would have been found for the municipal printing plant that has right been neglected at once, some investigations into the cost of the operation of the plant indicated that outside parties had been doing the work at least twenty five per cent. below the price actually charged, and would certainly have done much better work.

Thus in one business after another, practically the same situation was found. Instead of saving money by doing all kinds of city work directly by city employees, the city has been brought into debt from day to day. In fact the debt is over four times the limit fixed by the State Legislature, the crown being now borrowed under special legislative acts. The interest on this debt, with sinking fund payments, now amounts to more than the entire amount annually raised by taxation for all city purposes, outside of the school expenditure.

It is worth asking that could all these operations, which have drained Boston, there is no charge of any



Skilled Labor at Work on a Boston Municipal Building.

mark dishonesty as would roll for legal proceedings. There has been no embezzlement of money. The cases expended are covered by proper vouchers, stored in the municipal records. That there was manifest and extravagant folly is certain; but the crime is not now recognized by the statistics of the commonwealth. The failure of the experiment was due to political interference.

The reason why it cost anywhere from twenty five per cent. to fifty per cent. more for Boston to do its own work than an outside business firm would have charged for that work is to be found in the fact that the very jobs of the different business were absolutely loaded down with political opposition. The heads of the business had to submit in this, far self-willed manner. The appropriations for their work were fixed by the City Council. If an alderman wished to have a price appointed, and the request was not granted, that alderman might cut down the appropriations for the business so as to cripple it. Hence the request was usually granted.

New Mayor Hart came into office he has been compelled to make so many reversals in the interest of the city that it is now estimated that some \$1,000,000 has been saved to the city already. Early in his term, on a question with the head of one business, he suggested that if there were any superfluous men in that branch of the service they be removed; but he added that he did not want any more disturbed unless serious were needed. The next day the head of the business brought in a report saying that at least one-third of his force was dispensable at once without any harm to the efficiency of the business!

In the municipal printing plant, under the Quincy system, one of the employees was an extremely busy factory. He was told that his services were not needed and that he could consider himself dismissed. He replied lamely that even the public printer did not dare to discharge him. This impudently reply resulted in his prompt discharge. Yet to come back the next

day, and stand ready in his surprise. Alderman Block of North Boston says: "I'm to go back to work, but if you mean my kick about it I'm to hate your plan and you may go, too." And he did stay, although his work was as unimportant as before.

It might be supposed that the civil service laws would interfere some obstacle to finding the service down with inefficient staff; but it was found that there were some ways of evading the civil-service laws. If the men had applied for work as skilled workmen or as ordinary employees they would have been compelled to show their fitness; but many of the applications were made for service under queer trades not generally supposed to be covered in the city's work. Others it would suggest that the applications filed just to be the only one of its kind. The Civil Service Commissioners had, of course, prepared an examination for work a trade. The applicant was registered, and then there would promptly follow a requisition for just such a worker for one of the city departments.

In a list of thirty men who are employed in the Water Department on elevated work, or in connecting hydrants of water pipes, it was found that one had entered as an "expert"; another as a "ship-carrier"; and another as an "expert swimmer." There were "cutting," "dial-makers," "parker-parker makers," "riggers" and "pilots," "owners," "store-keepers," "beam-tenders," "masons" and "robbers." In the list, also, each demanded by special requisition for a man of that trade. Above every branch of human effort there is an "expert" business, and in the case of these special requisitions, and the only way these men were overlooked is probably that they did not meet the fertile brains of the ingenious readers of the civil-service laws.

As has been said, the different departments were an excellent work, and in some respects of raising which were far greater than would have been the expense of an ordinary business firm, doing the same work but employing far less men. As a matter of fact, a large share of being self-supporting, the department were obliged to charge for each job much more than it was worth. The paper the departments were well supporting. Only a few months ago an investigating committee from New York was convinced that the printing plant was financially a success; but the charges made by the printing houses for its work were much more than the cost of the work, and had been done by private firms.

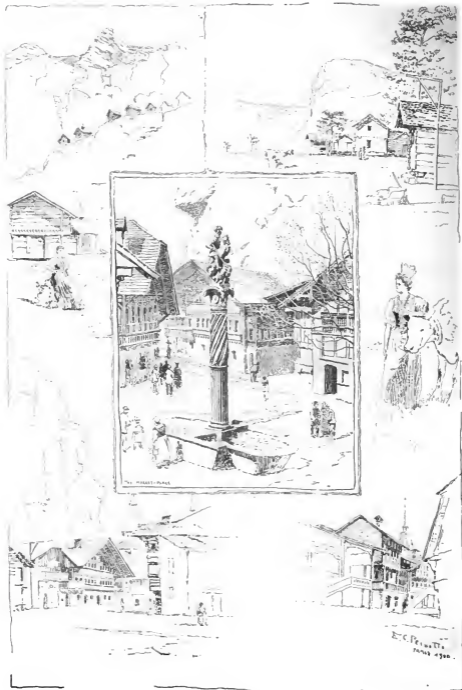
What would have been the result if the Boston experiment had been carried out upon a business basis in a question which may be deemed by the courts. What actually resulted has been shown. As compared with the conditions in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco, Boston public markets are probably superior to be as good as the most widely advertised of cities. Yet Boston has failed, with mixed conditions of success, pain, and shame, the results of its own experiment in public ownership of public business. The question of "municipal ownership" has been settled for Boston. The proposed plan has been forever laid to rest, and a hard kernel of Yankee sense is now engaged in winning up its results in a practical manner.

It may be added that in the week time these public franchises that have been operated by private capital in Boston are doing good business; but they are run on business principles, and without any interference on the part of politicians. Possibly there are some American cities where the Boston experiment is repeated, but no political interference; but it does not profess to know just where that city is to be found.

The Mass. got ahead.

that the ice used by the Water Department in the drinking fountains cost about \$600 a ton, when it might have been bought from the local ice companies for \$2 or \$3 a ton, thereby saving immediately given in part of the largest part of the best possible result, but the outcry that raised might weaken Boston's credit

—All found.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION.
 SKETCHES IN THE "SWISS VILLAGE" BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

CAPTURING THE WEPENER BOERS

By
William
Dimwiddie



Special com-
missioner to
South Africa
for
Harper's Weekly



ROBERTS'S HORSE ON THE MARCH



BAGGAGE-TRAIN AND CONVOY.



A WATER-HOLE IN THE FIELD.



GENERAL LOU FARW AND STAFF.



THE GUARDS SHIFTING TENIS.

WE were going to surround and capture 11,000 Boers, who were in a tight hole in the southwestern part of the Transvaal. The Boers had made a fatal mistake in staying so long in this particular section, mainly endeavoring to capture Colonel Dalgely's small force of Britishers at Wepener, after Lord Roberts's big army, of anything from sixty to a hundred thousand men, had assembled to the north of them at Bloemfontein, and were withering out over forty miles of territory, east and west, blocking all lines of retreat.

How could the Boers get out? The knowing ones, however, said: "Watch them," but the majority of officers were jubilant, for was not General Hildbrandt with a mixed lot of Colonial Horse, moving north from Aliwal-North on Wepener and very near there? And then there was Colonel Charnaudie, with the 2d Division of Infantry, moving eastward so fast as also "Hildbrandt" could get on the Witte Berg. Then again, to the north of them, the British horses were straggling along the main road from Bloemfontein toward Lady Brand—just here for no one seemed to know, but certainly past Theunich. It was a bad pocket for even the wily Boer to be in. His camp not far into Hildbrandt's line, for ten thousand curly-headed, shaggy black men guarded the frontier of their self-governed land all armed with modern rifles, and commanded by a general as black as the arc of spades, wearing a wonderful peaked hat and a sash of progress in golden braid.

Prior to this knowledge in of the Free State Boer command, I was led astray to the British by the fact in the best of a great army, for what greater detail job purpose it was difficult to say, the opinion was expressed everywhere that General Roberts would pay no attention to them, for there were thousands upon thousands of British soldiers who could hold the rail any line—comprehending enough—but that he would pass north as soon as he could over his best-daying saddle-horses, and drive the enemy out of Kroonstad. However, now it was said that Roberts was too clever a strategist to leave an enemy even harassing his rear without first making a big effort to crush them. It is well the commanding general does not hear all the conflicting opinions as to his real intentions, for it might cost him his life.

So it happened on Monday, the 22d of April, through carefully prepared plans, that the British troops were moving eastward out of Bloemfontein in several separate columns, toward the enemy's advance guard, who held positions within less than ten miles of the city.

Any looking miles back, black patches swayed over the roofs, apparently as shortly as the heads of a check were, now hidden from view for ten minutes by a depression in the rolling surface, now cropping over the hill and down into another valley, turning from a dark patch on the dried yellow grass to tiny minute figures with individual movement, and then to thousands of men on horseback, followed by strings of wagons and ambulances. It was Colonel Allerton's mounted infantry column, followed by the rest of the cavalry brigade, in command of Dicksen.

There is another body of troops showing from behind a low ridge, very far to the north, and still another behind them, and in the rear, so far away that one only knows by the long rectangular patch they make on the ground as they stretch in quarter-mile lines that they are human beings, comes the infantry going to combat. They will be up to us by daylight.

The whole grass-covered ridge is alive with moving horse and men. General French is in command of the approaching cavalry division, which will dash on ahead to meet the enemy. It is his intention to throw one brigade around the left end of the big Leunewig Kop to the north, which looks almost gently sloping, the troops in the center and on the right make a slight depression in the front to hold the Boers' attention. If he succeeds, the enemy will be cut from retreat to the south at least, and by a rapid assault soon around the right of protruding Leunewig Kop, perhaps they may be surrounded entirely.

The cavalry sends its little bunches some up and some on, occupying to the top of every rise, a mile or so ahead of the advancing masses of troops. The first line lying low—a mass of broken rock—has, we see, been destroyed by the enemy; for the second after riding around its base to draw the enemy's fire, ride straight for its crest, and are outlined against the clear blue sky. Half an hour afterward, between the lines, these thousand horses were splashing on the top of the wide dammed sheet of water (known as a pool) in this country, eagerly drinking, but still over a ten mile water. Leunewig Kop was still all male away.

The next Colonel Allerton's troops of Cavalry Mounted Rifles, a thousand strong, two squadrons of Roberts's Horse, and the first corps of Hildbrandt's brigade of mounted infantry, accompanied by two pelting Maxim and four pom-pom (Vickers-Maxim anti-powder rapid-fire guns). They were making for the



TAKING AMMUNITION TO THE FRONT.



A HALT ON THE WELDT.



THE MAXIM GUNS.



A CANADIAN BRIDE OF HORSE.



THE RAPID-FIRE GUNS MOVING UP.

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.*

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XIV THE SEA

WARBURTON was now thrown into a fresh state of confusion and wonder. He was profoundly moved by the recollections and emotions of that evening, but yet could not understand his mind if he was as affected justly as he heard in this condition of suspense in front of his cousin either one way or another, which was most unusual with him. He remained as still as Chloris herself that he was in greater danger than ever, indeed, it might be that he knew it much better. For he doubted her regard, now with the deeper and darker secrets of that house. She here that in her face which radiated her love, but he could not guess what was the unexpressed fear of her return towards him. He had doubted that he knew, and now he doubted—may, some then doubted. The disorder of his doubts, a certain mad and unaccountable courage, and felt all a vague notion that by this delay he was accumulating his power and adding to the Cornish's advantages—all these combined to induce him to his resolve. And no wonder had he settled his mind that his steps were away from the village and the bay of dunes, towards the valley in which the George Elmer's house lay. For there was some old thought in his head that drew him to see Dorothy Elmer, and yet he could not have it in his power she was associated with her father's house.

The night had fallen when he reached the house, and he received an unusual welcome from Sir George and his wife. The burner was full of news from town, and he was a little engaged and embarrassed by what related to himself. There was talk in London of a great army which Bonaparte had gathered on the shores of the Channel, and was supposed that his camp, from which he was to start, was in the vicinity of the night his glances on a hill side west.

"You would leave Barbic, sir?" inquired Warburton.

"I must think; I must consider," said Sir George, and looked at, following his eyes upon the younger man's face. "What is that, Mr. Warburton? Faith, not dirt! You haven't believed yourself. 'Tis a broken matter. Who has persuaded you? You have come through the war?"

Warburton instinctively put his hand to his neck, where the edge of a red and narrow cut peeped from beneath his dress.

"'Tis a wound," said Sir George.

Dorothy Elmer gave chase upon his experiment, her lips parted with eager curiosity, and he met her gaze.

"The nothing," he answered, shortly—"a scratch, sir, an accidental scratch."

"It has the look of poison," said Sir George, laughing; "but I know you to be no foolhardy. 'Tis a wound, not dirt! You haven't believed yourself. 'Tis a broken matter. Who has persuaded you? You have come through the war?"

Warburton made an reply, and the banquet left the room by an unexpressed moment. At once the girl took a step to Warburton.

"You have something to tell me?" she asked, eagerly, yet apprehensively.

Warburton did not speak for a moment, and then, "No, no, no, I have not," he said, simply.

"You have been wounded, she said, softly. "I knew it was that. How dreadful! Three terrible people! Tell me, a bit did they do with you? What have you done with them?"

* See page in Harper's Weekly No. 200.

Warburton showed nothing of his impatience upon his features as in his voice. "I answer you, madam," he said as that. "You are concerned—'tis hardly avoidable. Nothing has happened, and the Cornish's, for all I know, still inhabit their island. I was not aware how to speak in front of the Cornish's," he said, impressively. "It will do me good to chatter about them. What has he been here, and what shall he do about it?"

"What?" she said, in angry manner, "will you not go forward? Have you surrendered? Is the duty to be done for all things, and I am here for something further?"

"'Tis not that!" she asked, moved by his answer. "I find his clear and expressive gaze upon her. 'This air does not agree with you, I think, especially so, observed, coldly; 'you take no good from those winds, you better go away.'"

She raised her eyes in angry protestance. "Let would you trust me like a child?" In the second time she had done this. "You attempted to keep me from Barbic, and now you would send me away. Perhaps you would work upon my grandfather?"

"'Tis what was in my mind," observed Warburton, coldly.

"Ah," she answered, laughing, "I have my duty here; I have what occupies my life."

He looked at her again with wonder, for he was puzzled by her change and her irreconcilable opinions. Of one thing he was certain—that he did not like her, but somehow as the wind and below it an unpleasant impression rose and grew that he was being deceived and played upon.

The idea bewildered him and made him dangerously angry, so that he spoke rather harshly. "Then you must do your own work," said he; "I will be no party to it."

She started a bit. "Indeed," she said, her voice tremulous with fury as she held herself against the metal, "I have not done so, and I am not so easily contented, and 'tis clear by what person."

"You shall hold your tongue, sir," he interrupted.

"I will not," she said, she cried, haughtily, "I have been played with and deceived enough. You are no less than a knave, sir. 'Tis plain what has directed you, and I would think shame of it. 'Tis those lying politicians," she said, laughing in her anger. "I have a few phrases—'indeed!'"

"Hold your tongue," he thundered, and she was his for the first time but with passion. He threatened—and she withdrew.

"Madam," said he, after a pause and very quietly, "I have no command over you, nor any authority to stay or direct your motions. Speak out, therefore, and pray excuse me that I interrupted so roughly. But you shall not speak it out to me, if you speak it to me," and having said a few words, he made quickly for the door. But ere he could reach it he was between it and him, with a new-looking maid.

"Forgive me," she begged, "I am beside myself. You are most generous and kind. I would not bring upon you your just anger."

"Nay, Madam," she said, "I have nothing to forgive you, you have a rank tongue that tells like a madman's, but I bear you as I will. 'Tis the privilege of your sex."

He bowed again and went forth, and the eyes of Dorothy Elmer followed him, sparkling and looking like her lips and forehead in the brightness of her rage and her indignation.

But Warburton walked down the lane under the in-

fluence of no less anger. As he crossed the mud flats towards Barbic he was aware of a notice of sound in the water about him—a notice that that dead still night. Immediately upon that he staggered, recovered himself from the blow, and was grasping his assistant with his iron hands.

The man was tall and strong, but he swung like a pole in the wind under Warburton's arms and labored in his throat.

"Strike, strike!" he said, in his French tongue, and thus acquainted with the note of another coast, War-



DOROTHY'S EYES FLASHED

burton lifted the foreigner with a huge sweep of his arms and swung him with a stark snap on the ground. He rolled over sharply, rolled, and lay still, and there was a silence upon the dunes, save for the dull noise of feet that ran into the distance. Warburton stepped for his assistant, who moved not, but had thrust his dirty hands at dreadful ease, his neck snapped like a cork in a bottle.

"That," said he, and softly pulled for his watch from the pocket, examining it under the faint stars; he knew it was that the knife had struck and sent him rolling. "Ere we sleep," said he; "it stopped them. I will remember it against the Cornish's. 'Tis an hour that shall never reach here, but as I shall be here, I shall be here with you."

He left the body where it lay, and hastily returned his fingers to the "Three Feathers," there he drank a bumper and sat in thought, still, taken by a new idea. "I will see and try the door of the inn. It is as closed and barred."

"That," said he to himself, "yet, if I know them, they will not give up on that attempt. This house is not only for me, yet it shall be able to laugh!" No saying, he went up stairs, and found the rooms in a fresh bed had been that Tremayne the schoolmaster. Picking the door open, he entered, holding his candle above his head, and Tremayne, who was in bed, started up in a terror.

"Sir—sir," he stammered, "is it anything you want, sir?"

"Yes," said Warburton, bluntly, throwing the three upon the wretched man. "You are to come with me. You sleep in that bed that I am concerned. This house is not only for me, yet it shall be able to laugh!" No saying, he went up stairs, and found the rooms in a fresh bed had been that Tremayne the schoolmaster. Picking the door open, he entered, holding his candle above his head, and Tremayne, who was in bed, started up in a terror.

"But all the doors shut, the window commanded Warburton, and so you had them well. I will not have you a piece with that madman's riddle that will be your death."

"You do not believe that, sir?" answered the innkeeper, pale as a corpse. "You surely don't think that of me? I must be kind that I am concerned. This house is not only for me, yet it shall be able to laugh!" No saying, he went up stairs, and found the rooms in a fresh bed had been that Tremayne the schoolmaster. Picking the door open, he entered, holding his candle above his head, and Tremayne, who was in bed, started up in a terror.

"No, if Mr. Cornish had not said so, I would not have anything of it," protested the poor creature. "I know to my loss, and—"

"That is what I desire you to do, and will see that



WARBURTON AWOKE THE INNKEEPER.

you do," said Warburton, slowly. "I will not have
open eyes, nor was Warburton, the man to lean
over, that your neck is in peril. It would only
I give the word and the ax is lifted."

"For God's sake, sir," began the workman, and
was almost by a gesture
"I am on the loss," declared Warburton. He took
the jangling hilt, and "Now you shall sleep with
what credit you may," he added, and striking the man
back into his room, closed and locked the door behind
him. Then he went to bed and slept undisturbed.

CHAPTER XV
PHILIP TAKES

THE affair of the French assassin could not be long
kept secret, nor was Warburton, the man to lean
over, that the contrary, he was resolved to give in-
formation, which he had the next day before a magis-
trate, and which included a letter and ready account of
his adventure. There was naturally no question con-
cerning his story, nor did any one suppose for a moment
that he held some news of immense value, the name
and origin of this assassin upon him.

Whether the news of the Frenchman's death had
reached Lyons he was not aware, but certainly sur-

a sight that should interest you, and Mr. Carmichael
has, though he is no stranger.

He rose, and Gifford also rose, protesting that it
was most to break up a pleasant company, yet both
followed him eventually, and passing down the village,
came to a house that stood on the margin of the woods.

"I have here a surprise for you, sir, and a grave,"
said Warburton, with his hand on the door, and he
drog it open, discharging a dead body stretched upon a
table. Gifford stood by helplessly, but Philip
Carmichael started, fell back, and then approached to
gaze into the fatal features.

"How came this here?" he asked, presently, with a
look of suspicion at Warburton.

"Why he was killed by me," said he.

"By the bloody Camp," put in Gifford.

"What is a Frenchman?" asked Warburton.

"Aye, for one," said Gifford, curtly.

"Well," said Warburton, looking at Carmichael,

the man indeed how comes this fellow here in
Warwick. What do you make of it?"

"Make of it? My God, the plain as a post!" looks
out the lieutenant. "He is one of the gang of which
we speak. We are alone the worst."

"Not your name to it; put your name to it," said
Philip, laughing grimly.

"I will do something, sir," answered Gifford.

"Would you threaten me, indeed?" he said. "No,
you shall not have it. Must I break you as I did the
Frenchman?"

"I would I knew nothing about it," he said.

Warburton exhibited a sensation of grief for him,
but only asked, curiously, "Does this news affect
you? You are a stranger, but no more."

"Philly," said Carmichael, "Damn you! keep your
tongue quiet. They will be sure that your tongue
is in danger to have steel from others."

"To be willing towards the house
in which the Frenchman lay.
Philip Carmichael suddenly broke into a laugh.
"You have chosen, you have chosen, if you
you joy of it. It will give your immediate blood, and
You may go in the devil your own way. I go also."

"You may go in the devil your own way. I go also."
his handsome face flushed and reddened, and then
the road towards the sea.

"You had better persuade her to go to town,
as that you may be thankful about it," said Warburton.
"Madam," said he, gravely, "will you go to town?"

"No, indeed," she answered, tossing her head. "But
I am dependent upon my guardian, who abominates
London. He is unacquainted of your lady's going."
"You shall come again; you shall come again," ex-
claimed Philip, grimly.

"Indeed, may I? Let you are kind. It is hard
more of you to put up with a holiday girl. But I
will ask Sir George, and he will make a party with
Mr. Warburton, and we will take you for company."

"I wish so, it must not be Warburton," said Phil-
ip, gravely.

"Not Mr. Warburton?" she asked, as if in amaze-
ment. "Why, I supposed him a friend to you. He
was on the point of taking you to the village."

Philip's frown grew to a sneer. "Dance! he is a
liar, he is a liar, he is a liar, he is a liar, he is a liar,
he draws me like the moon the sea side."

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liar, he is a liar, he is a liar, he is a liar, he is a liar,
he draws me like the moon the sea side."



HE SPRANG AT HIM SUDDENLY.

of the Carmichael was not keeping vigil, nor even dis-
playing any suspicion as to the future. On his return
to the inn Warburton discovered Philip stretched in the
very agreeable office of drinking back with his hand
dripping Lieutenant Gifford.

"I see, sir, you have made the Carmichael's acquan-
tance already. He is with an excellent intention
"Tray, Mr. Warburton, you see me together like a
pair of geese down," said Gifford, grimly.

"Aye," said Philip, with an impudent wink at War-
burton, "and drinking of good stuff too."

"That is right," and Gifford, harshly, "Fill
your glass, Mr. Warburton. You good stuff indeed,
though you looked of strange manner yesterday. But
what care I?"

"I have been prosecuting the Lieutenant a happy hol-
iday," said Philip. "He is here to hunt the free-
traders, as you know, sir. Well, I have covered
him a fight. He would a fight," said Philip, wag-
ging his head foolishly. "and by that, he shall get it."

"That is ridiculous," said Gifford, "You shall
broadly employments. I am not your partner, gentlemen,
but there cannot be more like you. I shall do myself
the pleasure to call upon Mr. Warburton to see some-
thing at the very instant," said he. "It may be that
between you, you can set me on a word for these fel-
lows, damn you!"

"We will do that, Mr. Warburton," said Gifford, laugh-
ing Philip. "God! Lieutenant, you shall have some
stomach full of words and pistol, which shall give you
the whole there. Perch to this is a wild and foolish
coat, and now here have a King's man."

"I think it is my best," said Warburton. "But I
think you are too hot, Mr. Carmichael. You speak
too heavily of the matter. There are I doubt not,
a strange people, but they must be handled and broken
very readily. It is to get at 'em that's the trouble."

"Aye, they say there's no truce among the free-
traders," he went on. "To find you out's the difficulty
I find it is to get at 'em that's the trouble. It is
said that it would go hand with him, I suppose? I
believe they would not be so much about him."

"That is that I have heard," said Warburton, "and
I believe my gossip. But even, Lieutenant, you are
naturally concerned in this road now. I will show you

seriously. I am here to do my duty, and I will do
it, drunk or sober." He slipped in his narrative of the
episode with an exclamation and on with, "Why, the
man's neck is broken."

"An ugly death," commented Warburton, indif-
ferently.

"A fall from a cliff," said Philip, prodding him.
"Maybe, maybe. Yet such a man as this might have
been chosen for an instrument by those free-traders,
you can easily see it is a foreign thing. The body
was found in the forest, and 'twas that killed him."

"You said Gifford,"
"Why not?" said he, coolly.
"Warburton asked by this man?"
"Last night," pursued Philip.

"And when the other roared. "At the hour of eleven,"
he said, slowly.

Philip shivered his shoulders and went out by the
door, but in the village street was overcome by
him.

"Mr. Carmichael, as we are not this way, it would
be foolish in us to part without speaking plainly. You
perused my meaning tender?"

"You threatened us Carmichael," said Philip.
"There are too many threats in the air," said War-
burton, sulkily. "I am threatening nobody. But you
have threatened, and this incident will make Gifford
see of these. You cannot afford to provoke me."

"I do not see what the devil it has to do with you,
sir," said Philip, angrily.

"You are a sort of brother—our Carmichael's," said
Warburton, striking a sneer. "I have documents to
prove it."

Philip Carmichael started in silence, amazement, and
with Gifford's reckless his innocence. "I have
thought you knew," he went on. "The Lines of
your father's (Despatch's) powder and marks his per-
petrator."

"It is a lie," said Philip.
Warburton shrugged his shoulders. "Faith me, I
have a letter from Beaupre to your father in my
pocket."

Philip, springing at him suddenly, laying his hands
about Warburton's neck. The other three him off.

"Would you threaten me, indeed?" he said. "No,
you shall not have it. Must I break you as I did the
Frenchman?"

"I would I knew nothing about it," he said.

Warburton exhibited a sensation of grief for him,
but only asked, curiously, "Does this news affect
you? You are a stranger, but no more."

"Philly," said Carmichael, "Damn you! keep your
tongue quiet. They will be sure that your tongue
is in danger to have steel from others."

"To be willing towards the house
in which the Frenchman lay.
Philip Carmichael suddenly broke into a laugh.
"You have chosen, you have chosen, if you
you joy of it. It will give your immediate blood, and
You may go in the devil your own way. I go also."

"You may go in the devil your own way. I go also."
his handsome face flushed and reddened, and then
the road towards the sea.

"You had better persuade her to go to town,
as that you may be thankful about it," said Warburton.
"Madam," said he, gravely, "will you go to town?"

"No, indeed," she answered, tossing her head. "But
I am dependent upon my guardian, who abominates
London. He is unacquainted of your lady's going."
"You shall come again; you shall come again," ex-
claimed Philip, grimly.

"Indeed, may I? Let you are kind. It is hard
more of you to put up with a holiday girl. But I
will ask Sir George, and he will make a party with
Mr. Warburton, and we will take you for company."

"I wish so, it must not be Warburton," said Phil-
ip, gravely.

"Not Mr. Warburton?" she asked, as if in amaze-
ment. "Why, I supposed him a friend to you. He
was on the point of taking you to the village."

Philip's frown grew to a sneer. "Dance! he is a
liar, he is a liar, he is a liar, he is a liar, he is a liar,
he draws me like the moon the sea side."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ONE OF THE GATES OF PEKING.



THE TUNG-LE-YAHEN, PEKING.

The Boxers

BY ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

PORENOON IN Peking University

THE present condition of affairs in China is the logical outcome of a condition which began more than a year ago. The provinces of Shantung and Honan have always been the center not only of learning and of great men (Confucius and Mencius having been born there), but also of secret societies, and consequently of such uprisings as that which is at present distressing China, and especially Peking.

The society referred to was organized many years ago and is of a technical or perhaps a masochistic character. It is partly athletic, and partly moral and religious. As an athletic association it goes under the name of the Big Knave Society (Ta Tso Hui), and as a moral or religious society under the name of Righteousness and Peace Club. It is organized for the most part in the rural and village districts. It is said by the officials, in fact for the actual help and protection of the country people—in the line of famine, and protection from their enemies, and also of necessity against oppression of tyrannical officials.

During the government of Yi Hsiang there was constant trouble arising from thieves and robbers, who were made worse by the famine caused by the annual overflow of the Yellow River. The society were organized as a power factor with the consent and protection of the Government, and it is said, with his own eye as a member. The Government gave them rewards and constituted them a sort of rural police, who were to protect the people against the British agents.

About three years ago the Chinese Catholic priests, through the influence of the French minister, were given official rank corresponding to that of the various Chinese officials.—Viceroy, Governor, etc.—and it was made obligatory upon the Chinese officials, when appointed to a new or leaving an old post, to call upon or send his card to the bishop or priest, while at the same time it was put into the hands of the clergy so small power when they met an official, especially in cases of litigation.

The Roman Catholic Christians were often approved by non-Christian members of their community, and as a result the Church appeared less of her private affairs in other duties except the investigation of evidence in cases of litigation, and the conduct of such cases as they thought ought before the official. The fact that they had official rank, and the other very important fact that they were lawyers, both added to their power, and they were more able to meet the official not only on his own ground, but with the additional power of understanding foreign law. The Christians were therefore enabled to obtain justice.

That it is supposed by the Chinese that they sometimes obtained more than justice, and that the present case was more than a match for the official, the Government obtained a decision in favor of his diverts when the decision should have been against them; however that may be, lack of officials and people began to develop a secret hatred for the foreigners and the Christians. It must not be hastily concluded that the priests were wrong and the Chinese right, or at the same time it is true without for concluding that the Chinese were wrong and the priests always right. The right and wrong of it, it is not our intention to discuss, but only to account for the present condition of affairs. For proof that this is the true explanation of the present situation we need only examine the attitude of the Government. The conduct of an emperor, Yuen, and various expressions in the Edicts issued by the Emperor Shouang come here under the eye, in which are mentioned the difficulties which were constantly occurring between her Christian and non-Christian subjects, and which that they be settled in accordance with right and justice.

About one year ago the Society of Boxers transferred themselves from their present to a band of marauders, robbing, wandering, pillaging, and looting all the Christian villages in Shantung. They made a distinction between Catholics and Protestants. When they came to a village they sought out the Christians, and made it their first business to discover whether they had property and land. When once they had property and land was confiscated they first contented themselves with compelling the men to buy

them off—that is, providing him protection in case he gave them a certain amount of silver, which is some more according to one hundred, one hundred and fifty, or two hundred ounces. Where they were poor they compelled them to give whatever they had, and in one case refused; they threatened to tear their houses down, leaving them shivering in the cold. The Roman Catholics were treated against them, and their churches were burned into ruins or destroyed, and in one case at least a regular pitched battle occurred.

Under these conditions the officials were applied to again and again by the missionaries, but they gave little encouragement and no help. Among those applicants were the friends of the late Mr. Brooks, who was so brutally murdered on his way from one mission station to another.

When this matter was brought to the attention of the British Legation, Mr. Campbell was sent to investigate the matter; he understands and speaks the Chinese language perfectly, and conducted his investigations in a masterly way, not only discovering the criminals, but bringing them to punishment, and he himself upon the punishment being carried out in his presence. Not did he not interfere with the punishment of the criminals, but the village riders were properly dealt with for failing to protect a traveler while passing through their villages.

The following is the sentence which was carried into effect on the date attached: March 16, 1900, Meng Kung Wei—beheaded. March 23, Wu Fung-Chung—strangled. Wu Tsin Ming—imprisoned for life. Li Tang Kuan—ten years' imprisonment. (He has not yet arrived.) Pang Yu Ma—ten years' imprisonment.

The head men of the following four villages, Pichang, Chung Chih Tien, Hsu-ching, Mao-shan yu, etc., were condemned to receive 500 blows, which was carried out on three of them at Mr. Campbell's presence. The fourth being died before the time of his punishment arrived, and the three were dismissed never to be employed again.



A BOXER, CAUGHT AND COLLARED.

Two of these villages were compelled to raise five hundred taels to defray the expense of a memorial tablet which is to be erected on the scene of the murder, and will be an eternal disgrace to the village.

The Chinese authorities were compelled to pay 1500 taels for the erection of a memorial chapel, and in addition to this gave two acres of land to each to build the chapel. And they have given 1000 taels for a memorial in Cauchery Village, the place where Mr. Brooks obtained his education.

The magistrate of the district in which the murder took place has been arrested, but the district has been a general feeling among the foreigners that the military officials have been ready to suppress the movement wherever it has been arising, but the difficulty has been to secure the co-operation of the local officials.

Early last year Prince Tuan, the father of the late Emperor, and one of the most trusted of the Prince of the Imperial House, raised a corps of not less than 15,000 Manchus from twenty to thirty-five years of age, and appointed a special body-guard of the Emperor's household. That not less than one-third of this company joined the ranks of the Boxers, and established a branch association in the suburbs of Peking. This would readily account for the peaceful and strength of the Boxers in the vicinity of Peking at the present time.

The present movement has arisen in this country, from all our own people from the telegram, not because of the Boxers, but because the Boxers have been during the past several months, but because of two reasons: First, because the Boxers are now taking a large part in a general uprising, and the more important of the two perhaps, because the Force correspond has returned to Peking and is now sending out his unsolicited telegrams.

There is, we think, an error in our way of seeing of the foreigners in Peking or in any other part of China. It is not the intention of the Boxers to murder the foreigners nor to destroy their property, they would have done so long before this. The murder of Mr. Brooks was a mistake on the part of those who committed it, and did not reverse the opinion of the body as a whole, and it will not be duplicated unless under peculiar and exceptional circumstances. I say well on in Peking during the whole period of the Chinese-Japanese war, and I know the attitude of the officials, even the conservative ones, concerning the protection of foreigners. Even the most conservative officials understood the power of foreign governments, the strength of their weapons, and the daring of their soldiers, and they do not wish to see a contact with them of the present time. It is always true they were able to do so, but they know they are not equal. And it is not any more true of our own soldiers. They look upon the business as a civil and avaricious, the government officials as part of the same, and the missionaries as the cause of trouble and troublemaker, and if they could build a wall which would keep them all out they would do so.

It is not, I say, that the Boxers are the cause of the sentiment of the party was in power—the Conservative party. There is a large and powerful party in China which is not only satisfied and know the conditions of other governments and the benefits of intercourse, who, if they were less present, would be a real obstacle to China, such as would assist the nations of the world—a party which would do for China and for the world a thousand times more than could be done by dividing China up among the marauders, rapacious, and police power of Europe.

If the United States, Great Britain, and France, these powers which are best able to do so, had taken Lord Roberts's advice and had said or will say that China shall not be divided, and that the progress of the world would have been more rapid, the progress of the world than they have done by the two wars with Spain and South Africa.

The outcome of the present situation is difficult to predict. When a half-dozen ships are in danger of not only divided they are much more in danger of being divided than they are now. It is not only that I, for one, would consider it a less calamity if the European powers should quarrel than that China should



TRUTH



THE ARTS AND SCIENCES



BEAUTY.

A GREAT DECORATION IN MOSAIC.

Two years ago Cornell University had, in the death of Henry William Seger, one of its greatest benefactors. He had been associated with the university for many years, being one of its senior trustees at the time of his death. Through his generous wealth and open handed liberality he had secured the title so fittingly given him by President Schickman at the annual services—"The second founder of Cornell."

It was the desire of the trustees to worthily recognize the university's obligations to this man, and to erect in some permanent form an appropriate memorial to his honor. It was decided to do this by practically reproducing the shape, and in its relief, not strange for an age so rich in sculpture and his life were to be honored. The entire treatment of the space was to be such as to make it the repeat essential portion of the enlarged building.

The design was a plain classical structure. It has been enlarged by adding a second bay to each front and a semi-circular space at the rear, which restores the original shape. The arches supporting the double pediment rest all centered upon two pillars, one on either side of the nave. When the construction

of the building was nearing completion, Mr. C. R. Lamb, of New York, was called into consultation in regard to the interior enrichment, and in his suggestion it was the symbolic arrangement of the decoration. His idea was to synthesize the essence of "Education," in which Mr. Seger had his devotion.

The apex, with grained ceilings and large Eastern window, is practically divided into three parts—the lower wall and floor, the vertical stone wall, paved with the window openings, and the roof relief, where the space between the large supporting roof timbers, forming a semi-dome, entailed in plan.

The idea of Education is symbolized in the decorative treatment of the wall. The groups of three figures such in the largest composition represent the arts and sciences, and are the work of Mrs. Ella Louise Lamb. Such the groups and the individual figures are effective. There also are in this division of the design four large and very striking single figures by Chester Francis. Two of these,—"Young Manhood" and "Young Womanhood"—symbolized (representing) education, in promoting which Cornell was a pioneer among universities. The other single figures are—"Truth" and "Beauty." In these rooms.

Some Recollections of the Boer Leaders

BY MONTAGU WHITE

SPENDING a summer holiday in New York for the first time, we were to spend in the days of that city, and were to reside exclusively amongst the Boer leaders.

Suppose, after a stay of six months, he were to visit in Europe and with a description of the Boer people with whom he had associated in the States. It would be no greater libel upon the citizens of the United States than the popular anecdotes and reports which have been current in the different magazines and newspapers about the character, habits, and condition of life of the South African Dutch.

The Boers, like everybody else, are subject to the law of variation of type. There are tall Boers and short Boers, though the latter are more educated than and more so are still indolent, though I myself have never met one who has not been able to read or write. The general character of their being a dirty race is quite untrue. There are those who enjoy cleanliness to the point of absolute discomfort. I remember one place where one could not enter the house without feeling the passages filled with the contents of a room that was not cleaned for a week. They are always being visited or called, and the mistress of the house was such a novice in cleanliness that she reduced her guests to a state of positive discomfort.

Many Boers refuse to allow active servants to prepare their food, which is generally done by the housewife, the latter being a most active and energetic worker. The first time I ever staid at a real Boer's house was when I was about sixteen years of age. I was stationed at that time in a Kaffir village, and I had been invited to a farm in the mountain range where there were warm springs. We started after breakfast one Saturday morning, in January. It was intensely and scorchingly hot, and we had a ride of some twenty miles before we. The horses were more numerous by the track, and it was impossible to get them to break into more than an amble, so that we took about four and one-half hours for a journey which usually occupied three hours. The hills in the distance all seemed to shimmer and quiver in liquid heat, and everywhere little groups of whitebait were the only signs of motion, excepting the flies, which seemed to gather thick conglomerates of these pests, as so-called cotton paper where wagons had halted. The scent of the odorous thorn, so delicious in the early morning, had become heavy and nauseating to the nose, owing to the power of the sun. We reached our destination about one o'clock, I shall never forget the contrast between the burning dry barren outside and the coolness of the interior. My host was away from home. His wife, however, a sturdy Kaffir woman, was sitting at her place behind a small table doing some needle work. As to the nature of the country, she told me and held me by the hand, she seemed to me a despondent and indolent-looking girl. But I was not

disturbed by this, for I knew that it was only habit, and did not mean any inhospitable feeling. We spoke about the food and the water, which is a topic discussed there as a problem to more intimate conversation, just as in the political society. The issue had been done up as to how the flies at the table. There was a delightful smell of stocks, emporium, and other flowers straggled in a glass pot on the table. The room, entered was not very large, but it was twenty feet square, and was adorned by many paintings of the Primal Sun and other sentimental scenes drawn by some local artist. They were the special pride of the whole family, and the house was surrounded far and wide like these attempts at amateur landscape.

The old lady said that we had come at a most inopportune time, as the weather was too hot to permit of their killing their iron sheep, and they were dependent for food on the return of her husband from the neighboring villages. We had some excellent coffee, bread and butter, honey, and two or three different kinds of fruit.

After this light lunch, my friend, who was going on farther, left me, and I remained at this place till Monday morning. My room was beautifully clean, and on the return of the farmer and one of his daughters the house became much more animated. On the following day, Monday, a few of the poorer neighbors, called by money, or poor people residing near free on a portion of the farm, came in to service. The old farmer read the Bible and prayed. Arrived as I was to the kitchen, I found that the water in the long program somewhat heated, especially as the door had been left open and the heat and the flies drove me to distraction. These who attended to the service were very poor people, more dirty dressed, and the whole thing was conducted with the greatest reverence. In the afternoon the two daughters of one of my young lay cousin, and I walked over to call upon some of the neighbors, one of whom was noted for having a good dinner tradition. In the evening our criteria was a light dinner, and after some more prayers we went to bed, and I left at four o'clock the next morning, so as to avoid the heat of the day and to reach my destination before my after-work hours. Everything was beautifully clean at this house and I enjoyed my quiet stay there thoroughly.

With regard to their food, many of the Dutch, being descendants from the Wagwan, have brought out peculiar traditions, and these they have also followed, their own form of cooking, which, to those who have been accustomed to it, appears the best in the world. It is rather rich for any one who lives on ordinary food, but is a sort of harmony of Indian cooking with the French and German styles. The ordinary stovetop they call "Bontel," which, I believe, is the local efforts of cooking in contempt, and will very likely meet its end description. But on I imagine nothing more reprobated than the food they have also before one of most of the small country hotels and inns. Even at the big hotels, there is a feeble imitation of French cooking, and the dishes, though distinguished by different names and served up in different forms, taste as if they were cooked in the same sort or served with the same sauce. To enjoy the excellence of Cape food it is necessary for one to stay with some of the older

families about Cape Town, or to travel amongst the better-class farmers in the Transvaal and the Free State.

When I was in Pretoria I often dined with the late General Joubert, a change which I thoroughly appreciated after the famous monotony of his home. During General Joubert's lifetime I was always glad to take my meals at his home, and it would have been difficult to find better cooking or more wholesome food anywhere, and I always gladly accepted any invitation from him, his brother, the Commissioner of Railways, or any other of my friends.

With regard to the Boers and education, I may say at once that the Dutch in South Africa are not well read in the sense that is implied by us here. They do not know much about Bismarck or Carlyle or Emerson, or any of the great English-speaking masters of prose and thought. But the better classes are all educated sufficiently well to read and write with ease, and to carry on the business connected with their farming pursuits. They have to think out the problems of life themselves, and one of the things that most horrify Africa any one who does not look at things superficially is the wonderful reasoning power possessed by such men as President Kruger, Mr. A. D. Wolmarans, and other leaders of the Boer party. They rely upon their experience, and as they have had to think out every situation for themselves, they are full of common sense in times of emergency.

The progress of education has been wonderful in the Transvaal during the last ten years. When I first went to Pretoria in 1892, there was scarcely any school where except amongst the commercial and professional classes. The Boers with whom I was brought in contact, and their children, could speak no English at all. During my recent visit in 1904 I was astounded at the progress which had been made by the school children, and I was glad to see that in the schools. I went to two or three good private girls' schools, and I was surprised to find that the girls were educated by Dutch people, where both English and Dutch were used. The President's daughter, General Bull's daughter, and other girls of Boer families, speak English with perfect ease. They dress as well as English and American ladies of equal taste, and have a wonderful taste of the English habits and social manners, though this change has not in any way affected their patriotism. The young son of the Transvaal has, in like manner, become subject to the general fashion of the world. The President's grandson, Mr. Piet Goude, for instance, has worked himself up to a position of trust, and deserves every grade of his own country.

President Kruger is now seventy-five years of age. Though really a tall man, his present habit of stooping makes him very short. His face is not so bright, indeed, bright is one of the characteristics of the Boers. Out of the two Yellows (one was a fair man, the other was a dark man) he was below the middle height, and one of those who was an Englishman, and the other was said to be descended from an Englishman, but he was not one of them. His name means, a Boer, given, yet tall; the others were all stout and over the middle height. During my last visit one of the most interesting Boers of the Republic, a man of considerable influence,



LORD STANLEY, THE PRESS CORRESPONDENT FOR LORD ROBERTS'S COLUMN, AND WINSTON CHURCHILL, IN THE PRESS OFFICE AT ROSEBUSH HOUSE.

Photograph by William Vinton.

said that he thought the time had come for a change in the Presidency. He said the President had been President for too long, and was getting too old, and he wanted either General Sherman or Nelson Bunker to be chosen, with a view to the introduction of changes in the administration. "But," he said, "I do not think either of them will be strong enough to stand up against Chamberlain, and so long as Chamberlain is Colonial Secretary at London, there is danger for the President, and what we must have is a man like President Kruger, who will look Chamberlain full in the face, and withstand him in an unflinching way when the critical moments come," he added, "that is why I had all my family here, and so you would not believe in seeing President Kruger's return."

The late General Andros was, in some respects, a contrast to President Kruger. The general was one of the most modest and unassuming men of our most steady, and a soldier was at once struck by his great straightforwardness in discussing the problems of the day. In his long career he was credited with a great two years' franchise in all who had the honor of his visit to brokenburgers. General Andros taught himself English, which he spoke with considerable fluency. When he was he had great conversational powers.

Commandant Piet Cronje has won a victory over his opponent and has a long odds. His victory at Magdeburg, which for two months paralyzed General Beckman's essentially superior force, has gone into his hands before the quarrelsome hostility and superciliousness which he displayed in keeping Lord Roberts in bay for nearly a full month, thus covering the retreat of the main body of the army with the big guns. He has opened a great moral victory over the soldiers of our army, and if Lord Roberts is killed as the victor, the news will go down to posterity as a great one. I have not missed Cronje once or three times, but I do not know him as a leader. He is not very tall, and is quiet and reserved in manner. Whenever I see him he is surrounded with a group of men. I take this opportunity of saying as because several descriptions of him read strongly have been published, which, though reflecting great credit on the narrative genius of those who have written them, do not resemble him at all. Mr. Schalk Burger, the new Vice President, is also Commandant of Lydenburg. For some years he was the Progressive Unionist member for Lydenburg, and was one of the best speakers in the parliament.

The new Commandant General, Louis Botha, was, until recently, the member of the Unionist party. He is a great, well-educated, and very progressive man. I feel that it would be inappropriate to write what I have said without saying a few words about Dr. Leyds, who I believe has been honorably identified with the interests of the Republic. In Berlin with Dr. Leyds is a Hollander, who came to the Transvaal for the first time three years ago, so that he is my neighbor in my native land by a few months. It is one of the

popular delusions in England that every well-to-do man speaks English, or, very best which does not obscure the sympathy of the English, emanates from Dr. Leyds or is due to his beneficial influence. Nothing could be more incorrect; but it is seldom in correct lines, although it is not this theory, for the British ring to it as something as the West African in their feelings, or as some heartless due to the theory that Great Britain lost the United States great assistance during the Spanish war two years ago.

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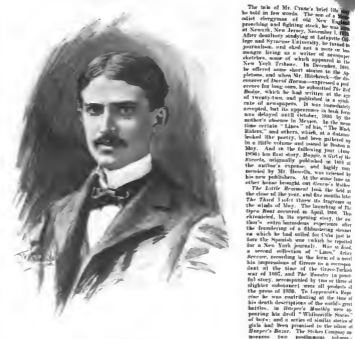
Stephen Crane

By the death of Stephen Crane, on June 3, at the age of thirty years, a career of brilliant promise is abruptly ended. His second book—the last in a series of novels and stories—has been before the public for less than five years, yet his greatest volume already stands in his credit, while two other works are in course of serial publication, and yet another two are announced in publication as book forms, one of the latter being a novel which will appear first serially.

This is an extraordinary record. It is a record of growth in another question. Literary fame manifested itself in *The Red Badge of Courage* to such a degree as to scarcely give either book produced in America by an author so young. It need not be said that greater power is disclosed in any of the right books that followed it. The latest of these, *The Monster*—while it is strong in both matter and manner, is better than *The Red Badge* only by virtue of its greater reserve. The earlier book struck a note that sounded new in English literature. It expressed clearly the author's personality, and this did not find more vivid expression in his later work, though it is fair to assume that the years might still have brought, not greater strength, which was unnecessary, but without any sacrifice of power, a certain breadth and refinement.

To predict how long Mr. Crane will be remembered would be vain for all practical use to rank and most of it futile, but so long as his name does last—and I do not think it will be soon forgotten—he will be known as the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*. The little book has had a fate doubly happy. For not only have those who read it still found it interesting, but to those whom it fails to appeal generally it is neither less nor more. It challenged criticism, and did not escape it. The *Naturday Review* attacked it. The *Athletic Monthly* pronounced it "great enough to set a new standard in literature." The *Fraser* replied to the author's own glowing praise, but called his work a "little masterpiece." If there were critics less kind to praise than blame, they were deceived by the coarser taste of the reviewers.

The Red Badge was remarkable as the work of a realist, and a very young one. The sensation of a raw recruit in a little novel, was rendered, like the story of a great battle, from the author's own conscious eyes. He did not pretend to describe the emotions of a recruit when he saw his first blood, but he drew from the scene that most dramatic, relief-throwing about blood splashed while exposed to their efforts, not those of a few men, but of an intelligent young recruit, equal to his himself, and Mr. Crane is reported to have shown, as a consequence, the at-



STEPHEN CRANE.

most evidence on the battle-field, but those of a young country boy, who, unaccustomed to the still war primarily to see what was his life. "The youth" is a cruel sort of creature, and the record of his impressions abounds with realities, true of chief verities: his is the sensation that the new war men experience, young men, boys, when they see as well as see them. To his mor-

bid apprehensions there are not, more realism, and comes not least but black. This, however, was dramatic, and about *The Red Badge* was not quite as real a contribution to the literature of fighting as any work it is, for, as it would have been had Tolstoy never written *War and Peace*, it was yet novel, strong, and strong and striking enough, to merit the regard it received.

The tale of Mr. Crane's brief life, the only soldier's biography of his own time, is told in few words. The son of a small artist (decorator of signs New England and fighting stock, he was born at Newark, New Jersey, November 1, 1871. After finishing schooling at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, he taught a position here, and about next a more or less literary living as a writer, in New York, New York Tribune. In December, 1895, he suffered some short illness in the Philippines, and when Mr. Hinkley, the publisher of *Harper's Weekly*, expressed a preference for long ones, he submitted *The Red Badge*, which he had written in a syndicate of newspapers. It was indignantly accepted, but its appearance in book form was delayed still further, until the month of the war broke out in Manila. In the month of May, 1898, he sailed for the Philippines, and at a distance looked the party, had been published in a little volume and issued in Boston in May. And on the following day (May 1898) his first story, *Beano's*, a story in *Harper's*, originally published in 1897 at the author's expense, and highly noticed by Mr. Howells, was highly noticed by his new publishers. At the same time on the same line he wrote *Beano's* and *Beano's*.

The Little Remnant took shape in the close of the year, and the month later *The Tenth* took shape as the fragments of the winds of May. The last of *The Tenth* appeared in April, 1898. The author's entire literary career after the outbreak of a filibustering scheme in which he took part, was his first before the Spanish war which he reported for a New York journal. He was in Manila, a second time, in the month of June, 1898, according to the form of a novel his impressions of Greece to a magazine in the time of the Greek-Turkish war of 1826, and *The Tenth* in June following, accompanied by two other slighter subsequent ones all produced in the year of 1898. To *Harper's Weekly* he contributed the first of his death descriptions of the war, and in his battle, in *Harper's Weekly* was appearing his first "Philippine Notes" of boys, and a series of similar stories of boys had been printed in the *Harper's Weekly*. The *Harper's Weekly* was moreover two publications before *Beano's* in the *Harper's Weekly* and the *Harper's Weekly*.

It is not unusual to suppose that this about *Beano's* activity of his first life, he showed his energy in the work of his own hand in the undertaking of the author's health. It is not unusual to suppose that he was not well to recall that, and that prompt was when *Beano's* was written by the critics of England, in which had been given a position in that of his life, he realized recognition one from the press of his own country.

RICHARD H. GILLES.



EMERGENCY OFFICERS WHO SURRENDERED.



GENERAL GARCIA.



RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT SURIGAO.

Taking Surigao

THE occupation of Surigao, a town on the north coast of Mindanao, by General Fernal, his second division, after the successful American have not shown the outlook of the insurance. It was a contest, in which the American had been followed by cooperation that has been effective and apparently greater. This is more than was achieved in Surigao for a long time. Francisco Garcia, the "general" in command of the militia forces at Surigao, is one of the best types of Filipino. He was twenty years in the service of the Spanish. They gave him a commission and he was loyal to it. When they withdrew from Mindanao

he undertook the direction of affairs in his province. It is a large province with thirty two towns besides Surigao. Very few troops are produced in large quantities. The people did not desire to join in the fight against the Americans. They wanted to go on with their usual pursuits. Garcia raised a small force for the security of the province and to police it. He had few arms and they were of little value. His headquarters were at Baguio. In Surigao he had a Spanish, Vaguer, in charge. The Malabo government sent a force under Colonel Gomez to occupy Surigao and run things in the province. Garcia came up from Baguio, killed Gomez, beat his troops and took their rifles. Then he organized a larger force for himself, made his headquarters at Surigao, and prepared to meet the attempt he knew would be made to occupy

Surigao. When it arrived in the shape of an expedition from Leyte, sent by Lubb, Garcia beat it and got some rifles.

Then he appealed to General Otis for help. He was ready to turn the job of maintaining the peace in his province over to stronger hands. Otis, however, was unable to send troops to Surigao at that time. So Garcia hung on unaided, and when Lubb sent another expedition to occupy the province he beat that. He was getting into a dangerous situation, though, and he sent another appeal to Otis for help. The Americans would not send troops to relieve him, but they blockaded his ports and kept him from coming in. For his people, so that sometimes he had hard work to procure some of them that we would save their friends. However, if the fate should befall that the Amer-

ican left the blockade, there would be the same result. The force of his army would be shown his troops in the largest and best form. Followed the occupation plan of the province, and he would not get the message of his province.

Finally the Americans got ready to occupy his province. They sent a force of men to Surigao and turned over most of the province to him. They gave a full and complete report on the situation of his soldiers were entirely completely in a new police force, and new arrangements were made for the province. The town and positions are passed out very soon.

If Captain Knickerbocker has the best opportunity there has been to see America, he will show what can be done by American methods with one of our provinces.

O. K. GILLES.



UNCLE JEFF PETTINBILL AT THE EXPOSITION. BY DRAWING BY PETER NOWELL.

U'nter Jeff: "Whar dat, Rafe?"
 Rafe: "That's the Fort Measured—the 36-inches' lens of the 4-foot—"
 U'nter Jeff: "An' it's magnifyin'?" But say, Rafe, do I ketch how I can get a more low exposure lookin'?" We don't want to be burnt the first day!"

Watching a Total Eclipse

ONE of the greatest marvels of the recent eclipse of the sun was the fact that it was the first weather that accompanied it and set it off to advantage. Astronomers have become so accustomed to being disappointed in this respect that a sun storm in sight from one end of the path of totality in the other. This was in it self sufficiently wonderful, but the additional circumstance that the change would take place anywhere on the critical belt, fifty miles broad and a thousand miles long, within the next twenty-four hours, was too much for human belief.

A beautiful spectacle is enhanced by beautiful surroundings. These were present in abundance at the place where the present writer had the good fortune to station himself to view the eclipse—Newberry, in northwestern North Carolina, just where the rolling uplands that finally swell into the Appalachian range begin. The interest that the people of New-Berry took in the proceedings of the visiting astronomers found expression in a beautiful array of hospitality that invited anyone and would be denied no opportunity to display itself. The town, with unusual liberality, constituted itself the host of the occasion, and the visitors were not only guests, but they could hardly feel that they had ever been strangers. Within an hour after our arrival we were introduced to find that the people in the streets had already learned our names and knew us individually. Everything was open to us. We could drive across a water-fall or inside a park in the woods, for a suitable site for instruments, with the owner cheerfully lending the way for the morning of the eclipse the engine of a large factory were voluntarily loaned in order that no drifting smoke might cause a moment's annoyance in the observers.

In standing on a eclipse of the sun there are other things besides the solar corona to be observed. From a spectacular point

of view one of the most interesting of these is the shadow of the lunar shadow just as the eclipse is about to become total. This shadow, traveling more than a thousand miles an hour, comes from the westward, and in order to prevent its approaching one's intended observation, made rapid of country in that direction. A careful examination of the entire country within a few miles around Newberry revealed no spot so suitable as the house of Newberry's professor, Mr. William Fox, situated in a slight ravine about a mile and a half northwest of the town, and called, with double appropriateness, Fox House. Here we established our station.

No one has yet made a journey to see a total eclipse and undisturbed the serenity of the preceding days of waiting. There was an east wind when we arrived at Newberry. The next day the east wind continued, and the sky, moving east and west, was serene. All the local weather-observers told that an east wind meant a long spell of our rainy weather, and several noted that they got pinned out both on the Agricultural Department and Fiske's. And so it proved in the night phase, but, Monday morning opened bright, clear, blue, and hot.

The eclipse drew like a circus, the crowd began to arrive on Saturday. That evening Professor Akbar and Bishop lectured in the Town Hall about weather, tides, and things, and were greeted by a packed house. On Monday morning we were all out of bed by five o'clock, although the eclipse would not begin until after seven, and the total phase was not due until twenty minutes before eight. As we drove briskly out of the streets of the little town, up-hill through an untended creek, and mounted the slope towards Fox House, the wide line of the houses and the deeper shade found our unbroken exposure of country, with the rising sun behind us, a packed house.

The final preparations were made with careful haste. Covers were removed from cameras and telescopes, adjustments were made, dark glasses for watching the earlier stages of the eclipse were brought out, while sheets were stretched on the ground to render more the observation of the flitting, and somewhat mysterious shadow bands, photographic plate carriers were tested, and said it all the critical hours to arrive.

I had intended to devote an entire afternoon to simple watching and looking,

but, for lack of time was unable to do it, at the last moment I got back to start a second round travelling—i. e. the beginning of totality, and so will not a strange one would before the expected end. The official schedule from the National Astronomical Society promised an hour thirty seconds of observation. The time during which most part of the least disk was projected behind the sun was about two hours and a half, but of this only the minute and a half of total observation was of scientific importance.

The dimming of the atmosphere and the landscape became perceptible when about half of the sun was covered. From that time until the middle of the eclipse the white light seemed to faint and soften, and as the moment of totality drew near, the upturned faces of the people assumed a peculiar won appearance and the horizon darkened as on the approach of night.

Now was the time to take a sharp look for the shadow bands and for the so-called shadow effect. Familiarizing myself with which the latter named, I had had a fair hope of being able to detect its approach. It would however the twenty miles of country between our station and the distant horizon in less than a second, so that the eye would have great difficulty in following it. As a matter of fact, a casual observation, and was upon as before as could glimpse its approach.

But the phenomena about the western horizon as totality approached were hard by less interesting in appearance than the subtle work of the shadow would have been. At first, low along the sky line, a purple black curtain seemed to come into existence. This grew with increasing speed, equipping north and south, and sweeping up towards the zenith, with the rapid deepening of the obscurity, the eye became confused, and the details of the changes going on in the heavens were lost in an overwhelming feeling that the work was right upon me. Whirling on my head, I glanced at the sun just as its last dazzling rim disappeared, and instantly the darkness was in sight. Its appearance was given by the crowd of on-lookers with a prolonged "Ah!" leading into a half-critical cheer.

The first glances revealed in every observer who had any knowledge of the appearance which the corona has exhibited in former eclipses its remarkable resemblance on this occasion to what may be called the nebulae sun-spot type. Inasmuch as we were not at the minimum period of sun-spots, this had been expected,

yet the brilliancy of the eruption met the low number of spots. I was fairly startled by the thickness of the solar rays which appeared as an oval disk of the hidden sun, to some of the pattern in the back. The latter were, as resembling the black spots of the sun in the form of a ring was very bright, and dark shading, and the light was sufficient to render it properly set for me to discern the sun's corona around the rim of the disk of my watch. With the aid of the polar rays, of supposed electromagnetic origin, were visible about the pole of the coronated sun, but did not appear as we very conspicuous in the glare of the sun's corona. The bases of the prominences appeared, especially on the western side, jagged in shape and reddish in color. The planet Mercury flashed into sight above and a quarter degree west of the sun, looking as bright as Jupiter. Two glowed horizontally near the zenith between. Other stars were visible. The stars of the outer corona were shaped like sharp rays, straight on the western side, and their boundaries were remarkably sharp and regular. A kind of red ray, higher than the central portion, extended beyond the general limits of the oval of the wings on each side. These rays were directed nearly towards Mercury, and I could find it hard to think of the way to that planet. Professor Akbar informed us that with a telescope, as this ray extending beyond Mercury its absolute length was probably not less than 4,000,000 miles.

Only for a short instant and a half did the display last. There was an instant burst forth at the western edge of the sun was omitted from sight. Another ray of surprise, prolonged into a faint double glow from the spectators.

One peculiar effect which I noticed was a distinct fluctuation in the illuminator of the atmosphere after the darkness had become quite pronounced, but before the total phase had begun. It was then gradually followed by a darker phase. The effect was as if vast quantities of dust passing overhead, producing a greater condensation and scattering of the sun light. The shadow bands appeared in later stages after totality appeared in later stages, with the darkness of the sun's rays, twinkling continually, and appearing from the southeast the quarter from which a slight wind was blowing.

(Continued on page 663.)

Gaston F. Stevens.



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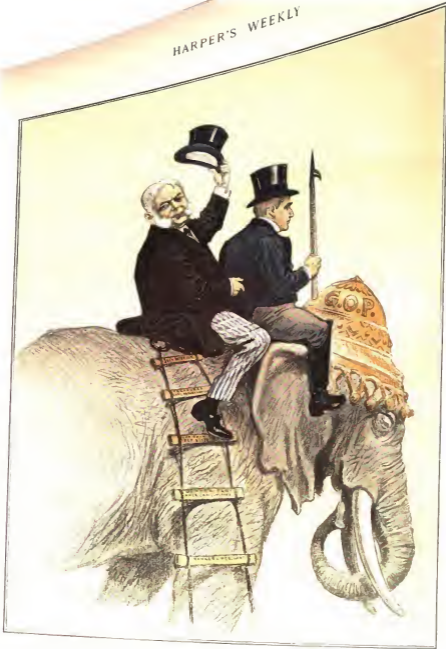
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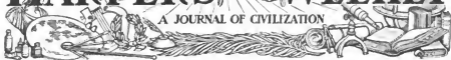


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SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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W.A. Rogers

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

From a Photograph by William Przewalski made in Bloemfontein for "Harper's Weekly," by permission of Lord Roberts and Lord Stanley, Press Censor.

her. "We agreed," she might surely would say, "if she felt strong enough to her position," to keep the eyes close in China, but not in Russia; and China is no more. Christenizers after cases. When you begin your war with Spain, you issued spontaneously a solemn declaration that it was no war of conquest, yet, when peace is declared, we find you in possession of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. We did not object, did we? Then why do you object now?" Japan went right. With China under Russia's tutelage, Japan would be hard put to it to resist her independence, and all her hope of prospect and hoped for greatness must be abandoned. If on other grave issues to Japan's advantage, Russia's power is now from the moment she takes the Forbidden City under her wings and has sufficient troops to hold it. If the United States, Great Britain, and Germany are wise, they will not merely prevent the taking of China's capital, but compel Russia to disgorge Manchuria and the Lia-Tung Provinces. Her prestige is her only really valuable point. At present she is the terror of the Mandarins and the nightmare of the

old Empress. Such action is not hereto war, for Russia deplores even when she can attain her object by diplomacy.

Lord Derby thus described that policy: "It has never been proved by storm, but by sap and mine. The first process has been industriously that of fomenting discontent and dissimulation amongst the subjects of subordinate states, then profiting mediation, then offering assistance to the weaker party, then denouncing the independence of that party, then plotting that independence under the protection of Russia, and finally, from protection proceeding to the incorporation, one by one, of those states into the gigantic body of the Russian Empire." Lord Palmerston gave the following description in a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated May 25, 1833:

"The policy and practice of the Russian government has always been to push forward its encroachments as fast and as far as the policy or want of firmness of other governments would allow it to go, but always to sleep and retire when it was met with decided resistance, and then to wait for the next fa-

vorable opportunity to make another spring on its intended victim. In furtherance of this policy the Russian government has always had two strings in its bow—moderate language and dilatory aggressions by its agents on the scene of operations. If the aggressions succeed locally, the St. Petersburg government accepts them as a fait accompli which it did not intend, but instead, in better words from. If the local agents fail they are dismissed and recalled, and the language previously held is applied to as a proof that the agents have overstepped their instructions. This was exemplified in the treaty of Ukiah-Barok, and in the capture of Simonsvitch and Viktorik in Persia."

Russia, in China, has felt, its way, and knows that the time is approaching. The United States, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, are supposed to be harden. Great Britain has trouble elsewhere. No Japan faces the music, and with all the disadvantages under which she suffers, may still give a good account of herself. Her plot deserves success.



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THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT PEKING, SHOWING UNITED STATES MINISTER CONGER.



THE GREAT SOUTH GATE, PEKING, WHERE THE CHINESE TROOPS ARE ASSEMBLED.



GATEWAY TO THE AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING—THE WALL OF THE RUSSIAN LEGATION OPPOSITE.



THE FOREIGN CONSULATES, CHE-FU, WHITHER A UNITED STATES GUNBOAT HAS BEEN SENT FOR PROTECTION.

THE "BOXER" TROUBLES IN CHINA—SCENES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM EUGENE PARSONS.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION—RELIEF ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION

BY THE SUMMER SEA

BY WALLER MALONE

FAR in the distance meet the sky and sea,
And melt together in an azure haze,
As dim and dreamy as eternity,
With vast, vague spaces lost in mellow haze.

The white-winged ships are flitting far away,
The white-winged gulls are circling there on high;
O snowy wings, I long to leave this clay,
And follow, follow you through sea and sky!

I watch the billows with their emerald glooms,
Forever restless, rushing on and on,
The breakers beating like an eagle's plumes,—
Wild beings, seeking peace forever gone!

Here, wading with their pink and pearly feet,
The beautiful bare-footed children play;
Their faces, like their joys, are fresh and sweet,—
Blonde children in a blonde midsummer day!

Their life is laughter and their love is bliss,
Free from regret for perished years of yore,
Their world is one great blossom, youth a kiss,
Ere storms shall thunder, "Fled for evermore!"

I watch them, pensive, till the day is done,
And melancholy twilight follows noon,
Till like a blood-red tulip sinks the sun,
And like a snow-white lily comes the moon.

The Jonathan Edwards Memorial

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, the 25th day of June, the town of Northampton, Massachusetts, recorded the most serious error of its history and brought upon itself humiliation and disgrace in the eyes of the religious world by dismissing from the pastorate of its First Congregational Church that great of Calvinistic theologians the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. The significance of this act is better appreciated when it is understood that at the time of Edwards' dismissal the church at Northampton was the strongest, in point of wealth and numbers, of any church in New England, outside of Boston; that Edwards had preached with wonderful success for twenty-three years, becoming the acknowledged leader of religious thought in New England; and one of the most potent influences upon the intellectual life of his time and of posterity; and finally, that the chief cause of the dismissal was the relatively unimportant act of Edwards in promulgating the doctrine that full redemption of Christ was the essential qualification for admission to the Lord's Supper. The dissolution of the church had been suggested by Edwards' attempt to publicly discipline some of the young people of the town for alleged immoral practices, and the dissolution, accomplished by a vote of 700 parishioners to 20, was accompanied by an exhibition of rage, hatred, and intolerance unparalleled in the church history of the New World.

The stigma of this unfortunate act has long been forgotten by the members of the First parish, still the leading church of Northampton, and the one bested and fifth anniversary is to be most suitably and fittingly observed by the unveiling of a beautiful bronze tablet, erected within the church as a memorial to the eminent preacher who forever glorified his pulpit. There are other monuments of the illustrious divine. A marble monument near the graves of Edwards and his wife at Princeton, New Jersey, erected by the trustees



of Princeton College, of which Edwards was President at the time of his death, in 1766; a statue in the chapel of Yale College, from which Edwards was graduated in 1726, and where he served as a tutor for two

years immediately preceding his call to Northampton, in 1727; two monuments erected in the old cemetery at Northampton by relatives, one a shaft bearing the names of Edwards and his family, the other a slab with inscriptions to Edwards and that other great theologian, Chubb, and a shaft of Middlebury, Massachusetts, where Edwards served as a missionary to the Indians for seven years after his departure from Northampton. The third Congregational society in Northampton, founded in 1833, bears the name of Edwards, and the church is often mistakenly regarded as the one of which Edwards was pastor. Strange to relate, however, the tablet soon to be unveiled is the only material remaining over none of the relations most striking between Edwards and the First Church.

The tablet is the work of Mr. Herbert Adams, whose contributions in sculpture have won for him an eminent place among American artists. Notable among his productions are the bronze statue "Manuscript" in the entrance of the Congressional Library in Washington, and the statue of President Lincoln in the rotunda of the Library. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. Adams has also been at work upon a bronze statue of the great Unitarian theologian Chubb, to be erected in the Public Garden at Boston. The Edwards tablet represents the famous preacher as addressing his people, the figure being two-thirds length and life size. Mr. Adams' treatment is thoroughly sympathetic, resulting from a careful study of the portrait, biographies, and personal memorials of his subject. The popular tradition has shown to think of Edwards as an unyielding harshness and severity, but it has done him a good injustice. Mr. Adams' figure, while using nothing of the dignity and gravity of Edwards' character, suggests also its gentleness and grace, and the features that speak of a nobly pathos which pervades one, though not exclusively so, of the tragic close of his ministry in Northampton. It has been aptly described as "the farewell sermon in bronze." The accompanying illustration shows only the tablet set in its place in a high, dark, and one-sided hall in which. It is to cost \$2000, of which the greater amount has been contributed by people outside of the church



Mounted Infantry

Life In BLOEMFONTEIN

By William Dinwiddie



Legislative Hall

BLYTHE flags float over all the public buildings of Bloemfontein, over the capital of the Free State, on north—a very fine city, as you also find in this Dutch Republic. It is so and that its legislators have led them into a trap. The members of the Volksraad or the Volks, where the administrative assembly held their sessions, were the last fatal one, when several old legislators agreed, behind closed doors, and without the consent of the people, to stand for neutral Africa and the maintenance of the Transvaal against the invasion of the British; he has been turned into a great English army hospital. The few furniture and decorations were shoved out into the street as soon as Lord Roberts's forces arrived, and packed away for storage, and in the town many heavy-armed and well-equipped detachments gathered to pass laws for the country held a thousand British Transvaal, or, rather, sitting in favor of recovering from their present woe.

The Presidency, as the British prefer to call it, the Presidency—where the now-deposed President Meyer once lived in state, is held as a habitation and headquarters for Lord Roberts, and no longer does a better. Five Ministers, with several clerks and law officers, pass in and out of the stately pair way through the well-kept garden, but, instead, through of top-hatted and spined Burenites, with immaculate uniforms and clean-shaven faces and an inclination to look about their "boots" (which they really look as if they took on two hours' intervals), ride up on well-groomed and shod horses, and, back through the side gate to receive orders from the Commandant in Chief. Every morning at ten, guard mounting is held on the little esplanade before the Presidency—rather a serious affair, where the new guard comes marching up to a full dress band, which one hour later away. As the adjutant is relieved, Lord Roberts usually returns from a horseback ride, and the troops come stiffly to present arms, while the little man (who is the hero of the army now and well on his way to become its idol) returns the salute and passes through the gateway in a long and laborious day of toil.

Lord Roberts, or "Bob," as he is affectionately spoken of in the army, is a very little man, quick in every movement, showing the nervous energy which possesses him. His deep, piercing eyes look into the other man's as if he would read his thoughts faster than his lips can utter the words. His gray moustache breaking over his mouth, and his ironed cap drawn slightly over his eyes, give him a rather picturesque air. He speaks in quick, short, concise sentences, with no waste of words, and demands that the officers, as he comes by, seem to report, while in the same. Clattered around the doorway of the Presidency are a dozen officers waiting for an order to his

when he has been calling them in and making the way for one has been already, suddenly he appears at the door, with a short and pleasant "Good morning, gentlemen," passed the photographic waiting for him, and asks, "What do you represent?" "Thank you," I wish you success, and takes to the officers, such at one and walks back and forth with him on the garden path, while he explains some military necessity. He takes them up, one after another, in this manner, constantly walking, his knees knitted in thought, stopping just long enough to punctuate his remarks by decisive and expressive gestures of the hand. He is succeeding in great array, and those who know him say he is doing it well. He has already shown, by the prompt action he has taken in relieving several generals of government, that he intends to weed out all the doubtful military men, and those who blunder

by sacrificing precious lives. An army cannot be run by moral and political failures, neither are old men fitted for managing, however brilliant their former careers, and the British army is leaving this lesson; the sooner we wake up to the same intention in the American army, the better.

The great red brick building of the government of Free is now the base of the British Fourth Division, and a dozen officers connected with handling the army.

The Gray Columns—a public school—a institution—has been turned into an army hospital; in fact there are hospitals everywhere, and it is said, anecdotally, that the number of sick in Bloemfontein reaches many over 3000. These figures are not as large as they are in reality, that, scattered in the inner state vicinity, there are 50,000 men, but the large number of typhoid or enteric fever cases now existing, with men rapidly going down every day, makes illness a serious problem, particularly when such is extremely common, and the fact that the health is almost unknown. The other side of water, which are beginning to show, will do much to stay out the dread grip, the little more of large numbers.

The hospitals have filled all the available buildings, to accommodate, so on one of the stables—the grounds, with his cattle herd, has been raised a camp of the city, near the way, over a hundred very comfortable double-bedded tents make a village by themselves, with doctors and white-robed nurses hurrying to and fro through narrow passageways in their ministrations to the suffering.

Clanking the long bill to the north from the town are a dozen and government a day—the British don't move to the little British garrison just beyond the crest, while they may be asleep, with all their loads, just. Only a spring-mounted carriage for a horse, only a British flag for a riding short between them and the odd catch, but what more could the soldier ask? In a line and behind him move his pack of life, with guns stowed towards the ground, and the load is playing a solemn march for him slow. His comrades' eyes glaze as the soldier's rattle rattle the papers, and they go back as quarters looked and sad, whispering, with rough voices, "He was a bloomer" like that, or he was!" The graveyard is filling rapidly with men dying in the hospitals.

There is a difference, a very great difference, in the way the British army treats the dead and the way America has taken care of her. The British are as deeply respected, and the dead receive as important as ours, but throughout the army there exists the proper feeling that a soldier can have no greater honor than to be buried on the spot where he gallantly falls in battle. He is wrapped in the national emblem and laid tenderly away. There is no note of the burrowing de-



BLOEMFONTEIN, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HILLS.



LORD ROBERTS AND LORD STANLEY, PRIME MINISTER.



GUARD MOUNT IN FRONT OF LORD ROBERTS'S HEADQUARTERS.



THE WATER SQUARE, AND VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL STREET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.



THE PETIT PALACE OF FRENCH ART, PARIS EXPOSITION.

DRAWN BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.



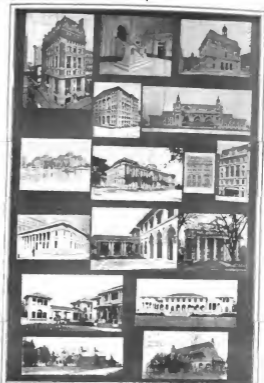
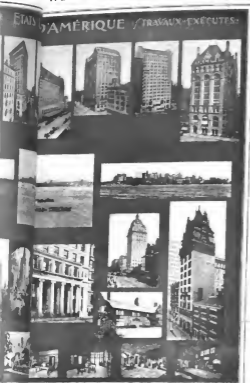
THE AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE THE PARIS

THE United States is one of the most favored nations in the center of space in the Fine Arts Section. Yet the spot is very limited, and there has been much disappointed eagerness over what its reality will be in face of the magnitude of visitors. They are spared the luxury of superabundance of exhibits, the confusion of repetition, and instead receive a succinct impression of the characteristics of the country's display. It is safe to say that in no part of the Fine Arts Section of any Nation is there a more compact and illuminating choice of tendencies than in the Architectural Exhibit of the United States.

The small space in the corridor has been assigned to its subjects, and of it they have made the most advantage. The arrangement is in the nature of a triptych, except that the middle portion is subdivided into three parts. These five parts are enclosed in handsome slaty frames and placed with plain iron hinged which are arranged a series of photographs of completed buildings. The architect's natural predilection for plans and elevations, and the advantage of the expert eye, has been set aside. In other distinct advantage is that in a great many cases the plan in addition to the building itself, shows parts of other structures, and giving vivid suggestions of the architect's relation to its environment, which is far more illuminating than the domestic record. This is particularly valuable in the glimpse afforded into the architecture, where may be noted the gradual transition to European standards in the colonial construction peculiarly American. For the object aimed at has been to render the rights as far as possible, to those which illustrate American characteristics either directly, as in the case of office buildings, hotels, and small houses, or indirectly, as in the case of the moral and intellectual growth of the nation—for example, in libraries and schools.

It is the former group which will chiefly interest foreigner for libraries and schools, for the most part designed on lines of Gothic lines, are at best only restatements of other good and old where. Many of them are frankly copies. They help to uplift the dignity of American civilization, but contribute nothing to the technical advance of architectural art, and in the language of only moderate interest. It is very different with the transient structures, particularly with the office buildings. They are distinctly American, and the evidence of them will be noted by those who are interested in national architecture.

One constantly hears the question asked, Will America give a new and distinctive style of architecture? The answer is given their heads discouragingly, and remind us that the best has been done already, and that the craving for originality is a dream.



AMERICAN ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBIT AT THE EXPOSITION

which youth is subject, like the roads. No one will dispute the point, stated that way, but still it is a fact that in their endeavor to meet the new conditions (for these latter of any rate are new) they have been unable to copy; they have, at best, been obliged to apply old principles in a new way, by unperceptible gradations getting further and further away from the originals.

It was an excellent idea to include one or two views of New York from the harbor. To appreciate the grandeur of these buildings one needs the help of a long perspective; the main artistic objection to them at present is that they are not of all proportions to the narrow streets upon which they stand. But even from the harbor, looking up against the sky, they produce an effect as picturesque as any view on the Rhine, and in their suggestion of towering strength gain here an exhibition which excites enthusiasm not only natural but obligatory.

Another branch of architecture in which characteristics distinctly American are apparent is in the designs for houses, especially those in the country. These are hardly inferior; a fact that in this style, where there others, the merit and being in the harmonizing, but in the fitting into a concrete harmony, suitable to our climate and the mechanism of American family life. Here again the law of growth is in operation, and something is being evolved which in time will be as distinctly American as the stone-built houses abroad which were developed out of tradition, or those timber ones which in turn represented the novel from it.

The examples selected cover a considerable part of the country and are fairly inclusive of the work of the best known architects. Yet it is noticeable that the West and Middle West are very inadequately represented, which is regrettable, because in these sections of the country very individual work is being done. Particularly I notice the absence of any work by Louis H. Sullivan, of Chicago, without question one of the most individual architects in the country, especially in the designing of office buildings. The omission recalls the fact that the Transcontinentals Building at the World's Fair, erected by him in partnership with Mr. Adler, was the feature of the Exposition which attracted the most attention from the French expert visitors. Among the exhibits is a view of the Omaha Exposition, which followed, at a respectful distance, the character of the one at Chicago. It is an interesting reminder of the difference which exists between our idea of an exposition and the French one. We have made the occasion one for demonstrating the beauty of a modern scheme of classical architecture, while the French has adopted a business which one can only describe as Exposition Style.

CHARLES H. CURRIE.





THE FISH GOD.



THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.



THE DRAGON, FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG, BORNE BY ONE HUNDRED CHINAMEN.



AMERICAN FLAGS IN THE PROCESSION.



BANNERS COVERED WITH PEARLS.

THE CHINESE PARADE IN THE SACRAMENTO STREET FAIR.



MRS. WILLIAM E. GLAINSTONE.
Died June 4, 1906.

change. But change there was, and this is how it was felt in Gloucester. The Gloucester catch was 220,000 herrings in 1905, 70,000 herrings in 1906, 48,000 in 1907, 45,000 in 1908, and 21,000 herrings in 1909, and it has been decreasing ever since.

Was there any action taken when matters came to such a pass? Oh, no; neither State nor nation interested itself, and no tenacious individuals were equally interested. They said it was "a bad year," and uttered similar encouraging remarks, but the women continued the slaughter, when there was anything to slaughter. "Season after season," the "best" sailed from the shores of Southern States as far east as Rockport, either poisoning the net or looking for a few in parasit. Vets were run at sea, frequently the women's catch did not pay the "grab bits," women and children of home did not have proper food, legislative bodies ignored the necessity of action, but still the slaughter continued. Had American merchants had a profitable open the circumstances which the failure of the season depended, they could not have been started against men so generously and so resolutely.

To make the matter worse, thousands of barrels of marked or larger than marked herrings were caught and taken to market. This, in itself, happened they were for sale to be sold and had to be dumped overboard, but even such commercial losses as these had no effect.

While millions were thus, small marked were sold and used for cod and haddock. Having in the small hick, but as herring and marked together, both of the net frequently resulted in so many marked as herring being taken. The marked were rarely put back in the water, but were run up for lost along with the herring.

The practical method of fishermen that exist along the New England coast is common sense, except almost total care taken of marked inadvertently, but it was an unwise thing for them to be so lenient. Although marked were of slight if any value to a merchant steamer, it probably seems impracticable to the vessel that such a condition should continue without steps being taken to improve it. It seems to be realized that the best conditions were not so improved as they would have been had they been in the market, but what is being done under the control of the Atlantic coast is a matter of comparison to a great extent.

The ignorant ignorance of the average Eastern fisherman, regarding the fact that it takes years to rear a subsequent year's female lobster from her first time covered with eggs, lost of the eggs, and those that were hatched, or also out there may as they were, and place the lobster in his way with others.

It may be protesting for me, a layman, to offer legislative suggestions on this subject, but here we see a few that may be worthy of consideration.

Marked are not through spawning till July. They should not be caught before then. The sexes should be separated, and the males should be used for bait; they should not be fed in the shell water, where they will die and make the water unwholesome in length should be caught and retained.

Lobsters should be fourteen inches

long. There should, for a time at least, be a close season from June 1 to September 1, when they change their shells, and there should be a severe penalty for selling and retaining a female lobster in season. I would like to see laws based on above lines made and enforced by the Federal government.

Measures for the protection of our fisheries should be adopted out of consideration for the fishermen if for no other reason. There is no class of people who have a greater claim upon us as a nation than the American fishermen. They are an valuable in line of war as they are during a season of international yacht races. In the war of the rebellion and in the late Spanish war they helped man our ships, and they did women's service in fighting for the Stars and Stripes.

Our fishermen are practically a stand-by army, quite as available in time of need as the militia, and for this reason, if for no other, they demand our protection.

ALWAYS THE SAME. Men, I mean, who know how to get along in the world, always get along in the world. It is not the man who is always in the world, it is the man who is always in the world.

ALWAYS THE SAME. Men, I mean, who know how to get along in the world, always get along in the world. It is not the man who is always in the world, it is the man who is always in the world.

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LAUNCHING OF THE GERMAN BUILT RUSSIAN CRUISER "ASKOLD" AT KIEL.

Luzon Salt-makers

EVERYBODY here sells salt, whether the Ilocos and Pangasinan of northern Luzon believe, and they follow out the theory. In practice, the nearly every family living on the coast of the great Ilocos Gulf makes salt, and for home consumption, and sells the surplus to the villages of the interior.

In one settlement near Dagupan the operation reaches the dignity of an industry, and an entire village is engaged in crystallizing the salt out of the earth. The process is the exceedingly simple one of wrapping the salt soaked sand of the low coast country with a wooden barrier, and allowing the sun to evaporate the moisture until the ground takes on a condition of dry powder. This almost impalpable dust is scooped up in baskets, and packed into a narrow wooden splint woven through some six feet long, plastered with clay. Water is then poured upon the dry salt earth by the jiff and flows through passing out by a small tube at the bottom. The clear water with salt as medium is then boiled down until it crystallizes in an iron kettle built in the top of a clay oven, as seen in the large ground of the picture.

In the north, among the Tagalogs of Cavite province, the process varies somewhat. Every family living on the coast has its own salt-ponds, which, skirted by beautiful beaches, and great mangrove trees, make very picturesque artificial lakes. These ponds are shallow basins, sometimes more than an acre in extent, walled in with a low mud dike, and provided with an entrance sluice, through which the tidal water may overflow the ground and be drained in. Over the entire surface of these flats are raised circular beds, five to twelve feet in diameter, set on top and a foot in height. The salt water of the ocean is allowed to come in till it reaches just to the rim of these circular beds, wading them through and through. The sun dries the rest of the water by rapidly evaporating the moisture from them, and the salt appears as a white efflorescence of the surface, to be carefully scraped off by the scaper. In this way they become practically self-feeding salt-makers, and yet, as a rule, their work is of a very small.



A SALT-POND IN CAVITE PROVINCE.



THE NORTHERN LUZON METHOD.

The St. Louis Strike

THE latest large American city to suffer from the blight of a serious street-car strike is St. Louis. Since May 4 last the employees of the leading street-car company of that city have been on a strike because of demands involving not only better wages and shorter hours, but the usual recognition of union labor by the street-car company. The strike itself assumed a violent character, and at the same time a dozen men have been killed, many hundreds have been wounded by bullets, and probably two hundred more persons have received injuries of various kinds as a result of the fighting.

The St. Louis strike has been characterized by a most deplorable and persistent politeness. Governor Lindbergh, in a statement, and Mayor Henry Ziegler, of St. Louis, in a Republican speech, have both expressed their sympathy for the Mayor and the Governor, on behalf of the Democratic party, in an anxious as the Mayor on behalf of the Republican party in giving offense in what is called the labor vote.

The police commission of St. Louis is appointed by the Governor, and hence there has been a lack of harmony between the Mayor and the police authorities. Although the facilities of the strike were what might be called large progressive, Governor Stephens refused to call out the troops. The Mayor tried to put the responsibility upon the Governor, and the Governor tried as hard to put the responsibility upon the Mayor.

Finally, the sheriff was authorized to organize a posse consisting of twenty-five men. These were never raised, and the little struggle there was with the mob in the streets of St. Louis was done by the posse. On Sunday, June 16, three men were killed on the streets of St. Louis in a conflict with members of the posse.

Heretofore strikes have been held in personal attack, if they changed in the eyes of the latest street-car company for a social transportation. In St. Louis a concerted movement seemed to have been made by the laborer to occupy the streets of the city, and the general public was made to suffer. No less than three men were strangled, the streets were closed, and the public street and taxed and held and held about the wild squab and



THROUGHOUT STREET CONDUITS



CAPTAIN THE T. HUBBARD OF MISSOURI



ACTUAL CONDITION OF MOST OF THE TROLLEY WIRES IN THE CITY.



TWO MEMBERS OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE, AGED 73 AND 86 YEARS



INSTRUCTING A MEMBER OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN ST. LOUIS.



UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION. III.—DRAWN BY PIERRE NOVELL.

“Hark, ye hear the French in most things, but blessed if they ‘ain’t got a bigger Meas than we has!”

The Sanitary Problem in Havana

ANNALS of a somewhat recent and in times recently about visiting the sanitary force cleaning up the kitchen of his house in Havana. Talking to an American friend he chanced to call just at that moment he

“washed literally.” And this is what we brought her baby pants we get? In that particular respect the feelings of all two parts of the chain. Their streets have been cleaned and disinfected, their houses have been inspected and such improvements as are possible made in their sanitary condition, but they are not interested, and wonder what all the row is about. It is too gross, too close in the branches of things. The political superstructure with its dignity, show, and personal profit is far more in their liking.

Much has been said and written about making Havana a good place to live in, but no one understands with the primitive conditions now prevailing in that city how a sanitary point of view can realize the practicality of the task. The city has no sewer system and only a few streets of a sewer fronting on the street back of which extends a row of the side of which are arranged other and smaller rooms. The best view in the west is generally the kitchen. In the case of this kitchen is dug a sink hole into the hole, which has no outlet except the natural seepage. From all sewers from the house. As long as the contents of this sink hole keep below the kitchen there all is considered well. When it overflows, a few holes are taken out to make room for more. Some of these sink holes had not been cleaned in fifty years, until the yellow Americans with their typhoid-fever ideas came along and forced the owners to make some attempt at sanitation.

The greatest difficulty met with in this work has been the opposition or indifference of the people. I refer to the Spanish system there was always a way of getting out of doing something objectionable. If a man was ordered to clean up his property he could use influence or money, if he had either, and escape the consequences of disobedience. The same methods have been tried by the Cubans since the American conquest, and led to the great discontent of the former. It was found they would not work. Even the rich and the influential are now forced to clean out the sink holes in their kitchens and carry the dirt from houses and so dirt piled in a corner of yards.

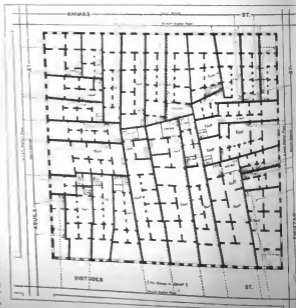
There are a few sewers in Havana, but they are made of slabs of stone with open joints, and surface fall, the water backing up in the streets and houses. The American engineers estimate that it will cost seven million dollars for a proper system of sewers for Havana, and every house will have to be put in a connection in addition. The city has an excellent water supply, sufficient for a population twice as large, but as the plumbing is so poor all over the city, the pressure could be applied to force the water into second stories without having nearly every water-

fall in town. Then again, water is wasted in enormous quantities, no water being ever left in run night and day. It is easier to do this than to turn it off when it is not needed.

In the accompanying sketch is shown a typical residential block in the thickly settled portion of Havana. The inclosed blocks are about the same, with heavy subdivisions in the houses. The first thing noticeable is the extremely irregular shape of the lots. The houses

have no outlet to the street except the front door. There is no alley in the block and practically no drainage anywhere. Each house has its cesspool, and this is usually in the kitchen. Before Havana can become a modern city, from a sanitary point of view, it will have to be practically rebuilt, and before this is done substantially for sanitary reasons, the Cuban will have to undergo his present indifference to sanitary surroundings.

J. D. WALKER



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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

CROP reports are beginning to attract special attention, and there have been much speculations as to what, with a sharp advance in prices. The most advanced in the southern section of the Mississippi Valley has had an incalculable effect on the market of wheat, and doubt has been cast on the prospects of spring wheat in the Northwest, especially in North Dakota, north of Minnesota, and Manitoba, while the outlook in the Central Western States and on the Pacific coast is quite cheerful. The net effect of speculation on the wheat crop is a proposition of short supply, an advance of price to nearly 60 cents a bushel, and lively speculation in futures in the Chicago "wheat pit."

The high price of cotton for the past season has stimulated planting, and there is an increase of over 2,000,000 acres in the area devoted to that crop in the South. The season is late and the heavy rains had an unfavorable effect, but early crop reports have to be received with caution, as they are apt to be perverted to speculative ends. The "cotton" stocks had the "panic" have already been somewhat weakened by the chance of a falling off in price early in the season. The process of adjustment in the iron and steel industries is slowly completing itself. There are now reports of increasing production and lowering prices, in consequence of the adjustment of the business to an activity that could not be maintained, and pushed prices to a level which is a check upon the demand. The reaction has become unmitigated, but it is generally believed that it is chiefly due to waiting for the adjustment of prices, and the fall will be followed by a less intense but more enduring activity.

General business has been somewhat affected, and the summer season destined to be a rather quiet one in the commercial field. More than the usual number of people have gone mad and are going ahead in spite of their money, and many are taking things easily of some after the crash. While material prices do not seem to have a distinction or depression effect, it aggravates the disposition to wait for events, and probably the campaign will cause a high resumption of business activity in the fall. The railroads begin to feel the effect, and while reports of strikes are still regarded as "improbable," there is more conservative talk than there has been. In short, the high tide of speculative activity of "writing up," though there are no signs of decided recovery.

In the result of general conditions, the stock market has been very dull, and its action has been entirely confined to "professional traders," which in the euphemism for speculators, and to dealings in the less staple of industrial securities. There has been little doing in railroad stocks, and prices here have a little weak. Those of the iron and steel companies have declined, while sugar and tobacco and food traction stocks have been irregular.

The money-market continues quiet, with rates low, as they have been for many weeks now. There has been some lifting up in the sturdy reserves of the New York banks, which is attributed to the withdrawal of government deposits, the withdrawal of \$5,000,000 from the discounting banks has been made, and notice has been given of another of the same amount. But the actual reserves have increased, though not in the same proportion as loans and deposits, which raised all over three per cent. In fact, an account large accumulation of funds in the banks of the metropolitan.

Incidentally to remark, there has been a resumption of the exportation of gold, \$5,000,000 having been sent to Paris last week. This seems to be due to the disposition of the Bank of France to maintain its large reserves of gold, which is heavily drawn upon by the demands of the Expedition and the multitude of travelers with letters of credit paid for at home. It is said that the bank pays interest on the gold in transit, and its transfer is not purely a matter of exchange. The Treasury in London has been to sell American securities of late, and that counteracts the tendency of gold in this direction. The Bank of England having special reasons for trying to retain it. The bank's reserves have been contributing to three per cent. This is attended by a further increase in the discount rate, a condition that prevails at other European centers, with the exception of Berlin, where rates are still maintained at high figures.

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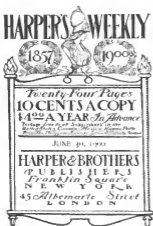
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THE DELEGATES AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

The New York and New Jersey delegations occupied seats nearest the speakers' platform. Senator Platt may be found directly under the sign "New York." Governor Roosevelt may be found about five inches back of Senator Platt, because Depue on each flanks, and Ex-Secretary Bliss about the same distance back of Mr. Depue. Senator Lodge may be found sitting just in front of the man directly under the sign "Massachusetts."



The Nomination

THE Republican Convention has just, and the campaign of 1902 has opened in all seriousness. The ticket and the platform are before the people, but the situation which has existed for some months past is practically unchanged, for, with the exception of the single vote cast to who should be the President's running mate, we have known all along with a great degree of certainty what the gentlemen at Philadelphia proposed to do. So far as the head of the ticket is concerned, no one is surprised and no one is disappointed over the outcome. The majority has happened, and it is a satisfaction to be able to say that in this particular instance the inevitable is an agreeable eventuality. No man in high official position has ever been able to please everybody. Having never made strong enemies, and Mr. McKinley is no exception in the rule; but when we look back upon his career as President we are convinced that no fair-minded person can deny that he is entitled to the gratification which must be his in the moment of his renomination by acclamation. The popularity of his office have been great. Enthusiasm that he conferred to other administrations have been his to solve. That he has not asked them nicely and well to man may say, because there is nowhere to be found evidence that alternative solutions would in the end have brought about more satisfactory results. Time alone can demonstrate whether the President might or might not have done better. In a land where one of the essential characteristics of the people is a love of fair play, an equitable proposition judgment should be suspended, and the individual upon whom responsibility rests should be given the benefit of the doubt, if any exist. The thing is certain, and that is that in every one of his conspicuous official acts the President has shown himself to have been actuated by the highest and most honorable motives, and to have been prompted by the single and sincere purpose of serving his country according to the best of his abilities. Despite the frothy utterances of caustic critics and dyspeptic subalterns who at Philadelphia did not venture to show their faces or lift their voices, Mr. McKinley is to-day a stronger man before the people than he was in 1900. He has managed to win the confidence of thousands who voted for him four years ago with great reluctance, and whose good opinion he has lost because of his official acts are inconsiderable in number, and, owing to the unfortunate dispersion of the old Democratic party, are practically without a leader or even a political resting-place.

What Mr. McKinley stands for, the American people know to a reasonable certainty. He is the natural expression of the principles of the Republican party, which, however much one may differ with it in certain matters of detail, is yet the one compact organization left on which stands the law, order, and public decency, and therein lies

the whole issue. Party lines are drawn today between the Republican party, which stands for law and order, on the one side, and a match-brained fusion of discordant elements, representing every wild political horror that has shown its head on the surface since the close of the civil war, on the other.

IT is probably true that the nomination of Governor Roosevelt is the most possible, and the Convention could have made, and that it will serve to strengthen the ticket in certain sections of the country in an undoubted fact. *Harper's Weekly* has hoped all along that some other nominee might be chosen, because we have believed that the old nomination Governor's abilities and temperament are such that he might have rendered greater service to his party and to the public in other fields. The delegates have thought differently, however, and it is impossible, in view of the tremendous enthusiasm with which they recorded their conviction that the Governor was the right man for the place, to accuse them of having erred. Now that the thing is done, we should accept it as gracefully as our Government Roosevelt himself. It is, after all, unwise to say that any office would restrict or hamper the energies of a man like Governor Roosevelt. He is the sort of person to find opportunities where others would look for them, and while the Vice-Presidency is not an office which we should have selected for him, it is quite conceivable that in his administration of its functions he will discover and develop potentialities that hitherto have been unobserved. In any event, there will be no change in the United States Senate when T. R. Roosevelt wields the gavel as its presiding officer. The great may need to be changed to his desk at times, for the man of San Juan Hill is not without impulsive moments; but that he will handle it vigorously and less-likely than the best interests of everybody concerned there is no slightest doubt.

We cannot forget the conviction that the old order of things is about to change, and that the Vice-Presidency instead of being an avowed political nomination will turn out to be something entirely different—something like a dramatic costume, with a large number of live wires attached to it. We congratulate the party upon having awarded Governor Roosevelt's acknowledgement in its wishes, and we have no doubt, indeed, after studying the events of last week in Philadelphia, that the Governor in yielding to the demands of the Convention has made any serious mistake. If he has, it is rather in his personal credit than otherwise, for his individual wishes have not been pronounced in this instance.

THE Platform which was received with the same acclamation greeted the candidates is, on the whole, about as satisfactory a document of its kind as one could wish to have. It is singularly free from fireworks and cheapery; it says enough and not too much about the main features of the administration's policy; it

The Platform reaffirms the gold standard, and in its wisely framed paragraph relating to expansion and the duties of the United States in connection with the Philippines, it successfully takes the wind out of the sails of the Anti-Imperialistic agitators. It makes no promises that are not already in a fair way to be fulfilled, and is altogether a most excellent and sincere presentation of the principles and the policy of the Republican party. The Association of Brotherhood of Political Floozers at Kansas City will have a hard time in constructing a rival platform which shall be better calculated to win the confidence and the support of the American people.

IT is strange that things certain people take pride in in these curious days. We have recently received from the Executive Department of the State of Missouri, at Jefferson City, a printed brochure of favorable newspaper comment upon Governor STEPHEN'S masterly inactivity in failing to suppress the S. L. P. The Governor of Louisiana, there are not many of those comments. All that the Governor can scrape together, apparently, would set off a pair of HARPER'S WEEKLY; but few as they are, his Excellency is obviously proud of them. If he were not he would have them printed in the trouble to reprint them for the edification and criticism of the public. It is a pleasing feature of

last week that the Governor finds himself on the defensive. If he were not convinced that enemies are in order, this brochure would not be in existence. It is also a pleasing feature of the situation that not one of his followers has ventured to say anything other than an empty and specious argument upon which to rest his case. Critical analysis of each and every one of them shows them to be the work of scribbles liberally saturated with demagoguery, to wit, nothing, anything, steadily and much violence, with no respect for law or public decency, and having at heart no real concern for the good name of the State of Missouri.

Last week we printed a portrait of the Governor of this ill-fated State. We advise our readers to look at it carefully, and to remember it in its every detail, for it is the portrait of a man who has scarcely an equal in this or any other time for mental deterioration in the performance of his own duty. The poor fellow showed in an earlier issue, with his head in the clouds has less to answer for and more to answer for completely than this striking portrait which has distressed himself and his State.

Governor STEPHEN'S may see in this kind of comment in his own brochure, if he chooses. We cheerfully waive our copyright in it on his behalf.

THE situation in China is hourly growing more disquieting. The disintegration of the empire, which has been steadily going on for years, appears to have become, or is about to become, an accomplished fact with which the whole civilized world must reckon. The student

Chinese Complications

and the strongest status quo policy are required, this amount to save the world from a awful embroilment, the like of which is unknown in history. Yet if the conditions of nations can only be laid aside for the moment, if the last for and the thrust for power can only be the result of the present, the solution of the Chinese question should not prove the hardest problem in the world. The Chinese are not a bad, nor are they an unimprovable, people. They are governed badly; that is all. Americans who have come into contact with them know how false is the idea that they are a barbarous and uncivilized people, that the Chinese need enlightenment from without. Who that has listened to the voice and looked the wise words of that eloquent and accomplished orator, the Chinese minister at Washington, can say that there is anything to be done on the old line that we are dealing with a heathen people, that China is a nation to be despised, and that her complete re-education can only come from outside? Who that has studied the past and who knows of the things the Chinese have brought forth in matters of art, letters, mathematics, and religion, can say that the Celestial Empire is fit only to be paraded out among our superior selves? No intelligent American at least will take this stand. He is more likely to adhere to the sentiments expressed by Lord CURZON, Baroness in his informing and prophetic monograph *The Frontiers of China*, that all that is needed in the emergency which exists, and which he predicted, is honesty of purpose and a determination on the part of the powers to preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire. Lord CURZON has little hope of the present, but he has a great deal to say for the future. He says, however, for he goes on to say, "in retrospect to the spot have outlined me that the maintenance of the Chinese Empire is essential to the honor as well as the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race, and I hope that when the British and American people are acquainted with the facts as a whole they will be similarly convinced."

The situation is now expressed in a nutshell. It is the view of an Englishman who is filled with the spirit of fair play and honor, and who knows precisely what he is talking about. It would seem that there has come to those honorable men about the lines suggested by the British statesman, and to accept for our policy the suggestion contained in his paragraph wherein he says that "a straightforward recognition of the principle of freedom, fair dealing, and equality of opportunity, coupled with realization and respect in carrying these principles out, will not only preserve the integrity of the Chinese Empire, but involve more largely to our interests, than the present plan of taking what does not belong to us, because other powers are doing the same."

We should go to no pains in the guise of a friend and to no trouble to no man's interests who would profit by the weakness of a fallen warrior.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOMINATED FOR VICE PRESIDENT AT THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 23, 1900

DRAWN BY T. V. COOPER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.

passing backs of delegates the ringing periods of the "Roosvelt" which usually are observed weekly.

But, oh, what a difference the next morning! Ticket speculators who had been threatened with bankruptcy owing to the unparliamentary low prices they had been forced to sell at on Tuesday and Wednesday were, Thursday morning, as hotly demanding to buy tickets as to sell; prices had quadrupled; the supply was materially below the demand, starting rates had jumped crazily; buttons and badge buttons were appearing such at a furious rate—Roosevelt was to be nominated!

Philadelphia was frenzied. The city was lit with political electricity, producing those marvellous phenomena the experienced politician rejoices to see. He knows ways for producing machine-made enthusiasm, but he also knows how small is its real value. Elms, Bellvue, Woodruff, Swart, Long—any one of them could have been nominated to accompany me of them, made, and flag-waving surrounded me under a stop-watch contract to collect ten previous days' nomination. But that, indeed, would have been another thing. Here was the genuine article, as no

one, and more than any one knew what to do with.

When they saw all these signs, how the leaders must have rejoiced that the mistake of suppressing such enthusiasm, and possibly, by some slowness of the wind, turning it into a feeling of resentment, had not been committed!

An official of the building said that the convention hall seated but fifteen thousand, but it was believed eighteen thousand were within the walls when Senator Foraker rose to nominate Mr. McKinley. When he had done so waves of excitement the press has vividly described continued for more than a quarter of an hour, but what was revealed to the eye was incomparably less moving than the concluding words—the singing of "The Cruise Forever" by the wrought-up thousands. When one leaves that sound one must sing—or cry. It was tremendously moving, and it was an audience thus offered Governor Roosevelt a salute later heard when he spoke as a member. If he was moved in any degree by any feeling he did not show it. He held a typewriter copy of his speech in one hand, but did not once look at it. The ordinary

manner in speaking is terrestrial; it was as though he were capable of playing an amazing lute or he felt, or that he was actually impassable. But he was all that the listening thousands wanted; strong in body and manner; direct, doubting, fearless—possibly just a little careless—and everything he was the people liked him for, and for nothing he looked beyond him.

The speech revealing another was in effect his own nomination, for they hailed him Vice-President, and cheered for McKinley and Roosevelt. The cheering as long kept up was begun at last, and there was no stopping it. When Young of Iowa, who was to have presented Bellvue's name, made the formal proposition of Roosevelt, the crowd began to call for the vote, and only Senator Dwyer held them, as order they were to reveal the vote which should make the third, just changing McKinley and Roosevelt.

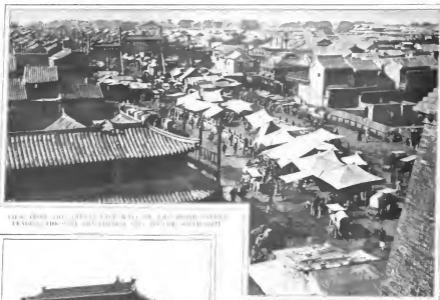
It was done at last, and the correction that proved as little enthusiasm concluded with acclamatory floods of it sweeping all over Philadelphia and scattering in the four corners of the country, not for getting Alaska and Hawaii.



WATCH-TOWER ON THE WALL SEPARATING THE CHINESE FROM THE TARTAR CITY



OUTSIDE THE WALL ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY



VIEW FROM THE GREAT EAST WALL OF THE GREAT WALLS TRAVELING THROUGH THE CITY TOWARDS THE GREAT WALLS



TOWER ON THE NORTHWESTERN CORNER OF THE WALL AROUND THE TARTAR CITY



ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH LEGATION

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA—VIEWS OF PEKING.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. L. L. STARRS



THE "CELESTIAL GLOBE" AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

DRAWN BY E. L. BARNETT.

OUR ASIATIC CONSULATES BY EDWIN WILDMAN



The Consul Court, Bangkok, China.

A BEACH-COMBER arose as I went out of the consulate, one of those beautifully warm days that make life in the Orient so refreshing. The fire had flared across my vision a half-dozen times during the day in an undisturbed drowsy sort of way. I have had that he had been holding down a "cock" back from the close of my arrival in the morning until the moment of my departure. I vaguely remembered his rising apologetically as I left his luncheon and repeating the operation when I returned, but he was so like a hundred and one of his kind that I dropped the complete day in and day out that his presence made no particular impression. As I finished my chair and dashed my behind the beach-comber stretched himself, stopped out of the cool room where he had been spending the day, and repeated me:

"You speak in the Consul, sir?" he commenced, jerking his old left leg and scraping the tith from off the consulate veranda with his left foot.

"Certainly; what is it?" I said.

"I haven't had anything to eat for twenty-four hours," he continued, "and, sir, I am an American, and I thought you might help me to get a meal. I think I can get a ship in a few days. The Paraceti sails next week, and I hope to get her."

The story was so familiar to my ears as the ramble of the rock shores and the chatter of the rocks that I walked listlessly in my dream from there. How low, how low he got to Hwangkong, what he had done with his money; the number of his children; as how he lived so well and wanted to get back to the bosom of his children and calculate in a ship-cock the present money; how he had been mollified by the first mate of the *Black Dove*; the name of his agent and thirty-five dollars at the steam-park—those and other incidents of the whaling port I passed without giving him. He has his clothes, his attitude, were more stamped than words. He seemed to read my thoughts and speak me the mental. I looked at him a minute and smiled. I couldn't help it. I knew his kind.

"You believe always get nearly twenty-four hours before you come to the consulate, you always spend your last penny before you reach your money, you always think of your wife and children, your aged parents, and the old dame in Maine, after you get where and you are always the victim of a first mate. The truth is—now you see—your money didn't quite hold out until you had reduced yourself to an absolute wreck, until you worked yourself thoroughly, you still strive for one more thing, and when you reach up next time, and vision of wife, home, and mother more over you, you'll get a ship in twenty-four hours and he a decent fellow until you read me at Cebu, Melbourne, San Francisco, or Bangor. Am I right?"

The old sailor's eyes were busy watching the symptoms of his tears. My description was covered in silence. He smiled broadly. "The Paraceti sails one week from today. You can sign her, or you can spend the money—six months, you know, will carry you through the hot season, say at an average temperature of 110 degrees in the shade—retaining a ship, but not suitable for the public roads, so the captain superintendent of police may specify." I drew two Mervins from my pocket. His eyes glared. "You can buy a lot of old whalers for that. If you fail to appear Friday, Captain May will land you through the summer."

The Friday following he walked into the office and signed a receipt for a blazer than a man's name. He grinned as I remarked, "A little shabby, but still in the rag."

"No, Mr. Consul," he muttered as he turned to go, "I don't get drunk, honest I don't. That talk about six months in the steam-park and you might amount to nothing. I was in my glory days and I cannot stand it every night. See!—an angry man, you go to take of a professor, leaving your garden, sir." Grinning blandly he departed.

The American consul has his eyes opened after a few months of experience with the average sailor. When

at sea he is not a bad sort, but on land his feet are never steady, and his prodigality is only limited by the amount of cash he has. After that he is usually a public charge and once more he is "shipped" out of port. If the American consul in Asiatic ports should believe of one sailor in the "old story" that is rung upon him with all the changes that a whiskey-soaked imagination can conjure, Uncle Sam's chestnut abroad would crowd those of home.

Sea-captains commanding out low score of Asiatic sailors carry the American consul only under compulsion. For short coast trips while in Asiatic waters they invariably prefer a Japanese or Chinese crew, and nearly every sea, flare and slaughter from San Francisco, Tacoma, Vancouver, or San Diego ships Chinese crews. A Chinaman is a good sailor. He is sober, trustworthy, generous, and cheerful. He is crowding the American and European sailors out of the Eastern trade, and any one familiar with that article will not regret his inclination.

The American sailor is a source of continual trial to the consul. All sorts of adventures, young dissipated looking youths and old hardened sailors whose sole ambition is to get enough money to keep them comfortably drunk when in port, make up the complement. From first to last the first destination of the wretched crew is the consul, and he in time has to have American sea-captains to take their aboard, in lieu of which the head jail in the situation, for men, women, charitable organizations, and self-satisfied American tourists come knocking in the hopelessness of strengthening up the weather-beaten and circumvented beach-comber. All systems of charity should be finally dispensed—"ships" or stone away—and next help up with a fresh tale of woe at a consulate never his face and story are not expressed on the mind of the consul. Experience teaches the consul that endurance or sympathy is a criminal waste of tonnage needed

compassion, and that give the beach-comber time he will run his limit, and once forced into impregnable and proved by himself hangs his expeditious unequal to the situation. An old hand at the trade, he knows the ropes.

In former days when the laws were made to provide and protect the American seaman, the class that sailed in the Pacific waters were a largely honest set of men and mostly of the utmost liberality of treatment. Now, the laws, adventures, and known wrecks that come under the protection of the United States are made are about the most unscrupulous lot of denizens that are at large. They are the bone of the consulate's toil and a disgrace to their country. Their proper place is in a house for idiots. I am speaking of the majority. There are exceptions, but it is not the exception who fills the beach-comber and lives in the rough sleep. The exception only makes his appearance before the consul when he is regularly discharged, receives his money, and makes a drift home, then again within a few days or weeks "signs on" and disappears.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES AND SCENES

When an American consul arrives at his post he must first open all his relations, the whole of the staff, if a military post, and the heads of the civil administration. Having paid his respects and shown himself respectful to the various government officials, they immediately return the call in full official uniform and their wives call at the consul's residence. Then the ball commences. Dinners, receptions, and tea follows in great numbers. In the nature of things there the consul must entertain. If his money is limited—but that is something he should have thought of before he accepted the appointment. The first experience one interesting and varied. With English speaking refugees the path is easy, but when, for instance,



THE LEGATION AT BANGKOK, SIAM.



CONSULATE AT KOBE, JAPAN

The German consul invites him to dinner he finds himself confronted with a dozen languages. The difficulties of conversation are overcome if he speaks French, but otherwise his social ability is hampered. The German, too, is a stranger. It may run something like this: Gallienne Nappe, Wehstein in Gallierie, Kettler Stange, Hausmannstein or Hinderstein or Goeffler Wild, Scherwin Katz, Liebermann Tassan, or Liebermann Wildt Katz, Gartner Nulder or Korfsoff Nulder, Janze Korfsoff, bel nil Potestille and Hensenthal, Nuchelherrester, Klein Kuchler or Turin, Anhard, Vantile Ein or Kaffe Ein, Kise, Erichse, Kuffe, added to which is an absolutely unpronounceable woe tid. The experience, varied by a change of language, is repeated when he dines with the Russian or the Italian consul. French, therefore, becomes an absolute necessity, but it is the vehicle of "court" language. It has not lost its prestige as the diplomatist's language, though English is rapidly taking the field. Most German consuls are now obliged to learn English, and French should be an equally important attribute to American consuls.

But the Chinese millionaire, who calls upon the consul as promptly as a millionaire allows, gives him the most unique experience, almost not always a disagreeable one. For there are experiences that come to us in which the more one does and knows with the ethical, even of the imagination. I refer to a Chinese dinner, which, like its sister, is confined, in almost only to a restaurant. For ladies dinner, abundance of sweet decorations, richness of the center, and suitable table a Chinese dinner has no counterpart. If properly covered under the guise of counsel—to refer to the hospitality of a Chinese is to leave diplomatic relations between the two nations. His invitation is a command—when then, it is an experience. The two principal features of the function are the music, that gives some unique impressions, and the menu, which shows your level temple. The music is a succession of tapping sounds that affect you as might the thing of a man on a cold morning, accompanied by pitifully regular cries, comparable only in the din produced by a rat fight at its climax—yet about 5 a.m.—in your back yard. A half-dozen little, woodwinds, played and, carefully harmonized therewith, produce the effect from a raised dais in a room, immediately near. Hearing it, a stretch of the imagination will permit the use of the word, with the instrumental part of the programme are heard the singing tones of a cry-



CONSULATE AT AMOY, CHINA

labeled dialogue that takes place between the of leaders. The entire conversation is not without its compensations, however, for it helps you to keep the figures in row.

The banquet table, beautifully decorated, is replete with rare cereals, over-ripest fragrant filices, and thousands of red flowers from the gardens of Canton. Fragrance of sweets here and there along the table add to the decorative effect and give to the just stomach. The sweets have the appearance of jewels, rather composition, or vast prototypes of themselves. Having eaten your meat, little flower girls, wooden boxes and Japerylike, dressed in gold, greenly underclothes, blouses, and silk trousers, their hair, ears, and noses hung with gold, jade, and

they will never swap opium on the half shell. They taste like raw fish served in dash water. Following this delivery come bird nests in chicken soup. Now the Chairman who serves birds nests pays the highest price—opium explained. It must, therefore, be eaten, although personally I would prefer raw eggs in water if I were obliged to eat either. Next comes lead and pig, also precipitated in chicken soup. Next, hot liver, pigeon eggs in chicken soup; another liver, sliced beef with fungus tubes in chicken soup, seven, mixed quail—beans, head and all tails in chicken



THE CONSULATE AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN

soup; eight, crab soup with mushroom tubes in chicken soup; then, chopped chicken bones, with saltless little chicken soup, followed by chicken wings and head, after which the delectable white snail (shell fish), completing the dinner comes with fish head in chicken soup. By this time it matters little what you eat if you have stuck to your guns, and kept eyes with the bumpers in the President, the Emperor, the Queen, and both others. The table still groans with all sorts of indigestible party, such as sautéed fruits, sweetened jelly, painted almonds, baked nutmeat, green, gyozae cakes, rice congee, and

being partaken of those allowed to it is served, and cigars, or cigarettes, and the pipe if you want it—such opinion, now you are ready for the hospital. The attention is transferred to the dining room, and the neckties tedious variety of hard and run things pouring out the thoughts of Oriental masters.

The wine goes first along after you and arrange themselves around the room in chairs to be imported and entertained at hand and you drinks, make mistakes for your cigars, and the attention is transferred to the dining room, and the neckties tedious variety of hard and run things pouring out the thoughts of Oriental masters.

The Chinese dinner is not an incident, A consul's real social do-

ties have to do largely with the officials of the city or colony in which he is stationed. He finds that his importance is dependent upon himself. It is not in all social functions his place is maintained, and he must acquiesce himself with existing social conditions and conform and acquiesce in existing arrangements accordingly. He must maintain the dignity of his country and stand ready at any time to respond to a call for his speech or address upon the American question. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the important national and international policies of his country, and be prepared to put his best opinion a colleague in private conversation or public conference, and to defend his country's interests are accepted an authoritative and official, and an official remark may cause a hornet's nest and lead to unpleasant results and discord. Foreigners, who understand American character, and the frankness of personal opinion upon national and international matters is not something in their training or conditions.

The relations between the American traveler and the consul are often a source of discord. If the present project introductions he will be entertained and covered by foreign officials. In some of the present consulates in Asia the consul's residence is limited to the limit by tourists and globe-trotters who remark upon the consul's time and waste in trips that he should drop business and guide them through the city. The consulate serves as a bureau of information and a post office for the consul, and the attention and time occupied with those two functions, but the patience and temper of a consul overwhelmed with these important duties.

Natural holidays and politicians' birthdays must be observed by governments, even the Fourth of July and Washington's Birthday. These holidays and anniversaries are usually the occasion of a large dinner, when "all the town," officially, may be mentioned in the consular house and headquarters. These little socialities are not congenial, nor are they provided for or ordered by the American government, but in neglect, there is to be expected the profound surprise and liberal criticism. The American consul, though his prescribed duties are largely consular, finds himself established and custom the social and. If a large social by domestic representation as well as its agent in business matters. To ignore the first and second conditions is to limit and retard the consul's usefulness in the third.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MARKET

American importers, exporters, and merchants interested in the retailing foreign trade are largely dependent upon the monthly publication, *Foreign Trade and Commerce*, which is issued by the Department of Commerce. It is a most valuable and thorough journal, and through the Department of Commerce, it is made available to hundreds of letters of specific inquiry from merchants and individuals in various parts of the United States. These reports and replies from the subject matter of the department's daily publication, *Foreign Trade and Commerce*, which is issued by the Department of Commerce, which is supplied free of charge to the public. If there be a proposed feature of importance, or the prospect of interest from the consul will transmit his opinions upon the subject to the department. A new criticism in Hong Kong, for instance, is the subject of a dispatch. Foreign trading companies and their methods in Japan form another article; news of an American warehouse in China, opportunities for trade in Udon, the tin industry in



INTERIOR OF THE CONSULATE AT HONG-KONG, CHINA



CONSULATE AT CANTON, CHINA.

The Malay Peninsula, transportation in Japan, currency in China, the bicycle trade in the East, the iron and steel in Japan, silver to exporters, are some of the subjects that the casual investigations and reports for the benefit of American merchants. He also publishes the statistics of a district trade in China, and shows the condition of trade. He tells what other nations are accomplishing, and what America is doing and can do. He keeps the home market posted upon what avenues of trade are already overworked, if any, and points out the possible market for our goods.

This work requires adaptability, testing, keen observation, and careful study and investigation. To successfully accomplish his program, and satisfactorily serve his government he keeps in close touch with the consular officials, the men and conditions that characterize, occupy, and exist in his particular field. He attends the meetings of the local Chambers of Commerce, establishes close and friendly relations with the banking and business industries, and obtains accurate knowledge of their workings and opportunities.

The American consulate at Yokohama is a large Japanese building, and is beautifully located in a spacious ground. The first floor, second floor, and second floor, being occupied as a residence by the consul and his family. Yokohama has a population of about 285,000, of whom 330 are Americans. On account of its fine harbor and natural railroad connection Yokohama is the chief port of Japan. The leading exports from America is horseman, 20,000, 000 dollars, and landed annually 50,000,000 dollars. The leading exports from Japan are silk, tea, cotton, sugar, and other goods. The leading imports from America are iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. The leading exports from Japan are silk, tea, cotton, sugar, and other goods. The leading imports from America are iron, steel, machinery, and other goods.



THE CONSULATE AT HONG-KONG, CHINA.

one hundred American vessels were cleared last year, and in the same number of silver articles to the amount of \$1,000,000. About fifty American merchant ships are engaged in this trade, not including the transatlantic liners. John F. Henry, consul of Hong, in the present consular year, and reports that the opportunities for increasing American trade are very great.

The consulate general for China is at Shanghai on the Wang-poo River, twelve miles from the ocean. Shanghai proper is made up of three settlements—the English, American, and French. 150 Shanghai is a cosmopolitan Chinese city. The government of Shanghai is in the hands of a council elected by rate payers and under the supervision of the foreign consuls of the treaty powers. The population is made up of 50,000 foreigners, 400,000 Chinese, and 800 Americans. The exports in the 5 United States are over \$1,000,000 an annually. The leading exports are tea, silk, cotton, sugar, wood, paper, silk, and other goods. The leading imports are iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. The leading exports from America are iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. The leading imports from America are iron, steel, machinery, and other goods.

Kobe, a city of 250,000, is the largest of southern Japan. The hundred and fifty American are engaged in business there. Matches, paper, sericin, sugar, molasses, paper, petroleum, lumber, cotton, and other goods are the principal articles of trade. Imports from the United States include cotton, locomotive engines, telephones, iron nails, rails, and ironing machines. Exports are rice and articles mentioned above. Forty American trading vessels were cleared last year. They have obtained the importance because of the proximity to Manila, regular steamship lines between the two ports. Because of our consular position in that port, it is one of the most important ports in the Eastern question and the Chinese. The territorial rights there are extensive and our trade growing. Exports include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. Exports from the United States from May last year, although our total exports amounted \$1,000,000, other countries making up the balance being \$2,000,000. Exports from the United States include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. Exports from the United States include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods.

Hongkong is perhaps the most important consulate in the East, the great British port being the largest. It is the chief port of the East. Hongkong has a trade exceeding \$250,000,000 per year, and is handicapped in that it is filled with steam and sailing vessels from all parts of the world. Its daily treatment population is 100,000 per year clear from the harbor. Hongkong is a free port. The trans-shipment trade of South China is transacted there, and six great warships of the United States are stationed there, and six great warships of the United States are stationed there, and six great warships of the United States are stationed there. Exports from the United States include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. Exports from the United States include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods.



CONSULATE GENERAL SINGAPORE.

Singapore is not a little over \$1,000,000. Our reports to Singapore include sugar and ammonium, carriage machinery, wheat, cotton, fruits, hardware, lamps, petroleum, tobacco, cloths, and other articles. While from them we receive coffee, spices, more, rubber, tin, and other goods. About fifty American ships clear from the consulate annually. Singapore, like Hongkong, is a great warehouse city, and being a free port, it is difficult to accurately estimate her trade although the English alone that it amounts to \$100,151,000 annually.

The population is made up of Indians, 25,000; Tamil, 25,000; English, Burmese, Persian, Arabs, Dutch, Singapore, American, and American, a total of 100,000, probably the most cosmopolitan of any city in the East. The consulate is located on the main street of the city and the residences in the suburban section. The Square given to the above estimates are approximate, and do not by any means show our total trade with China and Japan. Now do they show the actual trade of the past year, which has greatly increased. The consular directory of foreign vessels in the Singapore harbor since last 1897 gives 12,900 vessels, of which a very small portion are American.

The figures given, however, show the volume of last year's trade by our Asiatic consulates and illustrate their growing importance to American trade interests. It is estimated that our trade with China is also a part of her total foreign commerce, which amounted last year to \$250,720,300. American business men are thoroughly awake to our interests in Asiatic trade centers, and the thousands all believe that port to open the consular show a trans-shipment trade upon the part of our consulates to increase their share of Chinese and Japanese trade. Our consuls have been prompt to respond and have pointed out the path. If the advice be heeded, if American merchants are prepared to go into the field and meet the requirements and peculiar conditions that exist, our trade relations should grow by leaps and bounds. American interests established in China and Japan are among the rewards, but the field is so vast that as yet we have made but a small showing compared to that of England, Germany, France, and Russia.

Thomas W. Walker, Third Assistant Secretary of State, Robert N. Collins, Chief of the Consular Bureau, and William J. Carr, Acting Chief of the Consular Bureau, from the Department of State's representatives in Washington who transmit all consular business. These officials have greatly increased the useful use of the consular system, and the consular work with the business and diplomatic relations of the country, give to the service an administration that is bringing that important branch of the State Department the recognition and prominence it should receive.



CONSULATE GENERAL YOKOHAMA JAPAN.

one hundred American vessels were cleared last year, and in the same number of silver articles to the amount of \$1,000,000. About fifty American merchant ships are engaged in this trade, not including the transatlantic liners. John F. Henry, consul of Hong, in the present consular year, and reports that the opportunities for increasing American trade are very great.

Singapore is on the line of our Philippine trans-shipment trade, and is one of our largest ports. Exports from the United States include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods. Exports from the United States include iron, steel, machinery, and other goods.



UNITED STATES WAR-SHIPS C



OALING AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

She crept down silently into the little house where the pilot jettied into the water. The cutter which was used by the Carmichael was gone, but she chose the larger of two small boats in the house, and steering it on the pilings, launched it upon the broad face of that gray inviolable sea. Inside the house she ran up the rug of mail and stood away from the island, purposing not to cross to Marlowe, where she might be seized by Nicholas or one of his cronies, but to make for the village higher on the coast, which had been the scene of Warburton's great adventure. She drew near to her destination at last, and ran the shaft ashore near by Victoria Hall and entered the village. Half-an-hour she was, breathing her distress with every deep inspiration, she started the good people of Victoria Hall, who recognized her at once. The miracle of her beauty, glowing brighter and fresher under her physical health, struck admiration to the heart of the village youth, when she addressed, she had a letter (she said) which must reach the goal at once; it was her Mr. Perce of Laysan. It was a trifle in her face as well as to her agitation that this large-bodied and frank-eyed young man, looking the messenger, and once he had stirred under particular orders to push on with all speed and at all hazards, Chloris went back to her boat. Yet now that her mission was over she began to doubt its success. If this man should fail to meet Laysan in the office if Mr. Perce should refuse to set upon such a risky errand, even if it were to act, but to set hardly—in all these cases it would spell death to Warburton. Now that her messenger was gone she was frantic in her mind that she had suffered like a dog, and had not herself undertaken the journey, broken, soon and wounded as she was. And open that revealed the determination at least to see Warburton, to offer him a bed warning, to plead yet again with him, to see if perchance he were now (and how fond!) might not be convinced by her brother's story—no, even at the board, to set eyes once more upon him, to hear again his voice, and to smile again with his life's secrets and caresses of love.

"I know you very well," said Warburton, "but you are welcome to my information."

"Have you heard talk of the free trade, as they call it—'democracy'?" asked the Lieutenant. "I shall be obliged to you, sir, for all to you know, that his Majesty may not be defamed, and who holds his tongue, if he knows anything, is a rogue, sir, and so there that. He deserves hanging with the others."

"Ah!" said Warburton, "but these gentry hold to that."

"Hold, sir!" cried Griffithshead. "Hush! they shall swing together. I will not be denied. I will not be denied. I will be off to-morrow the first thing to take counsel with Sir Stephen Carmichael. He should know a good deal."

"Ay, he should know a good deal," agreed Warburton, "and I hear he is well liked."

"Noble, is he? Good! I am sorry to hear it. Then I will pay my debts and be gone. I must stand on ceremony. I should have visited him before."

He was six weeks off with desolating and alert gallantry, and Warburton's boat dragged away for Marlowe. As he left the sleep afloat, wonderfully faded, sprang out of the gizzard across his waist, and flitted suddenly up into the wind. He looked back with curiosity at her, but saw no man on board, partly by reason of the growing darkness, and partly because of the planging canvas. He landed his own boat for the shore, but after a moment's hesitation the cutter, put about and heaved down on the sleep. It was Nicholas Carmichael who stepped aboard the latter, wildness in his eyes, but outwardly composed and civil. He had recognized Warburton, and the struggle in his mind had been sharp and brief, but after all it was of most unimportant importance to discover what he had been doing on the sleep, and how much Griffithshead knew. As for Warburton, nothing now could save him, and ten minutes more or less would take nothing from the fulness of his punishment.

But Warburton was at last serene in his resolve to guard himself, for he saw that the time was come when, if he put any value on his life, he must act promptly. He had almost composed his mind to end this business next day, and send the Carmichael to the devil.

he bowed, he stooped and lifted her, feeling at her bosom for the remnants of life; and met, lifting her in his arms, no other than a child, an orphan, and a stranger on the return. Before the elopement in the heart of the sand hills stood, as he remembered, a little cottage inhabited by a poor, crustaceous fisher, who had the marks and shew of hoariness, plaster, and ruffians, and through the gaps in which the wind flattered at will, Tormentor also was plucked by her, bound as she was, lighted a candle, and set her upon a rude couch of reeds. He poured some brandy into a glass and put it to her lips, she opened her eyes, and he bowed and smiled faintly, tearfully, happily, after which she closed them again. "Goodness!" Warburton was muttering a long, exclamation, but he looked at the marks and signs upon her garments he guessed that she had come off well, and had probably been seeking him with much anxiety, and he plucked her by the hair, and saw the heart that he had hardened, and Chloris Carmichael no longer seemed to be the daughter of Nicholas or the daughter of her father, but a beautiful and sweet-voiced woman whose he loved. He touched her hands, and she looked up again at him, with a start.

"You shall tell me no later, dear," said he; "think again of my heart, nearly now more requiring its still as her expression."

"You are not safe, then?" she murmured, and drew a breath of relief. "But you will not be safe here, she added, quickly. "Nicholas has sworn to kill you. You are to die to-night."

"I am alive," "I am alive."

"No, you do not understand, sir; I do not think you appreciate your danger. The deed was to allow hands to be put upon you, and you must get back to yourself the purpose—did I forgive him, and that he is my brother?"

"I shall have been told by the birds to-morrow," said Warburton, calmly. "I have waited long enough."

"Ah, you have waited too long," she said, and rose to her feet, exclaiming, "You must get back to Marlowe this night. I beg you, promise me that."

Warburton smiled. "I am afraid of no assassin, even if it be your brother," he said, haughtily.

"I am my witness," she declared. "But I have never yet asked anything of you, Roger Warburton, that was granted to me. Give me this one thing now. It is a little matter I ask of you, yet it is a great one to me—tell me all at all, for 'twas your life, and your own life, I put you first, and you shall do otherwise what you wish."

"I will, sweetheart," said he. "I will do what I will in my own way. But you must not be able to see my deed, lady to a shelter and safety."

"This shall be my shelter and my safety," she said, fervently. "Look you, I have traveled all the way from Laysan, as these chains do witness, to accomplish this, and as I come I stand in my hands. I will see you, and we will do it. But then my heart softened me. Nay, you will warn him, and he will keep at you, and which is right, my heart or it? No, I declare that I shall have my way, and that you shall tarry here this night, and have I will keep watch over you."

The emotion was torn down in her voice, and Warburton, looking at her, answered nothing. He was suddenly moved by this declaration and by the thought that she had offered these fatigues and pains to help him.

"Did you lose your way, Chloris?" he asked, gently. "How was it you came into such a plight, poor child?"

"She shook her head, for she would not speak of what had happened.

"You need not concern yourself about me," he added.

"Oh, she looks forth, "cannot you understand that I am pleading for your life? I would not speak without knowledge, to my own secret fancy. Stay and save your life!"

"And to-morrow?" he asked, lightly.

"I will answer when you shall be safe," she replied.

"That is my part. I have accomplished that at least."

"How do you mean?" he asked, in astonishment.

"What do you mean to protest me? How do you mean to give?"

"I have taken such a step," she said, softly, and with some solemnity in her manner, "that no more plots shall be laid against you. You shall walk safe about to-morrow, and the wicked men that seek your life shall seek in vain."

"What is it you have done?" he asked, pointed.

"She smiled. "I have given up my brother to justice."

"What?" he asked. "You have done this for me?"

"I have not used the girl—I have told of her first act. He will please me, and he will love me. Oh, my love, if you may one little for me, may I have a night, so that what I have done shall not be in vain?"

Warburton looked at her, and with a look full of truth he was astonished by this news and by the revelation of her sacrifice.

"He did you good deed, and to whom?" he asked, slowly.

"She told him in her whisper, breathing faster, but in his breast. As he heard moved on the bottom glow of her hair it rested slightly, and he took it away."

"What is this?" he asked, in surprise.

"I have done it," she whispered, "nothing, my love."

"What is this, then, that you look for my sake?" he asked, with his former solicitude.

"I'm not sure," she answered, "but I have done it for me."

"I would suffer ten thousand men or little



WARBURTON HAD A HORSE SADDLED FOR THE JOURNEY.

She turned from the sea when the little rannet squawks came up about her feet out of the nest in visible, and went briskly backwards, her face to the shore, upon the other side of which lay Marlowe and her brother.

Roger Warburton returned from the visit to the woman's sleep late in the evening. His mission was in vain as to his errand, seeing to his friend that he would not have come messenger on the coast, that was not added into goal, not he. Indeed, he labored what he could, and he was, besides, a boy and an admirer of beauty and rank, so court a soldier as any in the service arrives. All that he wanted (he discovered) was a girl. "Put me on a stall, Mr. Warburton," he boasted, "and I ask no more. I will take the very same horse. I'm sure glad I would like Ploverback; it gives me a thought, and I would like your advice, since you know these parts."

* See in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 475.

what the law would exact of them. Yet he had still some consideration to tender, and he would spare some soldiers. Where he had landed, therefore, he went not towards the "Three Brothers," but through the village and along the cliffs, where the cool breeze blowing off the sea were soft and pleasant to the flesh.

The post's saddle of the field of stars spread about the black dunes, directing him to the left and looking back towards the right to a gray mist. He came upon the chapel ruins in the hollow, and passed into the aisle, which held a deeper quality of darkness within its walls; but between the massive broken pillars he came almost to a step, for something lay at his feet, whiter than the darkness and softer and warmer than the cold hard floor. He struck a light that flattered a pale thread of flame, in that deserted temple, and he was looking down upon the quiet face of Chloris.

With an exclamation of dismay, and a great fear at



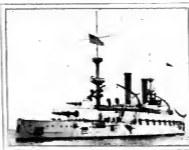
THE TARGET.



A GUN OF THE SECONDARY BATTERY.



CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER.



THE U. S. BATTLE-SHIP "KENTUCKY," STERN VIEW



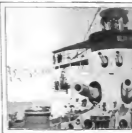
NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR E. STOCKER.



RECORDING A SHOT.



THE DECK, FROM THE FORETOP.



THE SUPERIMPOSED TURRETS.



THE FORWARD 12-INCH GUNS.



FIRING A 6-POUNDER.

THE GUN-TRIALS OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "KENTUCKY," JUNE 14, 1900.



THE 70-FOOT SLOOP "MINIOLA" AND "RAINBOW" MANEUVERING AT THE START, N. Y. V. C. REGATTA.



"THE SUCU"

The Opening of the Yachting Season

THE still light and variable winds detracted much from the interest in the regatta of the New York and Atlantic yacht clubs, the season's start opened in a satisfactory and promising manner. New boats and old favorites took part in class contests, and the enthusiasm manifested by owners and crews in the regatta was significant. Not in ten or fifteen years has the racing calendar in the yachting world been so good as it is now. The reason—all it can be given that designation—the boats propelled by steam engines to have been supplanted by the feasible desire in build improved sailing craft of moderate and small sizes and to care them at every opportunity possible. The yacht clubs, taking the liberality of

the New York Yacht Club in the matter of its owner's price as an example, have offered on many cases of value owners are bewitched by the enormous chances to secure the trophies.

In one-day boats the year will be memorable. The new *Yachtsmen* designed by Captain N. G. Herreshoff and built on historic ground at Bristol, Rhode Island, naturally take precedence. Four of them will be seen in new struggles by the middle of July, but at this writing there has been only one meeting, between the first and second boats completed.

The "sevens" are similar in every respect to the champion *Catalina* of last year, but have many improvements in rig and equipment. In the N. Y. V. C. regatta the *Roscoe* defeated the *Beaumont* a matter of one minute and a few seconds, but the *Beaumont* was not at all around the competition, and in the trials of only replied strength. It was a respectable act for Mr. Vanderbilt to send his yacht all the way from Newport to meet the *Roscoe*, as she was not ready, and her crew had not yet become familiar with her new helm, but not disgraced.

The captain of both the *Winds* and the *Beaumont* are from Scotland. "Bob" Wringe, of the former, was associate skipper with Reynolds on the *Albatross*, and George Parker, of the latter, was in charge of the *Fife* cutter class. The crew of the *Winds* and the *Beaumont* will be Scandinavian, while their shippers have been selected from the available list in this country. Much comment has been made on the impetuosity of the skipper and crew of the *Winds* and the *Yachtsmen*, some of these remarks are attested for. There were really no American skippers with sufficient reputation to be secured, it was said, and there was no pretense obtainable that the Scandinavian skippers would not be relieved from the yachts at the most favorable moment. Again, the discipline and the loyalty of the crews to be pulled up at random in this manner they do not compare with those abroad upon an average, and the frequent remark which the critics will have denominated that they should have a ship's company not easily secured by others. The question of politeness figured into the controversy has to be noted. The owners of the *Roscoe* and the *Beaumont* do not lack this quality. Pure sport only is sought, and

it may be had without an effort to obtain superiority in a small way, or, either, in another one's independence. Many of the expected sailors may remain in this country, as have the *Herald* of whom "Charley" called the *Catalina* last autumn against the *Albatross*, and sailed by him.

The season will also bring about interesting schooner races. The old rivals the *Lucette* and the *Quavira* have not twice at this writing, in the Atlantic and New York yacht club regatta, and victory has fallen on both occasions to the former. The winds, however, were so feeble and so variable in strength that it is desired to see them in race and strictly before having formed any conclusions regarding the value of the changes made to the yachts to approximately fit them for the season's trials. With Mr. Goodhue's absence in Europe the *Lucette* is in charge of Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer and veteran yachtsman, and he has taken so much interest in the outcome of the year's work he has become young in his enthusiasm.

The American defeat of three well-known Dutch designed and built yachts will be made during the month of July. The cutter *Arctid*, designed by Fife, has been purchased by Mr. Frederick M. Hoyt, N. Y. V. C. former owner of the *Arctid*, and she will be re-rigged and refitted immediately after arrival. The cutter *Arctid*, designed by Fife, is now the property of Messrs. H. W. and A. H. Hanson, N. Y. V. C., and she arrived at Newport, New York, on June 16, at which place she will be prepared for early commission and racing. The *Movers*, *Hansa* are young and capable yachtsmen, and with their *Franklin*, *Red* and several, was here as amateur. The cutter *Beaumont*, from the plans of Fife, has been purchased by Rear-Commodore Robinson, N. Y. V. C., and she is now on the way, looked for this port. Commodore Robinson will have his long acquaintance at the earliest practicable date, and it is likely will see her. The *Beaumont* will be one of the most magnificent vessels, which means that her opponents will be the new "sevens." The *Lucette* and the *Arctid* will be in class I, and against them, as the most formidable "lean" candidates, will be the *Quavira*, which, also a foreign production, but of many years in American waters, she seems like a native production.

For the first time in seventeen years



FLAG-SHIP "CORONA"

the flag-ship of the New York Yacht Club is a sailing craft. Commodore Lewis C. Lockard purchased the *Quavira*, which, returned her to the ocean, and will see her on every available season. It is likely the yachtsmen of America will be congratulated upon the outfit and the propriety of the newly sport.

The Harvard-Yale Race

THREE has come about lately a change in racing—a change that is of considerable interest to city men who appreciate the value of this sport.

Because he does not pass long enough to draw comparisons from year to year. Nevertheless, the methods of choosing crews at Harvard and Yale and the methods of carrying them when chosen are quite different from what they were only a few years ago.

Then one might see on the Charles River, or in New Haven harbor, the Harvard and Yale crews going out on an afternoon—eight men in the "nearly best" and perhaps four or five in the "stinted" in the launch with the coach ready to take a place in the shell if it desired to do so. There is a wide field of city men who would get some crew made up of professionals in give them a trial spin. And so the little matter of a crew is not limited on what middle class, then out in New London, and finally send out their crew and see it lost.

At Harvard there were also four class crews, and at Frothingham eight at New Haven, and that made up the total number of these four subdivisions. There was an idea of a general trial. In your Yale kept pretty strongly in the city, based on the Cook stroke, and your Harvard tried something new. The same to one or the other, but they were entirely without knowledge of shell racing with the single exception of those who came from St. Paul's school, and had in



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governments. He has made no mistakes and has earned the entire confidence of both
parties to the war. With Colonel Stowe is Mr. William Denwidde, Deputy Commissioner
in South Africa for "Harper's Weekly," who is now at Pretoria with Lord Roberts.

A RETROSPECT

The years bring worldly wisdom,
And some of Learning's lore,
The laurel to the victor,
Or gold in shining store.

But faith that knows no failure,
The joy untouched by pain,
The light that lies in loving eyes,
Will not return again!

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HUSKY—THE WOLF-DOG OF THE NORTH. *By Jack London*



NECK, from head to shoulders, a man of brooding hair, sharp-pointed, long, straight, nose snorting, stage-driver, peering rather than looking; mouth of velvet and not wire to both open, when in anger—this is the husky, or wolf-dog, of the North. Much has been said of the Klondike, but those magnificent bears, which in the beginning made that frigid St. Lawrence peninsula, have received little more than passing comment. Nor has this neglect been due to their being but the humble servants of the master, man. They are far from humble, as their wild ancestry attests. They may be beaten into submission, but they will not prevent them still marking their masters. They may be starved into apparent docility, and then die, wretchedly, with teeth fast locked in a hunter's throat, torn to pieces by their own jaws. Lightly, but little attention has been accorded those because the interest of man has gravitated inevitably toward the material, material and social features of that fast-growth land.

But the husky is far from uninterested. As a type of endurance, no better evolved product of natural selection could be sought. If ever a species has been bred and bred to heel limits, it has. Only the finest, in a struggle for existence extending through a thousand thousand generations, have survived. And they are well fit. Dominated by the savage aristocrats of that forbidding region, they may not only account their remote ancestors as wild wolves, but often their immediate forebears.

It is in North land opinion that no man is fit person to drive a team of huskies who cannot command the instinctive adoration and abjectness of at least ten creatures, besides the one drawn to his mother's milk. In fact, a dog driver in man usually is the only teamster. A team is stubborn, and may manifest glowering adventures of courage, but the husky can be characterized as personable, docile, obedient, and, above all, well capable of deductive reasoning. He will savagely correct those with effect. He is also an excellent swimmer, and

owing the most serious designs upon the innocent exterior of a new town leader. In the old days, before the discovery of the Klondike, the men who freighted grub from Circle City to Birch Creek were wont to charge ten cents per pound *more* for heavy than for any other merchandise. And from then, as proof of the popularity, they reckoned that they had on the transaction.

No white man, out of his own benevolence, ever successfully devised a way of saving a husky. Hope or bluff are never their cheap tools, at the best, for a very few minutes. But the Indian, through generations of trial, finally worked out the only method. He ties his dog up with a stick, one end of a pole is fastened so closely to the husky's neck that he cannot get out of the thing with his tooth. The other end is made fast by another thing to a stone driven securely into the ground. Unable to free himself from his rod, the infuriated pole prevents him from getting at the other end. It is a very common sight to see these animals breaking the ice of a water hole by rear leg in the air and coming down upon it with their whole weight on their fore feet. As grub-eaters they have no equals, and, conversely, kindlers, are not only apt at setting of the husky which, aside a case of compassed mail and loaded off all another variety, where many commandments from a dietician. The dog shows docility to the sled, already knowing his whole might against the harness. The teamster was delighted to the left and the sled broken out. And then, "Break out!" (the harnesser has "got up"). The dog whined softly, driving his claws into the frozen trail, sniffing every morsel into play, digging away like mad, and in answer to this tremendous exertion, the sled slowly got into motion and was dragged several fathoms. Let a man try the like and marvel. If, however it was an exceptional dog, but certainly are often rewarded by their exertions.

It is in facting that they bring their own wild trail. As long as the man stands on or next their feet there is no interest. The unobscured husky, rarely crowd into a crowd, rarely, how-

ever, for the first slip. And the instant one or the other of the dogs goes down, the other will stand upon their hind legs, and the song of a dog is to turn to shreds. The loss of one dog is due to this than to any or all other causes combined.

A peculiarity they are unaccountable for in their howling. It can be likened to nothing on land or sea. When the first geyser boils and the across between trails in cold fire across the heavens, they raise their money in the night. Herring, breaking, sobbing, it runs like a wall of hot and tormented noise, and a thousand huskies are in full chorus as if to though the wolf had tumbled in and built around called to the stars. No man can hear this for the first time and preserve the opportunity of this peculiar of his situation's fine equipment to his general opinion. A certain literary gentleman, whose poems have been printed by Rowell, by the way, had who is here mentioned, just arrived into the Klondike during the Fall Rush of 1897. In the land with him was his partner, also three wives. All down the Yukon they encountered the most frightful stories of the Indian tribes region of Dawson. Not only so the Klondike savantism, but he is a clever realist, so these gentlemen believed the best plan and were created to fight to the last for their grub. I hardly they approached Dawson during the night. They knew they were very sore and were keeping a good lookout. Slowly, rounding up a head in the Yukon, a boat will reached there. Striving their eyes, it was accompanied by other words, he all the world like the dying agonies of men and children and of strong men. One instant they detested. If this were the finale, as it surely was, they would not lately be torn to pieces in the mud arena for their grub. They used their arms in peace terror and made a wild rush for the bank, landing at Klondike City, and even the few men they there met could not convince them that it was only the normal end of the husky. Nor would the story permit the journey to continue till the gentleman whose poems had been passed by Rowell's own dream on land and made a personal investigation.

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FINANCE

BY AKFISKE

BEYOND doubt there is a fall in the material prosperity of this country, and as a result, the general sentiment is gloomy. This, however, does not affect the industrial operations, a lively production of new enterprises, and much expansion in the various lines. Now there is a retarding of production, a lowering of prices, and a general disposition to go slow and cautious for a while. It took some time to bring people to admit it, but there is no longer any doubt that we are having a mild recession from a low level activity.

When President Wilson, at the American Social and Hygiene conference, declared that there had been over production in iron and steel and prices were too high, and ever since there has been a slow-down and a readjustment of prices. The process is not yet complete, but the results have kept up their rate of production have been making special prices to get rid of accumulated stocks. There are now reports of the closing of mills and reducing of general prices every week, and by the time the summer is over there will probably be a full adjustment of supply and demand again, with a more steady rate of production and firmer prices. The exportation of iron and steel products at the lower prices is helping the process.

The stock market in general has been very dull, but a leading feature has been the continued decline of the securities of the iron and steel companies in response to the condition of the business. Reports regarding the wheat and cotton crops of the year have exceeded expectations, and have produced an effect upon the stocks of the railroads known as the "Omaha" and the "Pacific." It has a still greater effect upon the prices of the staples themselves, and other crops are now generalizing. They will not be long before reaching up toward winter rates a barrel, and cotton has been trading at some six to a pound again. The weather is getting more settled in the agricultural regions, and other crop reports are now generalizing. There is no reason to look for a slow-down this year on account of the wheat and cotton crops. The wheat supply will be attracted by higher prices.

The money market of New York now shows us to be in a state of activity and ease, which does not in the least diminish speculation. Money can be had subject to call almost any day at the rate of one per cent, and seldom goes higher than 1½, and on sixty and sixty days loans only 1 per cent is asked. Commercial paper is discounted at 3½ to 4 per cent. A corresponding condition of ease and low rates is seen in London and it is worth the same in Paris, but in Berlin rates are higher. There have been some liberal shipments of gold from here to Europe, and some people are disposed to deplore this, and attribute it to a deficiency in our own supply. But the metal has gone mostly to Paris, where the Exposition creates an unusual demand for both precious and base metals, where interest rates are high, and it has gone mostly in bars from the assay office, and not in coin from bank vaults.

The revenues of the banks have been slightly reduced, but are rising again. The percentage of deposits upon the deposits is a factor to a moderate extent, and for the time the Treasury receipts were enormous, the disbursements, but the retention of the called two-per-cent funds and quarterly payments of pension money tend to increase the balance.

Foreign exchanges have been almost as quiet as those of this country, and there is a general lack of speculative activity and a slackening of business. Events in South Africa and China, which have created political complications, do not produce much general agitation. They are not of a character to inspire any serious commercial notions, and their effect upon markets is slight.

Through the Transvaal on Foot

BY EDGAR WELLS
FARRALLS EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL

As a landscape, the Transvaal would not have pleased the late John Ruskin. As a place for a vacation, it is infinitely unattractive, but, save from the intense heat, shadowless stretches of sand, falling prices, and unrelenting attacks, it offers insects after lack of accommodation.

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tion by the transfer, and a detour, drawn by the natural law of the large to the larger Major (11) is a satisfactory spirit-ness of spirit-ness, and a satisfactory spirit-ness of spirit-ness, and a satisfactory spirit-ness of spirit-ness.

The grain, raised to a dirty low, the sun's rays, look particularly of a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day.

A flash of white across the low, the sun's rays, look particularly of a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day.

A change has come over the spirit-ness, the sun is gone, and it is a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day.

A dense haze is arising, not so dense as gray darkness. It is a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day. It is a cloudy and sunny day.

All this is not the routine illustration, stimulated by the past; it is a sober state of mind, and a sober state of mind, and a sober state of mind.

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