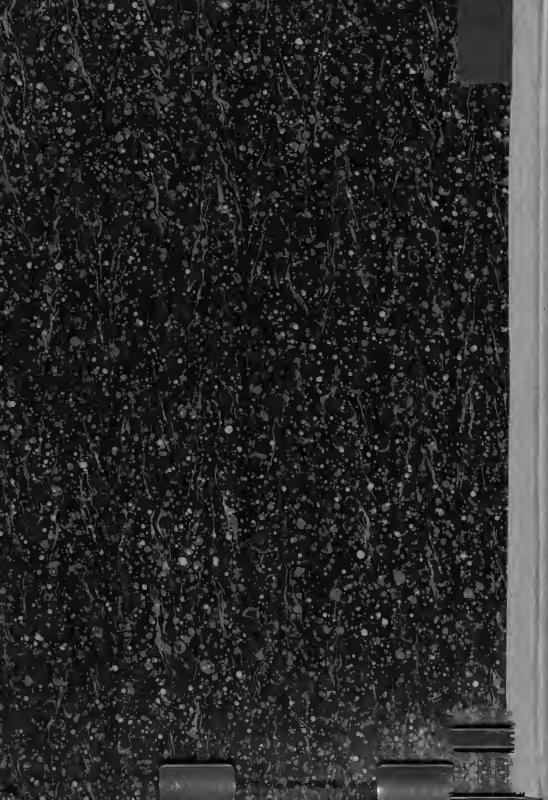
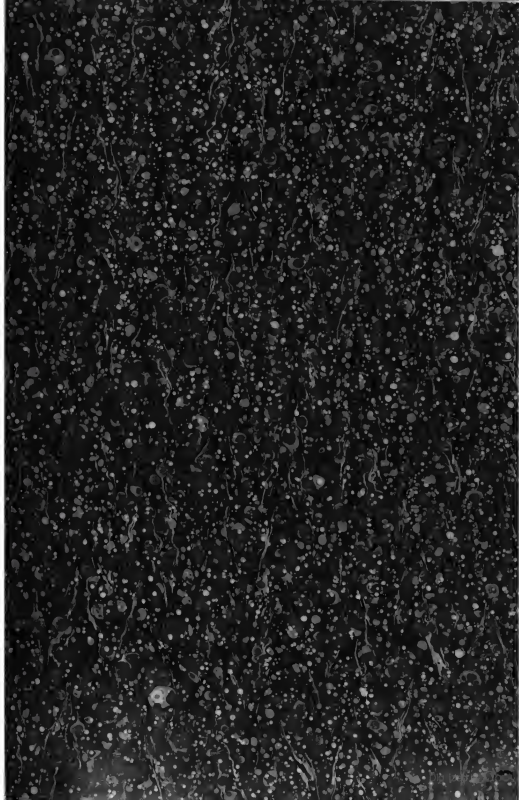


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A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JANUARY 5: 1901



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THE DEATH OF THE KING

HARPER'S
WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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Resolutions

FOR the past week or ten days those who concern themselves with the question of their own individual reformation have been considering with just what good resolutions they would bring the new year. The fact that the day of reawakening of mankind this year is not only the beginning of a new year, but the initial point of a new century, has made the occasion rather more impressive than usual, and for this reason perhaps our good resolutions will be of deeper spiritual significance, of greater moral influence upon us, and of a somewhat more durable quality than has hitherto been their wont. For ourselves we have never looked with particular favor upon the old-time New Year's habit of wearing out. The resolutions made on a specified occasion in a preliminary sort of way have always seemed to be a trifle too fragile to be of any real service in the development of character, and if our observation has not wholly misled us, have lasted rarely for a longer period than a month at most. It has appeared to be an almost invariable provision of nature that the New Year's resolutions should lack durability, and so short-lived are most of them in many quarters that we have at times felt that February 1 should be publicly recognized as the official date upon which renewed serious earnest of their reformations might feel justified in commencing on again the things forgotten.

This year, however, it is highly appropriate that we should think with more than ordinary seriousness concerning our obligations to ourselves as American citizens, and consider just how far as factors in the consummation of this republic we may put to the best advantage the wonderful heritage as us of the nineteenth century, and by strict adherence to high ideals make ourselves of real and permanent influence in the twentieth-century development of our country. When the will of the century now gone comes to predicate, we, as its executors and beneficiaries, will find that while the benefits predominate, the heritage carries with it certain debts which must be paid. These are largely in the nature of judicial problems, seriously affecting our future welfare, which it is ours to solve. We may rejoice in the rich legacies which are ours to enjoy in the advance in science, literature, and art; in the added comforts of living which we owe to the activities of the progressive spirits of the last century; in the many contributions in the world of commerce, as well as in the world social, by which the marvellous iterative genius of the century gone has placed us in quick communication with distant peoples who may be of use to us in our capacity of another;

in the tremendous increase in educational advantages, by which, thanks to the philanthropic effort of great thinkers of the past hundred years, our children—and even ourselves if we are minded to use them—may profit; but we must not forget in our rejoicings over benefits received that side by side with these have come obligations which may in a sense, in the struggle to meet them, become greater stimulants to our national character than any of the inheritances which merely exist as a part of our heritage. It is to the credit of the nineteenth century that it has left us not only those things which make us comfortable, but other things which keep us thinking, and which most inspire us to our best and most energetic effort, lest we fall by the way-side.

Whenever, we consider it to be the highest and noblest resolution an American citizen may make for the new year, and for the new century, to aid to the full extent in his power, in a broad and liberal spirit, and with an capacious criticism of those in authority and with an partisan casting, in the solution of the new and difficult problems which the end of the nineteenth century has brought into the life of this republic. These problems, realistic as they appear to be, are not without their solution, and if every right-minded citizen free from partisan bias will bend his best energies and devote the best thought to the solving of them for the nation will, it is not, even strengthened, milder, greater, better fitted for the mission of uplifting mankind, for which it seems to have been foreordained.

ANOTHER good resolution which we commend to the American people is that they be guided conscientiously in their individual attitude toward these great problems by those who hope rather than by those who despair. The time is not wanting in men who are so thoroughly convinced of the incapacity of all tendencies in our modern life that, calling themselves the truest patriots we have, they devote most of their time to maligning the government and castigating the sober intelligence of their fellow citizens. Even so conspicuous and thoughtful an American as CHARLES ELIOT NORRIS has ventured to stand before a gathering of students looking to him for helpful instruction and inspiring advice, and these publicly to pronounce the United States among the nations of the world as one of the worst of all nations, for also is approaching ill-will toward man.¹ With all due respect to the distinguished Professor, we should like to have the idea conveyed to every mind before the promulgation of any such proposition has had that talk of this kind is not only unwise, but has no justification in any existing fact in life. If in the solemn performance of its duty this nation finds itself unhelpfully at war with another people, and confronted with the pressing necessity of remedying the arbitrariness of the law in acts with decision and force and thereby become injured in the eyes of the world, and may be set down as an enemy to mankind, then all government is lost, and every upright administrator of justice who endorses the laws of the land is guilty of ill-will to his fellow. The claim is, of course, preposterous, and so obviously so that it would seem to require no argument to prove its fallacy; yet here and there there rise up men of distinction who give voice to the most gloomy forebodings, who choose to look only upon the darker side of the picture, and who, without allowing it perhaps, are doing their utmost to destroy confidence in the capacity of the American people for dividing their great questions in the right way.

These men, in our judgment, are led astray by their sterility but make them all the more dangerous as leaders, and so trust that those who listen to their periods of gloom will remember that in the case of many of them nothing is a constitutional crime, and has no real justification in existing conditions. If the people will follow those who believe in them, in their rectitude, in their intelligence, and in their will to do right, and will shun the false leadership of those who deceive them and make perpetual enemies over the departmental crimes of their country, they will be assisted in the clearing away of the clouds of doubt by which some of our great public questions are today obscured. Despair and mistrust never lead men on to victory. Hope and confidence alone can carry them through.

THE State of New York has ceased to be the bellwether of THOMAS ROOSEVELT, and has become the affair of ROBERT B. ORRILL. It may be remembered that this presidential did not

support Mr. ORRILL with any degree of enthusiasm during his campaign for the Governorship. In Governor ORRILL's second, editorially, Mr. ORRILL's *Executive Order* was mentioned in these columns but once during its interesting length, and as we recall it, the name of Senator PLATT was given equal prominence in the same paragraph. Nevertheless, we were glad that Mr. ORRILL was elected over a man who was intrinsically his equal in every way, not because we loved Mr. ORRILL more, but because any man to support the ideal of Chinese justice itself, even in its most diluted form, cannot ever receive the slightest suggestion of approval at our hands. Mr. ORRILL has a great opportunity before him, and he has also a rather inspiring precedent immediately behind him. We hope he will avail himself of both, and by administrative of the business of the State with that degree of independence which the best interests of himself, of his party, and of the commonwealth require, will enable us, at the end of his term, to "point with pride" to his record.

Senator PLATT is reported to have announced that the Governor will not receive any more money in a proper to hope for a fairly independent term during his first and only. Indeed, we trust that Governor ORRILL's record will prove as very acceptable to the voters of this State that he may be elected in the most successful manner that ever may be Senator PLATT's pronouncement in the matter.

As for the ex-Governor, who, by the will of the American people, has been succeeded by last November, he has been greeted backwards, he recedes from the great office he has occupied for two years to a minor position in the Federal government at Washington. It is to his credit that he has sought strenuously to assist the backward step, but, on the whole, we think it is well that he be yielded to the clamor of his party and contented. In all sincerity we think THOMAS ROOSEVELT has at him the ingredients of a great man. There are one or two other ingredients—all of these consummate—however, which go to the making of a great boy, and these need a certain amount of regulation before we can be quite satisfied with the ultimate product. To be elected Vice-President of the United States after having been Governor of New York is a mark of good discipline for a man of his original stature, without being unnecessarily humiliating. The situation reminds us somewhat of our own old-time days in school, when a much-beloved and much-loved teacher, for whose actions it was almost a condition of boyish spirit, compelled us to leave our treasured desk and stand conspicuously in a corner for a while. We objected, of course, secretly enjoying the notoriety which the punishment entailed, and we have never been able since to say with confidence that the experience did not in the end work for good. No man who has not been in one corner and got out of it successfully first another, and since life seems to consist of getting into corners and out of them, the discipline of ancient school days is but of small value. Therefore we congratulate ex-Governor ROOSEVELT upon his recession. It will do him no harm to stand in the Vice-Presidential corner for a while; and if he does with the zeal of a prevailing officer of the Senate what we think is his duty, we believe that the President and his advisers the kind of influence for which we believe him to be best equipped; if the characteristics which have made him a particularly objectionable citizen to certain elements of our local government, are to be the conspicuous splendor of Washington, make him equally conspicuous to similar elements in our national life—our, as citizens of New York, will be particularly well satisfied and by no means surprised.

On the whole, the Governor's record has given peace to his friends. In spite of the expense treatment of the bill—the "yellow" press he has been a success, and while we have some nightingales over his most recently conspicuous act in removing an incompetent official on not wholly satisfactory grounds when they were so many better reasons for getting rid of the proponent official in question, we nevertheless had him an effective and well-warned as Governor. We trust that during his well-earned vacation in showing the mountain-tops of Colorado to his friends, he will have the opportunity of it he were after the time of Tammany, and that when on March 4 he assumes the duties of the Vice-Presidency he will forget the limitations of his office and remember that he is THOMAS ROOSEVELT.



TO THE XIXth CENTURY BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

FAREWELL, O wondrous round of wondrous years:
Time full of joys, of hopes, despair, and tears;

Time full of raucous cries of conflicts great;

Time full of blessings for both man and state;

Time full of pleasure with no lack of pain;

Time full of sunshine with no lack of rain;

Days full of genius of clairvoyant eye

Eliciting the secrets of the earth and sky,

Revealing these to all who choose to see,

And making plain full many a mystery!

Thou hast brought forth, in sight of mortals here,

The hidden things that come within our sphere.

Thou hast in lavish generosity

Enriched the tuneful store of poesie.

In song and story hast thou haply brought

Close to men's hearts full many a Godlike thought,

And many a message from the Master's mind

Thy messengers have brought to human kind,

Uplifting souls by sermon and by trope,

And keeping Live the old-time, glorious Hope!

The hour is here that marks thy lustrous end,

And all too soon thy Epitaph is penned.

What shall this be? Of all thy titles rare

Which is the richest? Which beyond compare?

What, at the last, will be thy chiefest claim

To an unending, most enduring Fame?

The Sea's subjection to the Will of Man?

The Harnessing of Lightning to his Plan?

The products of the Pencil and the Pen?

The periods of philosophic Men?

Advance in Statecraft? In the realms of Art?

In Science? Surgery? The widened chart,

By fearless men, of Earth's great acreage—

Which in the end will prove the greatest page

Of this, thy history, O wondrous round

Of mighty years, so wondrously renowned?

'Tis none of these that at the last shall be

Thy best achievement—marvelled Century.

'Tis not the raising of a mighty roof

For man to dwell beneath: 'tis not the woorf

Of things material that thou hast wrought

That in thy Epitaph will be the thought,

But that with all material advance,

By which thy Fame some singers would enhance,

Thou hast not changed the Heart of Mortal Folk.

Nor placed Man's soul, intrinsic, 'neath the yoke

Of Mammon gross, and, fallen from above,

Made him forget to Sympathize and Love!

Were I thy Epitaph required to write

For all the critic world to hold in sight,

I'd say:—

"A gift of Years from God above

That witnesseth no backward step in Love;

In constant Faith, in human Charity,

In helpful hands and loving Sympathy:

A gift of Years that leaveth the Heart of Man

Divinely fashioned on that Godlike plan

That in His day of suffering and woe

The Master pleaded for, to us, below!"



The Pantheon, December 2



The Pantheon, December 1



The Forum

The Forum



The Borgo Vecchio



The Castle of St. Angelo



The Temple of Vesta

THE FLOODS IN ROME

The Tiber overflowed its Banks on December 1 last, and for several Days the Streets of the Holy City were in the Condition here Pictured

The Adventures Of 3 Young Clubmen Hicks, Wicker & Dix.
 They try to revive an Obsolete and Pernicious Custom of the last Century and meet with
 ... Unexpected Results.



1 An Old One at the Club tells them what sense of
 can be had to have makes New Years Calls

2 And they at once make
 in list of them the names



3 The Dowdies are out, but
 they are cordially invited to
 partake of the pork in the house
 by the cook

4 The PEANUT GIRLS, Tams are in the country, and they are regaled with peanut-butter
 andwiches and Grape Juice - and entertained for two hours by the older sister



5 At Colonel Dismore's
 dinner is the notice

6 The absence of the Minister, Scintlar is overbalanced
 the rich brewer heard



7 Dix is there, much
 about his instinct
 persuaded to call
 upon his Politician
 Aunt

8 Who objects strenuously to the revival of such a custom

9 Next day they
 leave the Dix has been
 disinherited.



BY JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

In Persia, on a morning after the caravan had been particularly tedious, I saw something causing about getting back to God's country. An Armenian, who had stepped in after midnight in the same untrodden, holed it and said: "Being an Armenian, he hated the Persians, probably, incidentally, the Persian proprietors."

Well, this Armenian, rubbing his hands, and with his head shaken over on one side, said: "The Persians, they have a legend for everything. They have a legend for what you just said. It is this:—

"Allah—that is God—once said to his Angel: 'I will see this world which I made.'—

"And so Allah and the Angel descended, separately, in a cloud, to the earth, and the first place at which they arrived was Persia—that is, in Persopolis. And there they saw the railroads, and the tramways, and the telegraph, and the great picture-galleries. And Allah looked in disappointment, and said: 'Alas, now! This is not the world which I made. I made none of these things.'

"So they journeyed to Persopolis—that is, England—and there were mighty ships in the harbors, and huge masts which made all sorts of things, and food in plenty. And again Allah said, 'Alas, now! This is not the world which I made.' And everywhere they traveled in the cloud Allah looked upon the land, and said, 'No, this is not it!'

"At last, in despair, the Angel led the way to Persia, and Allah and himself drove upon a very high mountain, and looking far on every side, He saw neither railroads, nor tramways, nor theatres, nor picture galleries, nor ships, nor masts, nor school-houses, nor plenty to eat.

"And Allah said: 'Yes, at last. This is the world which I made. Not a thing is changed. The people whom I put here have done nothing.'"

"Why didn't He come to America?" I asked.

"No," answered the Armenian, "in Persia they had not run head of America."

The story of the Persia of today is pretty well told in this simple allegory, whatever else it writes to lay of proof, illustration, or expansion.

But in another quarter of a century, if political events take their course, Allah will not be able to recognize even Iran as the raw earth which was whittled away from the craters here. The Russian with his railways, his schools, and his sporting arenas will sit master here as now upon Akhet. The Persia of the Rajah Shams and Harem of the Thousand and One Nights, will be as a tale that is told.

It is in the nature of a slow chemical change. In

fact, so far as the Persia of the Thousand and One Nights is concerned, it is hard to imagine that it ever existed.

There are a few old mahomedans, but with a single exception in private life, there are some vague pieces of old carved silver; there are crumbling mosques, mostly stone, and still partly covered with marvellous colored tiling, in superb decay; there are a few old fragments of carpet. That is all. The rest is tawdry; and from day to day what is new becomes more and more European.

As for the people, and their customs, and their dress, the whole affair, if it were not always so and a thing to us grows greater—is genuine decay, would make open a hostle of the first quality. Going into Persia by the north, the utter impossibility of any such fabric enduring so long is impressed upon you from the moment you leave the Aras, which is Persia's boundary, and journeying only across the idea here.

Private poverty, public bankruptcy, universal diet, phantasmagoria, a facile army, unengaged, unopposed, lack of sanitation, hygiene widespread; the people ill-tell, ill-taught, but slaves to custom, devilish, vengeful, spiteful, more where they are known, fanatical, and naturally ignorant—is it a fine scene of monuments to make upon a land. Add to all this that there is wealth, accumulated and practically untouched, lying there for the taking—and the making—and say how likely it is that such a country can last. Pittier, however, is not the theme here. I am only in tell of some things seen in Persia, which are not to be seen in America.

First, when you cross the Aras to the land of the Lion and the Sun, the immediate change in condition sets you thinking. (Illustration) begins. A swarm of brown-skinned, tattered, and long-footed ragged, chattering, in drag you and your baggage from the best before they gather round the hook. It is a case of appalling hoarders. They lend no aid to keep made off. The only discourager is a self Abnegation about, the which when it is handled to the most contentions, the whole motley company stays like one body. Having secured this happy freedom to live when you please, we picked out two of the least evil, and one of us stood guard while the other accompanied the pack train over the stretch of bottom land lying between the river bank and the custom house. Sashes of Hailas, Sertan, Alexander, Pompey, Uzar, and all the rest! To be defending a *rasbakh* and a gongy sack against a parcel of the latefaced on the shores of Aras!

Once leave the custom-house and its tax or three at

temptant buildings behind and you are in the Persia—the country of public games—and its night-mare.

A pretentious wagon had been sent all the way from Tashkent for us. It never would, however, have passed an inspector for the S. P. C. A., and yet they carried a load which, even Persian roads, should be memorable, even to this.

It was hours before we came to the first house to be occupied at, and there it was a low roof of mud, windowless—half incense-house, half residence. There was nothing to be had there but food and bread, yet



The Easy Way to Travel

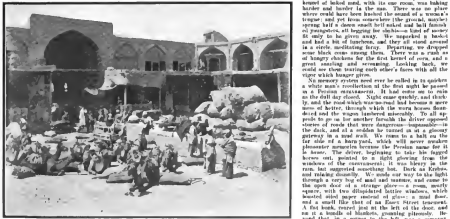
the place was full and surrounded by native traders—dirty, shabby, but honest somewhere and honest some more. The head in one of the most platted things in Persia. It is about the thickness of heavy brown wrapping paper, had in sheets of about the same size. Raveled wilderness on for a while led to a circle, meditating here. Preparing, we dropped the same in amount. And yet millions of Persians are alive, and upon nothing else in the way of food. May even have a more eating hungrily, after the fashion of old Nubian-bananas, the simple heritage of the field. Sometimes, the trapper of the place said, they had a few eggs to sell, but had not the chick and his entire game by? And there nobody will!

The worst animal owned here and here, This breed of black and, with its one room, was being herded and herded in the man. There was no place where could have been hatched the seed of a woman's tongue and yet from somewhere (the ground, maybe) spring half a dozen small bell-shaped and half-finished piglets, all begging for milk—a kind of money fit only to be given away. He happened to look at had a bit of lard, and they all stood around in a circle, meditating here. Preparing, we dropped some black ones among them. There was a crash as of hungry chombers for the first kernel of corn, and a great snatching and scrambling. Looking back, we could see those staring each other's faces with all the vigor which hunger gives.

No money system need ever be called in to quash a white man's revolution of the first night he passed in a Persian *masdar*. It had come on to rain so that the wagon, lumbered miserably. To all appearance to go on another fourth the driver opposed sheets of roads that were dangerous—impossible—in the least and yet from somewhere (the ground, maybe) spring half a dozen small bell-shaped and half-finished piglets, all begging for milk—a kind of money fit only to be given away. He happened to look at had a bit of lard, and they all stood around in a circle, meditating here. Preparing, we dropped some black ones among them. There was a crash as of hungry chombers for the first kernel of corn, and a great snatching and scrambling. Looking back, we could see those staring each other's faces with all the vigor which hunger gives.

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The driver, beginning to take his fagged horse out, pointed first at the left of the door, and the windows of the *masdar*; it was heavy in the rain, but suggested something hot. Dark as Khrush, out of the doorway, he came out our way the light through a very big and bad nature, and came to the open door of a strange place—a room, nearly square, with two dilapidated lattice windows, a thick lardered wall paper instead of paper; a mud floor, and a small like that of an East Street townhouse. The table, covered first at the left of the door, and on it a bundle of blankets, gossamer pitifully. He had that, in a corner to the left, was a narrow, concealing with a note clerical and unscrupulous as that of Mrs. Peerybush's kitchen. On the right, and



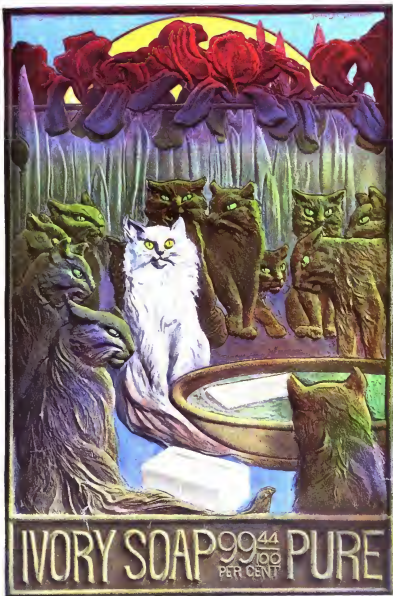
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TH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY



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Eugene A. Phibbs

The Retired and the Newly Appointed District-Alcovees of New York County

owing to the great distances from any market and the not uncommon loss from drought, even those are left to be self-reliant. It will thus be seen that the two western states of the newly federated continent have very much in common. Each of them is of enormous extent, and each is at present very sparsely peopled by a population which is largely pastoral in its pursuits. They jointly occupy nearly two-thirds of the area of the whole of Australia, while their joint population amounts to less than a sixth of the total of the country. It is within their territory that magnificent Australia mainly lies. Within this vast expanse of country almost everything in the way of mineral treasures may be discovered hereafter, and many indications would seem to show that such a future is altogether probable in the more westerly districts, but there is no reason to believe that the more central districts will ever prove suitable for the support of a large population. The great valleys which occupy so large a part of the interior, and so said to be considerably below the sea level, are not, as they were formerly supposed, a desert, but their climate is too dry to grow anything except in a peculiar vegetation without irrigation. Thereafter may it be supposed, therefore, carry on a country extending perhaps 200 miles inland from the northern coast; there will still remain a great central basin, containing perhaps 500 or 600 miles from north to south and as much at least from east to west, which in its present condition can do little for human subsistence.

This fact has done much to render difficult the problem of anything like an efficient federal government in which those two great western states could join without feeling that they would always be on the verge of the mercy of their smaller but more available eastern neighbors. On the other hand, their great extent and small population, involving great expense with very small available resources, stood in the way of the more populous and wealthy eastern colonies showing any great readiness to make such conditions as were likely to induce them to give any part of their entire self-government into the hands of a federal Parliament. It was hardly possible for the most sanguine that those difficulties would be overcome; so that the new federation of Australia might embrace the whole continent from the first, and it is probable that only the rate of the preliminary population of West Australia seemed the possibility of this policy. As it is, however, both of the great western colonies have agreed to join and add their vast undeveloped territories to the area of the commonwealth. Although West and South Australia contain but a small proportion of the white population of the country, they probably contain very much the larger part of the active tax now deriving from the extraction of the northern and Queensland no part of southern or eastern Australia now contains any considerable native population. A hundred years ago they were much more numerous, though even then they were very thinly scattered over the country. The fact that they lived entirely by hunting, cooking, and so on, and having no fixed habitations in the country is very open for two made it certain that they would retire before settlement, and the fate of the Australian black has not met any positive result on the part of the white invader here so steadily extraction. In the northern and southern districts, however, West and South Australia, however, an settlement worth mentioning has yet taken place, and it is not unlikely that the westerly districts there may still exist many tribes. They have been estimated at about two

hundred thousand, but in spite of the vast area of country over which they roam, the better opinion would seem to be that these numbers are largely overestimated. In the north and east of the continent they are now only a noble remnant, for the most part supported by the governments of the various colonies in which they are found. Many attempts have been made to civilize and train them to useful employments, but with hardly any success, as even in the third generation from a state of complete barbarism they appear to develop hardly any of the instincts of civilization. In the northern districts where they are still numerous they are generally dangerous to white men, and some of the tribes would seem to be addicted to murder—a charge which was never made against the tribes found in the southern and more temperate districts of the continent.

Under the provisions of the Federal Constitution a large measure of control over the natives would seem to be vested in the commonwealth government, and it is almost certain that, so far as least as the northern territory of South Australia is concerned, something approaching the regulations existing here the Federal government of the country and the Indians will be established. Unlike the Indians, however, the blacks of Australia would appear to have no capacity for education, and it may be feared that any attempt to confine them within limits will end in an almost fatal, as the same experiment has already ended in the island of Tasmania, in the total extinction of the race.

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Roger Wolcott

FOR a second time in recent years in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in mourning for the death of one of her younger sons. When in 1898, not long after the Chicago convention in which his ideals of party received the rabid shock, William E. Russell died, there was not a man, woman, or child in Massachusetts who did not experience a sense of personal loss. Betrothed as we are from the scenes of his activities, we cannot but feel that the same areas of affliction passed over the great New England State at the untimely decease of Roger Wolcott. They have a way in Massachusetts of taking public note of their intrinsic worth, and of judging character from the real and not from the partisan stand-point. For this reason, Mr. Wolcott, a type of the honest and most accomplished American citizen, a scholar, a gentleman, and beyond all things a man, took hold particularly upon the New England imagination, and about him there developed grow up a tradition as of a figure who was more than of one epoch. His life is held to represent in many ways the ideal of an American public man. In private life he was always the unobtrusive gentleman: laudable, courteous, all that the term implies. In public life, both as a legislator and later as Governor, there was no duty attached to his office to which he was unequal, and in the performance of which he failed to effect the profound satisfaction and confidence of all, and the political enemies for he had no personal ones—included. It is the noteworthy privilege of the WEEKLY to lay the tributes of esteem upon Roger Wolcott's career. His death is a loss not alone to the Commonwealth which honored itself in honoring him, but to the whole American nation, which can ill afford to lose such a man as he, and at a time when his service to his country was but at its beginning. The fundamentally sane, the level-headedness, the self-sufficient independent man is needed more as never before, and in Roger Wolcott's diverse one of these has been lost. His completion is the heritage of his country, and that which there has been no better, no peer, no superior, none more inspiring in American life of recent years. We can not forget the sense of suspense satisfaction that came over us when we heard that Mr. Wolcott had been offered the ambassadorship in Italy. It was reported that General Dreyer was compelled to relinquish the post which he had accepted; it was a satisfaction to learn that the administration had chosen as successor his one who would sustain the tradition of American as well as already established. He would bring to the office his scholarship and a fine realization, which was best appraised to all that was best in Italy, and there increased the regard which by slow degrees the fair minds of the nations of the Continent are beginning to feel for us.

Mr. Wolcott was born in Boston on the 13th of July, 1841. He was graduated at Harvard in 1870, and after serving several terms in the Boston Common Council and State Legislature, in 1895, with Mr. Russell as Governor, was elected Governor of Massachusetts, having received a year later on the ticket with Governor Greenday, upon whom there had become falling Governor. In 1898, by the high of the Massachusetts politics, he was elected Governor of the Commonwealth, in which office he served three years. His record was a fine one, a clear one, and it is to our knowledge that in his public as well as in his private performance his State took a great pleasure in the intrinsic quality of the man himself.

Alfred Charles Harmsworth
See Page 17

The Cost of Running a Modern Steamer

IN view of the question of subsidizing American built steamers engaged in the transatlantic service, the question of operating a modern record holder is of unusual interest and value. There are few investments which represent more surety of return than the modern fast steamer, built primarily to carry passengers and the mails, and, incidentally, to break all previous records across the ocean. No matter how carefully built, or how great the power developed may prove, there is always the risk of some slight error or miscalculation which will prevent the steamer from meeting up to the standard anticipated. The day of trial speed is consequently an essential one to the builder and owner.

But even when the steamer has demonstrated her speed ability there are critical days of experiments that must follow. As, as in the case of the *Deutschland*, the new steamer which secured in registering the record, her hull will be under way with brilliant conditions and 16 1/2. Her name will be glorified in a trial, and every one will seek to travel on her, and a record trip across the sea that will be remembered.

But the glory of even a successful career is not destined to last long. She holds the record only so long as it is necessary for a rival company to build a new one to beat her. During the season when she is put on the sea she must make a brilliant financial record also for her owners, to offset the losses she may incur later when she has become obsolete. The record of the *Deutschland* during her past season of triumph illustrates the varying power of a reputation. In her trip to summer she averaged between \$100,000 and \$200,000 in fares for the round trip. She previously carried an cargo, and her carrying power was confined almost entirely to her passengers. This enormous sum for single round trips was made possible by the payment of premiums for the steamships by those who wanted to take a trip in the fastest ocean steamer of the Atlantic.

Probably during three months in the year the crack steamer will be in dry docks undergoing repairs and taking a much-needed rest. During this season of her life she will be earning nothing, while certain fixed charges must pile up against her. But these charges do not amount to more than those which would accumulate against her when in service during the winter, when there is small profit. The record she has established she must be driven at a high rate of speed on every day, when there is small profit, and she has three knots. To do this the strain on her hull and machinery is so great that her depreciation is about one per cent, or less, per original cost. The *Deutschland* was built at an expense of \$1,500,000, and her cost, on her last voyage, was increased through depreciation of \$50,000. Whenever in service this depreciation must be made up.

With \$100,000 and more of other profit to her owners for a single round trip, the steamer must be able to pay her own maintenance investment in the end. She is built primarily for speed, and all the available speed is used to carry her own weight, machinery, and accommodations for crew and passengers. The maximum cargo which the *Deutschland* can carry is 400 tons, but she has accommodations for over one thousand first class passengers. All these extra costs are met out of the nightly sleep is taken up with the necessary fuel to cover the same. The cost of a speed race before qualified. Her maximum engine develop 32,000 horse-

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entirely during this trip, and no longer stood in awe of him. "I'm glad to find something you don't know. That is," he added, anxiously, "if you really mean it. (Bows) now, don't you know what a risk life is?"

"I certainly do not," replied the Professor, amazed at the boy's advice.

"Well, then, run on, and I'll show you," said Tom, eagerly, and he turned his horse's head, and setting him into a gallop, headed across the prairie at right angles to the former course. Presently there appeared a gap in the distance a dark spot, as if marking a lake, and as they came nearer this was ever and more distinct, but no water was to be seen.

"There it is," said Tom.

"Well, this certainly is curious," said the Professor, as they came close beside the seeming lake-bed. It proved to be a great funnel-shaped depression in the prairie, perhaps one hundred yards across the top, and sloping on all sides steeply and almost evenly to a point at the bottom, where there remained a small hole, evidently worn by the water. The sides of the great funnel were overgrown with shrubs and grass. The Professor and Tom dismounted and looked the gorges, and began clambering down toward the bottom of the outside pit.

"Hold on," said Tom; "now I have a bottle of that golden poison—the kind that gives off the poison gas that is heavy and settles into the holes!"

"The landscape of carbon, you mean. Why, of course; but what do you want of it?"

"Why, there's an old croyle's hole down here near the bottom, and I want to kill her and her children. I think she's the one that hovers about our door every evening."

"Why don't you trap her?"

"I don't like to, because her whelps would starve, and I can't bear to think of that, but I hate to keep leaving a chick, and I'd like to kill the whole brood."

"All right, here is the poison. This will do the work if the hole runs down into the earth, but it will be of no use if it slopes up into the hill."

"It is all right," he said, a few minutes later, when they had clambered to the bottom and stood beside the hole. The hole of fine stone chips down here. The boy stooped and poured the contents of the bottle into the hole, which was a narrow slit in the rock not larger enough to admit a human being.

"There!" he said. "I guess you won't have many more croyles hovering about our place for a while."

But the Professor was absorbed in a new find. At the very bottom of the stake hole there was another crevice in the rocks, into which the water evidently drained after a storm. Across the opening projected a ledge of limestone, leaving only the space of about two feet for the drain-

age, and, curiously enough, just below, about three feet down, was another ledge that projected from the other side, the one just over between the edges of the two ledges, and so that the hole went down into the levels of the earth, and that all the way down there were ledges projecting into it. Evidently the water in the centre of ages had worn its way down into the fissure, and had left these projecting like a great ladder that led into the depths.

"How," queried the Professor, "very curious. Now do you know I'd like to go down there?"

"No, you don't," said Tom. "The rocks wouldn't hold you."

"How do you know?"

"Why, a kind man we used to have—the boy passed and his father looked."

"What's the matter?" queried the Professor, "are you ill?"

"No, I was just thinking, said the boy, recovering himself. There he added, nervously: "The Croyles, damn them! I wish I could find him. Wouldn't I pour a bottle of this poison down his throat, though?"

"Tom, Tom," said the Professor, started at the sudden change in the usually mild boy. "What is this Tom, and what did he do to you?"

"He did enough, I should say, he killed father. The boy's voice broke as he spoke. There he recovered himself and went on quickly.

"Well, Tom, you are long before that—one day when we were out here and I wanted to go down into that hole—that he had tried it, and that the rock reached, and he almost fell. He said there was no danger in the hole, and that any one who went in there would be killed."

"It does look dangerous," said the Professor, "and I wouldn't wonder if that might be so, still, I mean to come here another day and explore that hole; what was that?"

"The man and the boy looked at each other, both started."

Tom grasped the Professor by the arm. "Hold on, but that man said—"

"It sounded like a man grunting, didn't it?"

"So it did, so it certainly did," said the Professor, "and it seemed to come out of that hole, too. But it is an interesting fact the whole way. The well hole must connect with this crevice, and they are evidently getting the poison—your things. It seems rather hard to kill them, but of course you couldn't have your risk, now. There! it's getting late. Tom and I ought to go, but I shall surely come here again. This is the last thing you see in this place."

They clambered up the slope in silence and separated this point. As Tom rode on he looked down the gorges, and with a sudden start he uttered a cry. "You will certainly die in a month, I think."

"Why do you say that?" he muttered at length. "he killed my father, and I'm ill"

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A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JANUARY 12 : 1901



THE TAIL END OF THE CAMPAIGN

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Mr. Harmsworth's Experiment

LIFE distinguished English journalist who in the past four or five years has made of himself a potent factor in the newspaper world in this country, with the assistance of Mr. JAMES PUTNAM, recently given the American public a dose of his "tabloid." On the whole, the results have been agreeable, even though the mixture was hastily prepared, and possibly not so effective in its power as it might have been had Mr. Harmsworth had more time for its preparation. It could hardly be expected that in the brief space of twenty-four hours even so brilliant an editor as Mr. Harmsworth could completely revolutionize such an established institution as that of the New York World with results wholly satisfactory to himself, but regarded merely as an experiment, whatever the short-comings in matters of detail of the special issue of the World published under Mr. Harmsworth's supervision may have been, the publication was a success, because interesting and in many ways educating. If Mr. Harmsworth could control Mr. PUTNAM's establishment for a while more we have no doubt that by the end of that time the newspaper he would be regularly producing would be eminently satisfactory to the large mass to whom tabloid journalism serves its especial appeal, as well as to the more leisurely reader who does not care to spend four or five hours prying at the news of the day. The chief objection to the special edition of the World which has drawn so much comment seemed to be that it was not consistently tabloid all the way through. It was tabloid in form, but not so in content, and indeed, when it came to the editorial page, which has for years been a conspicuous part and essentially tabloid feature of the World, tabloidism was cast wholly to the winds, and an expatiating wholly foreign to the habit of the great organ itself was substituted.

Nevertheless, neither Mr. PUTNAM nor Mr. Harmsworth need have any misgivings over the results of the experiment. The changes which Mr. Harmsworth made served in many ways to render more conspicuous the strong features of the World as published from day to day, whereas such virtues of tabloid journalism as the English visitor was able upon short notice to graft upon his temporary patient emphasized their value, and undoubtedly have set many thousands of Americans, editors, publishers, and readers alike, to thinking about a possible modification of newspaper methods, and a consequent nearer approach to an ideal journalism.

WE are glad to observe an awakening on the part of various State legislatures to the necessity of enacting drastic laws dealing with the crime of kidnaping. In the State of Nebraska four bills have already been introduced, closely resembling each other in tenor and in particulars. Most conspicuous, however, became most conspicuous, of these is that which Senator BAXTER of Omaha has introduced, in which under certain conditions the crime is punishable by death. The bill provides for three grades of punishment. For what is termed "simple kidnaping," the perpetrator is liable to imprisonment for a year, or a fine of \$1,000, or both; for kidnaping and restraining a life term in prison; and for kidnaping and threatening injury to the victim, hanging. We quite approve of the last, because the stealing of a child with the intent to extort money by threats of violence is quite the equivalent of murder, since killing is the easiest and most convenient method by which, unable to enforce acquiescence in their demands, kidnapers are able to rid themselves of an inconvenient burden, and one which appears to them they do not hesitate to adopt.

The second object, involving extortion with threats, is perhaps adequately punished by a life term, and yet in its essential feature it is no less wicked a crime than that accompanied by threats of violence. Violence may be assumed in the case not only as to the extor, but the principal, and in some cases is severe enough. As for the first act, "simple kidnaping," we do not know what this is. If there is a style of child-stealing which is extensive, frequent, it must be in the case of a parent attempting to secure the custody of an infant of which he or she has been deprived. We should think that in cases of this nature the extenuating circumstances might properly be left to a jury to determine. Persons indicted for murder and proven guilty have not infrequently been acquitted on reasonable grounds, notwithstanding in the matter of kidnaping, questions involving the degree of the crime might be left to the intelligence of the jury to settle. As matters stand at present there should be nothing but the extreme limit of punishment for a crime so wicked, and so essentially in the nature of a kidnapping, that our legislatures should be frowned upon. Every State in the Union should meet the problem promptly and in the most determined fashion, so that the movements who have recently been doing a thriving business in their nefarious occupation may be rooted out of every American community, to which they are an intolerable menace.

WHILE we may rejoice in seeing true moral reformation and order restored, and while, therefore, we are glad to see that the Lord Bessiers the great houses which the Queen of England has conferred upon him, we are not quite convinced that the British people are not so much too early in the distribution of their rewards as the United States are in bestowing individual honors upon the claimants of those who have fought our battles. At the very moment of the news of Lord Bessiers's advancement to an earldom and other positions of dignity and importance over the most distinguished names from South Africa, which indicate that the work begun by the distinguished British soldier is far from being finished. In point of fact, the war in the Transvaal does not seem so twenty or thirty days as it did two months ago, and it would appear to be more fitting if the laurels which are now being distributed so lavishly were laid over for a month or two at least, until the situation takes on a clearer complexion. We have not, in this country, much to be proud of in the long delays in doing honor and justice to the various names who rendered our battles with victory in the late war with Spain, but, on the whole, we are perhaps doing better in going at the matter with an expatiating calm deliberation than if we had insisted upon making whirls of all our salaries, and portions of all our salaries, become we were quite certain as to the ultimate success of the conflict.

Premature Promotion

READING of Governor ORR's message gives gratifying evidence that the new Executive of this State did not waste the hours of his retirement which marked the days of his candidacy and so antagonized his opponents who were anxious to draw him out. It is quite clear that the Governor had no fear as to his election, and was determined to keep the back of his hand to the attention to studying the problems with which he

was soon to be confronted. The message is not a masterful document from the point of view of literary finish, but as a plain straightforward statement of conditions as they exist in New York, and of the Governor's intentions in meeting the various perplexities that will rise up in his path, it is about as satisfactory a state paper as we have ever had the privilege of reading. It certainly implies a greater confidence in the Governor, and in his ability to conduct the affairs of his great office with courage and sagacity, than many of us have previously possessed, and we venture the assertion that if Governor ORR keeps up to the standard he has set for himself at the conclusion of his term of office he will had the people of his State, irrespective of party lines, strenuously demanding his continuance in the Executive for two years more.

WE have no particular wish to see comfort to any of the exiles of Western civilization, but now that an agreement is about to be reached in Chinese matters between the allied powers and the unfortunate people of the East, we think the latter should insist that the former should be allowed to share in the privilege of a Good Point for the Chinese.

Turn about is fair play, and when it comes to the administering of a dose of bitter medicine, the administering agent, if he happens to need it, should be of the same quality as the medicine. When we contemplate the attitude of the forces of Western life toward a hampered people during the past six or eight years there are not many of us who can shrill with pride. The punitive expeditions of Field-Marshal the Count von Wallessee have not been of a nature well calculated to inspire confidence in the morals of the disciplinary forces, and in addition to these expeditions and their influence upon the Chinese people as a whole, the spectacle presented to a neighboring people by the looting parties that have gone out in the name of civilization and robbed the Chinese shops, broken into and taken possession of the contents of Chinese residences, removed and sold at public auction the portable contents of the palaces of their fallen rulers, and the wholesale destruction of the wondrous monuments into which for so many years we have been striving to instill the principles by a strict adherence to which we of Europe and America have become so immensurably in point of moral their superiors, is not the pleasant story that comes from Peking. The severe reprobation by correspondents of officers high in the service notwithstanding of the spoils, is had enough, but when from apparently reliable sources these cases information of parties of women of position engaged in the poor business of absconding by wholesale, we cannot but stand appalled.

It might work for the good of our own morals if the Chinese negotiators were to take cognizance of these violations of our principles, proceed with such lenient insistence for so many years, and in some portions of the agreement should require that we take a dose or two of our own medicine.

THE amusing Pigeon of Madison has at last stepped out of his cage and has deliriously made a really characteristic punning play on everything and everybody that does not please him. He does not seem to approve of anybody but himself; he does not appear to approve of anything but his own administration, and, in fact, he does not seem to approve of anything but his own Pigeon.

It is quite clear that the Pigeon is not his own administration, and, in fact, he does not seem to approve of anything but his own Pigeon. It is quite clear that the Pigeon is not his own administration, and, in fact, he does not seem to approve of anything but his own Pigeon. It is quite clear that the Pigeon is not his own administration, and, in fact, he does not seem to approve of anything but his own Pigeon.

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The Inaugural Procession
in State Street



The Governor's Guard
from Newburg

Gen. E. S. Odell, Jr. Ex-Gov. Roosevelt
Lieut.-Gov. Wendell



Arrival of Governor Odell at the Capitol

THE INAUGURATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK
ALBANY, JANUARY 1, 1901

Photographs by James Burton



The Williamsburg Tower



The Approach



Cable Anchorage



Williamsburg Tower and Approach



General View of the Structure from the Williamsburg Side

THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE

Photographs by James Burton



The Ministers of the Foreign Powers

The Photograph was taken on the steps of the Spanish Legation in which the Conferences of the Ministers have been held



Prince Ching, Chinese Peace Commissioner



Prince Su

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS AT PEKING

Photographs by J. Martin Miller, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly"



"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

"The Battleship"
"The Cruiser"

BATTLE-SHIPS AND CRUISERS NOW BUILDING FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY
See Page 40



THE RETURN FROM



FROM THE BLIND

THE MUTINY

By Morgan Robertson

Part II

TO me, accustomed to see a whole crew manning a topsail halvard, and manhandling the yard to the music of a chanty, it was an amazing spectacle—that getting under way. There were chairs nailed to the deck ahead, the leading blocks, and—there at the fore, three at the masts—the massive wood grapple along three clews in all positions, sometimes flung seaward, again laid down and, with the halvard guided by one hand or one foot, or ten feet, while the yard went aloft in jerks. When up to the place we slipped the halvard at the block and they stopped pulling and lay-hoist. All up and down reaching rigging led through leading blocks on deck, so that they could use their immense strength rather than their arm weight. Two could shove home and heave a top gallant sail, one could set a royal, and when it came to stowing the anchor, Hancock and Spence did it by hand.

The passage down the mast was uneventful. My nervousness went off after a few night watches alone with them, and I found that they welcomed my approval of looks well performed as they feared my occasional demonstrations with a capstan bar. But Spence made no headway with his cooking, in spite of all we could do, he would not touch the brass bucket unless told to, and even shivered so great a temperature to carrying fresh water from the tank in a bucket, though in the morning washing down of the deck he took his share of the splashing without any special protest.

With Captain Braggles my relations were warm, and even friendly. Having altered his commands with regard to his daughter, he seemed confident that they would be obeyed, and as Jones never left the cabin, and I was very careful not to assume his opinions, my relations with her had not developed past what they were on my first meeting by the time we

had sailed up the muddy little Puage River and anchored off Frenchman—a cluster of thatched huts, a landing-station, and a sticky wharf. There was no government, no customs, no post office—no other craft in the river.

Ordering me to rig cargo whips and strike out all empty water-runs, Captain Braggles went ashore in the one boat, and I engaged my first long talk with Jesus, which contained little of value to this story, except one omission that nothing could be done here in the way of escape. When he returned I was in- nocently busy with the work, and he informed me that various cogs of different heaves, heaves, and splices would come off soon in doubt. He himself would soon thrice in the hold, and, on the passage up the coast, would land and cure for them. That day and on the three following, sailors from the shore floated out a holdful of large and small cogs—based in 11 appear to prevent excitement among our crew, and I struck them down the halvard as fast as they arrived, which they retained I could not guess, but all being shared, no hoisted over the gunwale, and those which went ashore and returned, landed in like the others. There was an doubt of the occupant of this—another ship. The roasting and growling from within and the absence of the crew were unsatisfactory evidence. We stirred it on the main hatch again, but left the boards up for the present, while Captain Braggles checked his agitated pets down the fore-hatch and covered them.

"It's a double of their breed," he remarked to me, "and we'll have to keep her closed for a while, until they're used to her presence."

Another rage had come off with this last load, which the Captain opened on deck, disclosing a four-foot snake of species unknown to me, but possessing the

triangular head of all poisonous serpents. This creature, he explained, was a rarity, and being valuable, he would store it in the cabin—which he did, in spite of Jesus's protest. A few other packages and bundles came off, which he also took below, and I returned, by the side of his breast at supper time, that there was whiskey among them. There was; he was drunk before dark, and a greater change in a man I never so produced by the staff.

His face, on the order of a ripe tomato, and the sun of each sailor his eyes glistened and had closed the lids. His gray eyes, darker from the observation, glistened through his lowered lids, giving a hideous expression of frenzy to his face, while his wailing voice became an almost articulate grovel. While I was striking the hatch for the crew he snarled constantly at me from the poop, and as I could not understand a word that he said, and would not leave the rigging in here, my instruction brought him forward in a fury of rage. He called me, lifted me clear of the deck, and shook me as a tiger does a rat, then dropped me—I rose not injured—though very angry—and managed to understand that he would feed the brutes himself that evening. He stirred violently, while I turned my wrath, and when the meals were cooked, and I had done the fire with a bucket of water, he lifted the fore hatch.

Up they came, and as I looked on their faces and heard their snarl, I retreated toward the handspike, second one, and went aft, then calling to Jesus to fasten them, I closed down the iron gratings over the deck and companion.

"There may be trouble to-night, Jesus," I said, when she appeared at the hatch, "and I may have to jump over and away, but, if there's a gun to be had ashore, I won't be gone long."

Her answer was given as a sailor of those days her father, he had Sted Spence's bucket and kicked it out of the way, rose, with a large dipper, he was opening the last of the snail into the sea-water, and spouting vinegar at me. But the crew were paying an attention to their supper; they were coming around the big bar, snatching, sniffing, and grunting, and as the Captain looked past them on his way toward me, three of them followed me, and a few feet.

"What are you saying to my girl?" he belated, as he approached. "Didn't I tell you to let her alone?"

"Captain Braggles," I answered, raising my head spite, "don't lay hands on me again. I won't have it, if you were not to drink your act this afternoon. We'll have our heads put with the crew tonight. As for your daughter, I was telling her to fasten the gratings."

"What for? Who told you to drop the gratings?"

"Never mind that now," I answered. "Look forward—look at them!"

My manner impressed him and he tremed. I meant no trick; the heave was giving the planking off the edge, and two of them—Tymal and Spence—were falling. Captain Braggles ran forward, waving a handspike on his wrist, and started among them. He used the foot which he mentioned, as I would have handled a helving pin, opening the combats, and driving them forward the window, where they labored and snarled at him and called the crew attention that they were removed for the time. Then, telling them to stay where they were, he came off and finished the demolition of the cage covering, disclosing an undrained heave, a full store in three forward, but with half gone. He started her eye a few moments, while she glistened and chattered at him, then he leaped into a row of drunken laughter, and, sleeping his thighs, came off to me. His mind had changed; he seemed to have completely forgotten our quarrel, and this alone prevented us from being overboard to seek aid for Jesus.

"Ain't it fast?" he chuckled, before he had reached the companion. "Ain't she a beauty, and ain't they all so low? Let's say her loose. Come on." He tossed back.

"Captain Braggles," I called, among other him. "I beg of you never get your own water control again. Take my advice and let up that cage again—or I'll do it, and you keep the rod bars."

It was almost too dark now to see the expression of his face, but I knew by his steadfast stare that I had angered him.

Very angry, he said, thickly, "and five minutes ago you dared face me, and I thought I could like you; but you're a coward, after all."

"Foolish," came Jesus's glowing voice from the companion—"father, do as he advises, please do."

"Shut up, you don't belong," he snarled at her. "You're a—disrespectful, he threw your trash." He turned and pointed on me. I had left the handspike aft, but he perceived it I could not have said it after he had raised me.

"What is there between you two?" he belated in my ear, as he held me by the arm. "Hey! tell me what is there between you?"



"You coward!" he said, thickly.



Miss Olive Jones feeding the young Sheep

ride our lives. She soon explained that the mother had escaped through the narrow rift, but had left the little one well mangled, as she thought, in the rocks. I went quickly to the west side and found fresh tracks where the cow had tampered on the soft soil, but no small track appeared. The supreme moment was at hand and something extraordinary must be done to head the long mountain drive.

Even if one should succeed it was doubtful if any gain could be secured, for all knew the extreme rigors of the excited species and their aversion to being captured. As a rule, all under ten days of age will lie as flatly as possible on the ground, allowing themselves to be picked up before making any attempt to escape. Then they will struggle. I felt that I should make the descent, but how was I to get up again? Knowing well that no man, even with the crick help, could elevate me to a safe position, that proposition was omitted out. Olive immediately defined her intention of going down. Taking her light weight and war-torn shoes as an argument, I had thought of the before, but was afraid that at the supreme moment she would falter and give up. That she would stand as a matter of course to be lowered over the gully height into the depths never before traversed by a human being, after a year's worth many hundreds of dollars, I quickly made a loop in the end of the rope, making two half-hitches, and two half-hitches well, it was safe, at any rate. A knot was made eight inches above the loop, and a small rope or cord was slipped through it. The loop was slipped over her head and body so that she could sit in it, and then the small cord was fast and half-tied around her waist. Instructions were carefully given, the rope was passed around a scrubby tree about ten feet from the track, and the guide held tightly to it beyond the tree, while I was holding it between the girl and the tree. Helping her over the log which lay directly fastened to the edge of the rocks as a railing, she descended into the chasm. After about thirty feet had been let out, the rope slackened and an hour before had been reached, but we were obliged to keep up the slack until we saw her out into the open space below. Lightly jumping from one rock to another, she went straight to the side where she had lost some of the mangle, and thus disappeared among the large boulders. The guide ran to the place where the mother had an extraordinarily successful success, so as to capture the calf, but he should be attempt to follow her. Scarcely had he reached the point where the rope was still crimped a most painful sound, not unlike the cry of a young animal who had escaped, I then knew that the hand was a vain project. Another moment and Olive appeared, and in her case was the little grey object as had an arduous ascent. Such a twisting, twisting, jumping little animal I never had seen. I should have called it "Bull on!" but might as well have held my breath, the breathing of the little animal being so difficult as to draw air from under me. I should have called it "Bull on!" but might as well have held my breath, the breathing of the little animal being so difficult as to draw air from under me. I should have called it "Bull on!" but might as well have held my breath, the breathing of the little animal being so difficult as to draw air from under me.

As the girl was started, and as she stepped under the cliff I have a desperate struggle to take place. In a few moments the rope was slackly jerked and we knew the signal was to lead up. All the guide could do was to take up the slack and hold it, as we were behind the tree around which the rope was coiled. Gathering the rope half way between the low and the log over which I passed, I raised it in high as my shoulder, holding it in my right hand and drew up the slack to the point, who quickly took it up. Finally I was, by going through the crevice under the log, the girl held clinging to the rope and drew up the rope fully until it started the log, which she quickly grasped. Pushing herself over of the log we soon had her over the edge, and she was embraced and kissed from the struggle that she left to the ground, but said triumphantly, "Well, I've got the lamb!" The guide ran to the north side a distance of half a mile and brought a handful of snow, which, applied to her head and face, soon revived her and brought the warm wind to her face.

Before an hour had passed we were working our way toward camp, and I can safely say we were most triumphant.

search was never carried over those mountains. On arriving at camp supper was served and it was decided to take the loads to the village below. Cutting a hole in a grassy snow, the little fellow was tied that he could thrust his head through it. I swung the rock



The young Sheep's Springboard

over my shoulder and was soon going down to the village, eight miles below, where there were oxen, and have good fresh milk for our little change. Before reaching our destination the load became very heavy, and a more fatiguing task was never set before me.

By this system I was sure that other big horns could be secured, and from the countless day of our success all were doubly energetic in climbing the heavy peaks and avoiding the most rugged cliffs, but no another sign of a young sheep could be discovered. The guide and I agreed that we must ascend beyond the timberline. Very few people are able to stand themselves in such high altitude, but we had determined to pursue the animals along the clouds if necessary. So we packed the burro with a heavy load of supplies on which he and I could subsist and started on a new trail to the north side of the village. Arrived below, up cliffs, and over places that were impossible to the horse-team. When again descended we had reached the highest point where bands or shreds were seen. Being on the north side of the mountain, the sun had so melted the snow as to make a slash through which the dangers could be made without hindrance. Three ropes were established near a great avalanche. The snow, rocks, and dirt were piled up fairly high feet, while a roaring torrent dashed under the debris and emerged a quarter of a mile below.

The next morning we started to ascend the rugged mountain again. The guide was to make a desperate effort to reach the summit of the nearest peak, and I was to examine the gorges or portals between camp and the summit. After climbing until ten o'clock I discovered the tracks of a cow. There was plenty of fresh tracks, but they were all made by large oxen or perhaps. The track above me through the most beautiful gorge I ever saw, often obliging me to climb over precipitous rocks where no animal would have dared to attempt descent. "A heifer's feet below." The track was only visible low and there in the dust or mud behind from the cranking of the decayed animal. Finally I emerged from the frightful portal into the open space. The mountain now perpendicular early above me, and I was straggling from stone to stone as they lay loose above me through the mud roll from under foot, and twice it seemed as though an avalanche was started, and only by quick jumping could I avoid from being carried down the steep rocky ways.

Occasionally along the mountain would be ridges

running along the slopes, and we knew I could find the trail of the sheep. If you wish I had ascended far above the timber line, and was so high that breathing became exceedingly difficult, but by resting every few feet I was able to keep moving forward. It was very evident I was on a firm trail, as the snow was unavoidable and the sheep were allowed to pass over it. The track lay straight toward an even more rugged peak of the mountain, and I was sure there was a lamb awaiting there, but I could not make much headway, so the path was again becoming very steep and my hands were bleeding from scraping in the sharp stones. Tired and faint, I turned down the mountain and reluctantly gave up the search for the day.

The next morning I started out to do what I had failed in and succeeded. He explained that after passing beyond where the timber line had been, he encountered numerous holes of snow. He had no difficulty in finding the lamb when high enough, as the timber in the shelter of the hiding place, in the uppermost place on the north side of the shining rocks where the snow was not melted away. The little animal was exactly the color of the gray granite among which it lay, and, unless looking for it, one might have stepped over it without its being distinguished from the small hairless scattered vegetation.

After drinking a cup of coffee, I swung a piece of rock around my shoulder, and in it the delicate creature was placed, with hand protruding so that it would not be smothered. Once the mountain I went with great rapidity. Often I would lose the trail, and had to rest for my sheepherding that led the way just where I too tired, I would have had difficulty in finding our track back. I rested off ten miles in less than four hours, before darkness set in was reaching the village in a good plain trail.

I found the first lamb caught in good spirits and taking to the water like a duck to water. The little fellow had caught but fully concluded that he was not to be killed, an first experiment, and the sight of another lamb revived his spirits, as when the little was offered he seized it with avidity.

We proceeded every gorge and ascended every pass in the vicinity of our goal for lambs, and analyzed every track discovered, but not a prospect of a lamb could be found. We still knew the lambs had been frightened and had passed over the high divide beyond the Anasazi's fires.

The young lambs have proved to be the most pattering creatures I ever had to deal with. A wire netting six feet high was no barrier to them at six weeks old; they could sit on it as sure as they sat for that purpose. They are among the most intelligent of animals, and can be taught many tricks. They run and jump from springboards to boxes with lungs that seem almost incredible. If I should tell you one that those lambs can climb a perpendicular wall by the side of a horn they would surely say I was trying to "guy" them. But this is a fact. The photograph proves it.

My daughter has trained them to perform at her will. All she has to do is to show them that their names are appreciated and they will respond there. They will follow her any place, even to the edge of a cliff with a need. Should a cow come near, if he is not too large, he will be rolling and jolting with pain before he begins what has happened. Nothing will strike them better than to run on the pavement with the children in the shelter of the city. If hungry they least in such a case as to ask for their milk. If no food is paid to them they leap up on the netting and milk with their own hands in demand situation. There is no one trying to feed us unless both are fed at the same time, as the one being fed would be greatly benefited by the other. If the exact discharge him any other way, he will run in the air and let his whole weight fall as the neck of the other.



Running up the Side of a House

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JANUARY 19 : 1901



CAVALRYMEN ROUNDING UP POACHERS IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

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Emile Zola's

NEW NOVEL

"LABOR"

A Brilliant Study of Social
Conditions of the Future, and the
Problem of Capital and Labor

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK

*Will begin in the next
number of*

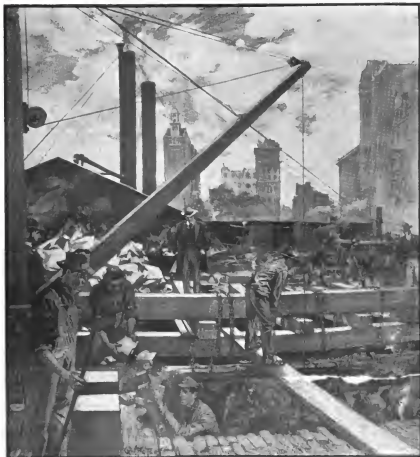
HARPER'S
WEEKLY 

Ready January 24

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THE SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION

The Big Machine-Shop at Union Square as it appears from Fourth Avenue

THE NICARAGUA CANAL TREATY

BY EX-SENATOR GEORGE F. EDMUNDS

I AM very sorry that the new treaty which the Senate has just amended, and ratified with amendments, should have been negotiated at all. What the United States urgently needs, and I hope strongly desire, is a canal across the isthmus of Nicaragua with its great and important fresh-water lake as necessary to sea-going shipping. They are, and naturally desire, that such a canal shall be practically a continuous route between our Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, and that it shall be a great factor in assisting the development and promoting the welfare of all the United American States, and indeed all the states on the east and west coasts of the continent.

To achieve these objects it is essential in the present condition of the world that the control of such canal should rest with the United States and with the states through which it passes. That control should not be investigated with the greatest practical freedom of national trade through it an equal terms in all friendly countries.

It appears to me to be clear that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, whatever it may have meant when it was concluded in 1850, does not now stand in the way of the canal being built and operated by the United States with the concurrence of the Republic of Nicaragua and possibly of Costa Rica. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty had not been three years in existence before the parties to it radically differed as to its meaning in the important respects, and in one respect it was, with the concurrence of the President of the United States, made to mean an entirely different thing to that which its language plainly imported. All this from the acts of the British minister in the exchange of ratifications and the assent of his then Secretary of State. Thus to effect something in practice a different treaty to that which the Senate had ratified.

This was of course entirely in contravention of the constitution, and if persisted would leave the treaty-making power almost as completely in the hands of the President of the United States alone as it is in the hands of the Queen of Great Britain.

Great Britain proceeded, in spite of the treaty, to extend her power and increase her possessions in Central America. A great and chief object of the treaty was to provide for the immediate construction of the canal, and it was then expected that promoters and capitalists who were entering into the scheme would carry it out, but nothing was done and time ran on until the Panama Canal was completed in 1859 and the administrative and really actual control of it passed into the hands of Great Britain in 1875. She had, as diplomatic correspondence shows, endeavored to prevent the construction of the Panama Canal until negotiations should be made securing its neutrality for her benefit, and then, it having been built, she immediately became its chief owner by obtaining from the Republic of Panama a transfer of almost a majority of the stock.

The United States sought not to complain of this action on the part of Great Britain in respect to the Panama Canal, but her interests in the East were so enormous and so much more extensive than those of any other nation that it is indisputable to her equity in both a commercial and ordinary sense that she should control that passage.

In view of the conduct of Great Britain and her concessions as to the meaning of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, Mr. Fitzhugh, about 1860, when Secretary of State to President Archer, distinctly set forth in official correspondence on the subject the construction of the three Administrations that the real essence of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty had become nullified. Following this, in 1863 or 1864, President Archer, without, I think, asking the assent of Mr. May's government, negotiated a treaty with the Republic of Nicaragua, providing for the construction of the canal by the United States and its operation by the United States, and with just and liberal provision securing the rights of Nicaragua and other Central and North and South American states, and leaving the future to determine, when occasion should arise, how far that canal should be neutral in time of war, etc.

The treaty was sent to the Senate for ratification. It was thoroughly and exhaustively discussed from

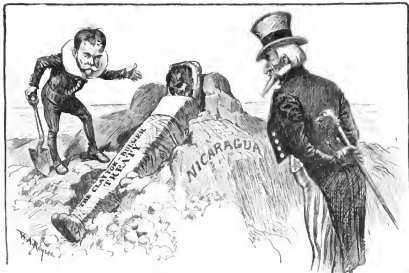
time to time until January or February, 1865. The objection of never having been taken off, I may say that there were very few Senators who claimed that the United States, under existing conditions, were in any way restricted in taking action by the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. There was, however, good reason to believe that had a vote been reached a very few months earlier than it was, the treaty would have been rejected by at least a three-fourths majority.

About February, 1865, the question of ratification came to a vote, when it failed of receiving the requisite two-thirds, although a change of three or four votes would have ratified it. There was still reason to suppose that further consideration would result in ratification. The vote was accordingly reconsidered and the subject left open for further action by the Senate, but upon the inauguration of President Cleveland the treaty was withdrawn by the President for further consideration and was not again sent to the Senate.

During all this period of negotiation and discussion of the treaty there was not, so far as I ever heard any objection raised in respect to the honorable right of the United States to treat the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as no longer of binding force.

Since the withdrawal of the treaty with Nicaragua by President Cleveland, Congress has repeatedly attempted to act, but by a combination of selfish interests and interests such action has been so far delayed.

The half century that has passed since the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was concluded has no changed the situation in the circumstances of the great development of our Western coast and cities and in our increasing trade with what may now be called the Pacific rather than the West, and the possession by Her Majesty's government of Egypt and of the Suez Canal, that there is no just ground, it seems to me, for hesitation in regard to the immediate duty of the United States in arranging with Nicaragua and Costa Rica for the construction of the canal absolutely free from any obligations to other countries other than those that from time to time shall command themselves in our sense of international good neighborhood and justice.



DIGGING UP A DEAD ISSUE

LITTLE JOHN HAY: "I cannot tell a lie: I did it with my little spade"



A New England Village
By J. Adam Wine



A Connecticut Hillside
By A. T. Van Leer



A Good Story
By Clara M. Chace



The Girl in White
By Frank Faxon, N. A.



Portrait of W. Ritschel
By Irving R. Miles, N. A.



The Year's Wane
By Bruce Crane, Winner of the Bruce Gold Medal

See Page 78



Skating
By Gene Melcher



Helene and Bos
By Carl Hirsman



Portrait of a Lady
By Corita Ross



A Fugitive Glass
By Mary Shepard Cross



Parade of the First Squadron, 6th U. S. Cavalry, at Yungsun



Oats at Tung-chau



The Ubiquitous American Newsboy



Captain Paddock's Tent



American Hay



Post-office, Tongku

















A Train of Army-Wagons



Camp of the 6th U. S. Cavalry

THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN CHINA

Photographs by J. Martin Miller, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly"

			
Homeward Bound	A Cuban Beauty	Morro Castle	Havana
	THE HOME-GOING OF THE CUBAN TEACHERS		
Cabanas	<p>THE visit of the Cuban teachers to Harvard College during the summer of 1900 will figure in history as an interesting event of the twentieth century, and one in which educational philosophy was of assistance in strengthening friendly relations between two continents. The inception of the project, the difficulties in completing plans, the raising of funds, the course of study pursued, and the maintenance of the visitors in Boston, New York, Washington, and Philadelphia have been described, but the return of the teachers and their reception in Cuba have less than our usual notes.</p> <p>On the evening of August 24 the teachers left Philadelphia amid shouts of "Adios, adios, Americanos!" and boarded the United States transport <i>LePharos</i>, <i>Marina</i>, <i>Edgemark</i>, and <i>Frank</i>. The following morning the four ships steamed out of Delaware Bay into the open sea—calling now together, they gave to the travellers a delightful sense of security; by day the <i>Marina</i> and <i>Edgemark</i> were visible, and at night the lights from the rigging and port holes sent out gleams of friendly recognition. It seems incredible that one thousand two hundred and eighty-one men and women, unaccustomed to travelling, could have been brought to America, transported about in boats, trains, and electric cars, and returned to Cuba without accident. The <i>Edgemark</i> carried four hundred and fifty of the women and the informal life-boat ship afforded a rare opportunity for observing their customs, studying their language, learning their views regarding the possibility extended to them, and their sentiments regarding association. The teachers varied in age from sixteen to fifty years, and were selected by the Minister of Marine of the several school districts. As Cuban women are not allowed to go anywhere alone, it was necessary for their relatives to insure a strict watchful custom to permit them to leave the island unaccompanied by a member of their family. The project was at first denounced in the newspapers, and it was asserted that those who visited Harvard would lose the respect of their friends; they received such an enthusiastic reception in their return home as to prove beyond doubt that they still retained the respect and affection of their countrymen. The teachers, representing every class of society from the aristocratic Cuban beauty to the plain country bred girl, were gentle and welcome in manner. Their confidence in others, and their appreciation of fair intentions were abundant, accustomed to an exaggerated civility, they were unable to understand unceremonious behavior. Such attentions as "A bon dia, adios" ("at your feet, señorita"), succeeded by "how's it in your house, señor" ("I kiss your hand when"), being common expressions of greeting.</p> <p>Some were curious about their attire, others dressed well, and many while on their mantles arranged in graceful fashion about their heads. Their accents varied from the distinct local ones which to machine-made cotton laces, and made an attractive setting for the dark eyes and hair of the "mestizo". It is to be regretted that this old Spanish custom to fasten hair out of their and being replaced by the modern hat. Spanish, their native language, was spoken rapidly, their speech, high were having little inflection or change of tone. Conversation accompanied each sentence, making the most trifling conversation a serious report. When a quarrel seemed imminent complaints were never being rebuffed. Many spoke French fluently; all were eager to learn English and continue the course of study commenced at Harvard. They found the language difficult, but would patiently repeat sentences after someone in English, giving the Spanish text and pronunciation for the benefit of the "would-be" instructor. Their singing voices were not sweet or sympathetic, but the Spanish melodies sung by groups on deck in the evening had a rhythm which associated them with the wild music of restaurants.</p> <p>They had thoroughly enjoyed their visit to the States, but had no conception of the magnitude of the undertaking or expense involved, some naively remarking that they hoped the trip would be repeated another summer. They were delighted with their welcome everywhere, and were surprised to find so much hospitality in the big, staidest Americans, whom they had believed to be cold and unapproachable. Their affection for Boston and Philadelphia was expressed by the car and "leaves," accompanied by an impulsive movement of the hands to the heart. Philadelphia's warm welcome gave the Quaker City the second place in their affections, then New York, and finally Washington. They did not approve of all American customs, and would give their impressions concerning trivial affairs with as much reserve as in discussing important ones. When a pretty woman was asked what she thought of the West Point cadet, her answer was: "Very nice, but they do not appreciate beauty." It was impossible for her to understand a statement which pertained even to "ship girls." During those periods</p>		
			The "Maine"
Inside Cabanas			
			Off for the South
Gibara Church			
			Gibara
A Gibara Teacher			
			Table Mountain
Baracoa			
	Town Hall, Baracoa	A Cuban Family	Fruit-vendors



Sunday with the Pima Indians of Arizona.—A Missionary Preaching in the Vernacular

The good office combined with Northern energy, the industrial and philanthropic institutions, the high buildings, the paved streets, the electric cars, and the large shops surprised them. Unaccustomed to sanitary conditions, they found it difficult to appreciate the need of modern improvements and hygienic methods in the houses and public buildings.

With knowledge of American progress came inspiration, a desire for improvement, and a better understanding of educational methods, so order to more intelligently instruct the children in their schools. A bright woman remarked: "I am anxious to speak English well, I want to make my school in Sonora like one in the United States, and daily I will tell my children about the Americans and of all I have seen and learned." The sentiment among the teachers was for "Cuba libre." They had left home doubtful of the intention of the government, but were reassuring confident that the Administration would grant their people absolute freedom. "We fought for freedom, and are long for it," was the cry. General Gump says, "There are very few women in Cuba whom Spain has not caused to shed tears, very few who do not mourn a son, a husband, or a lover, for this is a country that Spain has never loved, but has always with ed in hold in bondage for lust and brutality, as a salient badge of shame." They struggled through a ten years' war with a pathetic patience, considering that the life of one entire generation is not too great a sacrifice for the prosperity of countless generations to come." Their ideas regarding education differed according to their understanding of political issues. One teacher, speaking in Spanish, English, said: "I do not want education; too little people in Cuba for a State would be only a colony. Cuba Libre only." This priest, Iliad Cantelero, known as "little people there." Vainness and numbers dismayed him, and he disappointed of any plan for which his beloved land would become a part of a country where a city had a population greater than his island.

After five days of beautiful weather, a stormy sky, and terrified sea, the transports passed Morro Castle and entered Havana harbor. The strains of the Cuban hymn came out from hundreds of windows, and mingled with shouts of "Viva Cuba!" "Viva America!" from friends on the shore. Boats crisscrossed around carrying relatives eager to embrace their kinsmen, and all about was a "sole gladness" which flowed from the old walls of Cuba. As a harbor were cast near the Bay, company of the transport which the old wreck represented showed the brilliant wreath of hundreds of stars and had lost their lives for the sake of the power of those helping to be "at home" again. The citizens of Havana had made elaborate preparations to entertain the teachers on their arrival, which included a visit to Marco Cuello and Calabazas,

a hamper (their most popular form of entertainment), and an opera ("El Capitan") at Teatin Theatre. On the morning of August 30, under the escort of prominent officials, accompanied by the famous Espana band, the teachers were transported in barges to Valdes and given the freedom of the old Spanish fortifications. To the students of Havana this visit was a sad one, as the dangerous and "death-line" had claimed many of their classmates no greater on their love of country. The soldiers struggling for life in the crevices of the old pink-colored battlements encircled the conflict of their people, crushed for years by a "deathly tyranny."

The enthusiasm of the people to receive the teachers on the barge arrived exceeded the expectations of Teatin Theatre, which is the third largest in the world. As the guests arrived men gathered at the entrance, which is through a fashionable café, and greeted them with personal congratulations—"How pretty!" "Charming!" "What lovely eyes!"—which were acknowledged with thanks. The tables were arranged in the auditorium, which had been covered over for the occasion, but, owing to the great throng a few teachers only enjoyed the collation, but watched their counterparts from boxes and galleries, and listened to the address of welcome, which were enthusiastically received. The American shared with the Cuban the compliments of the day. Soon after the doors were opened for the operetta, "El Capitan," the theatre was again crowded, and it became necessary for many of the citizens to leave the orchestra in order to make room for the teachers. The operetta was sung by a Spanish company, and the frequent outbreaks of applause which greeted the phrases indicated how much the entertainment was enjoyed. At midnight the teachers living in Havana and near by towns scattered to their homes, the others again boarding the transports. The following morning, Friday, August 31, the *Albatross* and *Keelha* sailed for Pinar del Rio, Matanzas, and Santa Clara, and the *Grand* and *Myrthos* for the central and eastern part of the island.

After a run of twelve hours the *Myrthos* (carrying a party of both men and women) entered the harbor of Havana, a quiet, picturesque town built on the side of a hill. The natives turned out to greet their teachers and formed remarkable groups of rural contrast rarely seen in any other country. This town, with a population of seven thousand inhabitants, has neither elegance or conventional civilization that the citizens meet with pride in their theatre and casinos, one of the largest clubs in Cuba, recently occupied by the Spaniards. The Cathedral is a fine old church, a model which entires the life of the town. Saturday is a half-holiday, and it is customary, rare for the very poor, to ride to church for this occasion. In the town there are two dilapidated but ably drawn by a

disputed horse hitched together by a "bit" of harness fastened with ropes. These vehicles could not be hired until the clearing parties were taken to the church and home again. An old Spanish black horse coach commands an extensive view of the town as no longer used as a stronghold against an enemy, but as the home of a large family of negroes. The most beautiful house in the town is the residence of one of the wealthy men in Cuba. His son, a Spanish sympathizer, did not fight for his country, so there would have been too much discontent involved, and he believed that Spain and Cuba could have settled their differences without any interference from the United States. He did not appear of education for the masses, and thought the priest-school inspectors ought to have been sent to America.

There was great excitement on board the *Myrthos* as it sailed by "Cabo Rojo," a flat top mountain which rises above the surrounding country, a solitary elevation upon the landscape, and across the harbor of Havana. It was Sunday, and the priest, accompanied by the band, and a large part of the population in gala dress, were at the dock to welcome their friends, and a crowd of natives cheered them as they passed into the village. A reception had been arranged at the Torre Hill, and the procession marched to the glass and into the building. Here and there (sweet voices) were heard. Addresses, in Spanish, by the priest and a prominent citizen, followed, in which pleasure was expressed at the safe return of the teachers, and the American studied for their generous deeds. A bright woman, giving a glowing report of the trip, responded for the teachers. Moments of "Viva Cuba!" "Viva America!" concluded the exercises, and the teachers were accompanied to their homes by admiring crowds of natives and friends. Each member of the party had a huge crowd, as a Cuban's love for his family is a passion. Heartfelt relations showing affection with parents and children. Matanzas in Cuba is a serious problem. When a man arrives he is likely to have his wife's family as well as his own to provide for. This demands an income of reasonable size, as families of fifteen and twenty children are not uncommon. The streets of Havana are in shabby condition, and the houses are dilapidated and unwholly cared for, but nature has endowed it with a richness of color and an abundance of palm, cactus, and fruit trees. Groups of vendors with huge bunches of bananas in their hands, boys with hats and beads, revelling oranges, plantains, lemons, and every variety of fruit add picturesque to the scene. It is believed that Havana, with its natural resources, hatched a nation, and deep channels, will become one of the most valuable seaports on the northern coast of Cuba.

MARY HATCH WILLARD.

THE GOOSE COW—A NEBRASKA METHOD OF STALKING WILD GEESE





BY JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

Part III

AWAY at the head of forty miles of shoring plains, where things won't grow because the soil is pinched with sulphur, "the city sparkles like a grain of salt," beyond it, in a vast, unscrutinized, like a sheltering arm, some time still dimly distinct the more rugged mountains of Nohud, rest in the lines of natural defenses which bar the way eastward through the kingdom of the Shah.



A Dervish

at least in the commercial metropolis of Persia, the city whose antiquity an man can measure, whose wealth has been a wonder-story, and whose history an endless tragedy. They call it "The Door of the Kingdom." Its threshold has been fairly swash, for three thousand years at least, with blood shed in the effort either to get or to hold it. Assyrians, Medes, Greeks, Romans, Armenians, Sasan, Mongols, Tartars, Osmanli Turks, Russians, and nobody knows how many more, have had it in their turn, and always it has been great. Plague has razed three hundred thousand from its population at a time; earthquakes have shaken its palaces and mosques and houses into dust and rubble again and again. After every downfall of whatever nature, it has risen. Fair, in the beginning, picked out the spot as site for a city. A century ago it was a heap of ruins. To-day, with two hundred thousand souls, it still smiles, and lies, and battles, and charms, and wrangles, and bores, and prays, and smiles in a superb blue heaven, from its marching sent above the ruins of thirty square mile oases. Look for dells of good and discover pearls at Masabeh; dream of turquoise and silver, and walk to a worthless curvey and out-

and glass in filled settings, drink of old Omar's wine, and find your wick gone in the morning.

To get into this inaccessible kingdom from the north you cross the Adji-chai, on a long, brick bridge, built back some time in the Seljuken reign, but built so heavily that in spite of wars, earthquakes, and fires it has endured, strong and unscathed, to this day—a souvenir of Persia's vanished virtues and a relic in the real structure which made such Persians leave look for all the world like heaven-dance. To the Tiberide this bridge, ornamented only with the steel poles of the Indo-European tapestry in the jangling of stone. A step, in the best part understanding of the Persian, is still a walled fortress, a place of security, whose gates must be locked at nightfall and guarded. The descent of the Karde from their mountains is still fresh in mind, and in the Tiberide country all the world beyond the city gates, after sunset, is in a double sense outer darkness, and present with peril.

The Persians and their enemies have made rough work all around the bridge in their own day, and often the salt water of the Adji-chai has been literally dammed with corpses. To-day the place is surely the city's outer portal, whose noise, you in and your not, so noisy a procession, of man and beast, as the world can furnish. In the early morning one can hardly find gangway there, so great is the out-crowd of loaded donkeys, pack horses, and mules, with their howling, crowding, snoring drivers, on the way into town. When they have gone, the north-bound travel begins to flow out over the plain, and from mid-day on the volume of it is increased by the stream of pack animals returning.

All this doesn't suggest war in the least. Quite the contrary: the outer approach to the bridge were mere

lead shanks, evolution, and more than perhaps any other spot in Persia. It is the "Place of Ferozshah," where, with the city's distant mountains in their own and the stretches of its streets will in their month, people settle and on long journeys take leave of their friends.

While we halted there to arrange the gear—for the Shahid was anxious to make a smart advent into town—a company of horsemen straggled across the bridge, led by a young folk of pretty girls. A country Armenian school-teacher, with the most Eastern of eyes, was going into the proximity, where the Karde had their club joy in the slaughter of his competitors. The men on horseback were young, and were showing off, much like fellows of their age in other countries. They would spit out over the plain for a few farthings, then race back, yelling like a WHI! then show, plying the only cheaper whip without money, and amidst of the time, now long and inevitably past, when Arzhanis was in her glory and her horsemen were swift in battle. But the serious task was taken out of them, and they blew their noses suspiciously when the school man got down out of her company and began to smack the hickling girls, one after another. There is a narrow streak of settlement in the modern Armenia, which at once modern and ancient the Karde, and which even the American Foreign, with his bold Tartar eyes, seers at in disgust. The school man was the only one who was given. He climbed steadily enough to the top of his baggage, which was lashed on the back of a stabled pack horse. Once safely perched, he rode away, his guide going on in advance. The country roadway ahead was long here on the bridge looking after her. He was equally enough, they were wondering if she'd ever come back, for the fate of Armenians in the East country is quite apt to be death, and in any event is not so certain as fate. Persia is almost any part of the East, is pretty serious business with them.

Then came another good-by procession, which was not so hostile. There were shining carriages and the marked of smart saddle-horses, the slowing colors of Parsa hats, the flashing of insignia, and, where the military attendants rode, the pliant of arms. The consul of a European government, who had been called home after eight years of service, was looking his last upon Yerdia, and a good part of the French colony had come out to see him and his wife and children started on their journey. There were ladies and gentlemen of the Russian, English, French, and Austrian representation, agents of the Imperial bank, rich European merchants and their families. Many Persians, officials and men of note, came along; they were serious, alert, and interested, to attend the consular news, and afterwards to look after the consular belongings. It was like



Tebriz.—The Door of the Persian Kingdom



The Armenian Merchant



The Persian Merchant



THE FIRST COTILLION

Given by Hon. W. C. V.

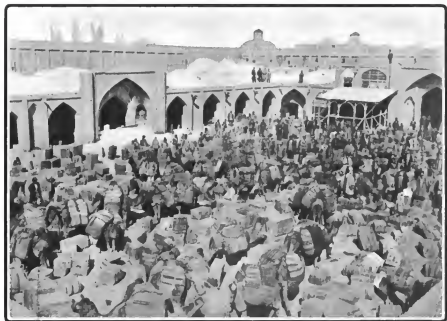
Illustrated by George



See Page 75

N OF THE CENTURY

Whitney, January 4, 1901



Unloading a Long-distance Caravan

a bit of European dress, played upon an Asiatic stage; the formal hand-shakings of legitimacy; diplomatic compliments in the Persian language. But it was impossible to forget that where they bowed and smiled and no-revived, inland Turk had waited at the head of his conquering armies just four hundred years before, to receive the surrender of Tabriz, which changed the sovereignty in the Persian throne and made the poems of Saadi and Hafiz almost as much a nation's property as the Koran itself.

From the long bridge and you step from something like a sea desert into the dust and dirt of an Eastern service-estate. There are shabby shops, and a multitude of many dogs, whose forebears must have come out of the north or northwest in the bygone times, and whose eyes, as plainly as they show flash with the Kismet-maze. There are caravanserais where drovers and conductors of donkey-trains, horse-trains and mule-trains, halt to feed their cattle, drink tea, and harness the area of the road for the good of the market-place. Lanes lined against the parapets, wallowing in the gutters in the breathing sun, block your way. Bring your ears with their lamentations, are beggars—men, women, and children—live to one and the park in at your heels; you are a marked man. Pay no heed to them and they will attack you on your own terms; look the other way for an instant and flinging alongside they screech on whatever isn't fast. Beat them and they stick the tighter. Ask a policeman. "If you ever see me, and he yields a gentle request in the long gar to go away. Both are well aware that it amounts to verbal abuse, and the bazaar is marked both Allah and the terrestrial authorities will be particularly kind to him for having got something out of an infidel.

Along every populous street in Teheran, and in particularly the thoroughfares leading to the European colony in the quarter known as Emshadstan, the passer-by is beset by these grays. They are a paid as much as in Naples or Paris, and generation after generation is trained to beg. Often enough a woman may be seen tugging the arm of a stout man, and saying to him, "I have a child who is sick and you must take care of it." The children are particularly made, the woman has usually no garment, the other one has none of it. The greater part of it is used. It should be free from the gutter. The more of the infidel. The property of distributing about herself whatever is not considered as affords them seem to be recovered to her.

Passing into the street through a street, and the market is again, you are one of those wags. Her two people, a

boy and a girl, came out from their hole in a angle of the wall, and began their repudiation in the half-whisper, half-roaring tone which can be distinguished in the dark anywhere in the Mohammedan countries for a beggar's voice, even by one who has no knowledge of the language. These children, bright-eyed and intelligent-looking children as one would care to see, were already adepts at it. When I remarked that it was a pity such a boy should be left to such a life, the man who was with me laughed and said: "Ye, that's what a rich neighbor of mine thought. He said this woman if she wouldn't let him to give the boy a home and have him educated for business. He sold her, and he took the youngster to his house, had him disinfected, and overtook, and put into a decent rig, and got a young woman to teach him. The boy was bright as a new iron. He just soaked up knowledge like a sponge. One morning he was minding they set out on an alarm. The merchant was in dispute. He went to the chief of police in his ward, who heard his story and laughed at him.

"Have you inquired of his mother?"

"No."

"Well, go ask her if she's seen him. Then come back."

"The woman was at her post, dirty and whining, and hiding her face. And there beside her was the boy, half-clothed and smiling that every, sprawling in the street. He jumped up and ran out, crying: 'A shahi! Five your Jew's sake, a shahi!'"

The woman was wretched. She cursed the man, and by Allah, and the Prophet, and all the Holy Family down to the last imam side, for smothering her beautiful boy and trying to keep him from following the honorable profession in which his grandfathers, back beyond the memory of man, had lived to their own credit and the service of Allah. And now the chap will beg until he dies of old age—do pollution cannot come nigh his neck.

If the beggars of Teheran are entitled to beggary that is their business. Most of them know nothing of any other trade, the rest are forced by sheer danger in beg. But that they are unspokeably dirty is because they are part of a dirty system; it is a national evil that has away more to the government's door. The money and the extraordinary amount of money have been Teheran from being made uncleanly by plague. Its splendid streets—six thousand feet above sea level—display a fear of all forms not born of Allah. The adobe and earth with which the whole plain and the mountains round about it are permeated, while deadly to agriculturists, are otherwise as profuse.

For sanitary provisions there are none. Not water-supply. Bazaar, with or without hearts, would be almost a Persian idea of Paradise. The streams adjacent in the city are too well for any use whatsoever. In the mountains there are pure springs, but they are twenty miles away, and the Persian government of to-day wouldn't pay twenty miles of pipe if the waters of Eden might thereby be delivered at every subject's door. What the Shah spent on the sanitation of Paris and other European capitals would give Teheran spring water, but that, too, is an other story. The most populous city in Persia gets its water from the Lannan, an underground conduit, and shows before its construction with the rural irrigation. Once a fortnight the water runs along and by pull one out a place from the stream, and the done yard. It comes rushing in flooding the garden, which are a yard lower than the floor of the dwellings and three yards lower than the street, and thence passes into a cistern, where it is drawn for use. But let not the householders, particularly in sympathy with the subject of water, fancy that this supply, which must last the Persian household for two long weeks, means that rain the heavenly. The four delivery to the consumer it has



Persian Soldiers

BUILDING UNDERGROUND

An Interesting Departure in Scientific Construction, Resulting in a Rediscovery of the Value of City Real Estate

By Richard A. McCurdy

HAVING a gainhead beneath them, the architects of the wonderful tall buildings on the lower end of Manhattan Island once built up into the air. The new century has found them building down into the ground. The title and the Building Code differ on Manhattan Island as to the propriety of building a house in a cave. Progression engineers have discovered that it is safer to follow the hills. Seventy, even a hundred, feet straight down from the curb-line, through the rising sands which cover all the western end of this island in the world, on through the hard pan deposited by the glaciers that worked their way from the Paludina, and on through the coarse sand and gravel, down into the everlasting gneiss, these engineers are now piling the bases for their skyscrapers.

Used for gins to rapidly support to be the secret of most of the modern engineering of the time of the nineteenth century. Rather would I attribute the scientific discovery of the best method of stiling our possessions and raising them most economically and effective in the sensible science of living which has been called common sense. This departure from established methods of building business structures upon ground which is second only to London dirt in its market value is not only of scientific interest, but marks an era in the economy of real estate. "Pay as you go, pay out again as you go," the construction of long ages was ready to discover. Thanks to the Mutual Life Insurance Company an old-fashioned man has discovered that rain can ruin an estate, can cut down its interest? Not in there in the whole range of human literature and human experience is an old-fashioned practical application is likely to cause a sane layman's realization in the new building values which human economy knows. A building which shows that each line may, in other words, be constructed five stories below the curb line, and it contains six thousand square feet, may be made to contain fifty thousand more below. It requires no expense to demonstrate the soundness of this plan to be made in city real estate values. The enormous deep-sea pressure required now in all modern buildings of the best sort for machinery, such as elevators, steam, gas, dynamo, pumps, and the like, may with the new method of construction be added by more productive purposes, the necessary machinery, such as the oil cellar, where, upon using the air-locks of the seawater, it will nevertheless permit in view with the heart beats of common sense.

No the next decade is likely to see new men working that buildings founded in skyscrapers were ever set towering into the air on levelled fields, while the small houses were getting acquainted with their foundations. Foundations which, by the old methods generally pursued, were built upon the ground at this time, actually reached water, salt water at the comparatively shallow depth of eighteen, four feet, and sometimes less feet below the curb-line. By the new method this means that construction beyond that point must be done in a cavern, no man ever filling a hole in the sea, nor in the remaining sand which covers all the lower part of Manhattan Island, without first his excavation first in a protected compartment, at least.

Just what the underground stresses are which questionably exist in some parts of Manhattan Island, of them, for example, during what used to be the Collier Fund, it is not now material to inquire, because the water which has been encountered by the depths of the new subterranean structure of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is not raising water, but the scientific ground now which has been found on the bed rock for ages of which we have no chronicle. That the sea long ago swept over the whole of what is now Manhattan Island, and that the water which the period within which salt water covered entirely the lower part of the island is not so very far back, the engineers have been able to determine by the interesting geological data, in the excavations for the foundations of the extension of our building on Liberty and on Cedar streets.

Cave construction was used as far back as 1896 when the foundations of the Commercial Cable Building in Grand Street were built down into the water, thirty feet in all below the curb. The building here, the water which has been encountered by the depths of the new subterranean structure of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is not raising water, but the scientific ground now which has been found on the bed rock for ages of which we have no chronicle. That the sea long ago swept over the whole of what is now Manhattan Island, and that the water which the period within which salt water covered entirely the lower part of the island is not so very far back, the engineers have been able to determine by the interesting geological data, in the excavations for the foundations of the extension of our building on Liberty and on Cedar streets.

A building rising a hundred feet above the curb-line in the business part of New York city is an imposing and valuable bit of real estate. Our engineers are constructing ten such buildings below the curb-line, one upon Liberty and the other upon Cedar Street. These new subterranean buildings will provide in their basement, sub-basement, cellar, and sub-cellar—their four stories, in other words—fifty feet thousand square feet of new floor-space. At the very moderate rate of two dollars per year per square foot, here is an investment in rental value some of more than one hundred and ten thousand dollars a year, which in a business return upon two million dollars. While this new floor-space may not be in demand for offices, it will naturally be in great demand for the accommodation of the numerous auxiliary plant which, under modern conditions, is necessary to the maintenance of a great office building. The space now utilized for this material



Coming up out of the Caisson

shewily will naturally be available under the new condition for other and more economical uses. The new underground space will also be well suited to the accommodation of necessary and safe, and when the arteries of corporations may be laid beyond the present limit of life. So that in spite of the expense of subterranean construction, which is naturally greater than that of building up into the air, on account of the cost of the caissons, and the limited number of workers who can do one line work in the caisson, in the end, to have this new underground floor space will be found substantially clear gain. Certainly the foundations of a brick structure which will however rest on bed rock, can never be shaken or disturbed by any other building whatsoever, or even by the construction of a railroad tunnel, the lower a hole is bored from the matter in the old one of making the cherry in place. In view the Mutual Life Building was constructed in brick, of eight stories, there had been four other stories below the curb, their supports resting in the gneiss, and if the addition of seventy-two feet on Cedar Street had been built down as well as up in Liberty and the second addition of one hundred feet on Liberty Street had been run down through the sands to the ribs of the world in fact, as well as fifteen stories up into the sand—and quite a tall building it was at that time—the excavations which were begun in the latter part of March, first for the two additional stories of fifteen stories in the air, and for the subterranean buildings I have described, might have been brought into being at a far less expenditure.

The cost wall of the Liberty Street extension, which now stands fifteen stories high, is of solid brick, weighs six and a half million pounds per linear foot. Of course it is necessary for us to support our own building as well as those of our neighbors in our under-

ground excavations and discoveries. To support this cost wall of one story to sink in bed-rock, it is generally supposed, eight cast-iron cylinders, each thirty-six inches in diameter. The cylinders were forced down by means of ten hydraulic jacks, each of about one hundred and twenty-five ton lifting capacity. Five cast-iron steel beams were then wedged into the wall in sixteen feet in three groups, by a process which demonstrated the extraordinarily stability and buoyancy of the original construction, and were secured and grouted into place. Against these beams the jacks were worked, and the cylinders as fast as they were shoved down were cleaned out, so that additional sections of steel, each five feet in length, were bolted on to the existing time after time, the sinking being continued until bed-rock was reached.

The ordinary tenant is so used to the lowering of the buildings of downtown that he doubts even if the question were asked that the foundations could be resting much lower than on bed-rock. Nothing short of that it would seem could support such a weight. The contrary is a fact. The extension of the Mutual Life Insurance Company's building will rest on bed-rock, and the engineers in charge challenge the statement that this one truthfully be declared of any other downtown building. A marvel of mechanical enterprise is this digging out millions used down to water, being through forty feet of quicksand below, then being on through fifteen feet of hardpan, long boulders, blue clay, and gravel, and then on through a layer of soft earth, and finally on through a layer of Antwerpian loam. It seems that under the hard pan, about twenty feet below the curb-line, there has been found another layer of clay, covered with a thin, irregularly bedded layer of the same, which is not so hard as the bedrock, but it is still sufficiently hard to support a weight of one million pounds. The engineers have examined, however, the fact that there is a layer of sand under the hard pan, by the sand running away and leaving the bedrock in place.

There were shells in this hardpan, remains of the subglacial age, when sea level was over all this land, but we never ascertain no fossils of any special scientific interest.

The human side of the problem is not destitute of interest. The great old in the city has been working below steel choppers in which they have been working under a pressure of twenty-five pounds to the square inch, every inch of clay, gravel, and sand, in the atmosphere pressure, tremble and subside unless they have very constant in coming into the hole. For that constant pressure, which they have been working has actually forced air into the muscles of their bodies, under the skin, and this, the pressure which is not so great as the atmospheric pressure.

The next wall of the Mutual Building, adjoining the new construction, presented a serious problem when the necessity of supporting it became apparent, as our engineers worked deeper and deeper. This was a typical old-time office building. The wall consisted of a certain of brick-work ten stories in height and only twelve inches in thickness. It was cured on girders at each floor, the girders having carried an outside roadway, which rested on granite supports, supported by brick masonry piers. The hoisting of these piers was in concrete forty-three feet below the curb. Yet the existing wall, which rested upon the hard pan, was led by at least seventeen feet below the footing of the new building, and the new building, which was to be built on the bedrock, had to be founded on the bedrock, and the new building, which was to be built on the bedrock, had to be founded on the bedrock, and the new building, which was to be built on the bedrock, had to be founded on the bedrock.

Not very long, serious as the demands all appear to be, in relation the fact that a deviation of one-fourth of an inch as the level of the air in the atmosphere, being now standing throughout all this complicated operation of raising and jacking up its foundations, sink and possibly sink in the air, and a little more of the same, which is not so hard as the bedrock, but it is still sufficiently hard to support a weight of one million pounds. The engineers have examined, however, the fact that there is a layer of sand under the hard pan, by the sand running away and leaving the bedrock in place.



The Buildings, as they appear from the Bay



Prospective American Citizens



The Baggage-room



Waiting for the New York Boat

THE NEW IMMIGRANT STATION ON ELLIS ISLAND

Photographs by James Burton.—See Page 73

The Seventy-sixth Annual Exhibition of THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

AMOSE generous and enlightened policy, which for some time has been sending into the country of the National Academy, makes itself felt this year especially in an exhibition which is the most interesting that can be remembered. The simple setting of the galleries at 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, and the excellent direction shown in the whole in the hanging, the much to contribute to the agreeable dignity of the exhibition. But the real cause of importance, and the most vital because it has the elements of continuous and growth, is the increased recognition given to younger members of the Academy, and to painters outside the organization. It would be childish indeed to be concerned the representation of the "Old Guard," who, under difficulties of which the younger generation can have little or no conception, did their share in building up a national art. Their work still has an achievement, what it lacks in artistic development, and in the motives for which painted today are striking. It often makes up for by the intense love of nature which it evinces. Such a picture, for example, as "The Shoreline Falls of Snake River, Idaho," by Thomas Moran, N. A., represents a brave and earnest effort to portray a good plan of nature. The canvas is very large, but the picture has not suffered again due to improper hanging, having recently attracted the big elements of its admirers—the rich tourists, the great dealers and collectors, and the plunger of the mass of water. The three there is an affinity of patient labor expended, which leaves, however, an sense of aching detail. The composition consists fairly as a whole, and presents an impression which cannot be reasonably ignored. That one preference may not be the grand and passionate in nature is beside the question. Wisely or unwisely the artist has attempted their portrayal, and from his point of view with remarkable success. In landscape in the modern spirit there is a considerable spreading, and some examples particularly good. An honorable position has been given to Houston Walker's "Flagging," "The First Class," a noble picture, characteristically strong,

though its message has obviated the expression of industry. From the red rock at the back the light is streaming over the brown earth, touching the backs of the men, who are driving the first furrow of the day, and leaving their loads in a cool shadow. In their straining action, the amazing gesture of the driver, and the splendid management of the light there is a fine suggestion of animal life and energy. The James Gold Medal, awarded for the first time this year, has been given to Bruce Cramer's "The Year's Work"—a tenderly sensitive rendering of his gray atmosphere hovering low above the lavender and gray greens of the meadow, creeping here and there with delicate leafy trees. It is noticeably true to nature, and paired with a charming susceptibility to the play of the sun. Seen in it is a "New England Village," by J. Alden Weir, in which through a screen of cool green trees one sees a factory by a stream, a hill beyond studded with houses, and over all a still, quiet atmosphere from a blue sky. The artist has seen his subject in a big way, and expressed it with simple truthfulness, and yet has rendered the fugitive characteristic of light and atmosphere with subtle eloquence.

Turning from the intimate knowledge of the scene, and the feeling disclosure of its characteristics displayed in these landscapes, one may probably study a few very excellent ones in which, however, the painter has sought his motives abroad, trying to enter into the spirit of the subject, showing the lack of intimate sympathy inseparable from an outsider. Such a one is "Winter Evening," by W. Elmer Schofield, an exceedingly clever young painter, who, since his talents have been recognized, seems to have headed himself off from the lower ocean, in which he showed remarkable depth of sympathy and power of expression, and directed himself to subjects given in France, catching something of the French method of painting, particularly in the striking qualities of his lines. Such a subject as the present one he could easily have found in his native State at Pennsylvania, in which one his picture would have had more to recommend it than impetuous cleverness. It would look but a personal dis-

cretion, a quality of earnestness and industry which this one lacks. Yet such is the shortsighted policy of the last selection, this picture of an particular country or sentiment has been awarded the First Honorable Prize. It has the same objective against George Barger's "Fanning Flower, Holland." It is an impressive subject, showing a river-side with a huddle of buildings crowded with a windmill, langes at harbor, and a few men and horses on the bank, and, particularly, a lurid white sky smitten with wind and moisture all portrayed in vigorous, earnestness, with a brightness, if somewhat heavy, color scheme. But compared it with a real Dutch landscape by a real Dutch artist, one knows it for an outsider's interpretation of the scene, the work of one who has caught the external impressions and missed the everyday relation to the life of the country. The picture is superficial rather than truthful, and one would be apt to tire of it.

However, there is a great deal of work shown here to which those objectives cannot be made: motifs of American scenery, painted by men who spend their summers among it, retaining year after year to the spots they cherish. A particularly charming example of J. Francis Murphy's devotion to nature efforts is shown in his "In the Afternoon," which exhibits a facility in the subtle intonations of atmosphere that rarely to be so highly commended.

One of those clear, airy, vaporous subjects is "T. Van Lear" represented in a "Connecticut Hill-side," and C. Henry Eaton's skill in rendering the wholesome freedom of a landscape that the room has moved clear is shown in his "Over the Hills." "The Vandy Bep" represents F. K. M. Ives at his best, with a fine command of rich color and impressive water-motion.

Other landscapes that particularly attracted were Edward W. Booth's "Electioneering Rider," Frank Russell Green's "Across the Mountains," A. Barton Highway, by Augustine M. Gerardi, "The Incoming Tide," by Arthur W. Dow; "The Evening Breeze," by Carlotta Vigiles; W. R. Lapham's "A West Virginia Mountain Scene" and "The Summer Tide" and "The Road to Hager," respectively

by Edward Gay and Charles Warren Bates.

This brief summary of a few excellent pictures may be concluded with mention of "Little Houses," "White Island Light," "Beautiful in its Beauty," the real contrast between the white, sea-gone rock and the limpid smoothness of the sea, and, especially, in its suggestion of spaciousness and freely moving air.

Among the portraits Frank Furber shows three, which are full of character, and have the artistic distinction of landscape painter's arrangement, the figures being exceedingly well placed, and the color scheme kept in dignified control. A "Portrait of E. H. Hurler," by Irving S. Wiles, is a beautiful and impressive picture, with great skill displayed in the use of colors of color built around the subject's white shirt and suit. A glimpse upon also be recorded to Clara McHenry who has perfectly gotten all of an old man with a love story in his head, his head thrown up in the gleeful reminiscence of a "Good Old Day." The study of a girl's head in big hat, with an arrangement of color that has suggested the title, "After Tea," is an agreeable example by Joseph H. Boston; while in a portrait of an old lady, Robert W. Vinton just misses a very distinguished picture. It is a handsome canvas of color, rich tones, and the pose of the figure, sitting on a sofa, is very distinguished, but the face would seem to have troubled the painter. It is not rendered with his usual delicate, but with the exceptional clear purpose and sure treatment distinguished in the rest of the picture.

Compositions among the latter subjects was a decorative mosaic by Norman Lindsay, "In the Park," with its emphasis in feeling and color, and, characteristically composed. Two bronze statues, by Daniel C. French, respectively "Adele" and "The Girl," "Painting and Sculpture," destined for the West Missouri, have a rare combination of monumentality and exquisite grace; while U. H. Nieboer exhibits a host of J. G. A. Ward, the veteran president of the National Sculpture Society, which could hardly be surpassed as a portrait, full of dignity and quiet force.

CHARLES L. GIFFORD.

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GENERAL CHRISTIAN DE WET

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PER'S EKL



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the Filipino Petition

THE Filipino petition presented to Congress by SENATOR TAYLOR of Colorado, and read by Senator HAYES, is a remarkable document, and should be read by all persons who wish to keep themselves informed on the very important questions herein discussed. The petition bears in its terms tokens of genuineness. As one of our contemporaries suggests, there is here and there to be seen in its extraordinary length a line or two which one might expect to have been written in the study of an ARABIAN or in the sanctum of an SAVAN ROYAL, but this defect is more likely due to the penurious literary influence of the penitents circulated by the Anti-Separation League among the Filipinos than to actual collaboration between the signers and the sages of the Back Bay. It is quite possible that the Filipino petitioners who got up the petition, living across thousands miles from the United States, take the League and its leading clubs seriously, and made some of their utterances after what, in their innocence, they assume to be the proper literary standards prevailing in this country. We are further convinced that the suspicion that the petition was concocted in Boston is unfounded and unworthy; by their entire absence from the document of statistics, notes at the Administration, flings at a "painted flag," and extracts from the sermons of the sweet Singer of the Charles. Most assuredly leaves ARIZONA, WISCONSIN, and MINNESOTA on every in the present country. Their ability is indisputable. There is also a note of real sincerity about the petition, and an atmosphere of a situation which is the real and not the spurious thing, which, as we at last, convincing evidence on the TONGUE CLUB has nothing to do with its preparation. It is fervent, impetuous and glowing, and if its incoherence and favorable consideration required something less than a complete over-throw and abandonment of our inevitable obligations in the Philippine Islands, it could not possibly prove more helpful to both parties in the unhappy conflict than any paper yet prepared on the subject. It impresses respect for those to whose senses and brains it owes its being; it is respectful in tone, and between two contending parties an establishment of a mutual respect is the most important step toward the settlement of a dispute. For so long a time as the Filipinos regard SENATOR McKNALLY as a wicked dog who would slay the throats of their wives and devour their children, and for so long a time as his utterances quote give themselves over to the leadership of a self who, in our own judgment, has broken faith with everybody, there can be little hope of a finalizing peace. But if in some fashion the real

patriots of the archipelago, who are neither guerrillas nor thieves, can have converted to their minds the idea that there is somewhere in this country the slightest desire to hold them in bondage, but to free the country, a determination to assist them in the attainment of the largest measure of liberty possible, a basis of mutual respect might be established upon which a speedy settlement of our differences would be possible. What is needed in the islands would seem to be a campaign of education. The unfortunate fact is that all the educating that has been attempted so far has been of the pernicious kind initiated by discredited theorists, whose mission has been to arouse the sentiment of our institutions, if not actually to incite the Filipinos into armed rebellion against our property acquired and lawfully to be recognized authority. When the activities of our government are realized along educational lines so strenuously as are the energies of the enemies of the government, and when our educators in the dissemination of reasonable ideas, the beginning of the end may come into sight. Until then we fear the killing of Filipino rebels and the putting from ambush of American soldiers will continue.

Why is it not feasible to bring the leaders of these apparently reasonable and sincerely respectful petitioners into contact with our Civil Commissioners at Manila, of whose Judge TART is the honored head, or, better still, invite them to visit this country, and talk the situation over with those in authority?

THE reasons assigned by Governor ORRILL for the removal of Hon. SALAS W. BERT from the Civil Service Commission are absolutely inequitable, and it is a wonder that a man with the Governor's reputation for common-sense cannot see it. The value of a man's work depends neither

upon how long he has served upon his regularity in his duties, but upon his performance, and the performance of Mr. BERT has been of an exceptionally high standard. He has been unwavering in his attention to his duties. He has been the most active and the best-informed member of the board, in which there are twelve members. Most of this State have found him good enough to be retained, and it is not possible for Governor ORRILL or any one else to put his finger upon a flaw in his personal record. The conviction that Mr. Bert is a competent member of the board is the prevailing fact. That a Democrat should be a member of the board is ridiculous, unless by some occult process unknown to the rest of mankind the present Governor has been able to discover what, in these days of grace, is the eyes of the Government really is. We would be delighted to get at the Governor's definition of this word, so that we should have an official declaration, holding good in all cases at least, as to the precise meaning of the term.

The Governor began the new year with some fine resolutions. That he should follow the usual custom and by the third week of January be found guilty of such a lapse of political virtue may be human nature, but it is nevertheless essentially disappointing.

THEIR admissions seemed from certain of the West Point records by the Congressional Investigating Committee on the subject of having some somewhat derogating to the Military Academy. The records of the Academy have been declined to view the situation at the Military Academy with some leniency, many at West

Point believed, even if abuses have been perpetrated by individual cadets, that the blame for these could properly be visited upon the institution as a whole. We have believed that in every large establishment of this sort, civil or military, the normal characteristics of the young gentlemen there could not be otherwise than result in exhibitions of spirit by an unmanageable, some of them respectable perhaps, but all of them so thoroughly in accord with the nature of the "critter" that to try to stop them seemed on a par with an endeavor to sweep back the waves of the sea with a broom, or any other effort recognized by sane people as futile. Youth is the period of ebullient spirits. In a normal community of young men that which is fundamentally good is usually found to predominate, and that in the Military Academy there should be a sentiment against involving the use of brutality for brutality's sake, such is impossible of belief. Prize-fighting it was to be condoned, of course, but if to a bout at fisticuffs both

combatants are given an equal chance, the crime against order and discipline does not seem to us to be as heinous as some persons who have been so bold and cruel in their attacks upon the law. But that which involves the taking of an unfair advantage of a raw and inexperienced student merely because his more experienced brethren think he should have the consent taken out of him is not to be tolerated anywhere. The man who takes part in an "affair of honor," knowing that his opponent has no chance in the fight, is not only not a gentleman, as a soldier should be, but a coward of a particularly despicable sort, and should be eliminated from the community. The man who, like Senator HONNOLD's brother, goes about kissing handshakes, and to compel this same young man to read aloud accounts of the sinking of the *Merrimack*, and assistance at the end of each paragraph, "I am the Man," is an amusing if somewhat silly proceeding, and is in no way more to be tolerated. But to call out a young man to fight with one who is his superior in physical development, in experience, and in the facts set, and to brand him as a coward if he declines—this is the act of a villain, and should be treated as such.

WIFEY a man, after many years of reflection, settles upon the particular kind of glory that he desires to have crown his career. If in a positive pleasure to find him consistently following the path leading to the goal, we are moved to this reflection by the last-mentioned true latter Senatorial days of

the Civil Service Commission. From the beginning of this distinguished gentleman's political career he has been a man of one fixed ideal; to make of himself the most hopelessly disinterested and utterly futile figure in American public life. It sometimes happens that in important councils the sane and sensible participation is of real value to the state. No one could follow the extraordinary career of a journal of the temper of the *Evening Post*, for instance, in the promotion of reform, for the *Post's* exaltation has usually been at least intelligent; its reflection has been the bitterness of conviction, not of conviction. It is not to be said, however, that the intrinsic sincerity of its most exalted period, in Senator PATTERSON'S case, however, it has been hard to discern any of those cardinal virtues possessing which it might have been regarded as a sort of re-embodiment of the *Post's* editorial page. He stands to the world as a man whose character is characterized always by an intensely disagreeable quality which long ago inspired whatever usefulness he might have possessed. His desire has seemed to be to pull down without a constructive purpose, and to destroy, but to destroy and to destroy. He has been trained against every sincere effort of the Administration to clear away the deep complexities of the times, and he has not once in his opposition ceased to be disagreeable and destructively obstructive. His career has Senatorial career with a fling at the Supreme Court, which is neither decent nor justifiable, and we congratulate him that toward the fortunate end of his public life, whatever else may be said of him and of his record, he and it have to the last been consistent.

THEIR coiffures with which justice is meted out at the State of New Jersey is an objection which other communities would do well to avoid. Particularly in the State of New York do the law's delays and the law's costs and process under suspicion in hand. Whenever one's belief in the guilt or innocence of an

Admirable Moreover, now confined at Sing Sing pending his appeal to the highest court in the State, it must be noted that it was his due that his one should have been settled long ago. If he is innocent, to keep him in prison for over two years is a wicked infringement upon his rights. If he is guilty, the operations of the law, for the mere purpose of inspiring respect for it, should have been more strict, and long ere this the convicted man's punishment should have been visited out to him. The recent case at Paterson, in which a jury was selected no less than an hour, and in which both prosecution and defense were presented with an admirable equality and with the regard for the rights of the accused, as well as of the community, is evidence of what may be done under a right system properly administered.

We commend the New Jersey method to the contemplation of our justices and to the members of the bar, from whom alone reforms in our system are likely to emanate.

ving to form a part of the regular

training. The past ten years the popular sentiment is favoring football and golf has varied enormously. The interest in bicycling as an exercise is now on the wane, a result has been largely superseded golf, and professional baseball has denied the amateur games of their own prior support. Lacrosse and cricket, excluded games, have never been able to attract a large following in America. Interest in track and field athletics, rowing, skating, sailing, and many all recreative games has become diffused, not so much of these sports have had a hold on the public from a spontaneous act of view.

In the case of many of us for years has to have gymnastics and athletics considered largely for the benefit of the parent, rather than for the amusement of the spectator. The real benefit to the individual from exercise and sport comes a actual participation in them, not by mere witnessing the efforts of others. The benefit to the community as a whole depends upon the number of persons who engage in active exercise of some kind as a means of maintaining health.

In looking back over the achievements of the century in this direction we have seen that there has been a steady growth of interest, first taking one form and then another, until it has assumed a magnitude in the past few years which is unprecedented. If we include among those interested in physical training, besides the members of school gymnasiums, athletic clubs, sporting clubs, ball associations, the devotees of bicycling, golf, and various other sports and healthful amusements, the numbers readily amount up into the millions.

Where the interest in physical recreation has become so extended, it is natural to ask what has been the effect upon the life and health of our people. This is a difficult question to answer, because the strains and stress of living have been greatly intensified within the past half-century. Rapid transit, the telegraph, the telephone, and other electrical appliances have quickened the pulse of life, and made it more restless and exhilarating. Many of the new conditions under which our lives have had to labor and strive and gradually adapt themselves were not conducive to health, but tended rather to debilitate the system. But, nevertheless, we know that the average length of life has been increased, and that there is

much less sickness and invalidism among all classes. This is especially true of women and children, to whom healthful living has been a great boon.

There has been a corresponding increase in the average height and weight of college students during the past twenty-five years, and their improved condition may be ascribed to an indication of the better condition of the community from which they come to college. The great improvement made in athletic records during the past quarter-century would seem to argue that there had been an increase in functional power among our young men.

As a great many more persons have tried for these records in recent years, after a longer preparation and with better appliances than those enjoyed twenty-five years ago, those conclusions are not altogether trustworthy. But should the same result extended instead in physical training among both sexes continue in the present century, we shall soon begin to evaluate the powerful influence of healthful, as well as the benefits of accumulated knowledge, and may look forward with reasonable hope of becoming, like the Greeks of old, a superior people.

on and Lee University

By John Paul Bocock

Montana air was never more eloquent, never, however, than that which flows over these historic hills, on this National day most appropriately in that National University named for George Washington at the close of his remarkable career. For it is in that history touches the issues of a recent year and the most path to spirit and peace.

Spaulding Academy, founded by Robert Anderson, who was educated in Edinburgh, was named for a sovereign and reared for the republic's first struggle for them. The tale of patriotism was free-litigation "the unshakable firmness of independence and their brethren in Virginia. When the onset of the battle of Britain was spread abroad from the main-top, and Samuel Johnson first

drew the Atlantic seaboard, a new town in Rockbridge County, which was then part of Augusta County, was called Lexington. To Lexington accordingly the Augusta School was moved, and the fire of patriotism which has burned so steadily in the bosom of those sturdy Scotch-Irish men kindled up in the inspiration of a name for their new school—Liberty Hall Academy. As if interesting the fame which the best and bravest of the South were to lavish upon this institution, the offspring of freedom's earliest throes, history reached out her hands to it with the first charter granted by Virginia after the Revolution. And so what is now Washington and Lee was chartered in 1776.

When the Legislature of Virginia voted to George Washington 100 shares in the James River Company—the transportation

stock companies of those days were organized on waterways—the Father of his Country honored with these same shares to endorse the academy which bore the name of Liberty, and the State, which has ever been to honor him and associated with a mother's pride his stately figure among more and more heroic proportions as it reveals into the centuries, again changed Liberty Hall to Washington Academy in 1796. In 1815 the academy became Washington College.

For a half century it was, making no effort to have their impact on the passing times, set to work along the lines of duty. Their votes were heard in the forum and in the courts in the halls of Congress, and in all the perils of "peace with honor." And in the fulcrum of time history came to Washington and Lee, the founder, Washington, the representative, Lee.

"It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young," wrote Robert K. Lee to the trustees of Washington College, "to set them an example of submission to authority." So, from his retreat in Falmouth County, Lee accepted their invitation to come among them as a plain private citizen and citizen for these thirteen "no less renowned than we." He saw the opportunity of teaching the young men of the South the lesson of discipline in duty.

On horseback, as Jefferson went to the White House, so Lee rode across the mountains to Lexington, Massachusetts, and as greeted, he took the oath of office before William White, long the town moderator, and was afterwards, on October 5, 1863, formally inaugurated in the office of President of Washington College. The President's house on the university grounds was shortly afterwards built under his supervision.

For five years Washington College, soon to be Washington and Lee University, flourished and grew more largely deep the new foundations upon which one of America's greatest schools is yet to be made manifest. On October 12, 1868, Lee died, and under a beautifully pronounced statue by Valentine, of white marble, his body now lies in the Lee Memorial Chapel. George Washington Custis Lee succeeded naturally as the President of the Washington and Lee University.

The son of Lee, the nearest approach to a level descendant of his name, making their names, their families, their traditions, and their traditions in one personship, G. W. C. Lee is in the most modest of Americans. It is by his personality that the university has been enriched with the originality of such characteristics of Washington and of Lafayette, which hang on the walls of the Memorial Chapel. Three years ago, when he laid aside the name of active life, Hon. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, was elected to succeed him in the Presidency. On Mr. Wilson's death, some months ago, Hon. Henry M. Hooper-Tucker, one of Mr. Wilson's colleagues in Congress, and a distinguished member of the family of Washington and Lee, as well as an alumnus,



Portrait of Washington, by Charles W. Peale
The Original hangs in the Lee Memorial Chapel



Main Buildings of Washington and Lee University,—Tucker Memorial Hall on the Right

was made President of America. Much interest is felt throughout the country in the choice of the orator to be the chief speaker at their meeting in January, of a new President. The most distinguished Democrat in the country has been mentioned as the favorite candidate of many of Washington and Lee's best friends. With the right sort of a President, the advancement of the university would quickly become commensurate with its acclie and aspirations for the great opportunities. Excursions, excursions, having no North, so South, so North indeed saw those of honest learning, no prejudices save those of honor, already national in its traditions and achievements. Washington and Lee should become the American University.

Now have the life and labors of John Randolph Taylor, for many years chief of the University Law School, and a shining example of the jurisprudence of the heart as well as the head, failed to contribute powerfully to the fortunes of this university of students. The monumental building at the gray limestone of Rockbridge County, which was recently awarded on the advisory grounds in his honor, will be a lasting monument of the honor and affection in which he was held throughout the Union. Many distinguished men of New York, Boston, and other representative American cities, who prized his friendship and valued his services to his country, improved the opportunity afforded by the opening of the Tucker Law Memorial. His contributions to the literature of constitutional law would also have won him lasting fame.

The President's house has for thirty years held artistic and historical treasures which would elicit in every country and across the most ancient repository. The Paul portrait of Washington—which has now been transferred to the chapel—shows him in the prime of life, younger than his marvellous portrait, in the full flush of that physical health and strength which he enjoyed so abundantly. There is an almost radiant light in the eyes, the left hand hangs close to the sword-

hilt. The costume is the Colonial uniform of a British soldier. Such was the Washington house General Dismal's sent for into the mountains of the West, to the Ohio River, to demand the withdrawal of all the French troops from the country included in the limits of "the Virginia colony."

Near by in this storied house of Robert E. Lee hang the Paul portrait of Lafayette, sent from Paris to Washington with the form of the original, who looked up to Washington almost as a father. A new portrait of Mrs. Daniel Parke Curtis, the mother of John and Nellie Curtis, who became Mrs. George Washington, and a painting of "Light Horse Harry" Lee adorned another wall. But it is to the best artistic portraits of Dismal and Mrs. Washington, which were painted in 1793, that the eyes of a spectator instinctively turn.

Washington's excellent pen-tray, and inkstand, the whole writing set as he used it, and the Washington breast, including eagle, bow, and cross, and sword and belt, on the very tray on which Martha Washington made tea, were to be seen near by.

There are two living sons and two living daughters of General Robert E. Lee, the grandchildren of Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Harpersburg, who married George Washington Custis. It is at Harpersburg, in Fairfax County, and not far from Washington, D. C., that General George Washington Custis Lee now resides. It is usual in fact the living link between General Washington and Robert E. Lee. A fit representative he is of.

The palimpsest of a solitary rose
When she the days of old
Lived in the days of glory
Alight in hours of gold.

Graced with the highest honors of West Point, George Washington Custis Lee fought gallantly through the war, and his name conveyed to his father's presidential chair, following narrowly in his father's effort to restore in power what the people of the South had lost in war.

"By no people under the sun," writes an Secretary Hugh McCulloch, who served in the Treasury Department under Lincoln and Johnson, "were they carried in leaven and is devoted to what they considered their rights. By none were they ever equalled in the steadfast cheerfulness with which they endured protracted hardships and privations. I say no further. No people defrauded in the cause which they had at heart ever behaved better than they did after the war was over."

It was in this spirit that Robert E. Lee met alone doing with his might what his hands found to do at Lexington. It was in this spirit that Washington and Lee University was built up, looking out over smoking ruins and war-torn fields to the eternal hills. Out of this self-denial and devotion to duty, love of country, and loyalty to honor, there has matured a citizenship in the Republic of Letters the influence of which is destined to be widely felt.

Lovers of literature everywhere will rejoice at one of the achievements of the classical culture of Washington and Lee, the literary edition of the *Idiosyncrasy of Horace*. It was in the college library, which is rich in critical editions, and under the sympathetic instruction of Professor Carter J. Harris, a profound Latinist, that the idea was conceived of checking the familiar copies, with their best versions in other languages, in a form to be not unworthy of the art of book-making in this country, as well as of a thousand years of syncretistic criticism. "No collection of small poems, ancient or modern," says Halber Lytton in the introduction to his own preface translation, "has so universally passed the taste of all nations as Horace's Odes." It is not surprising, then, that "of all classical authors Horace is the one who has most often entered the confidence of editors and compilers. His Odes have been translated into every language, and his poems have been published in a half-dozen volumes, where appears the text of each of the editions there will be the best version the affectionate scholarship of the con-

tributor has produced of it, where also the other best translations by famous men should also be set out in close order, with illustrations appropriate as well as aesthetic, paper, type, set work, and binding to be worthy of the theme, then the scholarship which initiated the idea will at least have no occasion to be ashamed.

Another literary incident of interest in this connection is the discovery at Washington and Lee of the poem on "The Fishbones," which appears to have been written by George Washington, although it is not yet acknowledged by the historians and critics. The college files of an American magazine showed, as the number for June, 1872, the verses in question, prepared by these words: "The Liverpool Reviewer says the following lines are ascribed to the late General George Washington." Five stanzas of eight lines each are then given. And while careful search of the files of the Liverpool Reviewer, in the British Museum, has so far failed to discover an English version of the poem, there is neither in its language nor its sentiment anything inconsistent with the distinguished scholarship to which it is ascribed. The Washington poem to "The Fishbones" is quite as good in its way as Napoleon's verses in the prison of the Ring of Rome, and vastly better than Queen Elizabeth's translation of Horace's "Ars Poetica," another of the literary treasures of the Washington and Lee Library.

In these venerable walls there might most appropriately be founded a museum of both Washington and Lee relics and memorabilia. The museum for such a collection is already in hand. And the affectionate sentiment which fervently wishes the memory of these two great sons of Virginia, whose grave is fixed in the history of the United States, had suggestion might best be strengthened by the judicious selection of Robert Edward Lee's name for the walls of the Hall of Fame overlooking the Hudson and the left, indissolubly linked with the name of George Wash-





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1 The Old One dangles on the words of thine per second in Ice Boating



2 They consult on the best known Theorists on "Zacking" in the Club...



3 At last Dix gets directions while Hicks & Wickes receive village Council



4 At the boat house Dix departs to see to have a safe return



5 They make a sweet start with a good wind on the left quarter



6 Which changes after a few pleasant miles to a moving head wind



7 Hicks gets tangled in the sheet..... probably going



8 Matters seem to be getting gradually worse of course, and drops off



9 The others follow...and the thing goes off in the biggy ayure



10 During the search for it a snow storm comes on



11 Hicks and Wickes favor abandonment... but Dix objects!!



12 Hicks and Wickes being disabled Dix brings it back personally..



13 A stormy scene foreseen



14 They do not wait for it



15 But catch a friendly trolley



16 And forswear ice boating forever



HER, actresses, more familiar formerly to New York audiences than they are to-day, have recently responded under circumstances more or less gratifying to their art. There was a time when Ada Hoban, Viola Allen, and Effie Shannon were figures in the theatrical life of the city, one has returned regularly in New York of late years, but she never had to put her popularity to the test by which Miss Hoban was here. For years she was the leading stock company more or less advertised she came before her public in plays that had, in parts that were suited to her and at others wholly unadapted to her to be filled in New York, and if it is to-day's stage account, that is the demand for favorites, as they are affectionately called, as contrary he said to exist in New York of being every season in a new play that is a double or more if every circumstance favor. Under these unfortunate circumstances, she is likely to find the public tardily to some degree. Miss Helen, an able actress of performance that were "blatant in the later days of Italy's" then it will know to her public that it had not had occasion in its eternal delecting now the work of the actress to satisfy one the greatest houses that it holds. Her return to New York after almost two years ought to have been a there was every disposition to take at the Knickerbocker Theatre place has any in recent years.

was so frustrated by the inferiority lay in which she appeared. Paul Knorr told of old days "might have been there. But it was not the sort of play to be undertaken by her admirer here, and some of the passages of his life in any of its facts, or writing a play personality of Charles II's. Involvement with a young Italian woman was the climax of the actress's efforts in relation with the monarch of England to make the result of this attempt, smothered by the fact that, respecting her woman, she is overacting her self, a happiness for his and his beloved, or the young man is lost sight of, and in the happiness that she brings to the conventional incidents of the daily struggle, although his figure makes that have not been for many a way may they are grasped in every dress. Miss Helen has represented, of her lighter talents at her best, t of the Virginia favorite actress,

no real demand on her powers. She plays it with the bearable power of her personal charm, the poignant humor, and above all with the ease and authority that are among the greatest attributes of her art. Her human spirit never disguised more antique stage devices than ever Mr. Reamer's play contains, and her acting when, disguised in Lord Jeffrey's gown, she administers justice, when she meets the King, and, in moral of his identity, tells him some pungent truths, and when, as a first lady, she receives the grand commission of the theater—all these showed no distinction of the talent that was Miss Helen her reputation, and it will some day be enjoyed as much in New York as it ever was.

It cannot be said that Viola Allen, who is not mentioned with this other actress because of any artistic relation among them, has returned to the Theatre Republic from her travels in other cities with no evident change in her methods. Miss Allen always had signs of egotism that were regarded as some kind of her own. They were never favorable to actors, and it is incredible that she ever looked for her models there. Such signs of speaking and moving could have been heard only in the theater and in turn from actors who had taken their stand-side from their association. "In the Palace of the King" in response of his allies from a novel of the same name, by Marion Crawford. Taken together, were such a striking appeal to lovers of melodrama, for the stage stay at Louise Stockart has arranged it in complete, but seems are sufficiently strenuous and the essence of the audience is unimpaired until every one of the dramatic allusions arrives—in it almost exempt to write episodes. Miss Allen has to express the trials of a daughter who even sacrificed her reputation in the attempt to save her father's life. She drew all this with symbols a little more exaggerated than she had ever used before, and for that reason more artificial and inartistic. But there were in the efforts of acting before audiences that accept Miss Allen without criticism, and so she is more popular everywhere to-day than she ever was, possibly they are not altogether to be deplored, probably not by the actress and her managers. She is more fortunate than Miss Helen in being surrounded with admirable art-ists. Ellen Foyrman and Robert Haines are the most noticeable of them, and Marie Van Ince's beauty would make us forgetting anywhere.

JULIA MARLOWE comes to the Criterion this year in a play made by Paul Koster from Charles Major's *How Faithful was I Found*. Nothing in this dramatic record is more successful than the cooperation with which Mr. Koster has married to display Miss Marlowe's talents. In *Henry Tudor*, sister of *Henry VIII*, she is called upon to do all the things that Miss Marlowe's admirers like best. The makes love to the young prince she has chosen with all the tender charm that her beautiful voice can suggest. When she meets her lover to shape from England with her it is as a beg that Mary goes, and she has to keep her courage among a crowd of noisy revellers. She struggles melodramatically, like a garden hose, with a would-be ringer, and in a fit of temper drives the court out of her sight. Historical facts are treated with the restraint commonly shown to them since the revival of interest. It naturally play brought all these passages into the theatre. Now is there the least suggestion of Old World and old-time reality about this play, which in all its characteristics seems strange by its distance with the kind of performance in which Miss Marlowe has won her laurels here. It is only of its deficiencies in the respect, however, the performance presents a popular actress in a film that shows her talents to advantage. The necessity of going on with the play to one character naturally left very little for the actress. In their own together, Mary talks so much that her lover cannot understand it. But it is for the enjoyment of Miss Marlowe that the public is going to the Criterion Theatre, and probably it is no disadvantage to reveal her in every charming mood and phase.

EFFIE SHANNON's pale style seems the Miss Allen's methods to have been altered by her travels outside New York, but, in her own, this influence was advantageous. Exaggeration has added an emphasis she never possessed before, and the negative exaggeration which used to be characteristic of everything she did has given way to a positive manner that surprises approval. More than that would be necessary, however, to give character to Mrs. M. L. Hely's play, "My Lady Dainty," on view now at the Madison Square Theatre. Mrs. Hely has been here this time over her plays fail to win critical approval and the dissent with a high degree of popular approval. It would hardly be a curiosity of taste if Miss Shannon were held this latest specimen of her very in-positions. *My Lady Dainty*. None of her previous plays was more diffuse, and some of them were much more entertaining, than the majority of its remedy now made "My Lady Dainty." It is a story of a young man with a large family, the troubles of his life, and the several part episodes. It will be seen how little some engraving the serious threads of play in when it is known that the man, acted by Burke Kelly, is in the part of doing the New York of every day. Mrs. Hely for the sake of her money, Mr. Kelly showed his former ease of facility which was the one quality such an impossible character allowed him to reveal.



In "Fiddle-De-Dee" at Weber & Fields'



View of the Bay-windows



The Club-house



The Great Fireplace



The Grill-room



The Model-room

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S NEW HOME

Photographs by James Burton

Municipal Employment

By John R. Commons

A YEAR after the civil service had been extended to the working men in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Commodore Hixson, the commissioner, reported, "The general effect of the system has been to relieve the need of all new men in the yard during the year about 25 per cent." Two years later the Secretary of the Navy wrote, "The labor of navy yards has increased in efficiency that amply offsets the cost of the system, and it would soon with such show of result, that the government can now fairly compare its cost with the cost of recruiting vessels and machinery."

Employment in the navy suffers from seasonal employment in this: the life of the nation is staked on the quality of the work. Therefore, the selection list more keenly their responsibility, and are more willing to stand by the "worth" system. But examples are given where cities by similar rules have accomplished equally striking results. Before, in the winter of 1894, in order to find work for the unemployed, held by its own city labor, without the intervention of the contractor, a brick sewer at a cost of \$10 in 100 was taken out of the contract of \$27 at whom done by a contractor the year before. The contractor was not allowed to get out of sight. Moreover, the contractor had brought suit for extra amount to 20 per cent. In another instance, Wellington (Iowa), Toronto (Canada), Houston (Texas) and New York have done better and better. In 10 to 20 per cent, one can save the price paid at the same time in contractors. Boston reports that the work has a saving of 50 per cent. on the contractor. In Washington, England, except, and check its streets, and water and gas, and other things might be given. They all depend upon the same principle: "the worth" instead of "the price."

American cities have suffered more than foreign cities from the contractor system, not so much from law to abandon him. Many legislatures and special commissions have acted in the way. But wherever these have not interfered, the city labor system has developed a more powerful and more efficient system. In the cities of the United States, the contractor system is now being replaced by the merit system. In the cities of the United States, the contractor system is now being replaced by the merit system.

In American cities there is even greater urgency than that of high cost and poor quality which is driving many cities to the abandonment of the contractor. This is the corruption of politics. With the decline of the merit system in municipal employment, the contractor system is now more deadly. Contractors are now more likely to be politicians or the partners of politicians. Others in the politician will rule them by various means.

As just now stated, the first cost of municipal employment is not always less than the first cost of contract work. In the case of the contractor there are added costs for inspection, extra, litigation, and repair, or the political "pull." In the case of the contractor there are added costs for inspection, extra, litigation, and repair, or the political "pull." In the case of the contractor there are added costs for inspection, extra, litigation, and repair, or the political "pull."

High wages have a double significance. They are a source of revenue to the contractor. The use of high wages and the contractor system is now being replaced by the merit system. In the cities of the United States, the contractor system is now being replaced by the merit system.

Laborers in British cities have always been hired in the open market on business principles. The so-called "bar-gain" movement in municipal employment in the United States is not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born.

London pays 15 per cent, and per cent less in winter, measured by the day, than London contractor, and British cities are not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born. In many towns it is not yet born.

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Alex. Henderson

COMMODORE ALEXANDER HENDERSON, a chief engineer in the United States navy, died January 12, 1861. He was sixty-six years of age. He was born July 18, 1802, in Washington, D. C., and came to a family that had served both in the army and navy for several generations. His father was Colonel Thomas Henderson, U.S.A., and his grandfather was Commodore Thomas T. Henderson, U.S.N., Chief Engineer Thomas Henderson, the navy on his third assignment in 1831, and served for nearly half a century as a commissioned officer. He was in Commodore Perry's fleet which opened up Greece in 1826. He served in the Mediterranean in 1837, and was a member of the Paraguay expedition of 1845. When the civil war broke out he returned to the United States, and although a Virginian, served with the fleets of the United States. Later he was distinguished both of the Arctic and European expeditions. In 1862 Commodore Henderson was made chief engineer of the Naval Academy, and so much distinguished the captain of the first vessel of his new navy. He was appointed Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, and remained such until his retirement in 1864. He was one of the founders of the United States Navy, and was one of the first to be promoted and returned to active duty. He was one of the first to be promoted and returned to active duty.

New York Yacht Club

THE new club house of the New York Yacht Club, in West Forty-fourth Street, was opened Saturday, January 17, with due observance. It is one of the handsomest club buildings on a street almost noted for the high character of its smaller houses. It is a masterpiece of every bit of art and a depth of one hundred feet. The front is of Italian Renaissance, elaborately carved. The prominent features being three windows enclosed in a series of arches, and the arches of the interior decorations are rich and in exquisite taste. The grill room is constructed in its imitation of the "between-decks" of an old ship. There are covered open spaces across the ceiling, and the sides of the room are lined with stationary seats, which are the handiest and most comfortable in the model room, the dimensions of which are 300x100 feet. The main or main hall is a large open hall, the ceiling is of wood, and the sides of the room are lined with stationary seats, which are the handiest and most comfortable in the model room, the dimensions of which are 300x100 feet. The main or main hall is a large open hall, the ceiling is of wood, and the sides of the room are lined with stationary seats, which are the handiest and most comfortable in the model room, the dimensions of which are 300x100 feet.

Christian de Wet

THE recent invasion of Cape Colony by the Boers has brought the attention of South Africa to the front, and has called especial attention to General Christian de Wet, who is said to have played a decisive part in the recent invasion of Cape Colony by the Boers. De Wet has been active and energetic ever since fighting began, over a year ago, more than any of the best commanders of the British, but usually in inferior considerable danger upon his person. At the time of Lord Roberts's departure for England, de Wet was in the northern Transvaal with his command. It is reported that he is in the northward and that he is in the northward and that he is in the northward and that he is in the northward.

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Queen Victoria receiving the Sacrament after her Coronation in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838



The Baptism of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales



Osborne House, the Queen's Residence on the Isle of Wight
From the New York "Herald"



Sully's Portrait of Queen Victoria

From a Photograph, copyrighted 1877, by the Society of the Sons of St. George, Philadelphia



Queen Victoria in 1867



Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, June, 1897



The Princess Victoria in 1830
From the Painting by Richard Westall, R.A., at Windsor Castle



Queen Victoria in 1830
From a Drawing by R. J. Linn, A.R.A.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF  CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 2: 1901



IN MEMORIAM

*"Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;*

*A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."*

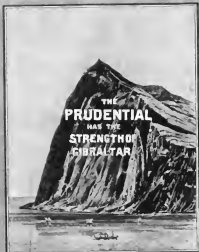
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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

Born May 24, 1819. Succeded to the Throne June 20, 1837. Died January 22, 1901



EDWARD VII
 KING OF ENGLAND

KING EDWARD VII. was born at Buckingham Palace, November 9, 1841. He was specially educated to occupy the throne, and underwent a course of training at the hands of numerous tutors, and passed through a portion of the curriculum at Edinburgh, Oxford, and Cambridge. Kingly talents, his history, Lord Napier, afterwards Lord Playfair, historian; Dean Stanley, theologian; the Duke of Newcastle, politician; Herbert Spencer, economic historian; Mr. Fisher, law and history. A good many people at the time thought the young Prince was being overeducated. The popular opinion was well expressed in some lines that appeared in *Punch* in 1870:

Placed in grey-fined regalia (but that gives a strain),
 The poor soul to be plunged in one sacred canon,
 Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
 Will be good on his head, until some day of rain.

Edward was always head of action—English, French, and German—and at this period feared a

liking for Sir Walter Scott, which he never lost. Books of stirring incidents by land and sea, naval battles, especially those relating to English history and works of imagination, The Arnold Foster's *Je m'en souviens*, possess great attraction for the Prince.

The part of his education which has left the greatest impression upon his mind and character was that derived from the tour in Canada and the United States, which was made in 1869. The first place on which he set foot in the British Empire outside the United Kingdom was at St. John's, Newfoundland. The reason of the visit was that during the Crimean war Canada had come to the help of the mother country and had braved and equipped a regiment of foot. To return the Queen was asked to visit what is now the Dominion, but so long a journey was considered unprofitable for the monarch to undertake. The Queen was then invited to appoint one of her sons as Governor-General, but they were little more than children, and the proposal was unavailing. A compromise was effected by a promise that the Prince of Wales

should visit Canada in the Queen's stead. The promise was fulfilled when the Prince of Wales was appointed, and in July, 1869, H.M.S. *Albatross*, escorted by the *Arcturion*, now a steam yacht at Portsmouth employed by the foreign department, conveyed the Prince to North America. When the visit to Canada was over, the Prince crossed to the United States on the night of the 20th of September, leaving behind him his titular rank and appearing on reputation still as Lord Roxburgh. At Ottawa the Prince and his companions could not get to their hotel owing to the crowds. The city was illuminated. If George Washington had come to life, it was alleged, there would not have been greater enthusiasm or cordially displayed by the people. The visiting Washington, during the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan, the Prince stood at the White House for five days, and made the pilgrimage to Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. The *Times* correspondent of the period described the scene as follows: "Before this humble tomb the Prince, the President, and all the party stood unmoved. It is easy



H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall and York



H. R. H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York

Who will succeed to the Title of the Prince and Princess of Wales

In 1873 the death of Queen Victoria came as a great blow.

In 1873 the Prince of Wales went to India. The House of Commons voted a sum of £100,000 for the personal expenses of the party. The majority of noble £200,000 as the expenses of the voyage of the prince to and from India. The appropriation was not unananimously carried in the House of Commons. Mr. Jowett, a liberal member, whose favorite title was that of *Member for India*, opposed to the vote. Thirty-three members agreed with him. Disraeli was then Prime Minister, and in supporting the vote his Oriental reputation resulted in depriving the pomp with which the Prince would be surrounded and the pageants that would adorn his progress. Lord Charles D'Israeli was the title of the party, and many were the proposals contributed to the equipment of the Prince and the suite by one who is now a grave General in the British army. Sir Northcote, the Duke of Northland, and Earl Grey also supported the Prince.

In 1874 the party went up country to see the process of elephant-hunting, and also to give the Prince his first experience of big game shooting. The object of the party was Sir C. Fisher, one of the chief commissioners of one of the most important provinces in Ceylon. The first time that a specimen goes up as a specimen in the jungle is trying to the nerve. The elephant is absent, indistinguishable from the trunk of the tree and the undergrowth, and at the distance of a few yards he is almost invisible. Nothing but the constant tapping of his own reveals his position to the eye. The facility with which an elephant can make his way through the thicket and approach of a tiger is almost incredible. It is a slight gunner has a distinct advantage over a specimen. To kill an elephant under such circumstances requires coolness and an iron aim. The signature of elephant-hunting in Ceylon requires that he should only be hit in the head, body or hind leg, by a man without stopping the animal. The Prince of Wales was charged by an elephant under these circumstances, and displayed no such coolness and still as if he had been engaged in the sport all his life. No such as that even a child of Mr. Fisher's standing expressed the warmest admiration for the Prince's skill, courage, and self-control.

Descriptions of the Prince's visit to India have been repeatedly published, but there is one interesting incident that may be recalled, which throws a light upon the Prince's tact and presence of mind. It was related to me by an eye-witness, a high official in the Indian government. It is well known that the Indian press are constantly stirring among themselves to obtain greater recognition from the Indian government in the form of an addition to the number of seats to which they are entitled in the Council. It is enough said and they do not hesitate on occasion to encroach on the rights of others. The Prince was not engaged to hold shares, but a prominent member of them had married a high official of the Indian government and through this connection a great number of native princes and rajahs paid their respects in person to the latter

Emperor of India. The Prince stood on a small carpet upon which no other person was supposed to tread. The late Maharajah of Mysore, desirous of impressing the multitude with his importance and virtual equality with the son of the Queen of England, suddenly seized his way upon the carpet so he exchanged compliments with the Prince. Sir Northcote observed a few words to the Prince of Wales, as while the latter quietly, but with the greatest dignity, before these words of equality nothing else attended on his hand and greatly edged the Oriental to his proper place. The act was so quietly done and with such simple dignity that the newspaper correspondents present took no notice of the incident. The fact, however, of the Prince being made to retire from the carpet so that the Prince stood was whispered throughout the houses of India, and according to my informant produced a greater effect on native opinion than many a bloody victory has done in the past.

The effect of the Prince's visit to India amply justified the expectations of those who were responsible for its completion.

The tabernacle of travel upon him in high place is generally accepted to enlarge the sympathies and widen the outlook. Although King Edward has visited India and Canada, he has never seen America in the flesh. I have already referred to his visit to literature, but it is difficult not to associate his foreign travels with the contents of the shelves of that section of the Strand libraries which cover the general interests of his Royal Highness. One who had the opportunity of inspecting the books declares that the history of our own country, and especially the history of our own time, shows the majority of the volumes. The Indian history occupies several shelves. The King has made a practice of buying official reports, newspaper articles and every new work connected with the public and private administration of India. The bibliography of the *Chronicle* was in the same way represented in his library. Colonial history and blue books, works of no power, and the actual possession of British possessions, and some other evidence of the King's tastes.

People whose point of contact with the King when he was Prince of Wales was restricted to the Terrace at Homburg set at crossed reception in London have sometimes drawn a contrast between him and Prince Albert, his father. The truth of the matter is that a strong affinity exists between the subject of this paper and the late Prince Albert. The latter was a man of serious and even morose disposition. With his father, Prince Albert, he has far more in common than is generally supposed. The late Prince Consort vitally favored Etonism. As Prince of Wales, the King developed the idea, and by so doing has contributed enormously to the equipment and instruction of large masses of his fellow-countrymen, and in this respect he has far more in common with his father, Prince Albert, he has far more in common than is generally supposed. The late Prince Consort vitally favored Etonism. As Prince of Wales, the King developed the idea, and by so doing has contributed enormously to the equipment and instruction of large masses of his fellow-countrymen, and in this respect he has far more in common with his father, Prince Albert, he has far more in common than is generally supposed. The late Prince Consort vitally favored Etonism. As Prince of Wales, the King developed the idea, and by so doing has contributed enormously to the equipment and instruction of large masses of his fellow-countrymen, and in this respect he has far more in common with his father, Prince Albert, he has far more in common than is generally supposed.

It should never have been forgotten, when listening to stories of Prince Albert Edward of Wales, that when

anything was said to his discredit, he shows, of all Englishmen, was unable to reply. "From his arrival at our estate he has been the target of slander and of evasions and malicious reports of people of whom the 'Daily News' writes: 'The prince is a man of courage.' I have very strong reason to believe that the malignant stories circulated about the Prince of Wales are absolutely false. In the Treaty of Commerce which attracted so much attention a few years ago, the Prince was severely blamed in some quarters for carrying with him cards and members. It is, I believe, a fact that they were the gifts of the Princess of Wales. Many people object to my playing, but others do not, and, after all, how many people in the Prince of Wales's place would have made as many friends and so few enemies as the King has done?"

Many of Prince Albert Edward's doings were unaccountably disapproved, and after the death of the Duke of Clarence an increase in the number of state balls again him. His correspondence was enormous. The social duties of the prince largely devolved upon the Prince and Princess of Wales, while in other respects they had the disadvantage of private station. Marlborough House was found to be a poor place for the residence of the Duke of St. James, while the Prince's strength bill is not have been over £1000 a year. Neither letters nor telegrams are despised, and the demand on his purse for charities has always been enormous. Local ceremonies in all parts of the Kingdom have required his presence under varying conditions, and if they have been of little importance, the fact has been conveniently and unaccountably omitted. Here is an instance: In 1894 the Prince and Princess of Wales attended the annual meeting of the Welsh known as the Eisteddfod, held at Carmarthen. They were received with much enthusiasm, and were invited into the Eisteddfod, the Prince of Wales under the name of *Herbert Brynion* (Edward the Great), the Princess of Wales as *Madrigal Brynion* (Victoria's delight), and the Prince and Princess of Wales as *Princess of Wales*. They were their daughter being publicly called on *Madrigal*!

Those who read the King's character only by the glittering light of fashionable society fall into error. During the whole of his lifetime he has lived under the shadow of the great responsibility that was laid upon the lot of any man—be it King of England, a British King, King Edward VII. will be in it possible to compare, because he is not perfect, and does not pretend to be. In every England, after banking, an active sportsman, a keen player, and a good dancer, and he thought more the less by his countrymen on that account. The common sense distinctive of Queen Victoria descended in his child, and if his ideas are sometimes considered to fall short of the standard set up for other people by the standard of his own, it is not because he does not believe them, but that he does not talk about them. It is impossible in the moment of things that Edward's reign will be a long one. It is unnecessary to know, however, that the corpse so worthily and so bravely met has passed into the hands of an English gentleman.

ARNOLD WYTHE.

services. Her capacity was tested. When she heard it, it did not at first appear to her as strong as she had expected, but Hook seems to have told the Queen that "the Church would endure, let what would happen to the throne." On her return to Buckingham Palace, the Marquis of Normandy, who had been at the chapel—the time was the end of July—said to her, "Did not your Majesty find it very hot?" She said, "Yes, and the services were very hot too."

The position of a girl called in the English throne is one that might seduce the hearts of all critics and discern the attack of every foe except those of political passions. To the ideal of political party in constitutional countries every one lends the knee. The Queen's character was first vitally revealed to the nation in what is known as the Bed-chamber difficulty. The incident throws light on much that has since happened. In 1856 the Whigs had fallen and the Tories were waiting in tranquil anxiety to arrange their new government. It is part of the English political system that the great ladies in personal attendance upon the sovereign retire with the old administration. The Queen objected to this arrangement. She was only twenty years of age. She was lonely. She was about to lose Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, whom she regarded as her childhood friend. She positively refused to separate herself from the ladies of her household. Sir Robert Peel objected, but failed to shake her determination. Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, feared he might have some influence with her. He made an impression on the Queen. The Duke of Wellington then brought his guns to bear, and endeavored to persuade her to yield. She was as immovable as the Eddystone Light-house. Ready with answers to all that was said, and with arguments in support of her determination, she led her interlopers. They told her that the most considerate ladies in the same light as lords who changed with the ministry. She answered: "No, I have lords besides,

the one her Majesty insisting on the same as I have to do the one her Majesty insisted on the same as I have to do brought up, dropped her knife and fork, looked up at the Queen, and said: "Peggy widdy! You are a jolly widdy." The Queen is said to have been slightly disconcerted, but pleaded her Trenton origin and habit. On another occasion, recently, the little daughter of a portrait-painter who was engaged on the sculptures of the Princess Beatrice's children, accompanied her mother in the room at Osborne set apart for a studio. The Queen entered, and seeing the little girl, said, "My dear, where do you live when in London?" The child answered, not knowing the little lady in black: "Oh! I live in the Buckingham Palace Road. Where do you live when you are in London?" "Oh!" said the Queen, smiling. "I live in Buckingham Palace."

From the frankness and amiability of the Queen have strongly enough proceeded the only chill in the relations subsisting between herself and her people. Her mourning for the Prince Consort, who died in 1841, was long renewed. It never ceased. In her Majesty's bed-room it is pathetic to note that above the pillows on the right-hand side there was always hung a portrait of the late Prince Consort surrounded by a wreath of immortelles. The same and memorials were in every bed-room that the Queen ever occupied. By some accident a photograph was taken of the bed-room, which brought its way to the public in a little book called *The Private Life of the Queen*. I understand that the book has been suppressed or bought up, but in the copy in my possession the wreath of immortelles is clearly portrayed. For many years the Queen retired almost completely from public life, and probably no sovereign of any country in the world ever resided less in the capital of his kingdom than Queen Victoria in London. She detested the metropolis, and suffered from the atmosphere of the great city. The Queen's habit of shutting herself up at Windsor, Balmoral, or Osborne was, in a sense, unfortunate. It in-

study of Charles I. of last memory.

Produce no direct evidence. Touch no state matters. Taps no bell to put on gloves. Salute no dignitaries. Do not sit in vice. Repeat no prayers. Demand no music. Make no confessions. Keep no bed company. Make no long meals. Lay no wagers.

These rules observed with strictness
The peace and tranquility gain.

The Court Circular often contains loving and thankful words written by her Majesty's own hand as a tribute of gratitude and friendship to some faithful servant who has gone before. Her friendship for John Brown, whom she made into a gentleman by royal prerogative, is proverbial. He was a rough, ungodly, and sometimes provoking fellow, but he was honest and trustworthy, and would be took to the bottle, was a good disciplinarian and strictly just. Most of the Queen's servants were Scotch, as she found them loyal, honest, trustworthy, and silent.

Queen Victoria led a noble life. She personified all that is best in the British character. Firm in opinion, tender-hearted and affectionate without being emotional, tranquil in action, reasonable in idea, though without claim to genius or transcendent ability, the Queen will live in history by force of her character. Great knowledge and an iron will gave to the Queen an influence in the conduct of public affairs which was, in fact, more akin to that of the monarch than to the constitutional conditions which are the theoretical foundation for the throne of Hanover. While sticklers for constitutional nicety proscribed it and resented the Queen's overwhelming influence in public affairs, and were indignant at her Majesty's use of the German language, and at her predilections for her German relatives, they loved her as well and implicitly as ever a free people loved a great ruler and a good woman.



Princess Beatrice

ALONG A PERSIAN HIGHWAY



BY JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD

Part V



THREE is a reverse side to the Tahiria palace, a side not greatly evident to the westerner, and which, by force of truthfully active imagination, is the reverse and mean side of the man. Behind the barrier and wall, the better quarters of the city are realized and certain glimpses. There are cities, which are scarcely seen by the tourist. Within the big enclosure which fronts down upon narrow streets are great gardens, surrounded by the looms of the oaks, which cover sometimes a whole square and are real with flowers and material with the laughter of children. There are the women's quarters—where Persian great ladies join their robes of various silks. There are the harem, stables full of them, for the horse is a mania of Iran. There are servants on end, gold and silver vessels of strange workmanship, much fine furniture, several paintings, and tapestries such as can no longer be bought.

But when all is said and done, it is a strange magnificence. The fashionable American house might seem to the wealthy Persian of today somewhat in its arrangement, but for splendor it would fail to his mind the descriptions of Paradise. He really knows little of decoration. There he has installed a room in mirror-glass, made partitions of silver-ware, hung big chandeliers and put in European lamps, a table, and some best-wood table-d'office chairs, and covered the floor and what remains of the walls with the richest of hand-woven carpets and hangings, he has done the best he can. There is no farther attitude except to "give it up." Oriented splendor is a pleasure that has been handed down to us, the real thing for which it was used in out of relations. The most strenuous and harsh efforts of display of luxury in Persia nowadays are altogether along European lines, and they are stony.

Tahiria unquestionably takes the key-note in such matters from the Vah Abd, the Crown-Prince, whose residence here gives a model home to the town. The treasury of the Kaiser—the reigning family—is a treasure of European customs in everything, from art to artillery, for his father was before him, and has trained his sons to the same style, probably at some sacrifice of his popularity with the conservative elements in his kingdom.

The Royal Highness the Vah Abd has been an apt scholar in the modern school, and recently has a notable following. Arriving in the Persian town, the Shah is the report of the Prophet, who in his turn is a wise man at all times. It has been observed, then, that the Vah Abd, should he be in outward seeming a very good and very materialistic young man, is not a very easy creature from the Altabahy, and it is better by supposing that he should be held up as the plan of his father.

The Kajar has failed, however, of securing any

real endorsement of all of their innovations. They have not succeeded, for example, in making the mealtimes wholly regular. The greater number of men of importance in all walks of life, including the nobles, who are the high-priced and old-fashioned, as well as of Mohammedanism, still glory in the beard which to the Persian of former days was the man's one mark of a man. In the army, the postal service, and diplomatic service, as well as in the navigation, the younger men affect the mustache, and are proud, in proportion to its magnitude. It is wholly a European idea. For among their neighbors, both to the north and east, the beard is still the mark of true manhood and dignity and receives attention commensurate therewith. Fashionables of the town have abandoned, too, the dyeing of the hair, beard, and finger nails with henna, making it a relic of barbarism.

Most of the dignitaries and men of independent wealth are backward, too, about adopting the Kajar fashions in dress. They continue to wear the long silk robes, which have been the Persian costume from time immemorial, but add to the silver shawl which affords the official look and other loose trousers which resemble the khalat favored of his Majesty. In the houses you may quite often see well-to-do shopkeepers of middle age at work with queer neckties and sleeves of silk, dilly-embroidered designs about the cuffs, of valance-like silver garments, such as were in vogue in the Shah's regime. The head gear remains about the same. The majority of men wear the larch-shaped cap of black lamb-wool, known as khalat.

It varies in form, as do the American "Macks." The necktie and geyrda adhere to the urban, in outer disguise of their status. There are also seen the dark shawl-like (though of the gentleman, and the round-topped, stiff-crowned, tinctor's cap of the Chinese Turkoman.

There is rapid method in having the belt-apprared roads in Tahiria. In the management of the telegraph, telephones, and rich province of Azerbaijan the young gentleman is being "brought out." As a fit sign of occupancy of the Persian throne at Tahiria, the Shah himself was called home with waiting for the day that should ensue. News of his return, and how the royal crown ready for the sun in day into. The training in a good one, for the north-western province, in active relations with the outside world, offers a variety of details which made it a royal property school for kings. Residence in Tahiria is established in being the Crown Prince into contact with all the elements that are apt to make his head "lil'anny" when one has to get the crown on it. He has had a large and different preparation to look after, not commercial and manufacturing interests in country, nor questions of international preference to settle, and the most intense and diversified influences being to keep in check for their Armenia, Bala, Ali, Lillak, and goodness of other native dignities abroad, and the Greek, Roman, and Protestant Christians, have strong representation. He is eternally rubbing elbows, too, with the Kurds, who in themselves are about the most perplexing question in Persia.

He has much to do with army matters, since the garrison in Tahiria is a mirror of the country's military forces. And since American boys into the royal treasury a sum far and away greater than does any other province in the realm, he learns to the utmost the great art of appeasing the tax-payers, which, after all, is the thing most essential to success in the Persian kingdom. It is hard for him to restrain an liberality he can make most of, and here any money about, and from time to time, therefore, the parental head is invited to go down into the imperial edifice at Tahiria, the depth of which, despite the superficial fact that the country is bankrupt and constantly mortgaging itself anew to get money, is said to be still filled with riches to a depth of which men were wot.

Tahiria gets, in its turn, some of the benefit from the existence of the Vah Abd. Whatever of provisions there happens to be in his kind disposition in the reformation of improvements upon the town, that is partly well established now that rulers of the Raga dynasty are prone to "want their parents back." When the Shah, Mansur was living in Tahiria, he founded a school, before mentioned. The standard of education was probably raised thereby, but it is the need of the royal household in Persia—the beneficent pay, in the long run, for all they get. When rebellions are held, the Prince often leads the helm, but it is part of the reason for the rich who profit in the same way, and some as benefactor with presents to him, or that he is more apt to give by the transaction than not. It is merely an effective method of taxing him to give enjoyment to the man.

The Vah Abd's financial troubles do not interfere, however, with his living in a fashion worthy of a prince. In addition to his regular palace in the famous English Mansur, at Northern Tahiria, which was built by Mansur-ud-Din before his accession to the throne. This is one of the most beautiful of the fourteenth, stables, and collection of birds and ani-



Chosroe Khan



Postmaster Behair Sulstach, and Saif



The Amir-i-Toman and his Saif

border—on one going Persia, on a steaming ship with shabby trappings, and attended by one man, half sailor, half soldier; and on the other, in a motor car, the rich postal business of the world, with a driver and unobtrusive. From Julla the mail goes by Russian freight service under Consul guard, to Akabala, thence by rail to Tiflis and Baku, or by steamer to Constantinople, and onward by rail. By arrangement with the German government, the Persians, as well as the "British bag," are landed in the principal cities of Persia, and are not allowed until they reach the German capital. This entails delay, and letters for Russia, England, and America are usually sent in three bags to cross the sea. The first is sent to Constantinople a month for a letter to get from Tahrir to New York.

The telegraph of Persia have undergone considerable improvement during the reign of Muzaffer ed-Din. His system for the protection of the West Point cable, the Indo-European company's line—the "link," as it is popularly known—has been a masterpiece from Europe to India, by connecting it to the South Indian lines at Yerkes. There probably is not a better piece of telegraphic construction in the world. The poles are all of steel, and the wires, from Julla to Tahrir at least, is on a nearly a straight line as



Court-yard of a Persian House

The West Point Investigations

It will hardly be felt by those who in late years had an opportunity to become somewhat familiar with the military system of the West Point cadets that the agencies just referred to by all first students of the subject are intended to refer to the West Point case, and not to the investigation of the late Persia case. It is to be feared that the latter is being, when the upper-class men and the "plebs" will be dealt together, in the far from fair manner in which the results will fail to keep their pledge. No one who knows anything about them, and who should be satisfied to see a just and equitable trial, is in a position to say that the results will be anything but what the public would expect. It is to be feared that the results will be anything but what the public would expect. It is to be feared that the results will be anything but what the public would expect.

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can be imagined. Mountainous groups, rivers, have not been allowed to divert it. It is constantly under repair and repair. In addition to the company's work the police carry a third for the use of the Persian government. The maintenance of this was a condition of the concession. Within the past few years much has been done. The roads are being repaired with points on the western border and to the south, since the mountainous parts were cut off from the habit of tampering with the lines, the cities of the whole kingdom are intensely well supplied by lines.

In the afternoon of a newspaper in Tahrir (there was one, but the price was a third for the use of the Persian government) the "Tahrir" (April there, a clever British journal) says that a bulletin of the half-dozen principal roads of the empire has been issued, and is available to the consulates and to the houses of the consuls, and to the consulates, as well as to Persians of note.

But even a more brilliant, more varied a work, and a more serious of about three million shillings a week, do not prevent Tahrir from being busy at this very late date, well out of the world. To the American whose correspondents in one week to the dispatch of New York, it is a long way from—Franklin Square.

legal authority, an appellate case has no more right to give an order to a plebe, as to start service of any kind from him, than he has to a member of the upper class.

There is, of course, the hope that the cadet corps, in the agreement signed on the 15th of January, will be held liable in a broader and more comprehensive sense than is intended to be the understanding of the members of the grade of any of the individual members who testified. It is to be feared that the results will be anything but what the public would expect. It is to be feared that the results will be anything but what the public would expect.

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HAZING AT THE WEST F



Suiciding to Newburgh



Declaiming



Offending



The Holston Kia



A Jersey Race



Charging Spontous



Footbelling



The Dead Beats Drece



Spinning The Gun

LABOR

BY EMILE ZOLA

Part II

With some manner he had been looking at Colfax's eye across the room, he recognized the other copy of the *Reu de Paris*, opposite the Martin. Colfax and his wife had come by keeping only a little shop where they sold groceries, now that they had become very poor.

The bottles were next there, it was the fit, and then came a faithful quantity of spirits. A row of bottles of workmen poured in and out of Colfax's glass, especially on Saturdays, for Saturday was pay-day. They staid till late at night, got their meals there, and did not leave the place until they were dead drunk. Drink was their poison, and in selling the poison they destroyed men's brains and bodies. Lar could hardly think he would go in and see what was going on there.

Very quietly he walked himself off one of the small tables near the tin-covered bar. At first glance, Lar recognized Eugene and Raymond, sitting opposite to each other, talking excitedly. They had begun by drinking a bottle, then they had ordered an omelette, mackerel, and cheese, and after that no more things were drunk than had been before this year. But what most interested Lar was Colfax's behavior, who was standing near their table. Lar had ordered a glass of brandy for himself, and as he sat it he was listening to the talk of the proprietors. Colfax was a big man, stout and smiling, with a sort of paternal face.

"What's I tell you strikers that if you had only staid out these days more you would have had your employees at your mercy, tied hand and foot! Good heavens! You all know that, and with reason—indeed I do! Ah! yes, if you had not been in such a hurry you would have won the strike."

Eugene and Raymond, who had tapped him on the arm, said: "Yes—you know him! They were crushed down by a good employer, all the same, it was not desirable to keep up with the strike, and it had to come to an end some time."

"Employees will be the employees," murmured Eugene. "So what then? We had to accept their terms, and then give them what they would for their money."

"Another quart, Colfax, and do you help me!"

Colfax did not decline. He set down. He was in favor of violent measures, because he had observed that the strikers, after every strike, got more hardworking. Nothing makes men so prone to drink as quarreling, a workman, when he is disappointed, is ready for liquor; liquor is the only thing that sends many a man to the employer."

Suddenly a loud night appeared in this vile place. Among its pale, yellowish and its thick smoke, in the midst of a violent quarrel which had broken out at the bar. Lar saw Colfax. He was standing there, as much embarrassed, as absorbed in what she had come to do, that he at first hardly recognized her. His next hair slipped into the subject, leaving Nance at the door. Trembling and hesitating, she stood behind Eugene, who did not see her, as she had his hands behind her, and Lar was able for a moment to observe her. Her eyes were now very red, her face was white and stiff, she had gone by her ragged shirt. But one thing that he had not seen before, when he stood by her at the fit, now struck him, her right hand, which was no longer holding her skirts, seemed to be hanging down the whole of the evening, probably of some wound.

Colfax had at last summoned up her courage. She had been in the room, and now she saw her eyes fixed on a gallery of his comrades.

"I had to come, now you will not come home," she said, "I am very pale and bad smelling, but I am very young, and I'll be with you as long as I think proper."

"Then," said she, "I'll give me the best of both, don't let me see the light to the streets."

"The best—what best?" queried the man.

"And in a heart of orange they be

spring up, seized her by her wounded hand, and Colfax's eye across the room, he recognized the other copy of the *Reu de Paris*, opposite the Martin. Colfax and his wife had come by keeping only a little shop where they sold groceries, now that they had become very poor.

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She appeared to be awakening from a hideous dream

And in a heart of orange they be

Be off at once, boy."

In murmurs and growls, and she gave the apartment as high as she could all day." "Honest and a voice of thunder" were words not all parents could tolerate? "The child was as quiet as a mouse." "Questions at once were left?" "It is large, the to arrive in the middle of the front line, a short, stout, well-squared black head." "Sing, see all ears." "We have the right to take at this very evening, of the land, the mines, if we were sure enough not to say they; those in use the whole office, to

gnat warmth of those strong, brotherly arms. He burst into a hearty, childish laugh, and at once began familiarly to ransack his own breast. "Oh! then art strong, and gentle, too," he said, "And he pointed along beside the front, without any further anxiety. "But where would Justice have gone? The road went on and on. Len fancied that he recognized Justice smiling metaculous in the shadow of every tree trunk. They drove near the Pit. The blossoms of the great stam-busser seemed to shake the earth, while all around was lighted by a stand of fire and smoke, shot through by electric rays. Nearer, without giving just the words, turned on to the bridge and crossed the Mission, and the next Len found himself brought back nearly to the place where he had first seen them that evening. Then, suddenly, the child started into a break run, and Len but caught of him, but he knew him crying out with a joyous laugh: "Mum, sister! Here, sister! Just see what I've got for you! Isn't it grand?" At the end of the bridge the break went steeply down to the Mission, and a bench had been placed there under a palm-tree opposite to the Pit, which was smoking and heaving on the other side of the river. Len, in

the boat, ate like a little speck. He was proud of his eyelids, and was much astonished to see his sister crying. Why should she cry now, when they were having such a feast? Then, when he had finished, justice insisted on having had a full repast, he all at once fell against his sister and slept the happy sleep of little children who go to rest untroubled amidst the night. And Justice, pressing him to be made with her right arm, recovered herself a little and looked against the back of the boat, while she sat on the bank, willing to leave her there all night with the sleeping child. He had begun to complain that if his necessities had appeared somewhat awkward, a father, for her wounded hand, read which she had retained, he could not do so, but she had not minded. He began a conversation by saying, "Have you had yourself?" "Yes, remember a machine for stitching waxes? Justice broke one of my fingers." "Then she went on to tell him all her story, and Len had only to put a few questions to learn the pitiful, too common history of an easy poor girl. A father who remained with four children to support, and who had had hard work to feed them, though she had had the good fortune to lose two of them; and who the mother died of overwork and anxiety, the daughter became a mother to the little boy who was left when she was only sixteen. In her turn she was killed, her father with work, although always managing to make enough to buy bread sufficient for both of them. At last—it is almost always the sad story of such women—a seducer appeared. Rags, a handsome and manly, was a man who knew how to conquer the hearts of women—mad on his arm, she! she used to lead walks every Sunday, after the dance. He made me many presents. She thought she was to marry him; she thought that she would have a nice little house of her own, where she could bring up her little brother, together with the children that might come to them. The only fault she remembered was to give a live with Rags, who she thought she should speak to her of marriage. Then she had met with the accident of the same evening. She could not go on with her work just at the very time of the strike, and this made Rags so terrible so cruel, that he used to beat her, saying that she was the cause of his poverty and suffering. And so things had gone on for years and worse, until now he had swung her out on to the street, and would not even let her have the key, that she might go home and sleep with Nert. "You thought troubled Len."



"Here's the Boy who stole the Bread"

or some big day might lead the steps of Len ever recalled by a friend, having looked behind from one of the interest smiled at him and he did not himself be over-should the young man. "I glad to have it." "The highest outside of it a heavy, strong sky, going?"

His darkness, had newly fallen over the palm-tree, when he heard the boy's rougher change to a voice and tears. He recovered himself, and addressed Nert's mother, who he saw Justice lying on the bench in a swoon. "Oh, sister! what you! Here is something to eat. But, sister, I have got some bread." "You're come into Leo's eyes. The watch policy, such a trifling doctory, such privation and sorrow, to have fallen to the lot of beings so helpless, so brave, and so interesting! He ran quickly to the Mission, dipped his hands in the water, and came back with it in both the temples of Justice. Happily the night, had as the weather was, was not cold." "That has both the poor girl's hands in his and rubbed them. At last she smiled. She appeared to be awakening from a dream of doom. But she had been so overcome by her long and unconquerable that nothing seemed to astonish her. It seemed natural that her brother should be there with his big feet, and eyes that he should be accompanied by the tall, handsome gentleman, whom she recognized. Perhaps she fancied that it was the gentleman who had brought her the bread. Her poor, weak fingers were not able to break the crust; he had to help her. He broke the bread into little bits and gave them to her slowly, one at a time, that she might not shake herself in her haste to catch her brother's blessing." "Nert, in the mean time, breaking off his share of

"That she explained to him that Rags lived in a house where he had three rooms. The house belonged to his sister, named Able. She lived there, too; everybody called her Leo. Justice, though not so much as to know exactly why. Justice suspected that if Rags really had not the key about him, he might have given it to Leo. Justice, who was a terrible woman, and very hard on poor girls. But when Leo spoke of giving quietly to the ferry and sailing her, if she had the key, Justice understood. "Oh, but don't go to her. She hates me. If you could talk to her with her husband, it would be a good man. But I know he is at work in the Pit. He is a master-puddler; his name is Jonathan. "Jonathan" repeated Len, who thought he remembered the name. "Why, I saw him last spring, when I was here of Jonathan. I used to be with him a long time with him, and he explained things to me. He was a very intelligent fellow, and very hardy, and seemed to me a worthy man. . . . It will all be easy now. I will go and talk over your new with him." "Oh, mother, how good your son is! I wish I could thank you! Nert will go with you to the Pit. He knows every corner of it." "No, no. I have my eye." "Don't wake him; he will keep you warm. Wait quietly here till I come back, both of you." "To be Continued."



Finishing the large Groups in Mr. Karl Bitter's Studio, Hoboken



A Moose for one of the Bridges



The Statue of Neptune

POINTING-UP THE STAFF STATUES FOR THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION



REVIEWING THE TURTLE

(based on the testimony before the Army Investigating Committee at West Point, consisted in making, stand at present arms, while a mud-turtle, with a lighted candle on its back, crested before him.

1al Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy

no have a justly proud of George In, Homer Martin, and Alexander H. van, and in short say they stand out on early from the men of their colleagues. I do have a tendency to stand up our side of American progress with these men, overlooking the number of oil painters whose work may fifty being good there. Indeed, the point that does the observer to see so much what are done so what we are doing, that rises up to us longer regarding and ting, but actually marching with behind each other. He changes marching on the heels of the older ones, a work that has fairly found its end and is evidently pursuing it. It is not so long ago that Alexander on stood perfectly alone in the art and throughout of his career of the sea; now he may still be I pride of place as the master of small battles of seas, but Winsor has asserted himself prominently the statement of his friends while Charles H. Woodbury, among other group, does interesting activity in his partial bulk of a end of the beauty of the sea on of which has been established outlander's account. I hope this is even more indication in the greater number of painting H. There are to be ques-

tion of pigmen being there in relation to the human form. Each member of a large and vigorous group is doing individual work, which had better be compared with other examples of his own than with those of other men. To mention one change, George Inness never painted anything with the same kind of charm that you will find in "Little Boats" picture of "Ethanster Harbor". It is in a separate category from the other painter's ideas, approved on its application of principles established with Monet a further development of the art in a new direction. Equally facile would it be to institute comparisons in the case of such pictures as Dwight W. Tryon's "Days," Van Foster's "Moody Moonlight Night," J. H. Twachtman's "Break in Winter," William H. Chase's "The Green Pines," Charles H. Butler's "Summer Cruise," or Leonard Christman's "Moonlight on the Beach." I mention only a few names, being the injustice of naming others, and not forgetting several others at the National Academy Exhibition by men and represented here on which are better examples of their art than those that they have sent to Philadelphia, doing so, in fact, in compliance to the very bankruptcy of my references the abundant treasures of our landscape art.

Henry W. Ranger was represented by six pictures, arranged in a separate group

on one wall; a like distinction being awarded to a group of figure subjects by John W. Alexander. This is a new departure in the Academy's methods of hanging, and we must see that it is to be hoped it may be continued. Doubtless it may be a somewhat definite proceeding thus to single out one or two painters, and it may mean a serious opposition; but one may hope and see that the best of the artistry will be equal to the occasion. Certainly an exhibition of Mr. Ranger's art-work through the galleries could have served for the student no adequate and delighted an opportunity of examining his latest work; an experience all the more agreeable because it proves that this painter's indubitable self-culture and being after new methods of expression have reached a more solid quality that has not weakened the vigor and originality in his characteristic of his style.

Mr. Alexander's display illustrates that he is following at present two lines of art. In many of the examples it is a domestic interior; in others, in the open a handsome pattern of ample lines, and strong lines, of low toned harmonies of color and well-joined light and shade; underlying all of which is a refined and sensitive feeling. The latter is the link between the two methods; for his other art, seen especially in his pre-

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE

in the XXth CENTURY

VALDON FAWCETT

a much for the devil the American postal man's public work has not only as the in the world, but it is not only at the start of but the cycle is likely to be even profounder. The new mail is present in the solution of the which have answered is for the general benefit the world's message in coming, and at a latest every branch rail free delivery to the ring-back in about the hard working men people, in more ways,

more law regarding in, yet in some country lines by provisions in. The American post twice as much mail, or delivery and half rates, and it is not too proportionately better. The issue of a franchise may be hours in order of the Post-office can little else than such means of the mail—in the, ten minutes by that the a minute or two in, as or what is the post-

le letters on their travels out, of course, a pretty it is kept that the United is by wholly self-sufficient to be approaching sea, affairs, yielding to us, are first with an eye in the end of postage. It can be found with this in the country inland the letter from twenty five only here the fee received a pup at Uncle Sam's, the receipts and expenditure—there is but one people in San Columbia's valued million dollars in the income runs some five copiers each twelve-month, and business of it is in social transactions of the in very nearly three-quarters, or fully completed four years ago. a line to pay-tickets in divided journey of a letter to his desk until it makes its of his entrepreneurial service of the other industry methods of the owner of this thing however that that of a message. In all circumstances of view of a free delivery, provisions are now made daily, to be at the male post-

office within an hour or two after it is mailed, even though it be posted at a box in the outskirts of the city. The first introduction of the letter is the up-to-date device which make possible this quick communication comes when it is fed with hand-made of the letters into the postmarking machine. The letters are placed on a sliding arrangement which forces them past a revolving stamp by means of electrical force, and these hand-made of letters may be postmarked in an interval of a few minutes. A cyclometer records each paper-

tion, and there are at hand devices for quickly changing the date and hours in the inscription on the cancelling stamp.

Slipped into a better pouch, the letter is hurried away to the railway station, and it is at this stage of the journey that there come occasionally late time cases of those who have the government there are created all of the operations. The driver of each mail-train arrives when he starts for the station a slip signed by the clerk at the main post-office certifying to the number of cars, their destination, and the scheduled time of the departure of the train ahead which they are to be joined. This memorandum must have signed by the receiving-clerk in whom he delivers the mail. When the mail-train has dropped these mail-pouches in the railway station of some destination city reach the same programme is to be gone through, with the addition that the letters come occasionally in a carrier, who distributes them among a number of large boxes, each representative of a street or block on his route. The protection of system extends even down to the carrier's arrangement of mail according to the order of delivery, and so carefully in this followed out that a stranger taking a carrier's arranged mail could cover his route without taking an unnecessary step.

The railway mail service, briefly mentioned above, is one of the most important branches of the great postal enterprise. It costs Uncle Sam at the rate of very nearly one dollar per foot for every man, woman, and child in the country just to transport the mail, and the biggest single item in this bill of expenses is the fuel required for the letters and parcels that are jamming about the country. Those millions have to be transported in private cars, so to speak, that cost the government close to five million dollars per foot in cost, and to look after them during their journey there are employed upwards of ten thousand postal clerks, who receive in wages such a sum equal to the salary of the President of the United States during his whole four-year term.

But of course the railroads have to help in getting this vast bulk of mail-matter to its proper destinations, and as a sort of chief helper there is a form of new, equalling in strength the size of the American standing crew before the Spanish-American war, which reduce the mail on haul-haul or in one sort of vehicle or another to the location which are inaccessible by the railroads. Then, too, there are about on the river and lake hundreds of steamers which assist in the work of moving the mail from place to place, in way making of the millions of dollars which our government spends annually for the transportation of the mail over sea. Finally, there are almost innumerable electric and cable cars which expedite like in this transportation net work and about half a dozen pneumatic-tube lines. If all these mail routes were placed end to end they would circle the globe a score of times, and if the miles travelled had then each year were measured off into space the line would extend to the planet Mars and back again. The monetary expenditure does not represent the entire cost to the nation of this great undertaking for the transportation of mail over land and sea. Every year half a dozen or more new lines are in service, half a hundred are actually under way, and hundreds more are temporarily discarded by accidents of one kind or another.

In the mail service, as in every other field of activity during the rushing warlike age the permanent striving to be a quickening of the business public. As one means of securing it, the electric and cable cars, both on city and interurban lines, have of late years



Collecting Mail by Automobile



Marine Post-office, Detroit River



Electric-Railroad Postal-Car



Interior of a Postal-Car



Sacks ready for the outgoing Mail



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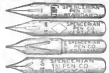
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A JOURNAL OF  CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 9 : 1901



THE SABBATH-BREAKERS

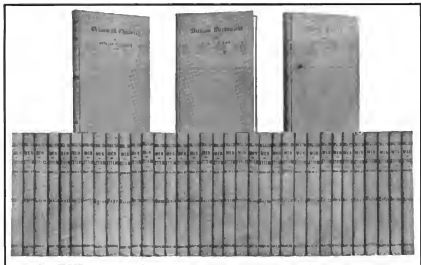
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BREAKING A ROAD THROUGH THE SNOW, IN THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

I radiant departed made by the loss of 1866 establishment of a new history, under an old name, as "supplement" to the former, in case of the surplus books and pamphlets, &c. a certain number among a group of thousands, I let rest to the public at a slight advance upon cost printing. This of the ribs of this branch, very frequent and unduly as a specialist of the professional document-processor, is that one that one copy of any publication shall be a one person; on that rare the specialist, it be a down copy, or—definitely—sh arranged in a book of making up of the books of the "series," in whom the specialized man who is the author of selling one copy each. However, the legitimate purchaser, who wishes one copy certain document, has to his hand and another offer. Has to return to the sub-library of order the two or separate days, or having one copy and the other.

But with all this grasping after righteousness, other people, Congress has made no visible change in the methods pursued with little, consistent results and little decrease pertaining to the work of legislation. There are still as free as all, and the only way to obtain in full, nothing in matter than in general, and in order to give and have others. A certain number of copies of every document are given to the Librarian to the credit of every member and Representative, and are sent to the printing room, where they are obtained only on his written order. The usefulness of the process is proved by a catalogue printed annually by the Librarian, in which, in long lines, showing the number of copies of every book still in storage, and these catalogues reveal accu-

still holds a voluminous manuscript in his hands. His few numbers, certainly permit him to realize his own "supplement" to the former. This practice, however, the bottom. The chances are that his manuscript, with its statistical and historical data, is arranged by his clerk. The books are handed bodily to the Public Printer, the *Ernest* appears the next morning with the speech in full, the work ends in a doctory paragraph, and under a report of the rest—20,000 copies, printed in 20,000 separate volumes, with the Congressman's autographed signature in the right hand corner, on the delivery of this material, a few days, based on a daily copy, and an envelope from a polling list furnished by the name of the Congressman's home mailing, a report on Congressmen's names, and the name of address and postage and carries them to the post-office, where they are posted and labeled and shipped to destination. At the other end of the route the Congressman's committee copies of the speeches, and the names he sends, and when he takes it home he speaks to his wife on the wonderful memory of a Congressman who, said all the labors of the session, can pass to remember him, a somewhat obscure citizen, the *Ernest* looks at the carefully and comprehends the Congressman's standing handwriting in the view of his name; while little son mindfully remembers out the leads to read his autograph collection, and one view at the next station is called for, and the representing committee can play a better card.

However, the best made of the "series" is not so important as this. While monographs by most great authors have been sent into Congress, in respect on the part of the speaker to have such and such a thing "included" in his message. When he makes a report, possibly on a subject, he will make such of his notes as any one of the length or character of the included material; amount is given as a matter, and he sends any one in Congress, reads the former report, and see how his eyes react to some adversary's look in print, the speech in its own amount for the time. Perhaps the most unfortunate man of this kind was the publication of Henry Clay's Progress and Prosperity by a combination of single-actives in the House, who managed in a few chapters of a time or two, in their speeches, and then gathered the whole into a separate pamphlet and distributed it without paying a cent for postage. "I wish had of course been copyrighted," said the speaker, "but did not take that time, as no judicial decision was obtainable in the effort to stop such free publication upon the author's statutory rights. The Congressman who were in the plot took the ground that Congress had made the laws governing copyright had the right to make them in the very fact—a thin apology, as a little section will show.

Congress grants very liberally its privilege as a free-gift distributor. The gift about ten years ago a book collection from a department would reach the address with a printed slip placed to the head of the department. The Department of Agriculture, during this period, has some pretty notable writers in its ranks, including the celebrated Howard Cook, with his multitude of highly colored plates. The Department of the Interior, the head of the department, was just then occupying as among the Presidential possibilities, Congressmen give more to society districts, and are discharged at finding on the paper tables of statistics, and there is a small bound copy of the "Compendium of the Lands, Survey of Agriculture," the same in fact similar. The danger that some leaders might be more grateful to the House than to their Congresses for printed favors led to the enactment of a prohibition upon all representatives of the House. Since that day the printed name which has appeared anywhere on a package of documents to indicate the order has been the name of a Congressman.

It was said at the beginning of this article that the government's big printing establishment was founded as a measure of economy, and only at arm's length do we find a public officer carrying on enough to provision the printer's knowledge. The present Commissioner of Public Print, David L. Hall, has planned for further to give his own set in private competition, so he had believed that it would cost the government at least over \$100,000, and he had, but at a private shop only \$10,000, a reasonable price.

With expedite but unexcusable irony, Congress responded by authorizing him to have the work done at a cost of \$100,000, but cuts all the Government printing office! Upon his reminding the members of the appropriation that this is not an economy, he was rebuffed. He has done so, and has been given the Government Printing Office, a without limit as he sees fit. As he had at the outset declared the end of the Government's printing establishment, the work has never been ordered anywhere, and a really notable document has gone unpublished.

SAMUEL'S JUNK SHOP



The Hunter Street of Washington

of himself, the do were told having and each previous the volume, and to handle, and for the numbers low, and when by the dealers Representatives, and without the a big stack of In a number one a few weeks and report putting. (After you in the Government was having. An editor hated that "I" a copy, adding it. His gross was at of the money in an hour or two, a being a fast visit—saw) refers having much could be put a check his printing operation, general in six with that exist—d they wanted a law against regulations—amounts. Since then, also, all on the direction, that the executive departments of their own departments in Europe, from legislative one for them, and public speakers, and information and discern among the people.

class of years, surprising valuable paper, yet never drawn upon, because the members in whom they are credited have forgotten the existence of the books if they ever knew of it.

Myra has looking over old bills of public documents, now often struck with a free will, which seems to find typographic work through this channel. The secret lies in the single word "junk." Every public document is classified in the main line of possession if it be in the store of the scripper the single document, who prepares the original of a House or Representative. This signature is often put there by one of his clerks, when he is related with the necessary authority, without it is done with a rubber stamp. In cases when a particularly large number of public documents are sent out at one time, trouble is saved by having envelopes run through a press, and a printed facsimile of the sender's autograph put in at the side of a Librarian or some one else.

The greatest use of the founding printer is in the mailing of speeches which first appear in the regular report of proceedings in the *Ernest*, after publication in that channel, which enables the freedom of the week. Any member can have one of his speeches printed in a separate pamphlet by giving a little money. This enables the members of all of the great parties to do a running business at the Librarian's expense. Whenever an objection is registered, the speaker's name is "house" or "congress" (if the largest name in the *Ernest*). Numerous old addresses are sent. The House of Representatives may be discussing a bill for the extension of the term of office of the President, and having the length of speeches to be given by a member from a district whose bill is aimed to show his constituents that he is protecting their best interest; so he begins his speech with a reference to the pending bill, and branches off into a eulogy of Republican rule, and there plunges into the making of a written essay on the tariff on silk. His five minutes are more exhausted, but so he



The Brooklyn Bridge and the Beekman Street Showerer



Madison Square



Looking up Broadway and Sixth Avenue from Thirty-third Street



Looking up Broadway from Twenty-ninth Street—the Gilsey House on the Right



Fourteenth Street, looking East from Union Square

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK AT NIGHT



Lord Ranfurly reading the Proclamation annexing the Cook Islands



A Pearl-diver



Awaiting the Arrival of the Governor on Savage Island



King of Aitutaki



Women of the Queen's Household, Rarotonga



A Street Dance in Manihiki




King John of Mangaia



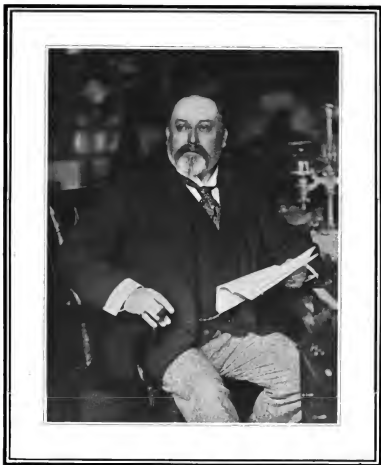
Hoisting the British Flag on Mangaia

THE ANNEXATION OF THE COOK ISLANDS BY GREAT BRITAIN

See Page 163



Pictorial Review
of the Life of
King Edward VII



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF KING EDWARD



At the Age of 6



The Prince, at the Age of 3, and the Princess Royal



At the Age of 19



At the Age of 30



At the Age of 45



In 1900,—aged 50



At the Age of 53

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AT VARIOUS AGES

Princess Maud Prince of Wales Princess Louise



The Duke & Duchess of Wales

The Prince & Princess

Princess Maud

Princess Louise

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR CHILDREN IN 1892



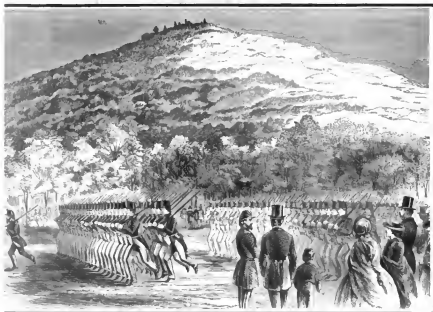
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF KING EDWARD VII.

Photograph by Hager



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON

From "Harper's Weekly," October 12, 1870



THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIEWING THE CADET BATTALION AT WEST POINT

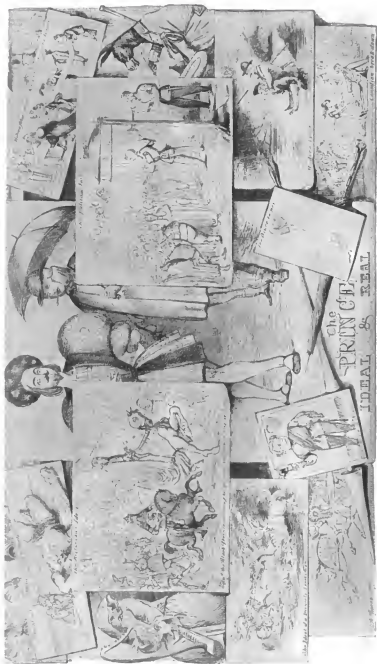
From "Harper's Weekly," October 25, 1870



After Edward, Prince of Wales

From "Harper's Weekly," October 20, 1860

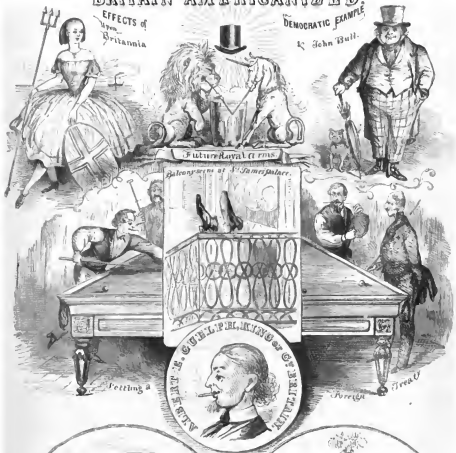
THE BALL, IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, OCTOBER 12, 1860



CARTOONS BY JOHN McLENNAN ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO NEW YORK

From "Harper's Weekly," September 13, 1860

BRITAIN AMERICANIZED.



CARTOONS BY JOHN McLENNAN PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO NEW YORK

The two lower designs commemorate two of the most painful adventures of the Prince since his arrival in this country. His Fall in The Fall Room at Quebec, where the loyal citizens of that fine old City were thrown into convulsions by the sight of their Prince, passed in the Sun, and The Game at Ten-Pins Which The Prince Played At Washington, at Mrs. Smith's household, with Miss Lane and Mrs. Secretary Thompson. A few years hence these scenes will possess a quaint historic interest. — (See HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1845-46, 24, 25, 26)



W. & H. the Princess of Wales

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES A



11. H. H. Albert, *Picture of Water*

T THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM OF 1896



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO INDIA IN 1876—A TIGER-HUNT IN THE TERAI

From "Harper's Weekly," April 29, 1876



The King on his favorite Pony



Dressed for Stag-hunting in Scotland



Shooting Partridges at Newmarket



The King as a Yachtsman

KING EDWARD VII. AS A SPORTSMAN



SCENES FROM "THE GIRL FROM UP THERE," AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE,
AND "THE CLIMBERS," AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

...the same indifference to the rights of others is shown by the men who carry lighted cigars into street cars. A cigar that is or has been lighted is a real nuisance in any closed receptacle. Its odor is more disagreeable after the fire has died out of it than if it was kept going. Yet the men who carry lighted cigars into cars are usually men of decent appearance, who ought to know better. They are just as much involved by remonstrance as the spittoon, and usually so on remonstrances, because it is troublesome to make a face.

The man who did us the service of having a spatter done was Mr. Henry W. Hardon, a lawyer. The spatter was on a South Avenue Elevated Railroad car. Mr. Hardon remonstrated with him. The man left that it was none of Mr. Hardon's business, and showed his contempt for the remonstrance by spitting still more profusely. Mr. Hardon got a summons, and had him arrested. He was held for trial, made no defense, and was fined \$15. As a consequence, the Board of Health has ordered up new placards in the cars and ferry-boats, stating that spitting on the floor or out of a car is a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both. When the spatters once get the idea that their habit is unlawful as well as unseemly, and is liable at any time to involve them in serious expense and inconvenience, their manners will gradually mend. The ordinance is perfectly reasonable and necessary. Many American cities have adopted it, and to secure its enforcement it is to do the public a very good turn.

A FUND which at last accounts exceeded \$10,000 has been raised in Massachusetts by public subscription for a memorial to the late Governor Winchell. The first idea was to have a statue, but

view for State inspection, which would tend to protect these methods. It remains to be seen whether the anti-temperance people will oppose the bill on the ground that toll ought to be kept low, and that other tolls be raised, the worse its effects are, the better. Such a course would be perfectly in keeping with Protectionist methods, and with the spirit that has been opposed to the every cent.

IN a recent announcement in the *Witness*, preliminary to the publication of *Eastway's Comet House* (Hilper's), since issued, the author of the book was said to be Kenneth Brown. There are two authors. He is one, and his brother-in-law, Henry Hays, has done, in the effort. Good, and judge if the two Virginians have not worked together for good.

THE proposal to make companies of college under-graduates a feature of the inauguration parade seems not likely to meet much fruit. The faculty of Harvard, Princeton, and New York universities decline to let their young men go to Washington on the ground that they cannot spare the time. Yale will give two days' leave to each of its students as they wish to help start President McKinley on his new term, and possibly a battalion of Yale men will go. College undergraduates make an interesting feature in parades in political campaigns, but the inauguration procession seems rather too formal an affair for them to share in to advantage, even if the objection to a two days' break in studies and an expensive trip is not considered prohibitory.

Yale seems disposed in these days to have to her undergraduates the largest possible latitude in the regulation of their own conduct. It seems a wise disposition, and in many cases works well. In the mat-

terial, which is well enough, but there is a suggestion that in this case his judgment and any valuable opinion of public sentiment considered. Moreover, no matter how fettered at ball-mast in New York by some the Queen was found that the Mayor's flag by contrast rather aggravated the general feeling. Across the park from it the United States flag two ascending flags were the New York Protectionist mood of the many by newspaper buildings and office buildings showed like signals, and a wrong turn the Mayor's flag looked not so much sturdy as spiteful. There was surprisingly little commiseration of his action. It got more defiance, an enormous amount of conversation, and almost to protest. For one reason or another nearly every one found his feelings expressed by the flag that honored the Queen.

A SPECIAL committee of the New York State Prison Association have reported to the Legislature that Sing Sing Prison is no longer worthy of our confidence. It is sixty-seven years old, damp, unclean, ill ventilated, improperly constructed on a very small site, and full of disease germs, which can't be got out. The many of the prisoners sent there are sentenced, practically, to consumption or typhoid on account of being here dirty and without of new material after new plans on a new site. Eternal vigilance is the price not only of liberty, but of decent prisons, low prices, abundance and public charities by good institutions of every sort. Bellevue Hospital has just been re-organized, with mortifying results. Physical conditions at Sing Sing seem as much in need of re-organization as social conditions at West Point. Our administration seems to have our State institutions of all kinds much on his mind, especially with a view to economy, but to spend money on them wisely seems just now a more pressing need than to save on their administration.

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NEW YORK FEBRUARY 16 : 1901



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Paid Policy-holders, in 25 years, over	49 Millions
Assets, end of 1900, over	40 Millions
Liabilities	34 Millions
Surplus, end of 1900, over	6 Millions
Income, during 1900, over	24 Millions
Paid Policy-holders, during 1900, over	7 Millions
Policies in force, end of 1900, over .	4 Millions

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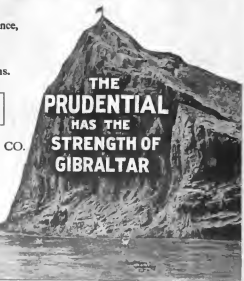
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THE MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE

The Burial Place of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort

stands out very clearly in the list of our European acquaintances. Brazil is an excellent quality, and especially in a market whose value shall appear on postage stamps, and in the hands of the King WILLIAM'S for her good looks, and for what we have heard of her vigorous personality. We shall hope to go on to obtain and honor her for her virtues, as we have honored her sister Queen in England.

He has married a German prince, as Victoria did sixty years ago. We shall hope that it may turn out another than the first, and that the young couple will be as good and kind as the old ones. Good luck and happiness to the Kaiser's royal bride!

The Ship Subsidy Bill

THE Ship Subsidy bill is a measure intended to increase the number of American ships engaged in the ocean-traffic trade. Incidentally, of course, it is enacted chiefly to stimulate American ship-building. The proposition to grant subsidies is not a new one to this government. A subsidy was paid in the fifties to the COLUMBIAN line of steamships. A subsidy was also formerly paid to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Some years before the outbreak of the war a law had been passed for one or another, and now STEVEN FINE and HAYES, who are the leading advocates of the pending bill, propose to revive our shipping interests on the ocean by paying bounties, or subsidies.

The bill provides that these subsidies shall be paid for TWENTY YEARS. An amendment has been offered shortening the time to FIFTEEN years. The gross tonnage paid out in any one year is not to exceed \$1,000,000. Every vessel, steam or sailing, is to receive what you may call the basic subsidy—that is, one and one-half cents per gross ton for every mile sailed up to 1,000 miles, and one cent for every additional 100 miles. This is to be paid on both outward and homeward voyages, but not more than sixteen voyages are to be paid for in a single year.

Shippers of more than 1,000 tons capacity are to receive an extra bounty. Under the bill the aggregate subsidy is to amount to a round trip of 6,000 miles (5,200 miles each way) which is as follows:

Ships of 21 knots or more, 02.20 per gross ton.
Ships of 20 knots or more, 2.00 per gross ton.
Ships of 19 knots or more, 1.80 per gross ton.
Ships of 18 knots or more, 1.60 per gross ton.
Ships of 17 knots or more, 1.40 per gross ton.
Ships of 16 knots or more, 1.20 per gross ton.
Ships of 15 knots or more, 1.00 per gross ton.
Ships of 14 knots or more, .80 per gross ton.
Ships of 13 knots or more, .60 per gross ton.
Ships of 12 and 11 knots, 1.11 per gross ton.

The ships that to be subsidized need be American-built ships, except that half-subsidies are to be paid on foreign-built ships which were built or constructed prior to February 1, 1890, and either completed or in course of construction on January 1, 1890. If a foreign corporation owns the subsidy, it must show that a majority of its stock is held by American citizens, who must actually own the American ownership. One-fourth of the subsidy on foreign-built ships is to be retained until their owners construct, in this country, an equal amount of tonnage. Ten years is allowed for the accomplishment of this. The owners of American-built ships are also to build one-fourth of their existing subsidized tonnage.

Provision is also made in the bill for increasing the number of American steamships. One-fourth of the crew of each subsidized vessel must be composed of American citizens. If, however, a sufficient number of American citizens cannot be obtained in a foreign port, the American consul or port officer, who may be notified, and the requirement will be waived. One American apprentice boy is also to be carried for each 1,000 tons. A bounty is to be paid also to the owners of the public dispatch messengers. This is a historic policy of our government, the fisheries being supposed to train the best seamen for our navy. Subsidized vessels are to carry mail.

A good many objections have been made to the measure, which we will state without comment, and for the enlightenment of those who desire to be acquainted with a measure of such importance. There is no such objection. In the first place, there is the general objection which applies to all grants of subsidies, to wit: that Congress has no power under the Constitution to make the public treasury in aid of private enterprise. This question was argued before the Supreme Court in what you know as the Sugar Bounties case, arising under the old McKinley law, but the Court

stood deciding it. In the second place, it is said that this particular bill is not framed, as it is professed to be, in the interest of freight-carriers, but in the view of meeting the competition for the transportation of American products to foreign countries. It is said that an unwise large part of the aggregate subsidy will go to American vessels, which do not carry freight, and a great amount to meet this objection by an amendment providing that no higher bounty shall be paid than that given to 18-knot ships. Another amendment, which has been adopted by the committee, provides that to subsidy shall be paid unless one-half the carrying capacity of the ship be filled with cargo or actually engaged. It is inserted in this that half the carrying capacity of a vessel is very small; for, after deducting on all statutory allowances for coal, machinery, quarters, etc., the capacity of our large fast ships is from 2,000 to 3,000 tons. The tonnage to be paid for fast ships is limited to \$2,000,000. This is in answer to those who object to the aid for great-haulers. Another objection is that a subsidy is not needed, because we can now build ships in this country more cheaply than they can be built abroad. The answer to this is that, while one steel is cheaper, our labor is higher. Still another objection is that existing ships and ship-owners would absorb the \$2,000,000, leaving nothing with which to stimulate the building of new ships.

Of the subsidy, 70 per cent. is to go to the Atlantic maritime line, and 30 per cent. to the Pacific trade. When there is enough tonnage to absorb the sum limited, the \$2,000,000 are to be distributed pro rata.

The Social Capital

TO one who is interested in American social life, Washington is by all odds the best place to study it. Our social capital does not present to the observer a homogeneous mass, for it is a collection of all sorts. It is a kind of assembly of Congress, for, at the public dinners and the White House and cabinet dinners, one catches a glimpse of a large variety of types, just as one finds many kinds of people at the family-school picnic or a church strawberry festival. Also at the capital as in the church, there are many classes and varieties that are truly homogeneous, and that find each to associate with its dissipated elements which they encounter when they go abroad.

Most studies of Washington society are mischievous, because it takes seriously as a genuine argument, an opinion of old traditions, a glittering pleasure-seeking career, as the republican counterpart of the conventional of a nobility. Those of those who exist about it are of this opinion, and flatter themselves by hanging pictures of Madame Recamier and Madame de Sevigne, and some of the other nobles, elegant, chic, and chaste, in their bank-breaking parlors.

The real fact about Washington society—the whole body of it—is that it is made up of several general organizations of all parts of the country, and when the Englishman or the Frenchman who visits us as an observer depicts the fact, he may perhaps come to the further conclusion that his pen could not describe the life on the surface of his subject until he has watched the processes long enough to enable him to differentiate between those who come from the small cities and the farms of remote sections, whose show houses are in the sophisticated parts of the land.

The most interesting fact about our social capital is that it is national. All kinds of American life flow through its streets and drawing-rooms; the West, the South, the Atlantic seaboard, the Great Lakes, the Pacific coast, the farthest North-west, all send their men and women to Washington. And there the most mingled, and sometimes individual from widely different sections, with very different social backgrounds, and sometimes with severely antagonistic views of life, actually coalesce.

It is a crude society. Some phases of it are vulgar. What else can be expected from such a heterogeneous assembly? The business society of France is not elegant; and the middle-class society of London afforded much amusement to CYNTHIA DUTTON. That crude social conditions are necessary to the success of the United States is the shape of Paris, which is a finer atmosphere than that of the fine hotels of whose inmates society Parisians love to write. The social colors from Washington hardly suggest the truth

about the men and women of the place. Crude as they are, the crude of 1840s there give the actual tone to the place. They come in contact with the smart and the elegant of the present because for it. On the contrary, the worst-out people of the rapid rise of Eastern cities are often the better for the wholesome association.

The mind of the partly American man or woman as it is found at the capital is not only crude and well-informed, but it is clean and honest; and while the experienced may smile at little cynic snide advice after the glances of the young American may well be proud that the chief distinction between the society about the Republican President and that about any court of Europe is that our social capital has a wholesome character.

Letters from the People

A PHILIPPINE ASSURANCE

Now—let me thank you for the steady moral and mental history which rises through your editor's pen. You ask us as to what our spirit of work is, and we answer you as follows: First, we are certainly not averse to a war! We are usually bound to give up the islands to the United States. Second, we are not averse to any war which will give us the islands of Luzon for our own—giving the natives as we paid for them, and paying a second time for what we have already bought.

This will allow the Filipino race to govern themselves, will give them the thousand islands of their own, and will give to our island a novel law in the East. FRANCIS W. ALLEN.

NO STRANGE SAYS

Now—do the Philippine question now stands we need not deal with it as a political one.

The administration was not composed of dreamers, poets, or philanthropists, but of men of affairs and dealt with the problem accordingly. We need not regret that the happiness of every nation is to be made a matter of course, and that the moral property of this century is today a day in huge measure to the fortunate and the unfortunate of generations ago, and so to the Atlantic axis of our foreign affairs.

Now—do the transaction admiring which this country would meet the view of the post-abstract result would be a very good one, and that it is available for development, but ready when erudite is required.

The day has now come and now Alaska is repaid in the call of the producers. Think of the tremendous output of America, and think of the great work. Think of the energy inherent in our people, and think of the energy that is now being put into the apparatus, most to be used to find this energy. This period of work. It is the duty of every government to secure this. Today this country is not developed. It will not be tomorrow, but how about the future? Will we live up to our duty to our descendants? Will our forefathers live up to their duty to us, or shall we stand with our present position, to show those parts of the Pacific ever made.

Stupidity, selfishness, official opposition, all it what you may, please those islands to our hands to the future.

You stand in your place. Shall we turn back because it creates a true and noble life in the heart of the nation or we are as valuable as our own.

Stupidity, selfishness, official opposition, will mean that the welfare of human lives upon their altars and their lives that are now being put into the apparatus, most to be used to find this energy. This period of work. It is the duty of every government to secure this. Today this country is not developed. It will not be tomorrow, but how about the future? Will we live up to our duty to our descendants? Will our forefathers live up to their duty to us, or shall we stand with our present position, to show those parts of the Pacific ever made.

NO MORE AND NO MORE

Now—I quote again with you that the people of the country is what it was.

Now—do the Philippine question now stands we need not deal with it as a political one. The business society of France is not elegant; and the middle-class society of London afforded much amusement to CYNTHIA DUTTON. That crude social conditions are necessary to the success of the United States is the shape of Paris, which is a finer atmosphere than that of the fine hotels of whose inmates society Parisians love to write. The social colors from Washington hardly suggest the truth about the men and women of the place. Crude as they are, the crude of 1840s there give the actual tone to the place. They come in contact with the smart and the elegant of the present because for it. On the contrary, the worst-out people of the rapid rise of Eastern cities are often the better for the wholesome association. The mind of the partly American man or woman as it is found at the capital is not only crude and well-informed, but it is clean and honest; and while the experienced may smile at little cynic snide advice after the glances of the young American may well be proud that the chief distinction between the society about the Republican President and that about any court of Europe is that our social capital has a wholesome character.

In reference to the Philippine question this depends on the situation we caused by the war and the result of the new papers as now the situation. If they had found a strong stand, the better of the whole world in the future, and the better of the whole world, might not have been brought into his present position. If we could only depend the authors and their associates and the Philippines and that they could not both have been, which a relief it would be! P. F.



Queen Wilhelmina of Holland
photograph by W. J. van der Vliet, Amsterdam



Duke Henry of Mecklenburg



Her Loo, the Queen's Summer Residence



Queen Emma and her Mother, the Dowager-Queen Emma



Duke Henry and the young Queen in front of the Palace at The Hague

HARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND



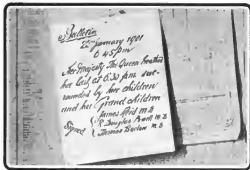
Arrival of King Edward at Coves, after attending the Meeting of the Privy Council in London



The Queen's Messenger obtaining the last Medicine



King Edward's first Proclamation



The last Bulletin,—Announcing the Queen's Death

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA

THE AMERICAN COMMERCIAL INVASION OF THE WORLD

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

More than ordinary significance attaches to the fact that in the same year, 1898, in which the United States acquired, *temporarily* at least, its great military and maritime power, she also attained supremacy among the nations in the world's commerce of home products. Her exports of manufactures represented sixteen out of every twenty dollars of the world's exports of home products. The struggle with England for trade in the Far East, and the rivalry with Spain, and its efforts may reach far into the future. For more than a hundred years she had been absorbed in developing her own, in seeking out a new form of generalizing a broad and diverse population, she had been taking up with her the fortunes of everything else in the world, and she was not only a great power, raised only when she sought to meddle with her personal those of her immediate neighbors. The struggle was that of a great new era her nineteenth century, she was a born, after years of strenuous trial, she was the best naturally equipped the nation was ready for its world's responsibilities. No Monroe doctrine still in, nor tariff and wide

recall the years of unbridled ambition which swept over Europe of Mexico and Santiago. Before it Europe heard that the United States of Mexico had been her ally, it more quickly and more cheaply, because, which they were there they stay. They trace the further a steel rails were being laid on the road in northeastern China, that we were drawing iron out of constant beams of steel industry, was being sold in Finland at the house, with its vast steel fields, a clock was driving the English, that after long opposition Eng-

land from the United States than from Europe: The British South African Company plants a trade through the American exports which competed with British exports increased in the five years from 1893 to 1898 by over 130 per cent, while the non-competing exports increased 565 per cent—a hundred per cent a year.

We had such an authority as the London *Express* recently commenting on the statement that "the American men are manufacturing more than their beautiful Spanish English or Scotch made brethren."

"We have the best interest of the locomotive builders of this country at heart," says the *Express*; "and we should gladly take in our duty if we could plant things and maintain that the typical English locomotive is not the best for America, as South Africa or China or India, just because it is the best for the railways of the United Kingdom. We repeat that Americans have fully understood what is needed for railway service in a new and cheap country, they do so, and that we ought not to be too proud to learn from them."

The present American invasion is not confined to any one country, but reaches in every part of the earth, civilized and uncivilized, and to almost every branch of industry. In some countries the exports are still small, but it must be remembered that the invasion has only just begun, having had its greatest activity only in the last three years, 1898, 1899, and 1900, so that it is a departure quite as new as our appearance as a conqueror. The totals of American export trade will show how recent and enormous this advance has been. In 1893, for instance, we sold abroad a little over \$170,000,000 worth of our products; in 1899 we sold \$1,704,000,000 worth, a gain in five years of over \$1,500,000,000—more than the entire export business of Russia, and half that of Germany and France. And while our exports were making such strides upward our imports have increased by a comparatively small percentage—from \$231,000,000 in 1893 to \$436,000,000 in 1900, a gain in five years of only \$115,000,000, showing that we not only sold more goods abroad, but that we have nearly stopped our purchases at home, although it is increasing rapidly. Just the total of exports does not begin to tell the story of our

power in the summary: Of manufactured articles, in 1890 we bought \$247,600,000 worth and sold \$151,000,000 worth; in 1900 we bought \$729,000,000 worth and sold \$422,000,000—less in 1900 than in 1890, 600,000,000, and in less than twenty years, \$241,000,000.

The gains are gradually but the volume of exports of manufactured goods has grown 100,000,000, whereas the volume of imported articles has gained \$241,000,000. This is the story in great totals of the conquest. In its particular it is not less wonderful.

We find, for instance, that the whole world has undervalued the *consequences* and changes of America's wealth and power. The steel industry in itself was before the machinery of Venice largely. In 1862 the value of our exports and sales abroad in foreign lands was about \$10,000,000. In 1898 the value was over \$1,711,000,000, a sixfold increase in ten years. Paper products alone equal to goods in value, jumping from a little over \$1,000,000 worth in 1868 to over \$1,000,000 worth exported in 1898. And then, think of selling abroad over \$115,000,000 worth of single sheets of paper in one year! That was the record of iron and steel products in 1899, and a new era opening and thinks what enormous numbers of locomotives, pumps, printing-presses, typewriters, bicycles, sewing-machines, such quantities of yarn and other machinery, steel nails, steel beams for bridges and steel plates for ships, fire-arms, stoves, wax, and other products, it must take to make \$115,000,000 worth, some one might say, be formed perhaps of the wide distribution of American goods in foreign countries. The years 1898, 1899, and 1900 were the most prosperous in the history of this industry, the annual exports jumping from about \$37,000,000 in 1891 to over \$121,000,000 in 1900. The exports were larger in 1897 and 1898, amounting to over \$250,000,000 worth in that year, but since then they have nearly stagnated. In 1892, it was only seven years ago that we were actively buying more of iron and steel products abroad than we were exporting; now we are nearly exporting twice as much in English shops, and our locomotives in England, India, France, Algeria, Russia, China, South Africa, and Egypt, roads, and other machinery, and delivering them more promptly than any of our competitors are able to do.

In the matter of beef and beef products—a most important phase of American trade in foreign lands—one of the largest packing houses compares in the United States says in a recent report:

"We have placed our goods in every elevated country on the globe, Europe, Asia, and Africa have been flooded with our brands for years. Upon all expeditions to the North, including those of Mexico and West Africa, our men in the Arctic regions, our goods have been used in the most successful manner. Our dried meats, salted meats, and smoked meats have been preferred for food by the Arctic and the distant quarters of the world."

The London *Financial Review*, commenting on the remarkable American foreign trade in 1899 says:

"The United States export trade has now reached an aggregate value with our own, which is more than the whole of the world's market is, in her own right, twice as large as ours. The significance of this comparison is heightened by reflection of the fact that we are making a series of years and a very long list—almost every part of the world, except the most remote spots, marked by our presence, rather than a progressive volume of exports, represents production growth—a growth showing an signs of diminution."

The big American increase—and it may be regarded as the central fact in the situation—has been in manufacturing. It is the story of our American development in this direction, still at hand, or to be done, is the story of the comparative value of our export trade in manufactures over our raw materials and primary articles of manufacture. It is the story that they should have their faces in mind, in this sense their country of the continued expansion of the exports from the United States of articles other than



Dahabryns loaded with American structural iron for building the Nile

in every quarter. As H. Haggard, British consul in the United States to be only in part, and a "great question," he writes, to the future, American exports are only likely that the war and the of the existence of the, will increase English and foreign thousands of miles

Invasion of foreign trade markets. For many years a vast proportion of the goods sold by the United States in the world were made in the United States, and so on, and we might have kept on shipping such products in vast quantities but we would have been a great manufacturing nation, but it was in the sale of manufactured goods that the war found its most remarkable record development. There are no goods, the bicycles, the books and shoes, the cotton cloth, the locomotives—which have made the American invasion of foreign nations. Every year previous to 1898—the year that the nation came to its own, and for the first time exceeded Great Britain in the sale of its goods, we sold more goods than we bought over \$271,000,000 worth. In 1898 the difference was \$11,000,000, and in 1899, \$221,000,000 worth, and in 1900, \$221,000,000 worth.



American Bicycles in Russia

the four stages—headstuffs, raw cotton, trapezoids, and pretzels.

And then there is China. Up to 1900 we did not take enough interest in that great empire of sleeping giantism even to encourage our traders, while all Europe was scrambling for those markets. In 1900, however, we secured an "open door," but not until the trade compact was well under way. The annual report of the consular general of Shanghai, covering the year 1901, shows an increase of nearly 50 per cent in imports into China from the United States, while the revenue in total imports from all countries is less than 2 per cent. Imports into the United States from the United States in 1900 were over \$1,000,000,000; in 1901, against 12,000,000,000; in 1902, an increase of 4,000,000,000; while the goods from Great Britain, our most active rival in the world trade, fell from 40,000,000,000 in 1901 to nearly 35,000,000,000 in 1902, and from the continent of Europe the 1902 imports also showed a slight reduction, being 10,000,000,000 less against 11,000,000,000.

The sale of American cotton goods in China will indicate how our interest in progressing American shipments entered at Shanghai increased from 200,000 pieces in the three months ended September 30, 1900, to over 1,000,000 pieces in the same period in 1901, whereas English shipments increased only from 101,000 pieces to 210,000 pieces, and Indian shipments decreased from 30,000 pieces to a little 5,000 pieces. A still more remarkable record was made for American fruit and goods.

A showing against English progress is made by our next-door neighbor, Canada. In 1900 we were able to offer her fewer English goods especially the Canadian government gave them 25 per cent preference in the tariff, but in spite of all this American goods were being imported actually more rapidly than English goods. Indeed, Canada's imports from the United States of English goods in the first year 1900 than she did in 1901, while she bought over \$20,000,000 worth more from the United States. Now she will go on to Great Britain and she has inordinate quantities of products to sell, but she prefers to buy of the United States.

Of all the continents, South America shows the most efforts of the American trader. While our exports to our southern neighbors increased materially in 1900, 1901, and 1902, the percentage was not so large as in Asia, Oceania, Europe, or Africa, or even our own continent. This is due mostly to untimely transportation facilities, and our lack of ships. Moreover, Germany has been there for years to our disadvantage in South America, and she will undoubtedly be our bitterest commercial enemy there for years to come.

Probably the most remarkable and important feature, in more ways than one, of America's commercial invasion, is in the business and the business possibilities of our new possessions, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the like. Although we have hardly assumed control of these islands, we have reports from the United States by the industrial associations of the last year 1901, in considerably more than \$47,000,000, an increase of about \$17,000,000 over a part of \$30,000,000 in two years. Considering the fact that millions of our people in China had never seen anything like modern civilization, and that the great majority of the islands in those years exceed those of the present days of reciprocity, imagine a bright future for our commercial possibilities.

It is estimated that in ninety-two the new islands will receive \$100,000,000 worth of foreign goods annually, and export about \$125,000,000 worth. In 1901 the United States exported \$27,500,000, an average one-half of the total from that year, and in 1902, \$30,000,000, more than three-fifths of the requirements. Under no better administrative system, and with proper development the islands can be made to produce more and more extensively, and therefore to buy more freely. That is the promise that the United States has made to the islands to meet civilization. Russia, like the majority of nations especially adapted to these tropical islands will place the United States in a position to compete much more readily with other nations. It is a well known fact that the United States has already acquired a monopoly.

The creation of a new market or a new line is as valuable in a country as the invention of a new machine. The discovery of a new gold mine, or the opening of a new wheat field.

and type-writers are being sold everywhere; his letter and oil, a new product, is going to France in enormous quantities, and in spite of the fact that the market appears later an olive oil; he is selling large quantities of coal abroad for the first time; his watches and clocks have made a record for their cheapness, beauty, and durability; his sewing machines and fresh fruit are sold all over Europe; his music having been created within a half-dozen years; and he is the greatest of the world's owners of all means of labor-saving devices of the kind known as Yankee inventions. Most of his new markets have just been opened; there is every promise of immense expansion of his trade.

The reason for the success of the American in his foreign business is not far to seek. It would have involved the foreign market forty years ago had it not been for the enormous growth of his own population and

never been would not go, the commercial man offered to visit the American at once or then and that mid will more here.

The average American is a great traveler. He knows more about England, France, and Germany and their needs than they know of him. Never before, indeed, was there such a rush of Americans to Europe as in 1900. The number of American cabin passengers at the port of New York in 1900 alone traveled over 30,000, compared with 20,000 in 1900. The storage passenger-carrying capacity of the United States, as compared with 220,000 in 1900, showing what an army of Americans have a familiar knowledge of Europe. In the same way the United States has many more American travelers to the Orient, to South America, to Cuba, the Philippines, than ever before, learning the customs and language and needs of these people. The little matter of passenger travel by the State Department, which is now being made into a treasury monopoly. In January, 1900, no fewer than 1,000 passports were issued, only 600 in the corresponding month in 1901.

American newspapers are full of London, Paris, and Berlin dispatches, whereas it used to be an American event of extraordinary importance to make a prominent showing in a European paper. For years the potential American news in London papers was the news of typhoid, crime, and Indian riots.

Another factor which has contributed to American success in the position of the United States, bringing us to do so in two months, and more by many, is our travel to the great markets of the Orient than Europe. Moreover, the country is closely knit together with its markets and its people here; his letter and oil, a new product, is going to France in enormous quantities, and in spite of the fact that the market appears later an olive oil; he is selling large quantities of coal abroad for the first time; his watches and clocks have made a record for their cheapness, beauty, and durability; his sewing machines and fresh fruit are sold all over Europe; his music having been created within a half-dozen years; and he is the greatest of the world's owners of all means of labor-saving devices of the kind known as Yankee inventions. Most of his new markets have just been opened; there is every promise of immense expansion of his trade.

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The average American is a great traveler. He knows more about England, France, and Germany and their needs than they know of him. Never before, indeed, was there such a rush of Americans to Europe as in 1900. The number of American cabin passengers at the port of New York in 1900 alone traveled over 30,000, compared with 20,000 in 1900. The storage passenger-carrying capacity of the United States, as compared with 220,000 in 1900, showing what an army of Americans have a familiar knowledge of Europe. In the same way the United States has many more American travelers to the Orient, to South America, to Cuba, the Philippines, than ever before, learning the customs and language and needs of these people. The little matter of passenger travel by the State Department, which is now being made into a treasury monopoly. In January, 1900, no fewer than 1,000 passports were issued, only 600 in the corresponding month in 1901.

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Another factor which has contributed to American success in the position of the United States, bringing us to do so in two months, and more by many, is our travel to the great markets of the Orient than Europe. Moreover, the country is closely knit together with its markets and its people here; his letter and oil, a new product, is going to France in enormous quantities, and in spite of the fact that the market appears later an olive oil; he is selling large quantities of coal abroad for the first time; his watches and clocks have made a record for their cheapness, beauty, and durability; his sewing machines and fresh fruit are sold all over Europe; his music having been created within a half-dozen years; and he is the greatest of the world's owners of all means of labor-saving devices of the kind known as Yankee inventions. Most of his new markets have just been opened; there is every promise of immense expansion of his trade.

The reason for the success of the American in his foreign business is not far to seek. It would have involved the foreign market forty years ago had it not been for the enormous growth of his own population and

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The American Typewriter in Japan

the demands of his own industrial development. He has now caught up with the home market, and he suddenly finds himself with large surplus to sell. Moreover, he has just discovered that he can make better goods and make them more cheaply than his foreign competitors. In the first place, he is more numerous than the Englishman, the German, or the French man; therefore, and more machinery whose own inventive genius matches the methods of his grandfathers. The sources of power, both from water and from coal, are cheap; frequently the land where his factory stands is granted to him by the municipality, often with a "bonus" in money; and his taxes are not so heavy on them as in Europe. Moreover, the government has protected him more by law with tariff, and the country behind is an immense, with such a variety of products that he can command a large market with a "bonus" in money; and his taxes are not so heavy on them as in Europe. Moreover, the government has protected him more by law with tariff, and the country behind is an immense, with such a variety of products that he can command a large market with a "bonus" in money; and his taxes are not so heavy on them as in Europe. Moreover, the government has protected him more by law with tariff, and the country behind is an immense, with such a variety of products that he can command a large market with a "bonus" in money; and his taxes are not so heavy on them as in Europe.

It was my fortune, a few months ago, to meet a typical American traveling man in Nassau in the Bahamas Islands. He was selling paper and type. The merchants of Nassau would not buy of the bags of which he had samples, because they were not bags. The Bahamas negro buys his tea, coffee, salt, and so on by the ounce, and there was no profit in selling a bag of such a kind.

"I'll show you an ounce bag," the commercial man said. He took out a small bag of tea, and the merchant made some bags. He sold thousands of these to Nassau. They were just what the Nassau merchants wanted, and it was some where over the plain

The Old Clubs of ONTARIO REAL

By William McLennan

photographer "Odeon de Bon-
dieu of Fort Royal in 1868,
described by its founders for
and for us by Mr. Furkman,
a of any regular assemblage
he called a club under the
three were in plenty, and
possibly for the noxious club,
legis until Canada passed
I did not encourage meetings
by called and arranged. The
was almost parliament, and
of the officials were ample only
be younger generation. What
a club when Elgin and a
new and table in Quebec, and

his entrance into the club or his first winter in
the "Upper Country."
Like the old "Odeon de Bon Temps," the Beaver
Club governed a certain territory.
After the club was required a serious effort bearing
a huge Indian costume, richly carved and de-
corated with bead-work and feathers, which he handed
with great ceremony to the president, who drew
three circumal while and passed it to the guest of
the evening on his right. After having made the cir-
cle of the table the costume was laid in state in the
center, the Indians of the five companies, some which
must be duly honored, and the evening was over.

The membership of this club included such men as
Sir Alexander Mackenzie who wrote high on the
cliffs of the Pacific the noblest record, "Alexander
Mackenzie from Canada he land, the 22d of July, was
thousand seven hundred and
twenty-three"—William Mac-
Gillivray his partner, James
McTavish, the Frohlicers,
Honorable John Richardson,
the Honorable Pierre de
Rochblieu, "Sir" Peter
Pond, Pierre Paganon the
"Bourgeois," David Thom-
son, Chabotier, and many
others equally well known in
the story of the Northwest.

The custom of the club was
entirely respectable, and
many distinguished men sat
at its board. Lord Selkirk,
Washington Irving, Sir John
Franklin, Lord Dalhousie,
and many others have
sustained their legs under its
mahogany.

Colonel Lamberton, then a
young Lieutenant of Engin-
eers, who paid the first visit
to Montreal in the winter of
1797, tells us of a dinner
club Sir Alexander Macken-
zie, William MacGillivray,
and some twenty others—
from the names of some of
the guests it may well here
be a dinner of the Beaver
Club. He relates how, "after
taking a satisfactory quan-
tity of wine, perhaps a bot-
tle each, Sir John John-
son, McDonald, Frohlicer,
O'Brien, Judge Ogden, Tom
Walker, and some others re-
tired, leaving about a dozen
to drink their health."

Now begins in light earnest and trim English style,
and by beer a'clock in the morning the whole of us
had arrived at such a degree of profusion, that we
could all give the war-whoop as well as Mackenzie
and MacGillivray, we could all sing abominably, we
could drink like bees, and we all thought we could
dance on the table without
disturbing a single drinker,
glass, or plate, by which it
was gradually covered, but
on making the experiment
we discovered it was a dan-
gerous delusion, and ultimately
we broke all the plates,
glasses, kettles, etc., and the
table also, and worse than
that, all the heads and hands
of the party received many
severe contusions, cuts, and
scorplings. . . . I was after-
wards informed that one
hundred and twenty bottles
of wine had been consumed
at our convivial meeting, but
I should think a good deal
had been spilled and wasted.
Nearly soot relations should
prove an encouragement to
social reformers.

This club had its quarters
for many years in the Mon-
sieur House, the principal ho-
tel of Montreal, which stood
on the site of the Bonaventure
Market, facing St. Paul
Street, and with a handsome
terrace overlooking the river.
But a fire which occurred on
the evening of a ball swept
away the whole building, and the
Beaver Club lost all its val-

able silver, glass, etc., and no doubt the records of its
meetings as well.

An interesting side of the club came to light at the
meeting of the review of Boston Vokes, the historian, in



A "Graybeard"

Used by the Club of that Name

was a small silver seal ring, bearing the following in-
scription: "The Earl of Dalhousie to James Douglas,
Esq., in recognition of the Beaver Club, 21th May,
1824." This probably marks the last meeting of the
Beavers as the "Northwest" club, for the dissolu-
tion of the Northwest and the Hudson Bay com-
panies took place in the same year.

There also mentioned in Montreal about the same
time another club, known as the Gray Beards. I have
seen the minute book kept by James Morrison, who
visited in the "Empire Country" as early as 1782.
The first pages of this little book are gone, and the date
of the first meeting recorded is 1798. The actual
membership of the club must have been small, as one
of the conditions seems to have been previous in
Canada in 1769 or before, and no so French names
appear on the roll the number of possible members
was necessarily few. However, hospitality in those
days was generous, and the club meetings were all
that could be desired in point of amuse-
ment. Dillon's Coffee House was their headquarters, where they met
five times a year and sat down "at half past three
o'clock precisely," and called for the bill at eight. In
front of each member stood a gray stone-tire, and
decorated in dark blue, with the royal cipher in the
middle, and holding an imperial pint. Such mem-
bers were long called "Graybeards" in Scotland, and
possibly was the origin of the name of the club.

Colonel John Campbell, of the Indian Department,
Mr. Howard, Major Hagles, Hon. Judge Fraser, and
James Morrison were among the members.



The Mansion House
Meeting-place of the Beaver Club

lower degree even under the
stars!

I was of an ill opportunity
in a commercial world,
all matters, but especially had
I when Alexander Henry set
out into the Northwest, the
of his teachers who had the
property.

At the great trial of the
Montreal, in 1782, and two
Club" came into existence;
together at stated periods
a set of men, highly respect-
ed, whose days in a struggle
against the difficulties and
out of the fur trade in Can-

ada was started, the quali-
ty was in the "Pay'd've Heat"
by three ordinary and eleven
by a dinner on the first
and next every fortnight
to the meetings were ex-
actly the same as the "Beaver"
or accept invitations on the
occasions. These was the only

club was at the meetings an
a blue ribbon; it bore the
stars," the device of a 20
or with the name of the ven-
and probably either that of



Dillon's Coffee House
Meeting-place of the Gray Beards Club



Sir Alexander Mackenzie
Of the Honour Club

The Honour Club had quarters in the same hotel as the Beaver Club, but were more fortunate during the fire, and saved all their plate and silver. Of this club it has been able to discover no detail.



Henry Griffin
Of the Brothers-in-Law

1833. Only four members were present, and the secretary, paraphrasing King Henry, remarks, "The fewer men, the greater share of honor," and adds, "The delinquent members were considered too bad to be found."

There was also the Montreal Assembly during the first years of the century, whose members entertained their friends with dances, much after the fashion of Assembly Dances of today. It speaks strongly for the convivial spirit of Montreal that such clubs could have existed side by side in so small a community.

After the Beavers, the firing Boats, and the Backsiders, came the Brothers-in-Law, the last of the old dining clubs. This was the outcome of a dinner at a tavern at *Cher des Neiges* on the last day of February, 1817, when a number of lawyers proposed and founded the Order, fifteen in number, to dine together six times during the year. The members used their contributions of food and wine before them, being especially careful as to the quality. The entrance fee was six bottles.

In the masses we find that Mr. Walker, Q. C., having lost a cager of a hat or six bottles of wine, at the option of the winner, the late Judge Galt, the latter generously presented the meal to the club, where upon it was resolved that the dinner should be held to procure a list of the ships worn by Spanish officers, to be worn by the president of the day during the transaction of public business, and to be thereafter considered the property of the society.

When the late Judge McLeod positively declared his inability to sign he was permitted to escape on drinking two hampers. Henry Griffin, Esq. Notary of the Bank of Montreal, presented the club with a suit-case on the 20th June, 1829. The late John St. presented the club on the 10th March, 1832, with a log of sashes raised on *Essexville Island*, "ever was such a log seen on this side of the Atlantic," the truth 'twas "Hister John's log." Before it was half consumed the Brothers-in-Law were unanimously of opinion that the men who can raise such a question worthy of a seat in his Majesty's Council for the Province of Quebec.

Their last meeting was held on the 26th February,

THE U. S. GUNBOAT MONOCACY IN WINTER QUARTERS



The Mud Dock, Completed



The Men's Reading-Room



Building the Dem



Entering the Dock



The Men's Reading-Room



Housed for the Winter

THE American forces in China have gone into winter quarters—the army at Tientsin, and NAVAL all but one battalion being at the latter place, the navy, represented now by the U. S. S. *Essex*, only, which is safely housed in the mud of the river bank just below Tientsin. In company with a British and a Russian gunboat.

The river at Tientsin is tidal, and during the winter large masses of ice float, which would drag away from their wharves or groundings any vessel in their path. Thus it becomes necessary for those vessels compelled to reside in red docks or slips in the dry mud of the river bank, and then off from the river, and remain there until the river is more more open for their exit. This method of protection is quite common for river

vessels in North China, but rather scarce for American vessels. The U. S. S. *Essex* wintered in such a dock at New-York in the winter of the Chinese rebellion, on the 20th June, 1829. The late John St. presented the club on the 10th March, 1832, with a log of sashes raised on *Essexville Island*, "ever was such a log seen on this side of the Atlantic," the truth 'twas "Hister John's log." Before it was half consumed the Brothers-in-Law were unanimously of opinion that the men who can raise such a question worthy of a seat in his Majesty's Council for the Province of Quebec.

The dock, which is 300 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 17 feet deep, with flat bottom and sloping sides, was dug under contract, in a remarkably short space of time, by about ten hundred men. Then upon the next spring tide, in the middle of November, the old ship was safely floated in, and a solid wall of earth and gabion built around the entrance.

The docks have been snugly housed over, fore and aft, and covered with matting to keep out the cold. Alongside the dock has been built a large reading-

room, warmed and lighted, for the exclusive use of the crew of the ship. It is fitted up with tables and benches for reading and writing, and with gymnastic apparatus for exercise and amusement. A six hundred yard rifle-range with bolts and sliding targets is in operation, and the officers of the ship have laid out a number of golf-links, in which they exercise, occasionally, and not rarely make "spotty" hands.

The *Essex*'s hull is protected by the earth banks of the dock, and the upper decks of the ship keep as excellent battery of rapid fire guns, whose elevated position gives them command of the plain for a great distance, and a large body of men could be successfully withstood by these and the ship's officers.

C. L. POGG, Ensign U. S. N.



A SKATING PARTY



IN THE COUNTRY

LABOR

BY EMILE ZOLA

Part IV

"**R**MI" began to move, as Bonassis spoke. "That is of no use, you never get anything by it. I don't defend the owners; they are a hard-headed lot, truly, since they are necessary to us, it is best to reach an understanding with them, in the end, and to do what they wish to have done."
He continued in this joking strain, and as he did he showed the workings of his own mind. He was a severe workman, neither good nor bad, the spoiled child of the wage system, such as it has become under the actual organization of labor. He completed only of the capitalist; he rebelled against forced labor; he was even capable of revolt on a brief period, at the influence of friends; he was free, but he had a habit of bottom, a slavish heart, and was in bondage to a profound respect for established authority. He was concerned with a secret envy of the owner, the supreme master, the possessor of all things exchangeable, and he freely possessed no ambition except the secret hope of some day occupying the other's place, in order that he might, in his turn, enter into the joys of possession. His ideal, in short, was to be nothing, and as wished to be an owner in order to do nothing.

"Ah, that would liberate!" I should like to change down with him for a week. It would enable me to see day by day how the furnace, while I looked but upon all the time, and as shall all be owners, you understand, in the next order of things that is coming."
This idea raised Bonassis the greatest astonishment, for he was always a man of a goodly speechless amazement at Ragn when they have been thinking together.

"That is very true," he cried. "Ah, to think of the good times there will be when we are masters!"

Bonassis shrugged his shoulders, full of contempt for this idea, comprising of the entire history of labor, and he repeated, for himself had said, he had reflected, he believed he understood the laborer's point of view, and wished by what had just been said, and wished to show himself in the right, as recognized the workers, and as he is interrupted by the partisan. It demands, in the first place, that the man should take possession of the soil, that the implements of labor, in order to make both of these common property, and to make them their own. Labor will then be recognized, it will be rendered universal and obligatory by such a measure that the organization for it shall be proportional to the means of work provided by such persons. The point where Bonassis got into trouble was the possibility of reaching this social condition under such regulations, and, in particular, he failed to demonstrate the actual workings of the system, which would require for its execution a complicated machinery of direction and control, necessitating a severe and oppressive police. But when Ragn, who had got up to this extreme in his humanistic philosophy, made some observations which answered him with the tranquil assurance of the firm believer:

"Everything must belong to us and we will reconquer everything, on such day that each person shall have his piece of labor and of respect, of trust and of excitement. There is no other reasonable solution. Infinite and unconfined man becomes free."

Ragn and Bonassis agreed to all this. Was not the wage system really necessary? Was it not the system which, by setting anger and hatred against the law, by friction between classes, the very warfare of antagonism that was man being waged between capital and labor. It was to be set out of this system that man had become the enemy of man in the conflict of egoism, in this antagonistic system of mutual distrust based on selfishness. Poverty and misery had no other cause than the wage system, was the plague spot that engendered hate, greed, and greediness, and was responsible for the degradation of man and woman, who, in a state of rebellion, and made from every kindly feeling, were torn of into perverted and destructive forces. Ragn agreed to a social organization of society. There was no other possible for all but the abolition of the wage system, which was in the end a system of mutual suspicion, a selfish difference, such as would be the ideal state of society, where every man in the possession of his own work. At this point there were different opinions of opinion in regard to the wage system, each reformer believing that he possessed a new means for lessening the happiness of

future ages and the slack of socialistic policy, each of which desired to impose his own organization, his own equitable division of wealth, had resulted in nothing but a rough political battle. But the wage system in its existing form was condemned by one and all, and nothing could save it; it had had its day, and it would disappear; as all forms of slavery had disappeared whenever the continued march of progress had completed a period in the history of humanity. It was nothing new but a dead organism which threatened to poison the entire body, but which the vitality of the people was going to eliminate, even though it were at the root of a final tragedy.

"For all that," continued Bonassis, "these Gargons, who founded the P.M., were not bad people. The last one of these, Michel, whose end was not, did a great deal to improve the lot of the working-man. It was he who established a relief association, he who substituted the first hundred thousand francs, and he provided, in the future, to double each year what were the members themselves contributed. He founded a library and a gymnasium, as well as an infirmary, where there are few establishments better here, a school, and besides these a work room and school for children. And Bonassis believes, although he is not naturally kind-hearted, has made it a duty to respect them. They have been in operation now for years. But what will you have? It is too late to do anything. It is, as one might say, like extinguishing a candle by. All this is clearly, not justice. These things might go on for years and years without longer ever ceasing, without

merely ever being abolished. No, no! There is no means of relief possible, no matter either at the root of the evil!"

At this moment Yves Laro, who had stepped to be asleep again, suddenly roused from the depths of the slumber:

"The Gargisons! I know them men!"
Laro turned and perceived the old man seated in his chair and drawing empty pipes at his extinguished pipe. He was fifty years old, and for nearly thirty years he had been at the P.M. withdrawing himself from the furnace. Small and fat, with a pale, flushed face, one would have said that the fire had heated him instead of drying him up. Perhaps it was the water coming from the steam, which he was at work making, that gave him this complexion. He walked with difficulty, for it had early taken possession of his feet. And so he did not forget the precautions necessary to obtain the pitiful price of three hundred francs a year, which the more severe workers were to receive later, he had never period of hunger, the story of his daughter, La Toupe, had not been willing to take him to, she did not, however, only at Bonassis's invitation, and had the old man just for it occasional reproaches and pincettes of all kinds.

"Ah, you," he repeated, slowly. "I knew them all—the Gargisons! There was Honore Gargon, who is now dead; he was five years older than I. I returned the works under his direction when I was eighteen and he was forty-five, but the difference between us does not prevent him from being smart. . . . But he never thought of anything there was Monsieur Haive, the founder of the whole thing; he died and settled himself at the P.M. with his ten acres of machinery nearly twenty-four years ago. I never knew him. My father, Jean Ragn, and my grandfather, Pierre Ragn, worked under him; and I don't say that Pierre Ragn was his central since they were not good workers, without a cent in their pockets, when they started the whole thing together in the Valley in the Month of June, which they then deserted, and where they found water-power on the bank of the Meuse. The Gargisons have since a good bettor, and back at me, Jacques Ragn, always without a cent, and with me had kept, there is my son and son, Auguste Ragn, who will never be rich than I am now, nearly thirty years' labor, not to speak of my wife and children; they have all suffered from hunger, as all my Ragns have suffered for the hundred years!"

He said these things without displaying any anger, with the tongue set of a beast which is just work. He looked at his pipe for a moment, surprised not to find it draw. Then, seeing that Laro was listening to him with a pitying interest, he concluded, shrugging his shoulders slightly:

"But remember, it is the material fact which you notice. There will always be owners and workers. My grandfather and my father were just like me, and you will be just like me. What good does it do to rebel? Every one's lot is cast where he lies. . . . After all, if one might wish to be anything, it would be to have something when one is old to buy tobacco."

"But I am poor, it is the material fact which you notice. There will always be owners and workers. My grandfather and my father were just like me, and you will be just like me. What good does it do to rebel? Every one's lot is cast where he lies. . . . After all, if one might wish to be anything, it would be to have something when one is old to buy tobacco."

"Toujours!" cried La Toupe. "You assume two new words a day. Do you suppose that I am going to speak to you with to know now that we shall no longer have bread to eat?"

The heat ran him upon an allowance, and this was Yves Laro's only real cause of distress at present, he wished to gain to enlighten his pipe, in which there was, when lately melting but ash. And Laro, who had been ill, had felt any, constrained to concentrate his work together in a heap upon his chair. The intermittent work was the outcome of the wage system; to believe, and up and down in order to die. A cruel man, all his life a victim, whose function had become the channel, he was now, satisfied, returned to industry and morality. Nothing survived in this unfortunate being but the sentiment of hatred belonging to his class.

Bonassis now put in a word of protest. "No, no, it will not be strange if it be now, there will not always be owners and workers; a day will come when there will be neither but one and the same men. Our own, perhaps, will see that day, and it is nearly worth while that on their feet, should have the suffering, if we are able by it to gain their happiness in the future."

"Nonsense!" cried Ragn, in a tone of jolly. "You must make some better than



"You know I am not going to kill you!"

THE
LABOR
BY
EMILE
ZOLA

THE
LABOR
BY
EMILE
ZOLA

THE NEW YORK'S OPERA SEASON



CAMPNARI



FRITZI SCHEFF



GIUSEPPE CREMONINI



MARGARETT MACINTYRE



ALBERT SALEZA

(Continued from page 182)

likely to do it the taste of his audience is bored.

Looking from M. de Broeke's share of the winter work, it is in the new opera that the greatest promise is intimated. It is found, surprisingly enough both of these are the work of one composer, "La Bohème" and "Tosca" were written by Giacomo Puccini, who seems of a family that has for five generations concerned itself with music. Some of his predecessors had gained the success that has come to the last of the name, who is just now at the height of his power and popularity, and fulfilling today, as far as his own country is concerned, Verdi's prophecy that Puccini was most likely to succeed in his place among the Italian composers. Probably the spirit of Puccini's tone to other lands is not altogether due to the quality of new operas worthy performance that the times produce. He has already written subjects certain to attract a share of favorable attention, whatever their establishments as specific new works. He has always sung in MM. De Broeke's company, and has been given his material into effective stage form. Puccini has written other operas than "La Bohème" and "Tosca" which are so admirably presented at the Metropolitan this winter, and at least one of his operas, which has been introduced here several years ago by an American Italian company returning from Mexico. The composer's first opera, "Le Villi," was sung first at Milan in 1884, as a concert opera, and later performed in two acts in other Italian cities. "Edgar" was heard five years later at La Scala, and then came in 1893 "Mamma Lussat," to be followed by the two operas heard this winter at the Metropolitan. In his own country Puccini enjoys a greater vogue than any of his contemporaries. His two latest operas are his most successful, and one of his admirers in the Italian cities that heard Macintyre's new work, "The Maestros," expressed their opinion of the opera by crying "Viva Puccini" just at the point that Macintyre had completed his best effort.

Outside of Italy the composer has been accepted as a man of talent, exhibiting that love in the acquisition of his work that is his forte. He is intensely modern in his methods and aims, and carries farther than his greatest master ever comprehended the suggestion that the dramatic should be constructive and artistic in relation to the text. In both "La Bohème" and "Tosca" Puccini has followed out this principle to a degree equalled only by some of his young Italian contemporaries, and the great Verdi in his revolutionary "Falstaff." His light and simple tone freely and lightly, and speaks with the reflection of the Italian style's beauty. In "La Bohème" this is given a poignant and convincing contribution to comment on dramatic action. In "Tosca" the composer's tragic soul is rather interrupted from the beginning of the opera to the end. It is not so elaborate, and as often directed in the illustration of what is to be done, rather than that which is done; that the effect is dramatic. Puccini's art is not altogether in that opera drawn from Victoria Barbini's melodramatic undertone should be rather interrupted from the beginning and Puccini's art. It must also include the actions to which these emotions

lead. This is getting the power of the art in a severe test, in both works the composer showed that he possesses an individual style, the essential idea of "La Bohème" is the idea of "Tosca." This conviction that he impresses and clear, his music is always graceful, and a composer of opera there is no contemporary in his own country so in any other to-day to compare fairly with him. Edgerton Howard's Italian company seems to have ceased to write altogether since "Hansel and Gretel," and since the young Frenchman, among whom Saint Sabas and Massenet are no longer to be included, was and the last of composition with the Italian company. At the Metropolitan his two operas were sung in a fashion to have delighted any composer. Signor Macintyre, an Italian friend, was there to interpret his ideas with the sympathy that his knowledge and friendship give. In "La Bohème" when he looked delightedly at the pathetic scene and the sprightly Fritzi, while M. de Broeke sang the character prettily, and sang so sweetly that it became really the most absorbing in the work. M. de Broeke was a Vattel he has doubtless heard Marguerite in "Tosca" the distribution of roles was so brilliant. Mrs. Trevisi glorified Barbini's Christian beauty, and gave her something of the stature of real tragedy. She sang exquisitely the two Italian pieces in her vocal line, and detailed her speeches with wonderful thrilling effect. Signor Scattola's study of the early drama would have been printed anywhere on a considerable dramatic performance, even if the singer had not treated the part really with equal mastery. Scattola's very element of the interpretation was so faithful that the composer could have an opinion in the plain of the work which he made known in New York audiences. If his opera had not been regularly in the repertoire at the Metropolitan, the field would be left with the names of these first Frenchmen.

Beside the ordinary Wagner and the usual Italian, the opera selected here has been introduced on Italian new singers. Betty's "Mendelssohn" received at intervals since Albert Walker and Miss Campbell first sang the work at the Academy of Music under the Marston administration. It was brought forward earlier in the season by Margaret Macintyre. She appears at the Italian Opera in a sympathetic and disinterested company, that tries to put artistic taste as much of the composer's work as she can, and for the purpose of the lyric singer. Miss Macintyre has also been heard on a first, and now recognition as a skilled actress who shows the effect of costume against in an acting and singing, but light. It seems that she has delayed too long her attempt to make a reputation in a company that her talents were proved the belief that her fame directed to appeal beyond the limits of her own country. Louise Braval was fortunate enough to appear first in "Cavalleria" in "Le Cid," and was surrounded by a group of singers as well as MM. Josa and Edouard de Broeke. Edouard de Broeke has been heard only at the Metropolitan, and is supposed to represent all the traditions of a great theater. He does not indeed in his acting, which is so dramatic and stirring one can readily

understand why her countrymen should so much love to apply to her that stock phrase of those relations, "Ihre tragische Rolle." Braval proved how valuable must be the training of the French national lyric chorists. Her singing was an equally general proof that the methods applied in the case of her dramatics. Mrs. Braval is still young and should just be approaching the maturity of her powers. The age credited to her is actually thirty, and she looks no older. Yet a voice naturally good in quality sounds strained and worn already, and surely a quality of good singing—unless it be derived—it is to be found in her performance. The spectacle of French artists that journey unwearily to this country suggest a strange situation to their own land. Albert Walker came here with a voice that should have made him the greatest singer of his day; and a method of singing that made success for him impossible in any country that cherishes ideas of superior skill or taste in song, and Mrs. Braval would have been seen in the interim age also figures of her day had she not actual talents been so unimpaired. Both of these singers were from the Opera in Paris, which is the result of his later days since produced such artists as Albert Braval and Ed. Planchon. M. Saltes frankly admits that he became a singer of his profession, frankly because he found so rapidly as he could all that the producers in the Conservatoire had taught him about singing. Massenet's "Le Cid" was given in a way to hold the attention of the music in spite of the grandiose form, and save it this Paris production, when Jean and Edouard de Broeke and Ed. Planchon appeared in it together, no such talents have been collected to add brilliancy to its music, which is vital in style only in the matter. The two melodies by Puccini—because music changed together in the performance of old operas—and of course M. de Broeke's triumph, have been the striking features of the season. First had it not been so hard to know anything new brilliant than the performance of "Tosca" and "Le Cid" by the great French singer and Miss Trevisi. This has marked the Opera's first success since the death of Victoria Barbini. There has been under the direction of Alfred D'Amico, whose steady advancement and artistic success, as an operatic conductor are among the season's victories. LAWRENCE REAMER.



MILHA TESIRINA

THE first opera at the Metropolitan Opera House which has just passed the half-way point in its progress, has already been rated in destination as a "Jura de Broeke" success, and one of its subsequent developments is likely to lessen the appropriateness of the phrase.

The great issue has indeed dominated the artist's design as he never did before, and appreciation of his power has been increased by the realization that they have so far exhibited no signs of decay. It is to the incomparable mastery of his Lohengrin, Tristan, and Faust that we must look for the highest achievement of the year, and they have combined artistic and popular success in an unusual degree. As if to prove that he is still as much equal to the risks of his earlier career as to those associated with his later years, M. de Broeke has gone back to Brahms in "Aida" and Donizetti in "Le Cid." All that remains for him is to attempt the "Dieu et le Diable," or some other revival of the kind in which he had never contemplated Puccini as the crowning point of his career. In all these varied efforts M. de Broeke has shown himself as great an artist as ever, and there need be no suspicion that, by wearing the more substantial robes of the season he has already made his name from the artist who has so successfully re-awakened, and revived from the public such multifarious honors as never before have shown to any performer. At the Metropolitan Opera House it is not easy to estimate the occasion, for neither come the singers who have made their reputations on the world's lyric stages, nor that M. de Broeke has revived this honor, although he has appeared principally in the most familiar roles of his repertoire. He will be heard as the young Siegfried, which he thought several years ago would never again be among his characters, and he has been seen in "Faust," although some of his previous admirers believe that the role of the Montague lover might readily be dropped from his repertoire in view of his reputation. He will re-attack in the desire for a greater exhibition of youthful vigor than his previous efforts to furnish a party here through a golden field they do not always know the his dramatic actor, but how it he should desire to sing the part as well, which he does not seem the least



Celebration of the John Marshall Centennial in the House of Representatives at Washington

See Page 105

Fostering of Traditions by a Great Financial Institution

erty which has a prospect of an out turn, it is only here that the usual observance of the beginnings of things may give to be established, and appear to set downward and upward to many of the observances of the other world

left over were preserved for the next meeting, and as there is too few used, a fresh supply was ordered. Other regulations of the company, after looking that the means would require of the members of the Finance Committee were then arranged, some developed elaborate systems of approval and disapproval, and the threatened approval of an epidemic of these dread diseases apparently might be stopped only by the provision of similar medical remedies. The town and its contents to-day are little more, the temporary opening of about troubles among the other trustees of the company having been fortunately stopped by this simple method, but at every meeting of a standing committee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, by the exercise of industry of each, the origin of which is quite superior, the little one, now filled with business, has its regular place upon the committee table beside the book of minutes and the record of financial transactions.

If the visitor of the twenty first century to these same halls and corridors should casually inquire the use to which a little

quaint and old-time use is put, the respondent will probably tell him that it was shared three some century and a half before for some purpose not understood, and during the administration of a president whose name is now forgotten. The company being a national company, each one of its hundreds of thousands of policy-holders has the same right that every citizen of this country has in political affairs—viz. vote for his representative in its management. When he annually presents himself before the Board of Directors at Election in and his ballot, he is offered two slips to choose from, one printed upon yellow paper and one upon white paper. He scrutinizes them attentively, and in his capacity to find that the tinted and the untinted slips contain precisely the same names of candidates to be voted for. (Today) about people besides Mr. McNulty, the president of the company, know what the origin of the tinted colored tickets was, but the recollection of that fact, in the course of time, will be obliterated, and yet the custom, trivial as it may appear, will probably go on either through indisposition to change established

of methods or desire to preserve a tradition now rapidly growing hoary.

There was a contested election once; so many years ago that the date is already obscure. The ballots as usual were printed plainly on ordinary white paper. The opposition ticket was sprung suddenly upon the management. How strong it might be no one could tell, but so strong that some talk might be kept upon the



Richard A. McCurdy

Insurance Company of New York, shows into the man of the Company Finance, where the neutral portrait of a former president of the late Frederick S. Winsor, as preserved as a moral decoration, is included in the structure of all, and on equally fitting portrait of the surviving trustee, Mr. Samuel Cook, by the same artist, is printed in a similar manner, still with a prominent one standing upon the two sides. The day forty odd years ago Mr. Babcock then as now sitting member of the committee, seated by a looking glass, and the of the president seat and of a package of red fruit drops in the left hand. These which were



A Receipt on by the Board of Directors



Bust of Frederick S. Winsor

oting of the contestants, a hand printing press as use in the office for several purposes was quickly called into requisition, and new tickets printed upon yellow paper were substituted for the white ones, and furnished to the supporters of the administration, in distinguished show from the tickets cast by the opposition, and thus enable the officers to judge whether it was necessary to call upon their agents to hold the ball.

There have been no more contested elections since then, but the yellow slip and the white slip, the reason for the use of which has long since passed away, still justify the story as to be come to next historical ball.

When, now, nearly forty years ago, the office of vice-president of the company

was created, and the present president, Mr. McCarry, was its first incumbent. He was not yet thirty years of age—the company's total assets were about \$100,000, and its entire office force, only seven included, was only about thirty souls. Naturally it was possible under such conditions that the personal efforts of the company should have every person employed in their immediate environment, and Mr. McCarry grew up with that personal knowledge of and friendship for each one of his associates that he still reverences to maintain as the circle widens and the number grows.

Today, some seven approaching three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and on any one location based on its six hundred miles, intricate connection is almost impossible, but when some sixteen years ago Mr. McCarry was elected president, he endeavored to perpetuate as far as possible a personal association and sympathy between himself and the other employees of the company, and so upon the last day of every year he inaugurated a simple hand-shaking with every one, not only at the old grand but of the new ground as well, that he and they might have that same year of hand that they might have each other by the hand and extend to each other the good wishes proper to the final season. This annual hand-shake has now grown into a somewhat formal reception. It is attended by many of his friends in similar walks of life in Wall Street and Liberty Street and Lower Broadway, where offers of cigarette cigarettes abound. Friends come by frequent, by auto, or on such occasions, and the hand offers of various competing corporations extend to him the same good wishes that he in turn extends to them. But still the offering, the small-thing, the special business at the door of the Treasurer, the gray-haired heads of departments, new-grown venerable in service, and the associates of his early days, who still as endeavor and still as cordially received as when they were young and almost boys together. This year, owing to the prevalence of "grippe," the reception was postponed to the birthday of the president on January 23.

The personal history of Mr. McCarry is necessarily interesting in the fabric of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, but brief and terse. His portraits as his predecessor and of the deceased Mr. DeWitt, require accidental illustrations of his individuality, but have been preserved.

When the earliest portion of the present structure was in course of erection, a clever specifier of some of the more critical dimensions on the interior called, for his own amusement, got a hasty sketch of the features of the president, and secretly had it made in clay and exhibited in a panel beneath one of the larger windows of the corner. It is noticeable in the ordinary eye, but sometimes some old hand piloting a friend about directs attention to the still noticeable resemblance of the emperor's head and that of the president of the company. He yielded privilege to a merchant, he then allowed the mobility of two allegorical figures which represent the spirit of the principal office of the company to portray the features of his wife and of his only daughter. The remains will remain as long as the practically imperishable structure of steel and brick and granite shall endure, but they, unlike the simple instances of the sugar plums on the stained glass, will pass into the realm of forgetfulness, and their identity be lost in the mists of time.



Thomas Keenan

Republican party in the Presidential campaign last year, and was a delegate to the Philadelphia convention. His first political office was that of member of the council of Park City in 1884. He is a member of the Constitutional Convention that in 1912 drafted the Constitution of the State of Utah. He is a Gentile, being a member of the Catholic Church, but during the contest which resulted in his election it was charged by his opponents that the influence of the Mormon Church was used in his behalf.

Mr. Keenan was married September 13, 1890, to Miss Annie Judge, of Park City. At her request, he last year made a gift of \$20,000 to a Salt Lake Catholic orphan age which is now known as the Keenan St. Ann's Orphanage.

Senator Keenan was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the failure of the Utah Legislature in 1909 to elect a Senator, and his term will expire March 4, 1913.

After the Missouri, Mrs. W. M. Keenan (Mrs. Judge) should have been used for various reasons. It is certain that the Utah Legislature should have elected a Senator, and his term will expire March 4, 1913.

It is certain you can find without telephone service, but the telephone is a very useful thing, and the telephone is a very useful thing, and the telephone is a very useful thing.

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The New Senator from Utah

THOMAS KEENAN, the new Senator from Utah, is a worthy mining man. He was born April 11, 1861, in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, and came to the United States when a boy, remaining several years at St. Louis, Missouri. He went from there in the Black Hills in North Dakota, where he became a silver miner. Mr. Keenan moved to Utah in 1883, and obtained employment in the mines of the territory (now a State) of Utah. In 1892 he and three others organized a company to work the Silver King mine; the development of which has revealed one of the richest silver lead properties in the West. Silver mining holdings in Utah worth \$1,000,000, and he has numerous other valuable mining interests. He is also interested with Senator Clark of Montana in a company formed a few months ago to work the national Iron Hill Lode in the Argonne, California.

Senator Keenan has been a Republican except in the Presidential election of 1904, when he was one of the Silver Republicans also named and the St. Louis convention and supported Bryan. He was again in full accord with the

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A JOURNAL OF  CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 23: 1901



GEORGE WASHINGTON TO HIS NAMESAKE

"Just bury that Little Hatchet and all will be forgiven"



The Equitable

Life Assurance Society

Of the United States



Forty-first Annual Statement, for the Year Ending December 31, 1900.

ASSETS.		INCOME	
Real Estate and Mortgages	\$45,411,662.86	Premium Receipts	\$45,319,138.69
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building	24,467,368.62	Interest, Rents, etc.	12,687,992.29
Real Estate in the United States, State, City, and Federal Towns, and other investments (market value over cost \$19,378,000.00)	162,896,244.00	Income	\$58,007,130.98
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value \$15,655,118.00)	25,371,587.00	DISBURSEMENTS.	
Policy Loans	7,379,645.27	Death Claims	\$14,860,952.15
Real Estate outside of New York, including 22 office buildings	13,721,356.50	Endowments and deferred dividend policies	5,039,038.75
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at Interest	17,718,576.36	Annuities	668,923.98
Balance due from agents	524,183.14	Surrender Values	1,915,443.77
Interest and Rents. (Due \$407,280.85 Accrued \$299,000.25)	596,989.54	Dividends to Policy-holders	3,481,640.65
Premiums due and in process of collection	4,101,447.00	Paid Policy-holders	\$25,965,999.30
Deferred Premiums	2,416,003.00	Commissions, advertising, postage, and exchange	\$5,604,396.11
Total Assets	\$304,598,063.49	All other disbursements	4,699,571.10
		Sinking Fund, (Reduction of book value of Bonds purchased at a premium)	236,160.00
		Disbursements	\$36,499,126.51

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor ALFRED W. MAINE, Act. Secy.

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Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	\$235,343,493.00	INSTALLMENT POLICIES HEATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.	
All other Liabilities	3,117,450.48	Outstanding Assurance	\$1,116,875,047.00
Total Liabilities	\$238,460,943.48	New Assurance	\$207,086,243.00
Surplus	\$66,137,170.01		

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is \$235,034,907. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, Acty. Secy. R. G. BANK, Auditor & Assy.

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.
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WINTER IN QUEBEC

See Page 200

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

old country. The wise heads, the men back, the
 ad brains, the composite trunk of the national ties,
 growing and prevailing. But is that good? It
 cannot remain as it is. The Americanism, though
 many may have been raised against it. We
 cannot avoid the acquisition of California and Texas,
 though many may have directed us to it. We
 cannot avoid Texas' debt, which stays at attention
 but another thing we would care to do. We
 cannot avoid the question of the Mexican
 debt. We cannot avoid the question of the
 debt who are in the Philippines who have
 fallen in the field. But ask yourself the
 consequences.

"Are they capable of governing themselves as we
 were when we fought for our independence?"
 This last question, as I remarked earlier, after a
 careful statement of the Filipino nation as a whole,
 so as an isolated fact who else should they appear in
 the form of life.

The answer is "No." They will share those who
 are capable of it. It is a better capable of governing
 his child. It depends on the father. This the
 history of America proves that it is not a capable
 father-sonship. In the country. If your adopted
 child should strike you, would you hit him? No. He
 would do it again. Probably not. Then if the child
 should run to a distance and insist that it would
 have anything more to do with you unless you give
 it free way, would you argue with it? By the high
 road, No!

So we stand to-day. America, fully capable of governing
 herself. Fully capable of governing others.
 Growth from the masses of the people. The
 love of world power; expanding into conditions
 sometimes favorable, sometimes difficult, and often
 and finally and peacefully. But we are not
 afraid of our maturity; nor branches grow, so all
 time here, but still exist. A trace in certain claims of our
 Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

Let us look ourselves in the mirror. We find them
 today. God's truth is that they are revealed in
 the ascending intelligence of man. Upon your
 eyes, your ears, and your hands. It is not
 necessary work before that lived again, sometimes a
 new spirit and sometimes not the tongue have a
 chance at the argument.

CHARLES M. HERRICK.

Baldwin, Kans.

Civiles, Englishmen, Americanize

His-It has read Mr. Cushman, Mr. Bangs, Mr.
 Harrison, Mr. May, Mr. Allison, Mr. Lodge, Mr.
 Hamer, Mr. Cleveland, the Verbs, and the
 Historic Booklets. You do need the Philippine Islands.
 My reason: To the close observe the trend of political
 and economical progress. From a republic—Russia,
 world power—a monarchy, one republic—Russia,
 Great Britain, the United States of America, Rome
 and Moscow, Great Britain, the United States of
 America, true in her selfish interests, improve her
 territory and realize the Philippine archipelago,
 she will be able to build her own for all time as a
 republic and a world power. Eternal vigilance is
 the price of liberty, and this is important to future
 liberty the insidious treason of American freedom
 under a benefit in pretensions yet others by
 force for them the shared, countless world-wide
 territory without which they would be hanged in the
 future. As a world power we need an army and navy
 greater than those we now possess. Civiles, re-
 flectors, Americanize the Filipinos, expand our
 position, and show to the world that we are
 great, mar of the world's affairs, the American
 rule will read and mark, an everlasting cubism of
 American freedom.

MR. M. A. STANLEY.

Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Mixed by Grantism

His-It seems to be taken for granted by the
 journals of the United States that the opinions which they
 express are approved by all their subscribers, if not
 their readers, who do not see that they are
 utterances in a public way to their disapproval. My
 opinion is written in a way to express my approval
 of the spirit manifested in the address in your issue
 of February 5, 1901. I wish to congratulate you on
 the fact that you do not seem to have any
 aim or Mr. Allison and his followers; for whatever
 we may think of their writings, it seems to me that
 it would require a very peculiar atmosphere to dis-
 cover any other than disinterested motives in their
 publications.

As for my attitude on the Philippine question, I
 wish to say that the arguments which Harrison's
 readers so aptly presented here, have taught these
 unhappy islands here, in my opinion, but none of
 their, and I am sure that the people of the
 and retreat of the Filipinos, as I was opposed to
 any "prohibiting" them in the island. I am in favor
 of giving them the opportunity to govern themselves
 that we have hitherto said we would give to
 the Cuban.

While I believe that our President's motives are
 pure and disinterested and that he does not wish to
 do anything wrong, it seems best thinking that he
 is opposed to him to be wished by the commercial
 men and adventurers whose presence has been an in-

dent and an obstacle in Congress and in the press
 of the country. At the same time, I fear that the
 President is swayed too much by the material gain
 of the war, and to the charge of his wealth, which
 has been somewhat hindered in the moral aspects
 of the Philippine problem.

Columbus, O.

Facts are Needed

His-It is to be noted that the "Intellectual Revolt" Long
 may do live and prosper.
 An account for intelligent discussion may I wish
 you for a table of facts. It seems to me that the
 dissent note of all discussion up to date is that the
 two parties are arguing from different data. Mr.
 Cushman and Mr. Bangs are respectively right or wrong
 according to the facts on which they stand.

Here the Filipinos have seeking independence or
 simply to be allowed to have their own government.
 A thoughtful answer ought to be obtainable to that
 question. Now one man says "Yes," another "No,"
 and there is no final authority. This is but one
 of many underlying questions, the answers to which
 determine the essential result of the case.

Give us a table of authentic historical data, facts
 that are facts, not matters of opinion as of sentiment,
 but matters of fact.

Upon this we could build structures of reasoning
 and judgment, recognizing the eternal necessity of
 giving the practical and the good in all human
 relations.

(H. W. F. SULLIVAN.)

Phonetic Letter, Ohio.

Take them to their Word

His-As answer to your editorial on "The Philippine
 Problem," I think that the matter should go to
 the Philippine Islands, provided that during so we,
 as a nation, do not violate in any way the solemn in-
 ternational obligation which we have assumed by the
 maintenance of law and order when we have
 succeeded in that of bringing them under our
 rule. If, on the other hand, we find that we cannot
 take the Philippine Islands, we should give up
 under the circumstances yet well have done any-
 thing to save the Philippines from being taken
 by us. To me the advantages of giving them
 the right to be the Filipinos in the land, the
 President extend the application of the Cuban
 treaty to the Philippine Islands, and give them their
 own government, the conditions of a treaty port
 and naval stations, had give up the real.

WILLIAM H. HENRY

Pittsburg, Pa.

A Question of Provisionalism

His-The problem is not one primarily of commercial-
 ization, or imperialism, or of expansion, except as
 these are incidental to the greater question of pro-
 visionalism. Anglo-Saxon supremacy is covered with
 Protestant Christianity. The United States were in
 a marked manner governed for the field of their ex-
 ploration and development, Louisiana, Florida, Cali-
 fornia, and New Cuba and Porto Rico, were put into
 their hands. The Mexican Islands belong to the
 same provisional matter.

President McKinley did not want the Spanish war,
 but created it so long as he would, not the convenience
 of the nation demanded it. The farmers from all the
 hills, farmers, which were the representation of the
 demand. It was a question of duty and conscience,
 and the nation should have been prepared to stand
 the Philippines were thrust upon us. We use it to
 them to give them our Christian civilization as much
 as France to give the people of Rome to whom she
 felt indebted, not for anything Rome had done for
 her, but because he had what Rome needed, and he
 would give it to her.

Now comes the war in China, which brings 400,000,
 and the United States are to be the victors in the
 development. The acquisition of the Philippine
 Islands is also a new and most important relation to
 China. By these events we have been thrust out
 into relations and obligations which determine duty from
 us. We cannot escape.

The world would permit a spite of countries, and have
 a corresponding duty. The problem is practical and
 not ideal, and must be approached with the
 criteria or precedents of the past, but by the conditions
 God has provided us.

It is to be noted that many of the prominent
 opinion of the Protestant Church, and also of the
 President's cabinet, who are in favor of the
 of the Philippines would also, I believe, be in favor
 of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is to be noted that many of the prominent
 men, like Senator Hoar, who take other views, are not
 interested in the Philippines. The President's cabinet
 and President McKinley are both Christians,
 and are seen to look at the problem from the stand
 of a Christian and the other of President McKinley.
 When Providence shows opportunity, and such in-
 portance in some cases only in an age, to they are

desires. We, as a nation, have a mission to the
 world to give as freely as we have received of our God
 his blessings.

It is only in our condition Providence and duty does he
 rise to the height of this great question.

Campbell, N. Y.

R. W. PLATT.

For Determined and United Effort

His-As my humble opinion we should keep
 the Philippines. If we are either wrong then that we have
 put our hand to the plough and not look back,
 but not even that takes liberty to the people. In the incidents
 of their case under our dominion. They, the people,
 were found to be represented by a set of
 so-called religious men, and threatened over by in-
 competent and mean government.

Naturally, never having known any part of our
 treatment, they suspect us. Their ignorance is easily
 modified to the benefit of the world, however, a
 little more than his lifeless, except to be lost then,
 they have entered the body of the heathen and
 becoming ignorant of their error, what are they to
 do? They think they are "between his heathen
 mind and his heathen heart, but if they go on they
 are bound to suffer, and they are afraid to go back
 and acknowledge they were wrong, as all previous
 treatment of such a course had been wrong then the
 danger of insurrection. Therefore have patience with
 them. Establish a government over them that will
 allow them that work of their own.

In the years to come, when by practical experience
 they have learned that their own "doctors" have
 hurt themselves, and are capable of no doing, then,
 in order to be true to our standards of liberty, we
 must meet them as they are, and give them a chance. But
 it will take longer for them to reach their maturity,
 so to speak, than the Cuban people, who have been
 in the hands of a bad work man to graduation.

Before any of their things are even attempted, let
 us see the methods of our American people, some-
 what abating those poor things done in their
 of insurrection, by means of lying letters, both pub-
 lic and private, and by means of the use of arms
 and ammunition. As to the profitable side of
 the question, the more they are given, the more they
 do not in our ability to make the islands a paying
 proposition after the insurrection has been actually
 put down. It is to be noted that the Philippines
 would ever be a money producer, but it is rapidly
 becoming so. If that is the case, it is not
 profitable, why cannot such an abundance of foreign
 in the Philippines enjoy be turned to good ac-
 count?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Criminal Aggression"

His-My conclusion is this—that we suffer from
 the island's insularity. My reason is this, best ex-
 pressed by the fact that we are not a "Provisional
 nation," cannot be thought of that, by our mode of
 morality, would be considered aggressive.

SAMUEL MILLER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Leave to the Future the Solution

His-We have the Philippines. It is too late
 to sell the methods of imperialism, or to become the
 fact that we have them. Most of us are sorry, and
 so, I suppose, is any that there is no money in the
 Philippines, and that we have a great deal of trouble
 as to the future of the islands. It is to be noted
 that if we are to be able to hold them, we must
 do so, but we don't want to hold them. We stop
 at about this point.

But what could we do to do? The opportunity
 and the money to do so, is represented by the
 without the consent of the government. If you the last
 of the money we shall have to stop short of it, for
 so, as a little was sacrificed and find out, if we
 can, what is best for the Philippines. I know that
 the Philippines are a great deal of trouble, and as
 is mentioned, and that our first duty is to America.
 In reply, it might be said that we are fairly well
 in good things for ourselves in a material way, but
 "short" on our sense of what is good for others, and
 it might be said that our development along five
 would mean the "greatest good of the greatest
 number."

We all feel that American government is better
 than Spanish. American civilization better than Phi-
 lippine. That even now we represent a great
 as below Europe destroyed the Spanish fleet, from all
 we have seen we are generally satisfied that the Phi-
 lippines are a great deal of trouble, and as is
 mentioned, and that our first duty is to America.
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 would mean the "greatest good of the greatest
 number."

Boston, Cal.

S. A. GUYTON.



Arrival of the German Emperor at Windsor



The Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore

THE funeral of Queen Victoria, on February 2, was probably one of the most impressive occasions of its kind that have ever been witnessed. The procession, with five monarchs as the first, passed through London, escorted by representatives from every nation of the globe, and delegations from every colony of the British Empire. The royal processions were the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Portugal, the King of Greece, and the King of Belgium.

The Kaiser's army was represented by a delegation of officers from the cavalry regiment of which Queen Victoria was an honorary captain. They were magnificent specimens of soldiery, and clad in splendor with a company of British Grenadiers, the average height of whose men was 6 feet 10 inches. The procession marched off slowly across the city to the railroad station, where the body was placed upon the funeral train, and the royal cortege left the capital for Windsor. As soon as the body arrived at the Windsor railroad station military began firing salute guns from the Castle. The procession then began to move slowly through the little town towards St. George's Chapel. There were gorgeous scarlet-coated Life-Guards in the lead, followed by the foreign contingents in splendid uniforms, the lieutenants cavalry officers, Earl Roberts, and many British generals and their staffs. Behind the funeral was King Edward and Emperor William walked slowly, followed by other members of the royal family.

The ceremony in St. George's Chapel was a simple butal service, conducted by the Bishop of Winchester, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of Oxford, and all the Senior Clergy of Windsor. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Queen's body was allowed to remain in the chapel until covered, on Monday, February 3, in the royal mausoleum at Frogmore.

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Photographs used by Courtesy of the London "Daily Mail"



Broadway at 150th Street



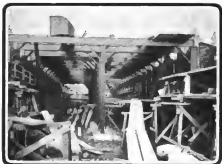
Bridges for the Electric Cars



Elm Street



The Circle, at Broadway and 50th Street



A Portion of the Steel Structure



Broadway at 115th Street

PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

CLUBS OF QUEBEC

By William McLennan

NITHEM, might boast of her great for-
 cing, but Quebec, since the time of
 government, and had the prestige of an
 official court for the nobles, still
 remained of pomp and ceremony. There
 were the princely merchants engaged in
 there the great three-headed ships of the
 at their anchors, as they swung with
 tide, there was the principal garden in
 by republican houses (the world over in
 and there too was the representative
 French families, beginning to mix freely
 of ideas of the English, so that in the
 the new style there was much in Quebec
 social life and enjoyment.

of 1734-6 drew these classes still closer
 a, side by side, all quasi differences for-
 kept the British flag on display in the
 before, the only spot on Canadian soil
 led for King George.

times of this time of trial and danger
 fitting that the day of deliverance should
 come, and in 1776 we had the greatest
 support given by the gentleman who had
 the siege. This was held at the "Blue
 the Little River Road, a famous meeting
 by country Frenchmen, Alexander Bland,
 chief in command. Murray—who-the-way,
 against orders had come out to the
 officials. Dillon, who kept the famous
 a Montreal Company, "Montcalm," the
 steward of the St. James Club, and Ber-
 7. Montcalm.

as an instance for the manner that Dur-
 American officers more than once re-
 sults to the fire of the outposts in order
 contents of his letter. Probably to forget
 the misery of the plague-stricken land,
 himself was willing to undertake the risk
 of the great effort, but we read in con-
 sideration as he drew up at the east end
 of the river, his own words, "I have a
 ball just as he stepped out of his coat-
 that the ball of 1776 was not, but
 that gallant gentleman, whose memory
 in all Canadian hearts, and Lady Maria
 signed the ball given to me, and she
 attended the garden during the siege.

men with his brother at early morning to inquire for
 the one dead to them all, how he found his still on
 duty, and was allowed to reveal into an embrace
 for a moment and both down from the bodies of Mont-
 gomery and his followers, half hidden in the snow-
 drifts for labor.

It does not appear how long the Veterans described,
 their own fathers of it as late as 1803 in the songs sung
 at the dinners. "There I have seen you all in France,
 which appears to be a large French membership, and most
 of them touch on European rather than American re-
 fairs, but throughout was no very man's tongue in
 those days, even as in ours. In 1861, the year of
 the Peace of Amiens, they sang:

And, with their own pale
 light from their eyes
 Don't change people, your names,
 Don't forget the day
 Be this day was Breton—
 In the mountains, in the mountains—
 That is the name of France
 And, in the mountains,
 Don't forget

The Peace of Amiens was not of long duration, and
 irritated by the declaration of war by England against
 France, they sang in 1803:

And! How sad that,
 And! How sad that,
 And! How sad that,
 And! How sad that,

They recall their deliverance of '76, their repulse
 even testified to their real and courage, and they con-
 sidered with this high feeling:

And! How sad that,
 And! How sad that,
 And! How sad that,
 And! How sad that,

A purely social club existed about this time styled
 the Knights of the Round Table. Among its members
 were (Montcalm's son was formerly born in Que-
 bec), Montcalm, who came to Canada as a lad
 of sixteen. He held the high office of Chief Justice
 for thirty years, and was perhaps the only Canadian
 of that day on whose forehead had been set a hono-
 rary E. L. L. Sir John Caldwell, Bart., Secretary Gen-
 eral, the Honorable Hector Thibault, Comandant
 and member of the province from 1754. Major
 General, of Montreal, Quebec, and
 headquarters in 1775, the name of which recalls heroic
 had remained and trace, and others of the same
 of war members.

They also met at Montcalm's, the Red House, the Chateau
 and other places where members, planning for
 some relaxation from the work of office might frequent
 for a moment at the Table Round.

The Club Constitution of 1791, with a large mem-
 bership of both nationalities, is of too special a charac-
 ter to warrant any extended notice, but following the
 custom of the day they held their regular dinners at
 Montcalm's, where they delivered political orations, and
 drank confusion to all who differed from their philo-
 sophy.

Among the "Veterans" there flourished in Quebec
 another club known as the "Beavers," from Lanslet
 who was one of it existed at least since 1791, and
 as perhaps almost took precedence of the "Veterans"
 "but I have my doubts about Lanslet."

The membership of the "Beaver" was at first
 from twelve to fifteen, and all but early Quebec clubs
 they met at various places in the town to dine and
 make merry. Each member presented an arm, and he
 of whom his honor fell was reduced in French a cup
 of beer, about thirty pounds in weight, and which only
 not to many persons, but the object was
 that they had been frozen and then thawed and only
 left the price. The business also included one bot-
 tle of wine and one of port, the vice-chair took
 each member brought his own of wine and
 port, and with it two plates with knives and forks,
 and should be having a good one supposed to pre-
 fer his in the same way.

President Lanslet, whom we met at Montreal,
 undertook to drive Major Strickland of the Royal Ar-
 tillery, to a meeting of the club at the "Red House,"
 about six miles above Quebec. He drove his high-chair
 of men, and when descending a dangerous hill near
 the Plains of Abraham his famous hind wheel went
 over the side, and after a wild struggle by the driver
 to keep his footing, they all made a slow stop at the
 foot of the hill, and they fell into the deep snow of a
 tree, and the extraordinary part of the story is that
 no material injury was received.

And the club was reconstituted, and it was prob-
 ably then that it was rechristened the "Beavers."

When John Lanslet spent the winter of 1807 in
 Quebec the club was in the height of its glory. It had
 a membership of twenty-one, and as each member had
 engaged the place was filled by a Knight, who was
 was not, however, installed as before until a sufficient
 number were chosen. This was in order to save the
 the expenditure entailed by an entertainment which
 followed the ceremony. Lanslet tells that:

"The ceremony of the installation of seven new

Knight-heret took place during the winter I passed in
 Quebec. It had not happened for nearly twenty years
 before, and a very handsome entertainment was given
 at the occasion. The new membership was equal
 for the occasion; and upwards of two hundred of the
 principal people in the country were invited by the



Andrew Parson
Member of the Beavers Club

Knight-heret in a splendid hall and supper Mr. Deane,
 the President of the Province, and who administered
 the government in the absence of Sir Robert Milnes, the
 Lieutenant Governor, attended as the chief honor. The
 Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the gov-
 ernment, civil and military, were present. Their
 ladies formed a more brilliant display than ever
 than on any occasion I had an opportunity of witness-
 ing, and the whole was conducted with a regularity
 and decorum that would have done credit to any simi-
 lar entertainment in London. We did not go to supper
 about two o'clock, and it was nearly six o'clock be-
 fore the company began to depart. By that time
 some of the gentlemen were poorly, and I felt
 them during which they called for medicinal wine.
 This entertainment was held to have cost upwards
 of two hundred and fifty guineas, and was returned to
 have been the most splendid one given in Quebec for
 many years.

Besides these elaborate festivities, the Beavers were
 wont to organize that ever popular form of Amoson,
 a picnic dinner. His office, Louis Quebec, on the slopes
 of the hills which surround it towards the north, his
 from all eyes by the surrounding trees and a
 range of underground the explorer by the cabins
 may find that little remains of "Amoson's," the
 country house of the Intendant Talon, built in 1668.
 Few, however, would ever recognize it by its original
 name, so it only lives in the public mind by the trag-
 ically which legend has rest about its walls, and has
 indelibly branded the ruin with the ghastly name of
 Hoped. The Château Hoped was in a fair state of
 repair at the beginning of this century, and either the
 Beavers often resorted to fill the deserted garden with
 and reduce the old site to the extent of a
 revelry such as had not been heard since the English
 arms and Hoped and his following flying over sea in



Party at the Quebec Fishing Club

party broke up at four in the evening
 finished had risen to such a height that
 themselves to hold another session the
 1. a gathering of the club of the "Veterans"
 ceased in 1791, and here we find the be-
 ginning of their history.

December, the anniversary of the attack
 on the 6th May, the anniversary of the
 siege, a dinner was held. The great
 strap presented given in a glass of the
 club at the May dinner in 1784. In 1787,
 that old building on long known in
 as the "Chateau d'Ux" Lord Percival
 (captain of 1775), in possession. One of
 the Honorable Mr. Justice de Bonne, a
 the old school, who assisted Francis
 de Laquisette, the Secretary of Honor, to
 our records. It is characteristic of the
 stability opposed the Honorable James
 de Laquisette to establish slavery in Canada,
 we can truly with a fair and just
 toward those who were not only a lad
 interests of public morality, on account
 and was defended by the then govern-
 ment the ground that it was not only a
 degree of private misconduct which
 required to admit a man for his public
 office the members of the club, a bill
 and proceeds to prepare an extensive de-
 stroyers were the Honorable J. Walker,
 Mr. and James Fiset, and the sever-
 al of the members of the club, a bill
 of the siege, and we are told how his in-
 tention for the safety of his father, and



Medals of Members of the Beaver Club



"A little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

THE BATTLE OF BUENA

DRAWN BY



VISTA, FEBRUARY 23, 1847

R. F. ZOGBAUM

LABOR

BY EMILE ZOLA

Part V

day, and an ammer had
 sent a friendly note
 saying inviting him to
 refer. She had known
 I, being aware that the
 return until Monday,
 and he to see him, and
 rich him in regard to
 a restaurant for her
 and he accepted in
 his reply that he
 a clock.

of the Pit, was a
 established himself by
 practice had deprived
 of funds, and he was
 management of the Pit
 outside at the age of
 Suzanne as the last
 unity. Suzanne, when
 before the death of
 again, who had been
 at the house of a
 a slowly in poverty,
 he had found some
 million francs. Be-
 lieving, having labored
 more than six
 in operations on the
 wife, Suzanne, showed
 betrayed a tenderness,
 took put him on a
 a million of francs
 she decided that
 tion their house in
 living expenses were
 other million was that
 use all in Paris, upon
 of million, and when
 by the death of her
 earned? Their future
 were uncertain.

Delavau, the son of
 head, an unfortunate
 Delavau, was an ex-
 des Arts of Matters.

time, they could easily obtain it for five hundred thou-
 sand francs, although it had not eight hundred thou-
 sand. Beaugotte would still have five hundred thou-
 sand francs out of his two millions, and those he might
 get into the management of the works, while he, De-
 lavau, pledged himself formally to increase the cap-
 ital instead by paying a priority interest upon it.

It was Suzanne who finally determined her hus-
 band to favor of this plan, for he himself was very
 uneasy at the idea of a provincial life, and was in
 dread of dying of cancer. She, on the contrary, was
 charmed to return to Guerdache, where all her youth
 had been passed. Affairs turned out exactly as De-
 lavau had foreseen; when the settlement of the busi-
 ness took place, the fifteen hundred thousand francs
 that the Beaugottes expended for the purchase of the
 works out of Guerdache just covered the Quier-
 zonne's embourgeoisement, so that the Beaugottes became
 absolute owners of both properties, and were under no
 further necessity of accounting to the surviving heirs.
 In three years' time the Pit had regained its position
 as one of the most prosperous steel factories in the
 country, and the houses which its twelve hundred
 workmen gained for Beaugotte enabled him to in-
 stall himself at Guerdache in great luxury, with six
 horses in his stables, five carriages in his coach-house,
 and in gayer hunting-parties, lices, and dinners in
 which the splendor of the town quivered for in-
 vitation.

Delavau was installed at the Pit, where he ac-
 cepted Marie Quierzonne's old house, with his wife, Fre-
 deric, and their little girl, Nise, who was only a few
 months old. Ferrande did not love him, but she
 felt that he was very much in love with her, and she
 made up her mind to make use of his protection
 to enter the world of honest women like which he
 would be the means of entrance and her protector.
 Within few months after her husband had introduced
 her at Guerdache she had seduced Beaugotte, and yield-
 ed implicitly to his solicitations one evening, after
 having studied the program carefully. He was over-
 come with a passion for her, and would have of-
 fered her whole fortune upon her at the risk of
 breaking all his other ties. She, on her part, had
 loved her beloved ideal in this handsome man of
 noble and rare blood, a lover full of vanity, ambition,
 and prodigality, capable of the very worst actions to

obtain a beautiful mistress, if she became indis-
 pensable to his self-indulgence. And she was glori-
 fying all kinds of unscrupulous pleasure; her gloomy
 hatred of her husband, whose luxurious life and blind
 tranquillity had disgusted her; her increasing jealousy
 of the gentle Suzanne, whom she had detested from
 the first day she saw her; and, indeed, the desire
 to see her suffer was one of her reasons for accepting
 the attentions of Beaugotte. Guerdache was now one
 continuous life; Ferrande regarded there as an ac-
 knowledged beauty, having realized the dream of her
 ambitious life, assisting Beaugotte to squander the
 money which Delavau had made by the hard work
 of twelve hundred workmen at the Pit, and even in-
 dulging the hope of one day returning to Paris to
 live there in triumph upon the promised millions.

There were the same low revolved in his thoughts
 while he walked on slowly to accept Suzanne's ac-
 ceptance. If he was not then thoroughly informed of
 all, he suspected those which a next letter was about
 to reveal to him in even their smallest details. And
 as he rubbed the eyes he saw that he was still almost
 a hundred yards from the beautiful park, whose mag-
 nificent trees displayed such a variety of green.
 Luc had already turned his steps to the park, when a
 light laugh of welcome greeted him as he turned his
 head. There, under an oak, near a stone table sur-
 rounded by rustic seats, he perceived Suzanne seated
 beside it, while her son Paul played at her feet.

"Ah, yes, my good friend, I came down here to
 wait for you, like a country girl who is not
 afraid of the open air. How glad I am to meet
 my dear invitation!"
 Luc took her hand, which he held for a moment
 in both his own.

"It is you who are kinder than I have thought
 of me. I am happy—so happy at seeing you again."

She made a gesture expressive of deep liking, and
 murmured:

"When I think of you, I have been distressed that
 you were not here, where there is much to be done."
 But Luc was just perceived Paul, who ran forward,
 his hands full of flowers, and whom he was surprised
 to find so much grown.

Luc, and smiling; he had an air of extreme politeness,
 and greatly pleased his mother.

"Ah," said the latter, gaily, "he will soon be
 your years old; then he
 will be a high man."

They were both seated,
 talking with great friend-
 liness in the grand
 murmur of that radiant
 September day; and he
 but in the interest of
 their kindly recollections
 that they did not see
 Beaugotte descend the
 park steps and advance
 towards them. Beaugotte
 was a tall, supple look-
 ing man, with gray eyes,
 a large nose, and a square
 mustache; his brown hair
 was arranged in waves
 upon his forehead, where
 some traces of silver
 were already visible; he
 was very correctly dress-
 ed in country costume,
 and sported a single cy-
 gnet.

"Good morning, my
 dear Ferrand," he said,
 in a well-timed voice, but
 with a somewhat thick ac-
 cent. "A thousand
 thanks for having consent-
 ed to make me of me."

And after a shake of
 the hand in the English
 manner, he turned with
 out further speech to his
 wife.

"Tell me, my dear," he
 said—"has the order been
 given to send the victoria
 for the Delavaus?"

There was no necessity
 for Suzanne to reply.
 The victoria, belonging
 the family but spoken of,
 occupied at that moment
 from the avenue of grand
 elms, and they alighted
 opposite the stone table.
 Delavau was short and
 strongly built, he had a
 head like a bull-dog, man-
 like and low, with a jaw-
 setting heavy jaw, and
 his, together with his
 feet, large protuberant



The Atmosphere of Uneasiness extended to both Luc and Delavau

Adventures Of Three Young Clubmen
K.S. WICKES, and DIX. On A MOOSE-HUNT



1 He explains how the Club
to him for the Moose-hunt



2 And gives them
& letters to



3 Outfitters up in the woods, who in
turn send them to a Guide, who



4 is a real hot blood, as he starts
in the best moose-hunt district



5 He starts in a dash
of wild animals



6 Next morning before they set out he pictures
& a terrible fight between himself and a Bull Moose



7 He then parts them, and goes forth
to drive in their prey



8 He notices
and the noise of his coming
startles him



9 And the noise of his coming
startles him



10 While the snowshoes prevent
their sliding



11 A timely shot — and the Guide
always he always saves them



12 Fated,
fa...



13 On the way they meet a man who
says he is the game warden



14 The guide retires with the
man, as he says to fix it



15 Between them they
come to an agreement



16 In a friendly talk of Jackstraws at
last the outfit fits — they save their transportation



17 The Guide will send the
man, as he says to fix it



18 And some time
later it arrives



The Sisters
By A. I. Keller



A Reverie
By Edward H. Potbury. Awarded the William T. Kriss Prize



London Bridge
By Childe Hassam



Washing the Trawlers
By Ellsworth Woodward

THE AMERICAN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY EXHIBITION

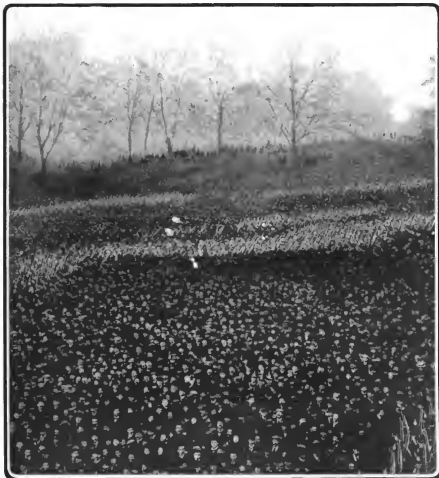
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A JOURNAL OF  *CIVILIZATION*

NEW YORK MARCH 2:1901

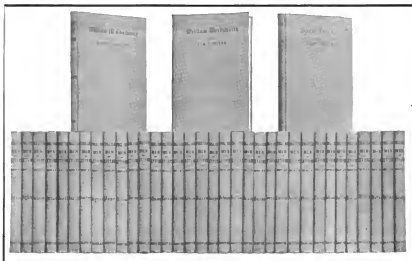


THE CROWD WATCHING THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA

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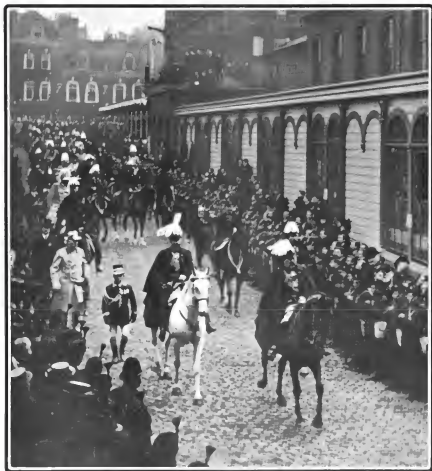
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Empire Wilson II

Empire Wilson VII

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL

The Cavalcade of Crowded Heads and Royal Personages

kindly, as it is offered.

You are about to be inaugurated for your second term. You are entering upon the last four years of your official life. The future has nothing in store for you as a public man. You will never again be a candidate for office. All temptation, therefore, to work for personal gain, for the gratification of personal ambition, if it ever existed, is removed from your life. You are probably grateful that hereafter you will not be called upon even to consider the effect of your conduct or your words upon your personal fortunes. In selecting your advisers you can no longer consider the exigencies of your own future campaigns. If you have heretofore considered the effect of your conduct upon your chances for re-election, you have but followed the example of most of the Presidents of the republic. If you have consulted your personal political friends, you were but obeying the universal law of human nature. In your re-election it is agreed that the best interests of the country were served.

Now, however, the undistracted opportunity and the duty to assume a nobler attitude and to work for higher ends are yours. There exists no longer any reason for steering the Ship of State in such manner as to avoid the injury to the country which might follow the untimely ending of your uncompleted labors. Your attitude towards the Presidency and its duties is now more impersonal than that of any of your fellow-countrymen, save the two living ex-Presidents. The clearer vision that must now be yours must be the cause of great happiness to you. You may now consult without distraction, as you may have not been able to consult before, the public welfare only. You may now pursue the tasks of the Presidency not only without selfishness, but without even seeming selfishness. You may contemplate only what is best for the nation, not what may be expedient for yourself or

President in twenty-two years ago. It is a parallel which casts upon the memory of an administration which was not altogether popular. Mr. Hayes was not more competent than you to select members of a cabinet. He had not one-tenth the experience in public affairs that you had even before you were nominated for the Presidency. And yet what did you do when it came to selecting a cabinet, and what did Mr. Hayes do when he chose his advisers! Here is the contrast presented in parallel columns:

Mr. Hayes's Cabinet		Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet	
Sec. of State	Wm. H. Seward	John Sherman	Wm. H. Seward
Treasurer	John Sherman	Simon D. Leggett	Simon D. Leggett
War	John W. Foster	Edwin M. Stanton	Edwin M. Stanton
Interior	Carl Schurz	Charles S. Smith	Charles S. Smith
Army	Richard W. Thompson	John B. Long	John B. Long
Agriculture	William D. Bayne	James Wilson	James Wilson
Postmaster Gen.	David H. Key	John A. Dix	John A. Dix
Attorney Gen.	Charles Devens	Charles Francis Smith	Charles Francis Smith

Now that the names of these two cabinets are presented to you in juxtaposition, Mr. President, does not the difference between them astonish you! There were one or two weak spots in Mr. Hayes's cabinet, but with these exceptions there was not a member of it who had not won distinction in national politics, while some of them had gained renown. In your first cabinet, the only famous man was JOHN SHERMAN, who was very old and very feeble. The real Secretary of State was Wm. H. DIX, an unknown, although doubtless clever lawyer from Canton, Ohio. Mr. ALLEN's fame then rested mainly on his somewhat surprising aspirations for the Presidency. Mr. LEWIS had once been a member of Congress, and Governor of Massachusetts. His mark on public affairs had been of the slightest. He had been for some time retired

the ideals of the republic your ideal. You have no more honors to gain. So live your last four years of public office as to establish an enduring claim to the gratitude of your country, and you may be able, as you retire from public life, to make the words of WASHINGTON your own. "I anticipate," said the first President, "with pleasing expectation, that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government—the ever-favorite object of my heart—and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers."

A Real Intellectual Revival

IN its issue of February 9, HARPER'S WEEKLY expressed the conviction that "there is as much intelligence, as much conscience, as much patriotism, in this great nation as there ever was. But it is a fact," we added, "of which denial is impossible, that in recent years it has not found expression." We urged the need of an Intellectual Revival. We invited calm and reasonable discussion of the Philippine problem, and promised to print the letters that might be written to us, in reply to these two questions:

First.—What do we want to do: give up the islands or hold them as a dependency of the United States? and—

Second.—How shall we do either the one or the other for the least possible cost in blood and money, with the greatest possible advantage to ten millions of human beings and with honor to ourselves?

It is evident from the last issue of the WEEKLY and from this, that our confidence in the intelligence and conscience of the country was justified. The Intellectual Revival has surely come, and it is

Paganry and the B...

EVERY morning it is...
 he asked a number of...
 could be a fine hand, man...
 were into the road which...
 have been St. James's Palace...
 to the House of Commons of the last...
 national movement of...
 through with. A crowd...
 one (from the...
 to make the...
 performance. When the...
 such...
 the...



The Royal Yacht "Albena"



The Coffin, with the Royal Insignia



The Funeral Procession passing down Piccadilly



Queen's Tribute



Cross sent by Ambassador Choate



Mrs. Garfield's Tribute

Photographs of the Floral Tributes by J. Martin Miller

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

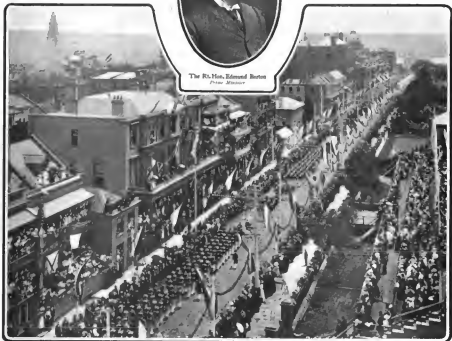
The Commonwealth of Australia

Inaugural



The Rt. Hon. Edmund Barton
Prime Minister

Ceremonies



The Procession passing Parliament House



The Earl of Hopetoun taking the Oath of Office



The Governor-General leaving the Pavilion after being sworn in



The Governor-General and Staff reviewing the Troops at Victoria Barracks

SCENES FROM THE CELEBRATION AT SYDNEY, JANUARY 1, 1901

Photographs by G. A. Hill's Studio



Photograph by A. Martin White

The Marriage of the Queen of Holland

The Deputies showing the Bride and Inauguration after the Ceremony



Models of Groups and Buildings for the Pan-American Exposition on view at the Architectural League's Exhibition
 "The Birth of Years" "The Electrical Building"



Mr. William Morrow



Mr. Parker



Mr. Robert Wallach



Waiting for the Hounds



After the Hunt



Mr. August Blair, Master of the Hounds



Chevy Chase Club House



Miss Holloway



The Golf House



Watching the Hunt

WITH THE HOUNDS AT CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND

Photographs by the Cinegrad Studio, Washington, D. C.

Tales of the Mush-Ice Heroes



By John R. Spears

A MONG the great outside stories known to the people of the Great Lakes was the north-wester that began to drift its way across Lake Superior on November 17, 1903. It was but a moderate gale during the early day, but sailors who were about sea just before the winter came over the ice a sheet of ice ten miles wide. And before the day was gone the ice had attained a height and speed that ripped the seas from under them a score of fathoms. At Marquette, Michigan, where the greatest weight of the ice was apparent, the winds in part were torn from their moorings at the pier, a multitude of barrels piled on top of the stacks was swept clean away, the brickmasons was stripped of its chimneys, and light houses that had stood almost unshaken through any a gale before was hurled into the swirling surf.

The wave of devastation that was spread before the ice of the northwestern people was sent to Marquette's water front on the morning of November 19 as appalling, but while they stood to see upon the ice before them, a rift in the driving sea clouds was opened, and one who looked away along the beach contrasted saw something that looked "like white halibuts of warts" on the beach. And when others asked they found not glutinous, but a big steam barge, and a first mate's schooner, her bow, fast on the water at the mouth of Choussay River, six miles away. That view went to the hearts of all who saw it, and a spite of the growing gale, a throng of stout-hearted

men arrived a gale and blew to the beach opposite the wreck, and hastened forth to rescue the run-away sailors.

But their heroic work was in vain. Storm which no yard could pass were heaving on the two feet that lay between the beach and the rocks. Waves rose, the better gale was driving the huge drops of spray into treacher. Then, on bulging into the water, grew with every surge came a clinging mass that clung the men, while every wave that lapped the boat left a plating of ice.

Not only did the men fail to reach the strand of trouble, they were barely able to return alive. But while these men strove desperately, if in vain, and a helplessness among wandering herds gathered on the beach, a captain John Erik, of the tug *Leifer*, went to the Marquette. Telegraph advised on Houghton, Michigan, 120 miles away, told of the two crews, and asked if word could be sent to the Ship Island life-boat crew, six miles from Houghton.

The landing gale grew with emphasis to the appeal for help that it assumed the whole gale cells, for operators at ship stations heard it and opened it broadcast. A tug captain at Houghton, read his distress to the life-saving station to bring the crew and apparatus. The superintendent of the station ordered out a special team and cleared the road. A crowd of men with signaling devices started the apparatus from the tug, as the crew hurried to the Houghton pier, and put it on the water. Then, as the life-boat sprang up the shore, the tugmaster drew the throttle valve wide open, and with chains and drag the team led away into the night—had unobstructed way only at railroad cross-

ings, until at 11:20 o'clock, as a shipless quarter of seven, she came pasting over the station at Marquette.

At one o'clock, the life-boat crew and their apparatus were about the steamer that lay with her deck awash on the outer reef off the mouth of the Choussay. The heaviest, without dash known to the minds of the life-boat crew had been made. It had ended on a beach where the crew of Lake Superior were stilled under the clinging mass for more than 200 yards from the land.

After two glances at the trouble between the lanes



Launching the Life-boat

and end the line where the breakers curled under the floating mass, the life-boat crew, their gun and dred a line to the steamer. They laid it just ahead the wind-borne, where the heaviest masses were banked, but because of the glare of ice on deck, and the waves that swept over it, none dared venture back to get it.

No, in spite of the gale, and in spite of the wind of the waves driving to swell the clinging mass of snarl ice, the life-boat prepared their boat by the rudder, dragged it down the beach, and wading out until it was well ahead, they clambered in.

Their clothing froze solid about their limbs as they took their seats. The march lay down to their seats as they dipped them in just away, as the boat rolled in the swell the men lay crumpled up and clogged the cut-beds. The latter were packed every man to the beam. The flying snow all but blinded and the view of the shore. And yet their troubles were scarcely begun.

As they drew their boat clear of the beach for a wave broke over them, flooding the boat and drenching every man of the crew. She was a well-built boat, and the water drenched off for the most part, but it left a thick crust of ice wherever it fell—over the men as well as over the heads of the boat. And then came another rushing wave that raised the bow and the men thought their boat would be thrown and overboard. This drove the boat stern with such force that the rudder was wrecked, and they were obliged to re-tilt sails.

Nevertheless, they made repairs and tried again, and this time, though the waves filled the boat several times, and the rudder was wrecked altogether, they kept on, and took sea now from the stranded steamer.

By the official report of the wreck it appears that the life-boat worked just six hours before they had the first of the sailors, but without a moment's rest they kept at their work, going and returning through the freezing chaos, until the remaining men on the steamer and the crew of the schooner had been brought to the beach, and were drinking the strong hot coffee and eating the food that had been provided by the people of Marquette. The record thus made by Keeper Albert Wilson and his men remains unbroken to this day.

The crews of the Great Lakes are full of stories of the pitiless work of the snarl ice when stranded ships break up within its reach. And much ice is always found altogether as the snows of lake wintering down to a close. The ice is not so much as ice-cakes. It thickens and chills, but does not harden. It heaves and grinds with a snarl that never ceases in suspension with the roar of a stormy sea. It seems to descend and squash the sight of even the hardiest of men. But the soul of the ground-crew, and the work of the atmosphere current, raise a yawl as if by magic, as it touches the edge of the ice, and the



The Wreck of the "City of Duluth"

happens unless disaster instantly. Men who have fallen into it have perished so quickly as if they had been submerged in molten metal; the victims move feebly even out of the helplessness of sleep.

And yet when the schooner *J. O. Moss* was wrecked four miles south of the Grand Point on Middle Life-saving Station and her crew flung over at the edge of the beach in a miller was trying to enter a life-boat, Norman Millman, who was on the beach ahead of the wreck, waded in until the men were clutched at his shoulders, in order to save the miller.

The work of the life-savers of the Grand Lakes is, in this and in several other respects, almost unique. In a rule their stations are built adjoining the deep-water harbors, and their boats are often launched for service long detached waters, whether they run north or south of the coast. In fact the crews are greatly favored.

But there is no call from a wrecked ship which these life-savers will not heed, and the calls that try their hearts and strength are from ships stranded where the apparatus must be transported along the beaches. For the lakes are fed by streams that take in the unnumbered brooks; and even from the streams that flow through the Vermilion hills of the United States come logs and stumps and blocks of iron. The lakes are vast reservoirs of the debris of the country side, and logs and stumps of every degree are cast ashore on every side of the beach.

Valuable wood and the shank of iron are quite common to the beaches of the sea, as well as of the lakes, but even in the mouth of these there are long stretches of lake beaches utterly impossible for any kind of traffic because of the accumulated drift wood. When the schooner *J. O. Moss* was stranded a mile south of Frankfort, Michigan, the crew of the Point on Eve Isles had to travel ten miles over logging roads in the

mass; on the seaward is a parapet at the foot of which the men lay in rows and behind the parapet the death that looks for victims in the snow or ice waits for such an opportunity as can be found anywhere else in all the reaches of life-savers.

And yet when the steamer *Edg* of Toledo was stranded near Grand Point on Middle Life-saving Station, on December 21, 1878, the life-savers first in line over the glacier range. It fell on board, and the crew was sent off with the launch. The steamer lay so low that the lines all sagged into the snow and a strong current dragged them all into a water-trough, and wherever they were lifted above water they were frozen stiff in a minute. Nevertheless, the life-savers chopped steps and platforms in the ice and on the crest of the ice range, and so were able to reach and work the lines. And what is more interesting still, Miss Edith Morgan, husband and daughter of Keeper Richard W. Morgan, took a place with the men, and hunked on the lines until the last water had been removed. No Miss Morgan saved the honor of receiving the first medal of the United States Life-saving Service ever given to one of her sex.

When the steamer *Edg* of Duluth was stranded near St. Joseph, Michigan, on January 20, 1898, a local photographer, M. F. C. Welsh, succeeded in getting a photograph that illustrates very well the lake ice-range as seen from the landward side, and at the same time helps one to estimate the labor of the lake life-savers in their winter season. The steamer came to the beach late in the evening. The life-savers got out the hoisting-bury apparatus on the spot. Including the raft on which this apparatus is stored, its weight is 1120 pounds, or 100 pounds to each member of the crew. Nevertheless, under the lead of Keeper Thomas they hauled dragged and hauled across it up the sloping tarp seen on the right of the picture. Thence across the narrow ice bridge that spanned the gulch or rift in the ice, and clear over the range and down on the seaward to a level higher than the light-house. There they fired a line in the snow, and by midnight all were rescued.

At Frankfort on the night of November 20, 1896, while the crew of the *Thacker* lay in the station, Lake Michigan was, with the exception of the paragon, in three feet deep, a white ice was laid off shore that reached every one instantly. For they knew it was a signal of distress. On going forth they found a gulf blowing from the west, with such terrific force that, although the men lay extended on thirty rods from the beach on the straggle, as a constant roller striking against the precipitous wall of ice on the beach these men lay and spray twenty feet into the air. But a small steamer that passed by in the following strand, of 31 years) had grounded off the crew had to be saved.

As it happened, the stranded vessel could not be reached by a shot, while the weight of the life-boat was so great that an effort of the crew would get to the top of the atmosphere if they were to attempt to launch it. It was the vessel's seaward side that the men laid out. Then they got a light but will built sled, which he quickly brought and hauled over the ice wall. From this sled they standing in the snow-use rollers to receive it, and then with only one man to help him, he hauled the sled to the beach. The man's death meant him if so much as one false stroke were made, but the skill overtook the-thing in safety.

And what the ship's condition was, the men may be inferred from the fact that her pilot-house was so completely hidden in ice that they had to chop a hole through before they could get her engine out of it. The landing with the crew was still more dangerous, because of the increased load, and the



A Rescue

beachside of the rollers to throw the sled against the ice wall, but the life-savers leaped waterward and led their skill while these ashore drew the rounded up over the wall with ropes, and then drew up the rafts and the sled.

Some mention for only one note held statement to the infinite honor of the heroes of the beach is that the United States Life-saving Service was first established along the lakes the men received no salaries, but were paid ten dollars each whenever they received any train from a wreck. For the momentary duty, and for the work often prolonged and intensely painful, at stranded ships where no lives were preserved by their efforts, they received not one cent. National patriotism, operating through the press, asked the day before and before when the lake beaches to fill up the crews on these terms. It was an appeal from the moment instincts of the sea-adding to the public, and it was not made in vain. Even to attend a still out those volunteer's day's wages, and that they often paid the loss of several clothing, and even of food, for themselves and families. But they stand by the life-boats.

It will never be believed, in one annual report upon the work in that these men of the lakes, out of their love of the life-saver's work, remained on the service, and took their chance of getting enough to lay by to support themselves and families, when they might have gone ashore in labor arrangements at wages ranging above \$11 a week. The record they made in this respect is without parallel in the history of the world.



Wreck of the Schooner "J. O. Moss" off Grand Point au Sabie

woods, and finally to cut a road up a steep hill-side in order to get the fire-throwing gun across the stranded wreck.

When the full gales are due, even the clearest beach is gradually become impassable. The waves, throbbing their cutting spray, upon the sand, and with each breaker add to the mass and pile it over with a weight that breaks as it flows. A breaker is formed wherever the surf would run up the sand, and the grass grows into a jagged tangle that extends along both shores from Duluth to the Thousand Islands. Peaks more than twenty feet high are common enough, on the landward side it is a sloping plain that does the foot of



The Life-saving Station at Sheboygan, Michigan



AN ORE-TRAIN GOING INTO



Frédéric Remington

THE SILVER-MINES, COLORADO



LABOR

BY EMILE ZOLA

Part VI

ELAVEAU, feeling that the silence was becoming oppressive, broke in by saying:

"Lange is a dangerous character. The captain is right; let us hold him fast until we have got him."

But Judge Gissac shook his head, and rose unsmiling and stern face would have been that there was any being better aware of the real situation than he said.

Next before you that the meeting the face worn, acting in accordance with my opinion, I to release the man, after a single interview.

These points explained, biting a real fear unexpressed just.

Judge Gissac, how can you really feel to see

me did not reply, except by a slow movement of the head, which might signify a great many things, were would certainly have nothing from an explanation, whose importance might be attached

these words, which might promise at a distance more while they were spread.

Let regard down, and not killing his master, being opened, he introduced his father faster in that the subject of his father, who says in this

had not rendered himself with willing in the manner of a man who comprehends everything, and:

how well I understood you, judge? You have

in what I call excellent political principles.

the temper of the masses is not worse at six than elsewhere. The same spirit is to be

in the other places; we must try to accommodate us to it, and the best plan is to provide the

conditions of things as long as possible, for it

is certain that the day on which it is changed will

be for the worse. This miserable strike, which has

as all so much trouble, has ended as well as

it, the mayor, had not the broadest philosophy

and intellect, and although they were always

and, which greatly facilitated the good success

of the city, he provoked the mob, too many

men are, whose are my dear friend; too many

men will lead us

then we ought to use the laboring

I love them, I

to capitulate, we

secret! I have

all my life, but

I succeed to the

right to be

a strike, but I

or except their

shadows, mark

labor will be

of all civilized

We seem to be

to the end of

to do so, not

infirmities!"

and the laborer made these produce some fears, the owner of the capital declared two. Delavert, however, blushed; he had his brow and his nostrils hot; but he said, who had never done a stroke of work, what right had he to live and to feast in such luxury? He was also struck by the attitude of his neighbor Fournelle, who was very much interested in this conversation, although it was on a subject little adapted to women; the excellent sentiment and delight at the defeat of the strikers, and at the triumph of that money which she seemed ready to settle with her little wife's fourth. Her very lips were drawn backward, and displayed these sharp teeth in a laugh of exquisite cruelty, as if all but both her eyes and her nostrils had been satisfied. She was sitting opposite to the seven women whom she had injured, between her greatest lover, whom she completely ruled, and her long-winded husband, who was to earn millions for her in the future. She seemed intoxicated with the flowers, the wine, the dainty viands, and above all, the opportunity to revel in the indignation of stilling her radiant beauty to carry disorder and destruction into the household.

Coffee was served in the salon, and afterwards Delavert proposed a walk in the park so far as the terrace. He devoted himself during breakfast exclusively to Fournelle, who persisted in making him keep his dinner. The refusal to allow him to touch her under the table, keeping her brilliant coffee for the sub-

ject, who sat opposite to her. She had kept up their sort of behavior for a week. She learned, however, with great severity when he permitted himself to hesitate before, showing any sign of repulsion.

The course of their present quarrel was that she insisted he should give a helping party, simply in order that she might enjoy the pleasure of watching a

man who had gone so far as to manifest an

willingness, for the expense would be very great; and, moreover, Delavert, having learned of the scheme on

foot, had begged him to be careful. The result of this

was that the matter had resolved itself into a struggle between the two women, and now the execution of the

project was what of them would carry the day, the success or the vice. Delavert, with his eyes and his

presence, had not nothing during breakfast of Fer-

mond's assumed calmness and her husband's uneasy attentions. Then, when the latter proposed a walk, she comprehended that it was simply because he sought an opportunity to be alone with the offending body. In order to escape himself and to win back her favor, Delavert bent, but wholly incapable of contrition, the wife's will, but dignity in almost defiance, saying that she should remain in bed in order to maintain the health, who, for his private reasons, never took a course after leaving the table. Judge Gissac, his daughter Lucille, and Captain Hilliot also declared that they would not go; and then the Abbé Marie proposed to the judge a game of chess. Young Abbé Foucault had already taken leave, delighted to regain his freedom of thought in the open country, and after previous that he was preparing for an examination. Then, when the strikers were beginning to move, he substituted the Delavert family, the Gissacs, and Luc, who set out for the farm, proceeding slowly across the park among the trees.

Just as they approached the farm house, which was a large and well-kept building, they passed the woods of oaks, of their oaks, on the table and all the best appointments of a quarry. They two persons came out of the house, one fat and smiling, the other thin and in a raging passion; they exchanged a few parting words, and then they separated, cutting across the fields towards Caplette, each by a different road.

"That is all that shows, Feuillet!" Delavert said the former, who appeared on the threshold.

"Yes, it is nothing, monsieur; but only two

men have been convicted who have a difference about a

boundary, and they asked me to let us release. For

years and years, from father to son, the Gissacs and

the Foucaults have quarrelled, until now it engages

some more even, to see each other, to see each other

mark the best reason, but you have seen how jealous

that they are ready to set each other's eyes out.

And it is only their own stupidity, how does it

show itself, if they would only reflect and

understand in the slightest degree.

Then, provoked as usual by himself for having

permitted this reflection to escape him, since it was not

a good thing in my father the day before, he

glance, and assumed an indifferent tone and a dull,

meaningless expression.

"Will his hatred and

ambitions do us the

least to raise us and

and a few moments?"

Luc, having seen his

eyes glimmer, was sur-

prised to see him do

so, as he had never

before. He had

been already burned

up by being in the hot

sun, though he was here

by forty years old. He

was, nevertheless, heavily

glance, and assumed an

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Feuillet lowered his Gleece



Drawn by R. K. Lister

Fishing with Pitchforks on the Platte River, Nebraska

As streams across the river dwindle, and autumn is rapidly that the few pools and smaller streams left in the bed are alive with fish, which the farmers capture with ordinary pitchforks.

ought to be a good understanding among the peasants themselves, whose fields, now we set up and divided, could be held in common and cultivated on a large scale by means of modern implements. It was true such as those that he had inspired little by little, which he considered the master had no right to know of; nevertheless, they occasionally caught him in spite of himself. The party looked their inspection of the farm by entering the house and sitting down for a few minutes, and Larz noticed for the second time the oddness and hardness of the walls, and a certain smell of labor and poverty which had struck him so forcibly the evening before at the house of the Bonnettes in the Rue des Trois Laines. Fernand's wife was there, a tall, slender woman, indifferent, silent, and resigned like her husband. They had an only child, Jean, a big boy, twelve years old, who always assisted his father. This occurred never-ending labor seemed to Larz to be everywhere, but the peasant as well as the artisan. It became a mark of inferiority, it carried dishonor with it; it did not even furnish a base substance in the shape, on whom perhaps he was staved as though it were a chain.

In the neighboring village of Gaudeloupe suffering was certainly much greater, for in those villages herds the people led the existence of domestic animals, except that they subsisted on sheep—the Lamonts with their son Armand and their daughter Olympia, the Yvonnets, who had also two children, Regis and Nicolas, all lived the same in a filthy state of poverty, neglecting their life by constant labor. Larz himself observed, and analyzed that could tell, seeing to himself that the existence of the peasants was nevertheless, he found there, for whatever reason should be reconstructed, it could be absolutely necessary to draw to the earth herself, the eternal snow, the common mother, who alone could cause to see, their daily bread.

On leaving the scene, Bernette said to Fernand: "Then you will think it over, my good man? The soil has improved; it is only fair that I should profit by it."

"Oh, the matter is settled, monsieur," answered the farmer. "I may as well perish of hunger on the soil as on your property."

In returning to Guardache the labor and peasants took a different road through the park; it was more solitary and more shaded than that by which they had come, and different groups formed themselves. The sub-prefect and L'homme Impard, behind, and soon found themselves the rear of the party, at a considerable distance from the rest, and were quite contented to converse placidly on terms of established intimacy. Bonnettes and Fernand by degrees separated themselves from the rest and finally disappeared, as if they had mistaken their way, mistaking the open paths, in their absorbing conversation. The two husbands, L'homme and Bernette, quietly resumed their walk along the principal road, discussing an article on the state of the strike, which had appeared in the Journal de Bernette; a newspaper which had about five hundred subscribers, and which was published by a man named Lehou, a clerical bookkeeper in a small way. To this paper the Abbé and Captain Julliard both contributed articles. The mayor opposed that religion should have been brought into the affair, although he appeared highly, as did the manager of the Pit, of the song of triumph, in which the victory

of capital over labor had been celebrated in the paper in lyrical style. Larz walked beside them, was bored by their conversation, and at last, getting tired of it, he maneuvered in such a way as to leave them at a distance, and then he struck into the woods, and returned to Guardache.

It was late in the evening, and the grounds were lighted by stars.

He was struck by the sight of Monsieur Jerome in his shooting chair at the left of the park. He had just returned from his long outing, and had signed to the servant to bring him for a moment to that spot in the warm stable, as though he wished to take part in the fireworks of the picnic. Madame standing on the porch among those gentlemen and ladies about to depart, was waiting for her husband, who had lingered behind with Fernand. All the other gentlemen had returned were missing when she saw these two returning with tonight's sports, engaged in conversation, with an air of thinking that this long solitude of drive was the most natural thing in the world. He did not ask for any explanation, but Larz perceived that her hands trembled slightly, while an expression, both sad and better, mingled with the forced smile which she assumed in the character of a courteous hostess. And when Bernette, addressing himself to Captain Julliard, and that he was coming to see him, in order to consult with him about organizing the hunting party, which up to this time he had had vaguely in his mind, the sound to his wife's feelings was so acute that she could not keep from trembling. The thing was done.

the wife was dejected, the mistress had triangled, and had passed on Bernette her expensive and good caprice during this walk, which had all the impetuosity of a young tenderfoot. Madame's eyes rose in revolt; why did she not take her child and leave home? Then, with visible effort, she restrained herself, and assumed again the part which she had practiced upon—that of a good woman sacrificing herself to preserve the honor of her name and of her home by a silent life of honest industry and surrounding evil. And Larz, who divined all this, perceived the suffering that she was undergoing only in the trembling of her poor forehead when he pressed it on taking leave of her.

Monsieur Jerome had followed the scene with his astute gaze, and Larz asked himself with painful interest whether he still possessed thought and he felt enough to understand and condemn, as he sat watching the departure of the guests as though it were a procession of human factors, of social entities, of the masters who set the example for the people.

Only the Deletrasse remained, and the manager of the Pit was very anxious to take Larz with him to Bernette's victoria in order, he said, to save him the walk. Larz himself obliged to accept, Bernette, with a great look of relief, returned to the subject of the hunting party, and was anxious to know if the young man would be still at Guardache to take part in it. Larz replied that he had not known, but that he must not be counted upon. Madame listened to him with a smile. Then her eyes coincided at his brother's sympathy, and she offered him her hand a second time.

As the golden drove off, Larz set for the last time the eyes of Monsieur Jerome, which seemed to pierce from Fernand to Madame, as if he were slowly noting the total destruction with which his case was threatened.

Larz was not long in understanding, as the victoria rolled towards Guardache, why Deletrasse had been so anxious for his company. The latter began at once to question him on his sudden journey, on what he intended to do, and on the new management which Bernette intended to use for his kind father, now that Larz, the old engineer, was dead. One of Deletrasse's secret projects had always been to buy the blast furnace, as well as the whole extent of land which surrounded La Crêcherie from his factory, and in this way to double the value of the Pit, and to swallow up La Crêcherie. This was why the sudden appearance of Larz, at Bernette's wedding, had excited him so strongly; for he had heard that the young man might in some way get counter to his project, which he was now so far prepared to discuss openly. His first intention, made with an appearance of good fellowship, Larz's appearance, although he did not understand their purpose, and he succeeded eventually.

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Monsieur Jerome

Pe le-Couturier.

the world soon knew that William was to be captain of his own ship. He took the bridge, and he has kept it. He dismissed his pilot, when the pilot thought that he alone knew the channel. Bismarck, the creative force of the German Empire, was turned adrift by his youthful master; dismissed as cavalierly as the bear, entering upon the enjoyment of his own, marks the family brother who has outlived his usefulness. It was an act of unparalleled audacity, or unparalleled folly, or unparalleled genius. The world knew not which. The world shuddered and trembled, and set it down to the act of a man too puffed up by his own conceit to follow advice or heed counsel.

The pilot had gone over the side, but the ship held straight to its course. William came to the throne with a fixed idea—he was determined to make Germany one of the great powers of the world; not merely one of the unimportant factors in the European equation, but a factor of prime importance. To do this he had to create an empire, to infuse nationality into a people, to make his kingdom rich and powerful, to make it feared for its strength in peace as well as in war, to heal the scars of the past. This was the ambition of a prince then only twenty-nine years old.

The German is a curious combination of the material and the sentimental, he is a dreamer as well as a worker; he details and redetails the minutiae of existence until he discovers twelve new colors, and he writes poetry and philosophy; he listens to Wagner, and drinks beer. He is a German, and yet the empire means not much to him. The war with France turned a confederation of petty states, all deadly jealous of each other, into a homogeneous whole, and an empire was born. Against a common foe the empire stands solid and impregnable almost; when there is no common foe the local jealousies crop out; Prussian and Saxon and Bavarian are very insistent on their rights. So new to the empire that some of its most elementary constitutional questions are yet to be solved.

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WILLIAM has no more love for France than he has for England or Russia, but it is sound policy for him to make France his friend instead of his enemy; and at the same time to detach France from Russia's influence. European diplomacy to-day is chiefly a struggle to prevent combinations, to keep nations, so to speak, dead, and not permit them to congregate; to encourage the idea that every power is the opponent of every other power. Let France quarrel with England, let France grow suspicious of Russia, and Russia and France and England may turn to Germany for assistance to even the scale. This is the motif of the Emperor's policy, and it explains why he has done certain things in international politics which have surprised the world, which the world in its usual illogical way of hasty generalizations has set down to the folly of an undisciplined mind. It explains why he acted with France and Russia in support of China as against Japan after the war, and left England out in the cold; why he sent an imperious despatch to Kruger after the Jameson raid which made England furious; why he remained neutral during the Transvaal war. In all things, his enemies say, he has been Good Lord, Good Devil, carrying water on both shoulders, running with the Russian hare and the English hounds, all things to all nations just as the wilm acted him. He has been termed the "honest broker of Europe," always ready at any moment to come forward and offer his disinterested services, always expecting to make his little commission, and generally getting it. All this is very commendable, doubtless, but, to put it brutally, it is business. The German Emperor is not working for England or France or Russia; he is working for himself, and he avails himself of the means which are offered to him. The German Emperor has a great affection for England, and yet unconsciously and more than he perhaps realizes he is influenced by his English blood, and would hesitate long before bringing about an open rupture with the country over which his uncle reigns. But this does not prevent him from driving a shrewd bargain with England whenever the opportunity offers.

THE German Emperor was one of the first European statesmen to recognize the importance of

the cards were dealt the Kaiser was always making overtures to France to play on his side of the table.

Last summer when the first contingent of German troops was despatched to join the allied forces in smothering the beleaguered legations in Peking the Emperor made a speech in which he said an quarter should be given to the Chinese. Phrases that Europe turned up its eyes in holy horror. Again the Emperor had a distinct purpose in view. For the first time since Germany had been a nation her army and navy were crossing the sea to take part in a foreign war.

AT the present time Emperor William has emphasized his regard for his uncle and his friendship for England. The motive is plain. In China and in Asia Minor are prizes for which Germany contends, to obtain which the cooperation of England is necessary, while Russia, whose interests are antagonistic, sings herself across the path. The cardinal principle of the Emperor's diplomacy is primarily to follow the line of least resistance. An alliance or an understanding is to-day easier to be reached with England than with Russia.

Fifty years ago Cavour predicted a United Germany which would rival England upon the sea. As a naval power Germany still lags a long way behind England, but her mercantile marine is rapidly becoming England's most serious rival; the swiftest vessels in the world sail under the German flag, and the carrying trade of the Pacific, once exclusively British, is now done largely in German bottoms. To be one of the athletes on Weltmacht—that is, the politics of the world—Germany must have colonies across the sea where her surplus population may find a vent for their energies and still remain German. That is why the Emperor has colonized in China, that is why the Emperor is creating a powerful navy, that is why Germany casts longing eyes on Argentina and southern Brazil. Yet it would be folly to assume that William contemplates defying the United States and moving the Monroe Doctrine for the sake of a South-American colony. The man who has resisted the temptation to make war when much was to be gained, and who has been wise enough to make diplomacy do the work of the sword, is not going to lightly plunge into one with a country of whose power and resources he stands in so much respect. In plain words, the Emperor has



Out of Prison



General View of the Amphitheatre



Out of Prison for an Airing



Judging Pointers



The Judging Rings

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DOG SHOW OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB,
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, FEBRUARY 19-22, 1901

HOW THE MOTORMAN GETS HIS DEGREE



The Dummy Men



Learning the Rules

In front of an old gray barn at Seventh Avenue and Fifth Street, in New York city, scores of blue-coated men stand every day waiting to board the front platform of the street cars. Some of them speak of Duran and Husley and Sprent as familiar friends. Others while away their leisure in discussing difficult problems in engineering, electricity and mechanics. They are standing before the door of their alma mater, and the old wooden edifice and the wall worn rails form the campus of their college. The school itself is on the third floor of the barn.

The Metropolitan Railway Company decided about two years ago that it was expending too much money in "breeding" in its "green" motormen. It was the custom to place the raw recruits on the front platform of the cars, where they were instructed by experienced employees. The recruits were good motormen, but as fast as they were not successful. The green book which left to his own devices for the first time, usually smashed a wagon or killed a horse. Sometimes he smashed such horses brings on road and got out of his way. Frequently this candidate for the degree of "A Motorman" came back with shattered nerves, and will be never wined to an steel rails in front of him again.

Those who matriculate in the college of motormen must have a common-school education, and a certificate of good character. Most of the applicants are mechanics and electricians.

First the applicants are examined by a physician. He rejects the weak eye, the color blind, and nervous chronic. The schoolmaster then finds out if the remaining ones have enough English to converse with streetcar track drivers and to read the rules.

So much for the preliminaries. The candidates are told in all detail on the long benches in the school-rooms to denote their samples in learning the right nomenclature of the equipment. The rules of the road, the meaning of signals, and instructions for emergencies are all told in a compact text-book which is handed to each man.

Those who fail to learn the rules in a reasonable length of time are asked to withdraw. Then practice follows theory. Against the wall of the big school rooms are thirty dummy platforms. The students take off their coats, mount the platform, and apply their hands to the brass levers. They are taught how to stand, how to regulate the speed of cars, and how to stop. There are some things which a motorman must



The Library



The Billiard-room

never forget as long as he is able to stand behind a dash-board. The cast and substance of all the cast passengers are listed up in the words: "Take off your handles and turn off the overhead switch." When for any reason a motorman leaves the platform of a car he must adopt these precautions. The act of a motorman given a fresh of the electric current might otherwise send a wild-cat car on its destructive way.

After the drill the students are taken to a skeleton car, where the use of every bit and bit of mechanism is carefully explained to them. They are then required to indicate the parts of the car, and to describe their functions. No extensive knowledge of electrical science is required, but every motorman must have at his tongue's end the definition for those mysterious words "ohm" and "ampere."

The process of elimination goes on through the entire course, and the men who are finally sent to the platform of the cars are the most intelligent available. On his first day the new motorman is accompanied by one of the veteran employees, and then a car is committed to his charge. He gets the postgraduate course in the school of experience, in the library, and from the lecturer.

That library was bought in four and twentysix, for the American evening news objects to substantial houses. The nucleus of the present collection consisted of several hundred books. It was taken into the barn, and there it remained attached for several weeks. The one of the motormen divided that he would like to know a book. He asked some of his colleagues what they thought about it, and after mature reflection they appointed a librarian, who took his receipt. The librarian is still a motorman, detached his special library duty. Since the list of books was reviewed, that library has had a healthy circulation. The books are kept in a very large room, where there are long tables and comfortable chairs.

Following the instruction hall is a billiard-room with four tables. Every Saturday night there is a lecture in the school room on electricity or some kindred subject. By the payment of fifty cents a month the motorman and conductors may join the Metropolitan Street Railway Association, which issues a rock for \$10 of one dollar a day and the services of a physician free. In the case of the death of a member, his family receives \$150.

JOHN WILKINSON HARRINGTON.



Explaining the Electrical Details



Instruction on a Skeleton Car



The Paris Boulevard.—Third Act of "The Girl from Up There"



Effie Eshler
In "Barbara Francher"



Blanche Bates and Edward Abeles
In "Under Two Flags"



Maxine Elliot
In "When We were Twenty-one"



Jessie Millward
In "Mrs. Demer's Delusion"



The Quaint Costumes in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines"



Katherine Florence
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Harper's Magazine FOR MARCH

WE think that we can promise you that you will find nothing to-day more attractive on the news-stands than HARPER'S for MARCH.

This number is a strong one both artistically and from a literary standpoint. Six pages are beautifully illustrated in colors, and it contains the first instalment of

Mary E. Wilkins'

new novel, *The Portion of Labor*, a powerful and dramatic story of life in a New England manufacturing town. Her picture of the love of two women for a child—a little girl—is a picture one cannot easily forget. There are

Six Short Stories

in this number. Bret Harte, who writes so seldom nowadays, contributes almost the best story he has ever done, entitled *Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff*; and there are stories—by Edith Wharton, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Zerkow-Zo (an Indian girl), and others.

Gilbert Parker's

a tremendously dramatic story, *Life After Death*. There are also sketches on topics of current interest, and a humorous literary chat in the humor of the best sort.

for March

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



INAUGURATION NUMBER



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 In every foreign clime
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 Are the themes of many a rhyme.

But few have ever really known,
 And few would ever guess
 What our country means by marking
 All her chattels with U. S.
 It may stand for United States,
 Or yet for Uncle Sam;
 But there's still another meaning
 To this simple monogram.

We see it on our bonds and bills,
 And on our postal cards;
 It decorates our Capitol,
 Shadowed by Stripes and Stars;
 In all our barracks, posts, and forts,
 It plays a leading part,
 And the jolly sailor loves it,
 And enshrines it in his heart.

Now, have you guessed the message
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 Or recognized the untold good
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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ADMINISTERING THE OATH

made safe unnecessary in country houses. Recently we have had the accidental fire in a murder, which, though committed in a city, possesses many of the characteristics of a rural crime, especially in the apparent motives and the criminals. Do not conditions whose existence is shown by such instances as these suggest to our State Legislatures the need of a rural police system? Certainly, a high degree of civilization should be said to exist where criminals are rare.

The police system of municipalities presents a different problem. The city police should, without exception, be controlled and governed by the local authorities. If this branch of municipal administration is to be taken away, there is not much left of the principle of home-rule. But there is an aspect which the State government should be without exception. Whenever the city militia regiment is under the immediate command of its own chosen officers, it is inspected by a State officer, who sets the standard of efficiency for it, and whose reports as to the manner in which it attains or falls away from that standard are of great account to the regiment. Why should there not be a corps of State police-inspectors, appointed by the Governor, and responsible to him? By the adoption of this method three would be set a common standard of work and efficiency for all the municipal police forces in the State. There must, of course, as part of such a plan, some authority be conferred on the State if a police force falls below the minimum in efficiency.

Of all the police of the State, urban and rural, the Governor might be especially in-chief, as he is in all the State militia, with power to name them, in case of riot or other emergency, from one part of the State to another. For example: In case of a riot in Buffalo, a thousand New York policemen might be sent in the service of action with much less expense and trouble than a regiment of militia.

The Power of the Senate

NO recent development in Federal politics evinces in importance with the growth of the power of the Senate. It is a matter of first importance at Washington. The feeling, however, is somewhat general that, in this administration, the President has shown himself to be the great power. He is so, not because the Senate itself is weak, or, rather, because the Senate itself is controlled by the President's friends.

An Englishman, writing recently on the subject, betrays his lack of acquaintance with the political philosophy of the Senate, and its position, by existing institutions of its rights and even of its weakness for manifestations of its power. It is not because the Senate is unimportant, for example, that it voted to abolish the army cannon. It is because the Senate is afraid of any organized popular movement; that time it was the organized temperance movement which drove it to do this injury to the enlisted man of the army. The Senate is not a weaker because it has changed the bill repealing and modifying war taxes. It was clearly within its rights in doing this.

No foreigner can understand the Senate in any sense without a thorough knowledge of our institutions and their development. The Senate shows its domination, not in the manner suggested by the English writer, but by its control of the executive power. Its hand is on the very source of power, and now that Senators have the disposition to use all the power which is legally theirs, they have become the dominant power in the government. They tell the President what he may do, and they force the House of Representatives to agree to his amendments of legislation.

They have grown up to this influence and control in opposition to the theory of the Constitution, but in consequence of its provisions. They were expected to constitute the conservative body on the machinery; they have become the source of the promotion of both legislative and executive deeds. They have acquired their power principally through their constitutional participation in making appointments. By handling neither under the rule of Senators, but by their presence at a solid front, and, when it comes to appointments, pure differences of opinion do not count. No President will refuse to aid a hostile Republican Senator in one of his appointments, or in a dispute over patronage. The result is that the President moves at the command of the Senate. He gets what he wants only if he surrenders his

right to make appointments to Senators. When he obtains what he wants, on the other hand, he secures its desired object by dealing with the President as an opponent, and not as a friend.

Again, both the constitutional and political power and the wealth of the Senate have given it command of the party machine. The Senator's vote over patronage gives him a certain control over the party's delegation in the House and over its activities. He can make or name a Representative by permitting him to name a postmaster, or by refusing him any voice in the selection of Federal officials. In the course of his career he is gradually awakening in the minds of many Congressmen a consciousness of the value of the merit system. The main strength of the Senate, however, lies in the control of the party machine. The last Republican National Convention afforded a most striking illustration of this. It was the Senate's convention. Not a single member of the House was prominent. Senator HAYES called the convention to order. Senator WATSON was its temporary chairman. Senator LOGAN was its permanent chairman. Senator FAYALL was chairman of its committee on resolutions. Senator FAYALL nominated Mr. McKinley for President. PLATT and QUAY forced the nomination of Governor ROOSEVELT. The dominant party is under the control of Senators, so the government is under the control of the Senate. So far as the minority party is concerned, it also is under the control of Senators, although a minority party must generally be more or less under the leadership of those who, for the time being, are not in public life.

That the dominance of the Senate is not wholesale goes without saying. It is contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and to the declared purpose of the government. Like all usurpations, it inclines towards tyranny, and thereby tends towards corruption. The overwhelming importance of the Senate robs the representation of the people of their rights of initiation, and destroys the significance and the reason of biennial elections to the popular branch. It also destroys the independence of the President, and puts a curb on an oligarchy in the place of the single Executive. One of the strongest of the reasons for the re-creation of 1787 was as to the form of the Executive. It was finally decided that the Executive should not be chosen by the popular legislative branch, and should be independent of Congress. The desire of the fathers has been forgotten. The Executive is not independent. He is controlled by the Senate, which also overlooks the House of Representatives. Moreover, the Executive has practically no influence whatever. He can only be a passive observer of the work of both Houses. He has lost his independence without gaining the compensatory advantage of a seat and a voice in Congress, which would have been his if his independence had been originally desired him.

A Righteous Distinction

THE other day Dr. ALDEN PLATT gave me an instance in the British will case which is worthy of notice. It was, in brief, a fine lesson in the distinction between a will and a bequest, which was the blessing of a fresh and fragrant breeze into the heavy atmosphere of expert testimony. It dispelled the humidity and revived the dry city.

The question addressed to the alienists was, in effect, whether Christian Scientists were sufficiently sane to make a "last will and testament." A good many experts thought they were not. Dr. PLATT said that Miss HANCOCK was sane, notwithstanding she was a Christian Scientist. Then came that terrible cross-question, which an orthodox like a housewife, and Dr. PLATT was asked what he would think of himself if re-entrusted Christian Science theories. He answered that he would be the victim of an extraordinary delusion as the insane might could conceive. And then Dr. PLATT said that Miss HANCOCK was sane, notwithstanding she was a Christian Scientist, by the standard of their religion.

This was an extraordinarily sensible answer to come from the mouth of an expert, especially of an alienist. There is the stamp of sincerity upon it, and the evidence of truth in its very meaning. Every one will recognize the distinction as sound. If we begin to quarrel because of the difference of

religious beliefs, who is there who will be held competent to dispose of his property by will, if his judgment contains an opposite religious belief? The Christian Scientist, for example, may be sane, but he is not sane in the eyes of the law, and he is not sane in the eyes of the law. Will the average Christian, therefore, say that he is not of disposing mind? Dr. PLATT says yes, although he, not sharing this religious belief, is not sane in the eyes of the Christian Science theory.

The religious belief, then, may be as insane as possible; it does not necessarily disturb the ordinary operations of the law. It is not insane in Fate and fates blindly into danger. The Roman Catholic pays tribute to little ingenuities. Was Louis XI. unable to visit France, and take care of Count de Burgundy and England too, because he depended upon those little ingenuities in his cap? An insane person may be possessed of strange religious superstitions, but as may a sane person. The moment the law permits the sanity of a mind to be judged by its religious beliefs, that moment the door is opened for persecuting bigotry. There is no more reason why an orthodox Christian should be permitted to hold a Christian Scientist insane than that a Christian Scientist should be allowed to send Roman Catholics to the gallows, or that a Turk have the privilege of sitting in judgment upon the intellectual capacity of a Methodist. Dr. PLATT has drawn not only a Christian but a righteous distinction.

Personal

No guesser or guesser's mate could have a better command of the King's English—nor even if his fate were sealed with the Army in Flanders—than "Fighting Bob" Evans. He is a man of such a fine head and such a heart to warrant the smartest cosmopolitan of the European people. The announcement of the engagement in marriage of Lieutenant TAYLOR EVANS, U. S. A., the son of the illustrious and gallant commander of the battles of Bull Run and Antietam, by Captain HENRY D. EVANS's advancement in the rank of Major Adjutant. If he will only go on as far as he has done, the people of the United States will be proud to have him. Admiral KERRY may feel sure that he will be more warmly welcomed than any other man in the army. He will be, on a certain summer afternoon when he is invited to sit out in the cool-looking pavilion on the beach. He will be, on a certain summer afternoon when he is invited to sit out in the cool-looking pavilion on the beach. He will be, on a certain summer afternoon when he is invited to sit out in the cool-looking pavilion on the beach. He will be, on a certain summer afternoon when he is invited to sit out in the cool-looking pavilion on the beach.

Yon pay too damn much.

Captain HENRY KERRICK, of the R. M. Troops, Private, served in England. Since the war, and visits New York about once in six weeks. It is a most interesting fact made by Captain FAYALL on an Italian private who exhibited during his recent stay in America letters to companions in early English sea-gravities. It consists of a series of private from steel plates, given in number made by General HARRISON from paintings by W. F. HARRISON, in 1784 of scenes described by HARRISON in his letters, Sweden, and England. The ships of Lord KERRICK, the Housatonic Point, the country house with its enclosed lake to which TAYLOR was invited from Rome to spend the day, are depicted with living color in all their natural beauty. The charts of the United Kingdom—before advanced geographical features—were drawn by HARRISON, and including gun-positions were depicted in production with actual detail, and on the strength plate the entire collection is a most interesting and valuable collection of the other sea pictures.

Mr. HARRISON, HARRISON, of the Department of Anthropology, and the Museum of Natural History, has just given to the world, among the publications by the Smithsonian Institution, an account of the extra of British Columbia and Washington, which is of value and interest. The Jersey North Pacific Expedition, started in 1858, was the first of its kind. It was led by Captain HARRISON, who was the first to see the San Juan group, and to Vancouver and Whistler islands, among that area. It was the first of its kind. It was led by Captain HARRISON, who was the first to see the San Juan group, and to Vancouver and Whistler islands, among that area. It was the first of its kind. It was led by Captain HARRISON, who was the first to see the San Juan group, and to Vancouver and Whistler islands, among that area.

THOMAS JEFFERSON is said to have written with his own hand some of the most beautiful letters in the world. General WASHINGTON's correspondence has been given over a history of three, but there are Washington's letters, which are of great value and interest. The Jersey North Pacific Expedition, started in 1858, was the first of its kind. It was led by Captain HARRISON, who was the first to see the San Juan group, and to Vancouver and Whistler islands, among that area. It was the first of its kind. It was led by Captain HARRISON, who was the first to see the San Juan group, and to Vancouver and Whistler islands, among that area.

servatory time, once in four weeks takes a day off and plays the loggatt. If it is not leisurely enough on his own account, a man with a long pole rebukes its impetuosity by poking the minute hand back to the place where prudence requires that it should be. This is for the purpose of letting public business "catch up." So, when it is twelve by all the other clocks on the Atlantic seaboard, the Senate session is yet struggling along through the last quarter.

The crowd assembled on the floor and in the galleries seems wonderfully composed, notwithstanding that for this brief interval the nation is in a condition as near as anything as, let us hope, it ever will approach. Technically, there is no President; for the term of him who was President an hour ago expired at actual noon, so matter what the Senate clerk says, and his successor has not yet been sworn in. There is no Vice President, and there is no House of Representatives, but corresponding reasons. The Senate, though a continuing body, is only two-thirds as large as when it breakfasted this morning. The cabinet members still hold over, it is true, but only because there happens to be no President to receive their resignations, which, by an immemorial rule of official etiquette, are always to be formally tendered, whether accepted or not.

Within the four walls of this hall in the north wing of the Capitol are assembled the outgoing and incoming executive magistrates: the Supreme Court, for whose permanency we have reason to thank God at such a time; the remnant of the Senate; the incrustate material out of which a new House of Representatives will be constructed some time between now and December; the heads of the army and navy; the Governors of most of the States; and the Ambassadors and Ministers who as their sacred persons represent our sister nations all over the globe. Think of it. If a cyclone were suddenly to sweep clean this petty area of one thousand square yards, the foundations of our great republic might have to be raised from the bottom, and mourning would be carried into a dozen Old World courts.

But nobody is thinking of a cyclone. For twenty minutes there has been a buzz of unalloyed conversation, hushed for a moment now and then as the door-keeper has appeared at the main entrance of the chamber to announce a fresh group of distinguished arrivals. "The President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet." "The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States." "The Ambassadors—and members of the Diplomatic Corps," and so on. Note, by the way, the

golden letters on the wall in the expiration of the Fifty-sixth Congress.

The gavel passes to the hand that is brevier to wield it, and which grasps it like a pistol cladded bang!

"Prayer by the chaplain." Not a prayer of thanksgiving for merits recounted during the session that died a minute ago, for this is no funeral rite, but a prayer that salutes the rising sun of a new administration—a recognition of the deity in an hour when, full of the pomp and circumstance of power, men are disposed to live in the foreground of the universe and ignore its grand prospectives—a plea for grace to be bestowed upon those who are to guide the helm of state for another four years. The whole assemblage is on its feet and every head bowed, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, Mohammedan and Buddhist; for no world's congress of religions ever drew together a more cosmopolitan group.

As the last word of the invocation comes forth, the Vice-President barely waits for the assemblage to be seated before he smites the desk again and begins his short inaugural speech. There is not much in what he says—the occasion does not admit of a great play of originality—but the explosive way in which one sentence follows another from between his set teeth gives it dramatic force. His is the manner of a man to whom the Vice-Presidency has come not as the crowning honor of a long career in the public service, but as a single stage in a life overflowing with activity, an opportunity to make a neglected office notable. Some one is moved by enthusiasm to applaud. Others follow, and a wave of hand-clapping starts on a circuit of the chamber, but is interrupted by a blow of the gavel. The assemblage realizes that the pattern must be ever more an executive head. For a few glorious minutes Theodore Roosevelt knows how it feels to be the first citizen of the republic.

By virtue of what law or ordinance is this session of the Senate held? Listen, and the secretary will tell you. He is reading from the desk a paper signed several days ago by the President, concerning the Senate in special session at noon on the fourth of March. "To receive such communications as may be made by the executive."

Another rap of the gavel. The newly elected and re-elected Senators are implored to step forward as their names are called and take the oath of office. In the rounded space in front of the desk, there is not room for them all, so the names are read in groups, and the oath is administered to each little band of seven or eight before the next is summoned. The new Vice-

president takes his seat in many rows back, receiving anything like a warm: the color almost invariably is black, and the wazers are packed so close together that the faces under the beins count for little in the view.

The crowd has been collecting ever since nine in the morning. Most of it has held its place at least an hour. It has been a patient crowd. Now and then, in one corner, there has been an attempt to relieve the monotony by a stanza of "John Brown's Body" or "Marching through Georgia," whereat the police have frowned with becoming severity, but without attempting to suppress it. Behind the crowd stretches a line of soldiers, their colored uniforms making a flower-fringed shore to the black derby sea.

The big platform built out from the portico steps is raised about five feet above the ground on which the crowd stands. In the center of its outside edge is a little house or pavilion for the President, board on the sides just high enough to let the people see his face and bust while he is seated. The platform has been thickly sprinkled with invited guests who were not admitted to the Capitol, and now the formal procession begins to emerge from the rotunda door. One at a time, when some familiar figure appears, a light ripple of applause rises from the pews; but when the President-elect and the newly installed Vice-President show themselves on the portico, they are greeted with a roar of cheers.

Down the steps and into the little pavilion file the principal actors in the coming function. Chief Justice Fuller, his silver hair falling over the neck of his silk gown, seats himself on the right side; the President-elect, clad in black throughout, in the center; and Sergeant-at-arms Randall, his arduous sleeve telling its own mute story of the days when he and the hero of the hour wore the Union blue together, up the left.

Nothing is done till the platform has filled and become quiet. Then the sergeant-at-arms gives the signal which touches the crowd below, and the Chief Justice and the President rise, holding between them a Bible. A hush falls on the multitude as our chief voice replies.

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States!"

The real work of the day is done, but the ornaments still remain. As the Chief Justice returns to his seat, the President takes his stand in the center of the booth and delivers his inaugural address. He

JOHN B. COOPER



WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Drawn from Life by Lucius Hitchcock



SWEARING IN THE VICE-PRESIDENT

This ceremony was performed in the Senate Chamber at noon, March 4, the oath of office being administered to Theodore Roosevelt by Senator William P. Frye, President pro-tempore of the Senate

we had none of their old prestige in the public eye. The parade takes two hours and more to pass the president's stand, and it is almost time to turn on to electric lights in the court of honor in front of a White House when the crowds begin to disperse of more interest.

But the end is not yet. We Americans are perhaps not only people who do not feel that we have had a real time unless we are thoroughly lined at the end of it, so giving themselves and their most honored able servants a bare chance for a mouthful of diet; the festival-makers of Washington don their gala dress and repair to the inaugural ball.

It is hard to realize that this scene of feigned only the heraldic Frontis building refined. The old standard of the administration seems to have found everything. The extreme interior of the roof is a framework of rich yellow gesso. The gallery recesses are hung in yellow of a richer lighter tone, like the parapets are hidden under yellow through draped over white muslin, forming the only mass in an ivory tone. The central fountain is converted into a clump of growing palms and floral arabesque. At the end and in a graduated stage for a row of 125 piers, with a gilded moulding and for its look, and above and behind this is the silvery for the Marine band, seventy strong. Over

all is a trophy of American flags, sixty feet from tip to tip. At the corner of the graduated stage are gilded seats bearing heraldic pennons, and with strings of little lamplighted lights for streamers.

The Marine band are in their uniform coats of scarlet, and the orchestra in black evening dress; had the necessary complement of bright color on the graduated stage is supplied by the orchestra's music-stands, which have scarlet backs.

The guides by note of the decorations is carried over into the pillars supporting the galleries, which have been gilded for the occasion. The architectural lines of the building are followed in the display of the galleries, which lead themselves to the effect of a raffish house. Profuse of smiles and apparatus are held in place with knots of red flowers, and ropes of living green, dotted with moonlight lights, hang down here and there, and swing in an almost imperceptible breeze.

The scheme of illumination, by the way, is a study in itself. There are no up-lights, but 15,000 lamps of glowing who spread their axes through clear halos or equivalent globes, the latter being strung to rows, mostly on similar distances to the parapets. But the charm of the effect, as a whole, is due to the meaning of the lights on the lower levels, thus giving full value to the colors in costumes and jewelry, and bringing the romance conveyed to look in its own shadows.

The great floor, 314 feet long by 114 feet wide, is well covered with promenaders at an early hour. The crowd is thickest, perhaps, at the east end of the hall, where the music has been almost continuous since the opening of the doors. But suddenly comes a still at the other end, the crowd ways in that direction as with a single impulse. It was what had scarcely attracted its notice before—that the government gallery has a temporary balcony below and in front of it. A stairway leads from one to the other, and over both is suspended a trophy composed of the executive standards—the flag of the President, the Lieutenant-General, the Admiral, the Secretary of War, and the Secretary of the Navy.

"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!" The signal has been given, and the band has rushed into the grander march as if its life depended on the volume of its harmony. The standing band leads every bar through the hall in a mighty wave. Every eye is fastened on the next gallery. Down the staircase runs the President and his party into the front of the balcony.

From thousands of glancing palms comes a volume of welcome, which the President acknowledges with bows to right and left, while the ladies at his side lean over the balustrade, their faces all smiles. He and they have reason to be thankful that a day of events is over, and that the curtain has rung up on the last act of Washington's quinquennial jubilee.

The Record of the Administration



Department of Agriculture

EFFICIENT WILSON'S long and successful career as farmer, Congressman, and director of an experimental station, previously fitted him for occupying the Department of Agriculture, every branch of which has benefited by his trained and systematic handling. He takes especial interest in the development of sugar industry. By the wide distribution of literature of seeds and tools made in every country in cooperation with local agricultural stations, the regions in which the risk is least grown have been incited, and of farmers here new and successful ones, and more than five-million pounds of horticulture annually made in this country.

Attention has been paid to the introduction of agriculture. For example, an alfalfa brought from Spain has proved especially fitted for the highlands of our far West, and promises to be of annual industry in the arid belt. The wheat from southern Europe here taken as great plains as to contract the establishment of the great industry in America. The successful rice introduced from Japan, the development of an extensive trade in such wheat and southern Texas, formerly used for cattle-raising. It has yielded in total of some \$25,000,000, and increased the rice in Louisiana more than \$1,000,000 to \$1,000,000.

As of the department, in cooperation with local experimental stations, in producing in "Santal de Ipre," introduced a revolution in industry of the Sacramento Valley, and the standard here of a ton which we in general used of about \$1,000,000. A valuable oil, "mexican," has been introduced of Hungary, Australia, and elsewhere. In how are expected to yield five bushels of wheat in excess of the varieties they are also seen in wheat in the United States in 18,000,000 acres, now, if by the latter to surpass the average yield in international, per acre, we will have an increase of about \$1,000,000,000.

It is now grown on the Pacific coast, imported by the Bureau of Entomology which battles the blowflies. As in growing the date palm in its production with the Arizona experiment station.

seeds, irrigation, and soil analysis has passed under the great Administrator first in present making (the regulations for the local handling of



James Wilson
Secretary of Agriculture

various resources. Agricultural experiment stations have been established in Alaska, and preparations made for starting others in Hawaii and Porto Rico. The most important carried on by the Bureau of Animal Industry has steadily increased, till last year 53,000,000 animals were imported, including about 400,000,000 pounds of beef and nearly 25,000,000 pounds of pork. Special efforts have been made to increase the export of dairy products across the Atlantic, Pacific and to the Gulf islands.

The Weather Bureau has expanded its system over



Ethan A. Hitchcock
Secretary of the Interior

the West Indies, the Caribbean Sea, and Mexico, and has been enabled to handle the approach of storms from the tropics as well as from the north and west. Arrangements have been made for observations from the Azores, Portugal, Great Britain, and France. It is intended to make weather forecasts for the first three days of outgoing steamers and of those leaving European ports.

The Department of Agriculture has now become the greatest scientific establishment in the world. Of its 3,000 employees, more than 2,000 are connected with its scientific enterprises or reports and assistants. It is an enormous publisher also. Some 100,000 copies of the "Farmers' Bulletin" have been issued, as against 4,200,000 during the last year last preceding. The number of different publications which the department issues annually has now risen to an average of about 300, which are bound in volumes aggregating 7,000,000 copies, besides the Map Year-Book, of which 500,000 copies are printed.

Interior Department

The Pillager outbreak of 1898 was Secretary Hitchcock's greatest satisfaction in the working of the Interior Department. It was notable for that purpose, because it opened the way for a complete study in Indian and Public Lands administration. The Chippewa Indians of northern Minnesota had been systematically robbed by gangs of worthless "red-men" and into their country to mount the value of the timber on their order lands. The outbreak was one of the Indian trials of this robbery. Mr. Hitchcock stopped the outlawing here and investigated the whole matter from the bottom. He placed in charge of the Indian Captain Meritt, an army officer, who, as agent for a bunch of the same tribe in Wisconsin, had handled their large lumbering operations with success.

While lumbermen who could not control Meritt spread war upon him through political channels. The Secretary's response to this was not only to uphold Meritt, but to turn the timber upon his enemies, as well as a satisfactory among them to defend both Indian and government, and finally secured a lot of money which after the necessary money had been deposited in the Treasury. Thus the money will be

with the men suspected of fraud can prove their innocence, or till their transactions are definitely revealed and the law is changed as to out of further opportunity for swindling.

Another subject which has commanded much of Mr. Hitchcock's attention is the progress of the arid lands of the West, and forest conservation as an incident thereto. He has added several million acres to our forest reserves, but, not content with this, he has undertaken to make the rest of the growing timber something better than an empty name. He first tried to turn over all the forested public lands to the custody of the Department of Agriculture; but the law prevented this, so he enlisted the services of Edward P. Church, the Forester of that department, to plan and create a system of forest conservation, giving him practically a free hand—an application of the merit system almost unparalleled in this patronage-ridden era.

The record made by the Prussian Bureau under Mr. Hitchcock's administration is familiar to every news paper reader. Prussian Commissioner Ernst has been under the thumb of an "abody" pensioner, claims and their attorney from the day he took office, because he would not bend himself to their whims in looting the Treasury. Even now honest men here are needed by widely published factbooks about his activities, and have joined in the attacks upon him. Mr. Hitchcock, in standing by the Commissioner, has been guided by one maxim—"The best the country can do is not to put good for the deserving old soldier; but the law, which protects the deserving against the unscrupulous, must be respected." A reform proposed by the Secretary was the relief of the unscrupulous dealer of agents by sending him to jail once every year to the Court of Sessions, and covering all similar cases by the court's rulings on the special grounds indicated. An effort to prevent legislating preventing this, and requiring the court to give prominence to the law, was withdrawn from the Interior Department, killed at the last moment of Congress through the opposition of disinterested claimants.

In the Patent Office in whose work Mr. Hitchcock feels the grade of a practical man of business, a Commissioner Duffell has withdrawn the complete reclassification of some 2,000,000 domestic and foreign patents. It will be the work of years, but its importance all experts agree, and to inventors it means a great saving of time and expense. Already Mr. Duffell has reduced the interval between the filing of an application and the action of the office upon it to a minimum of thirty-five days and a minimum of six. The same work need be taken several months, and some three years.

Navy Department

The Navy Department, only vaguely known to half our people before Secretary Long's tenure, has within



John D. Long
Secretary of the Navy

the last four years, chief a national pol, and the success of the great battles was as facile in the west fields of the valley and in the Rocky Mountain barrens as in the great ports of either coast. What wrought the change was undoubtedly the proved needs by the sea with Spain, variable everywhere in the flow of the sea, and possibly derived from loans that not a dollar of work on a pound of goods as a nation of half-bred men.

In a sense, the way may be said to have been fought out before it was begun. The preparations in Washington had been made complete while there was still as much peace of hostilities with any one that when the first note was sounded the department knew not only what to do but what every ship could be most promptly ready to do, but the number of days it would take to put such a condition of affairs, the number of men at every way made available for sea duty, and how every ton of ammunition and every mile of lamp was stored. The Secretary had had to prove a budget, and say question he chose to ask could be answered in five minutes.

Moreover, the factors were in Manila and off Santiago Harbor were not the only factor in which the department was a great victor. The long-standing warfare between the head staff and the department, and was to be fought out some time as Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, depriving of less honor assured, gathered the chief participants within the four walls of one room at the department, and together turned the key upon them with orders that they should say there till they had agreed upon something. There having been no more of the old English judges with refractory spirit, great success. The officers of the fleet and staff, brought thus to close quarters, probably agreed upon the plan presented in Congress and passed into law as the Naval Personnel Act. It provided for a considerable increase

of territory. Within the last two years it has been spread over an area larger than the whole of Europe, and its present and its prospective increase of 2000 miles will have been established, and one-sixth of the 110,000,000 country people reached.

The increase of the money order business is extraordinary also. The transaction for the fiscal year 1900-1901 was \$1,000,000,000, an increase of \$200,000,000 over 1900. By a recent rating, money orders may be paid at the office of issue. This creates a system not only for the postal savings-bank of other countries, in offering a safe repository for money and encouraging thrift. The system has likewise been made more general and popular elsewhere. Under the administration of Postmaster-General Smith the facilities for payment of money orders were improved, and the service through letter-carriers in cities and rural districts on their passage, so that it is now unnecessary to go to the post office to secure this measure of safety.

The observance of second class postage have long been a matter of complaint. The administration of Postmaster-General Smith would correct them, but without success. In the absence of such assistance, the department has taken up the matter, and by the use of savings by administrative means. With some irregularity and a shorter interruption of the law, largely limited to including many things not contemplated when they were framed, the department in new gradually cut out of about 100 million dollars a great profit.

The more expeditious disposal of the mails is a matter of great importance. The Postal Service and such other services as are not otherwise in its jurisdiction, are not only a matter of public interest, but also a matter of public interest. The Postal Service is not only a matter of public interest, but also a matter of public interest. The Postal Service is not only a matter of public interest, but also a matter of public interest.

Department of Justice

When Attorney-General Griggs took charge of the Department of Justice, he set off his feet to the principal known as the Pacific Railroad bill. It had won the assent of Congress for years, and given the department an important position, but neither authority could not be maintained. The law required the department to collect the debt for 100 years at 1 per cent interest, to make the principal due in 50 years on the dollar; to limit, to wipe out within business of the law, a fourth, that the government take possession of the double-track roads and run them itself. Mr. Griggs considered all these for the most diplomatic course of settling the debt obligations that righteousness was in expediency with the result that, of the \$120,000,000 due the government from the Union Pacific, Great Pacific, Western Pacific and Kansas Pacific railway companies, more than \$120,000,000 has either been paid in cash or is in process of payment.

Another thing which must not be overlooked on its legal side, however options may differ as to the course of the policy it helped to lead upon the government was one in the case of the Texas-Missouri Freight Association and the Great Texas Association, which the application of the Sherman antitrust act to a kind of railroad combination. Mr. Griggs considered it in his mind of the law. The New York railroad case, understood by steps and observed, consisted at every turn, ended in a victory for such limited justice. In the great relief of every one who had the good sense of the country at heart. The case of Captain Charles M. Carter, sentenced by a court martial in the punishment of a crime was turned over solely by the President to the Attorney-General with instructions to decide whether the judgment should be set aside. It was an extraordinary spectacle under any system—an executive officer sitting as a court of final appeal, and hearing arguments by the absent counsel the army could command on one side, and a rich defendant retain on the other. Carter was duly acquitted of his equities, and then the Attorney-General, descending from his temporary perch, issued pardonable advice, and went in person of the case in the great court with the convicted officer himself.

The group of covered cases, resulted, involving the

constitutional status of all territory recently acquired from Spain, are still before the Supreme Court, under observation. Without waiting for their judgment, however, Mr. Griggs has had them upon him the responsibility of organizing the new machinery of justice in Porto Rico, as well as in Alaska and Hawaii, under special acts of Congress. Indeed, one must go back to the destruction of the fleet for the history of the wisdom questions forced upon him by this country's emergence from its century's isolation. Most of these he has answered, not publicly in a forum, but in the quiet of the cabinet room chamber, rarely, without a recorded line to prove the sense of impartiality. These national questions were dealt with intelligent spirit, the obligations of neutrality, the nation's duty as a trustee, and the line of it would be the clearest detraction in the worst service, for example, to deny the history of the new famous order sent to the military government in Cuba and Porto Rico that no other should be granted those without first receiving the usual approval of the President. It is an open secret in the Administration circle that Mr. Griggs was their author.

State Department

Measured by the size of the clerical staff at the end of its maintenance, and the Department of State is the smallest of the eight while still more so than any of the five ministries at Washington. However it by the range of its work on the face of the globe, and it measures all the business of the world, and it carries every line it touches into every corner of the earth. It resembles the work of a biological system in its power to keep the central office in daily touch with all mankind.

The map of the world is the map of the United States, so we know it hour upon hour, upon the map of the United States, so we know it to-day, and



John W. Griggs
Attorney-General

of officers of the line, the retirement of a number of the older men who had blocked the way of the younger while waiting for a higher grade, and a strong for a regular and constant flow of promotion. It also brought about the resignation of the Engineer Corps of the navy with the officers of the line. Whatever his feeling may still remain in the breast of either party to the old controversy has faded away, and the personnel law was passed, and no other measure of recent years has done so much to improve the service as this rank law.

It is clear the Navy proved its humane consideration before the Texas case its martial efficiency at the siege of Manila, and its dependant courage on the long-tossed mails at Peking. It is in the high credit of the department, also, that it should have been called upon to furnish relief for so many of our own dependants. In Captain Loring was denied the distinction of issuing to Commodore Wilby was committed the protection of our Hawaiian vessels in American ideas of good government, and Mr. Allen, who had been Assistant Secretary to President Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary in New York as the first Yankee Governor of Porto Rico.

Post-Office Department

The work of the Post-office Department grows with the growth of the postal service and the postal revenue. Twenty years ago the expenditures were but \$25,000,000, while last year they reached \$107,700,000. The postal business shows how times so fast as the population. The revenue increase came rapidly from the increase in the number of letters. In new years following the depression of 1893 they were almost stationary, but since the beginning of 1897 they have increased rapidly.

The most striking feature of postal expansion is the development of the rural delivery service. This has all come within about the last five years, and the great bulk of it within two. The department already has not the post-office to do more than maintain the people living in cities and large towns, the practical problem in the new districts is to carry it to the doors of 21,000,000 living in the sparsely settled areas. It is the vastness extending the rural service over 1,300,000 square



John Hay
Secretary of State

every square foot of the broad margin of increase will be found to have been inspired by the Department of State. Under the leadership of John Hay, the Secretary of State, the Department of State was involved the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, out of which has also grown the admission of that territory to the Union as a Territory. Under William K. Bay the negotiations with Spain for the discontinuation of hostilities in Cuba, and the treaty of commerce with Great Britain which followed it was more concluded in the East was arranged for the reception of the Government of the Philippines, and the signing of the same year it was a commission under the jurisdiction of the Department of State, which drafted the treaty of Paris, restoring to us the sovereignty of Spain in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Guam.

The position of Samoa, reverting to the United States, for a small station, the East-India in the North Sea, was another achievement of the Department of State, almost forgotten in the rapid march of new events. The case of the Hawaiian Islands, which Great Britain viewed as a temporary boundary line has been won through that disputed straits of Alaska which are so often brought before the eye of nations with our Canadian neighbors.

But the most important of the Senate, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 would have been an obstacle by a convention arranged between Secretary Hay and Ambassador Putnam, that our government could have been free to build on Indian land as a purely American enterprise. The map negotiation showed another important service of the Department of State for a group of temporary treaties with foreign governments, in connection with the purchase of Alaska and a large outside market for American products.

Neither is it forgotten, as part of the history of the last four years, that before the revolution broke out in Mexico, Secretary Hay had done more than all the great powers of Europe to agree to the grant of territory of equal priority to them in the empire should show its parts in American hands. It is a matter of record that Secretary Hay has shown how following the month of horrors at Peking, all Europe has been obliged to bow to the statement of the United States, and live up to the glowing view on most questions in dispute.

Charles E. Smith
Postmaster-General

alliance The money actually lying in the vaults amounted to—

July, 1900	\$1,000,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
August, 1900	950,000,000	950,000,000
September, 1900	900,000,000	900,000,000
October, 1900	850,000,000	850,000,000
November, 1900	800,000,000	800,000,000
December, 1900	750,000,000	750,000,000
January, 1901	700,000,000	700,000,000
February, 1901	650,000,000	650,000,000
March, 1901	600,000,000	600,000,000
April, 1901	550,000,000	550,000,000
May, 1901	500,000,000	500,000,000
June, 1901	450,000,000	450,000,000
July, 1901	400,000,000	400,000,000
August, 1901	350,000,000	350,000,000
September, 1901	300,000,000	300,000,000
October, 1901	250,000,000	250,000,000
November, 1901	200,000,000	200,000,000
December, 1901	150,000,000	150,000,000
January, 1902	100,000,000	100,000,000

From this it will be seen that, since the October quarter of 1900, when the 3 per cent. was at its height, the amount of the treasury has not varied \$100,000,000, and an average between the July and October quarters of 1900 would not differ greatly from an average at the rest.

If the present writer were asked to name Mr. Gage's greatest single service as financial treasurer of the nation, he would be tempted to cite a speech delivered before the Chamber of Commerce in May, 1907. The McKinley ticket had carried the country in November because it represented honest money, but Congress had been called in extreme haste to pass a money bill, but a tariff bill. Thousands of Democrats who had opposed their party became frightened. Business, long depressed and demoralized, was checked in its recovery by the doubt which seemed to hover in so many minds whether the gold standard plank in the Mr. Lusk platform meant all that it promised, or was designed only as a lure to hamstring voters. It was at this juncture that Mr. Gage, through the agency of an adviser-director, declared in the plain English—the purpose of the administration was to help it find—to put the currency of the United States upon a basis which the whole world must recognize as sound. The country was divided into two camps. Doubt disappeared. The tariff took fresh heart. And though he had to wait nearly three years for the fulfiling of his pledge, the Secretary never lost sight of it for an instant, and the people know that their faith was well placed.

War Department

In last year's War Department has made two creative and uncreative ones. It is now engaged in re-organizing the second and making a third. The army raised for the war with Spain was a patch work affair, but it trained a group of officers for its vanguard, raised for service in the Philippines. The third will improve upon both the others.

Each making of an army has meant the examination, enlistment, drill, feeding, clothing, transportation, and general care of from 70,000 to 80,000 men not included in our old standing force; with each making a like number must be brought home, suitably equipped for the present need, paid off, mustered out, and distributed through the peaceful walks of life; and all with a staff expenditure adapted to an army only three quarters the present size of ours. The new army will have a suitable strength in the direction of the President, but will be provided with a skeleton adapted to the needs of the maximum expansion. In Secretary Root's opinion we shall never hereafter conduct a war with regular troops alone; and he therefore has endeavored to strengthen the regular establishment in those places where the volunteer contingent will be needed. Thus, the increase in the artillery will be about 50 per cent., and in the cavalry 30 per cent., but in the infantry, to which most of the volunteer recruits will go as the years were last special training is demanded, only 20 per cent.; so that the sensible proportion between this and the other two arms will be preserved when the largest practicable volunteer addition is made.

The new re-organization has also reestablished the principle of interchangeability between staff and line. The staff appointments will probably give way to a system of periodical details from the line; the officers supplying the army will change places from time to time with the officers using the supplies, each class thus pursuing the needs and the rigors of the other; and the Ordnance will ultimately become a part of the artillery specially assigned to certain duties, instead of a separate and antagonistic organization. Another important feature of the new law is the improvement of the artillery by the increase of its strength, its change to a corps organization, and the appointment of a chief whose exclusive business will be to look after its efficiency.

One huge task of the War Department has been the reorganization of a government in Cuba, including the creation of a civil out of a military system. It was necessary to build from the very bottom, the whole people having an idea what it meant to be themselves

the master of the power. The first thing was to ascertain who and what the people were and where they lived, as a basis for the distribution of civil power; this was accomplished by a census taken under American auspices by Cuban supervisors and enumerators. The next step was to do, with the general assent of the Cubans, instructions for the soldiers, so that only those who could read and write, or owned \$250 worth of property, or had served in the army, could vote. Then an electoral law was drafted so to best American interests, and put to a test by the election of municipal officers. The latest that passed under the Cuban's own control, but the municipalities over its entire surface. They were now issued, but the election of delegates to the constitutional convention. The next is legislative history.

In pursuance of the pledge of our government in the treaty of Paris to safeguard life and property in Cuba, Mr. Root has instituted a wide system of reforms. The result in which he found the island was deplorable. The prisons swarmed with inmates—criminals, insane, and persons simply under detention, old and young, high and low, crowded indifferently together, and some of them naked and starving. Many had been there for six or seven years without trial, several never having been made of the charges against



Elihu Root
Secretary of War

them. The houses he found locked in cages and houses in various parts of the island. Trampsteads were low and poor, most of them destitute of supplies and necessaries, and many of medical attendance, only one having the equipment necessary for a regular surgical operation. Sewers and drains in typical towns crowded each other in their convolutions of filth. The chief dependence for a water supply was wells, usually polluted through the surrounding soil. The streets were a sewer, and the schools a fever.

In place of these horrors Cuba has to-day an improved prison, jail, and reform school system; an excellent system for the insane, and good hospitals for other sufferers; cleaned streets and sewers, and new roads opened into the country to enable the farmers to get their produce to market; police-courts for petty offenses; prompt and public trials for accused persons; the abolition of habeas corpus, and the first opportunity toward a jury system; water works deriving their supply from highland streams; and 140,000 negro children in the public schools.

The adoption by Congress of the new Public Health law has taken what was out of the hands of the War Department, and the Chinese operations are still in progress. In the Philippines the war commission is making an important experiment with a combination of military and civil government. In full back of this is a Legislative committee on proposed laws, and inviting public criticism of them; judicial authority has been vested in a group of appointed magistrates; and the executive power is exercised by an army officer of general rank.

J. Gage
The Treasury

Department

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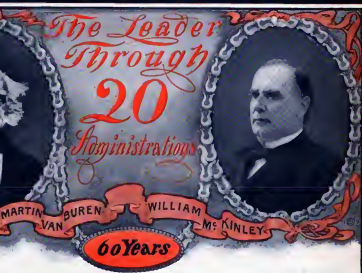
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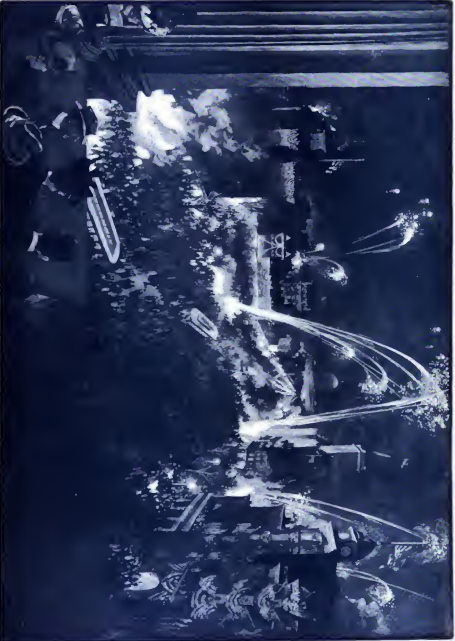
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ONE little still green star, A blossom scented melody, Curled mist in slumbering being, A bird in dreaming deep; Eastward a flush, a glow, I heard the darkness go.

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George C. Low

HOLIDAY TOURNAMENT OF THE COUNTRY CLUB OF LAKEWOOD, FEBRUARY 22-23, 1901

Photographs by T. C. Turner

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

Voice of the People

One Way Out

San.—Our extension of the Philippine islands would be nullified—should furnish room for the overflow of our population. But they are already occupied by an alien and alienated race who would have to be gradually exterminated; the climate is altogether unsuitable; and, besides, we do not need to scrounge for a central base.

But our trade with the natives should have a substantial balance in our favor after paying for their subsistence and oppression. But nobody believes that this balance would pay for chronic war and doubtful conquest. A grateful Filipino people would have more than make up the Philippines.

If we could enjoy to the full the blessings of civilization and progress. But since we have begun this process with open war and open hostility there may be discouraging difficulty in convincing the Filipino of our sincerity or our ability to deliver the goods. We may, and doubtless will, succeed finally in holding him down long enough to import our advanced ideas of religion and manners, education and political economy, but the probability remains that we may have done this much more rapidly and effectively if we had not inaugurated so open, impetuous, and quarrelsome a policy in the native population, instead of favoring their progress and amenity.

Our extension of the Philippines would be nullified if it were by the request of the inhabitants. The flat against their annexation and in spite of their resistance. It becomes necessary to consider "foreboding" in order to give satisfaction to the natives.

We must continue the war so "save our face." The Chinese could not be allowed to take advantage of our weakness. It is not admitted that it is a sufficient justification for war. If the war is wrong it is difficult to see how we can have our face "save our face" to continue it. Our national prestige must possibly suffer by doing right, or by fighting a long, but will respectability suffer if we fail to do either.

There is only one honorable way out, and that is to declare a truce, and recognize the leading Filipinos, including those in active revolt, as a body of free men, and enter upon some terms of peace which will be acceptable to all parties. Since internal order and external security are more necessary to the leading Filipinos than to the Americans, there should be an difficulty in agreeing upon terms.

BERNARD LEE MOORE.

NEWARK, N. J.

Nor a Question of Right and Wrong

San.—On the Philippine question the government is in exactly the same position as a parent with a young child who rebellious child a condition not anticipated and not to be avoided nor to be satisfied directly in another. The right and wrong of our title to the islands should no longer enter into the question of what is to be done with them, for we are confronted with a people who are in armed revolt against a form of government they have never tried, and against which they can have no real grievances. With their interests practically exhausted, they could not maintain a proper form of government, as we do it, and in their present revolt, without paid aid, they have shown their inability to self-governance as they are, their ever becoming dissatisfied and self-interest is doubtful, therefore self-government should be gradually given them, as they show themselves capable.

LOUIS BAILLIE.

Give them Independence

San.—I think, first, that we do not want the Philippines as a dependency, but want them to be independent. Second, that the only way of accomplishing this independence is by recognition of such manifestations of the spirit of self-government as have appeared among them, and of the men in whose hands manifestations have been embodied, and by cultivating and encouraging the spontaneous expression of the spirit of liberty so as to give them every opportunity.

You ask for reasons. My reason is that I believe that no man can obtain full stature, that no individual can fully develop, until every free citizen is free to do so. And I believe a free citizen as a citizen is that the public will of the people who live in it finds expression in its government. There may be some among whom no such public will exists as in whom it has not attained to the point where it is able to render their people of successful self-government. If they are not the step toward them of a stronger individual will, the public will will be broken. It is these three facts beginning of a larger will to better civilization.

There is one more, and really, but after some examination of the evidence, is the conclusion that the Philippines is a country in which such a period of transition is not necessary. The evidence on this point is made the evidence of Mexico, Brazil and Portugal, and by the United States, handled over the country during the war, and the Mexican government, and the Philippine government is specific and very positive as to its efficiency. My

John Bas, former correspondent of your journal, says that there is no reason to suppose that the Philippines would be nullified. He says that as to what the Filipino government actually was in worth more than all the rest of them, it would be nullified. He says that if we had given them a better chance. Further evidence of their inability for independence is the fact that they are willing to die for it. The will to be free is not weak of the capacity for being so. Doubtless with his attention, it is not with his great exertion, even before he has completed the technique of speaking, because he has to win the soul of the voter and his laws. And I think the life and the death of such men as Rizal and of hundreds of Agrisolid's brother soldiers would be nullified in its footing in a Filipino capacity for liberty even if such capacity had not received the actual demonstration of successful success.

Boston, Mass.

effectively this has done, and that the militant Admiral Dewey's triumph has been honored by presence to the highest rank in the navy, which is richly deserved.

After destroying the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, Admiral Dewey could not do otherwise than remain there, and subsequent events proved that he acted wisely. In a short time he discovered that the Spanish army in the Philippines was weak, and that we could likely overthrow it with a comparatively small force, and therefore our troops were sent to Manila, and shortly succeeded, with the aid of the Filipinos, in defeating the Spaniards.

In the mean time our forces at sea and on land had crushed the Spanish forces at Santiago, and the protest was signed. Now comes the first error since war was declared, and the war. By agreement with the efficient men as members of the peace commission, who agreed to the withdrawal of the Philippine Islands, five treaty millions of dollars. This error should have been corrected in the Senate by the rejection of the treaty, and all of the advice of the able and honorable members of that body had been followed the treaty would not have been ratified. However, the treaty having been made and ratified, we are left for the President to do but set a sufficient force in the Philippine Islands to protect them from aggression and resist the peace, and he has only done so in duty in trying to gain the instruction that he bring upon them.

It is not true that it is an advantage to be gained by retaining the Philippine Islands. In the first place, the Philippine Islands are such that it is not a desirable place for emigration from this country, and besides that, we are not likely to have any surplus product for many years to come. If we had the islands we can gain an advantage in trade unless we are able to sell our goods so cheap as to compete with our manufacturers and our exports. It is not true that we are competitors, which would be incompatible with our demands on other nations in regard to China, but we have with us our own goods. To be true, while we maintain an army of fifty thousand men in the Philippine Islands, our merchants-particularly those in Manila—will not be benefited by furnishing supplies to the government.

It is also not true that the Philippines are a benefit to the United States, but that the United States would be benefited by the Philippines. The United States would be benefited by the Philippines if we were to have the Philippines as a dependency. If President Cleveland had wanted as that we had departed from the traditions of our fathers, and that we may have gone too far in the direction of imperialism. If President Cleveland had wanted as that we had departed from the traditions of our fathers, and that we may have gone too far in the direction of imperialism. If President Cleveland had wanted as that we had departed from the traditions of our fathers, and that we may have gone too far in the direction of imperialism.

Under these circumstances, I think the Philippines are the property of the people of the United States, being indeed with the spirit of liberty, honesty, and fairness, and in favor of giving up the Philippine Islands to the Filipinos, and not, therefore, the President should withdraw our extraordinary forces, and involve them in a revolution similar to the one adopted at the beginning of our trouble with Spain. Let this resolution be presented to the Filipinos by the President in the most forcible language used by him in the case of Cuba, and to show our good faith, let the army be withdrawn from the Philippine Islands, leaving a sufficient force only to protect the lives and property of the foreign residents.

Under these circumstances, I think the Philippines are the property of the people of the United States, being indeed with the spirit of liberty, honesty, and fairness, and in favor of giving up the Philippine Islands to the Filipinos, and not, therefore, the President should withdraw our extraordinary forces, and involve them in a revolution similar to the one adopted at the beginning of our trouble with Spain.

WILLIAM W. PATTEN.

Don't Lower the Flag

San.—I, for one, do not want to see our flag lowered in the Philippines, but I think Congress should in every way that it is able to do so, to give them the opportunity to be free. My idea is that we should give them to understand that we mean as the people here would be well content to give them the opportunity to be free. My idea is that we should give them to understand that we mean as the people here would be well content to give them the opportunity to be free. My idea is that we should give them to understand that we mean as the people here would be well content to give them the opportunity to be free. My idea is that we should give them to understand that we mean as the people here would be well content to give them the opportunity to be free.

What Would We have Said in '97?

San.—If any intelligent and fair-minded American had been asked four years ago by the editor of a Spanish paper what he considered the policy of the Spanish government ought to be in dealing with the Cuban and Philippine problems, what would the answer most probably have been?

It is not true that it is an advantage to be gained by retaining the Philippine Islands. In the first place, the Philippine Islands are such that it is not a desirable place for emigration from this country, and besides that, we are not likely to have any surplus product for many years to come. If we had the islands we can gain an advantage in trade unless we are able to sell our goods so cheap as to compete with our manufacturers and our exports.

It is not true that the Philippines are a benefit to the United States, but that the United States would be benefited by the Philippines. The United States would be benefited by the Philippines if we were to have the Philippines as a dependency.

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Give up the Islands

San.—That we were justified in our quarrel with Spain I think every one admits. When war was declared, we were in the right. It was our duty to have an army and navy to attack the enemy at his most vulnerable points, and therefore Admiral Dewey's success in Manila and the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and it is possible, destroy it. We will know how

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BY E MILE ZOLA



Part VII

a return to Bessie's the y. by an evening train, rising walk in the park at

the Jordan, both brother here he had met them at 9, where they had spent their night every on certainty had quickly sprung as a cone upon a lively ad-

one scientific genius some- I by the six-o'clock train, and Lou, smiling bene- then, went to the station and definite, with a pre- gresser expression, framed 7 light hours, descended occupied in an immense or day was warm. His utility of his being some- vely lively and very

three manifestations such as mine, which are going day and night."

He then explained that six months previously he had held aside his fervor in order to devote him- self entirely to the study of the transmission of electrical power.

"The experiments that will solve this problem are yet to be made," said Lou, with an irreverent air.

"I myself am very sure that there is no such economy possible."

Jordan smiled with a gentle obstinacy born of that inextinguishable faith which he preserved in all his re- searches during the months and months that it some- times cost him to establish the smallest truth.

"No one should ever believe, in the absence of our sanity. . . Already I have good results, and I am sure that some day electric power will be stored up, and that it will be distributed by cables without any loss whatever. And if it takes me twenty years—well, I will spend twenty years. It is a very simple mat- ter: one gets up every morning to one's work, one be- gins over again at whatever one has not passed

What should I occupy myself with if I did not begin over again?"

He said this with an air of such naive dignity that Lou was seized with a feeling of admiration, as though he were in the presence of some heroic action.

"At this moment Bessie's approval, saying gently:

"What is the matter that you do not come to dis- cuss? . . . My dear Martin, if you are not more sen- sible, I will put the laboratory under lock and key."

Both the dining-room and the salon were small rooms—warm and dainty, as most always are which are dear to a woman's heart. The dinner was very agreeable and delightful.

"You have really not been here in death since Saturday?" Bessie said to Lou when they were all three seated at table in the well-appointed little din- ing-room.

"No, indeed, I assure you," answered the young man. "Moreover, you will never be able to guess how I have been occupied."

And he began at once to tell of his Saturday even- ing, of the condition of gloomy revolt in which he had found Bessie's

the bread eaten by Janet, the street of Lamoignon, and of his visit to the mine, the victim of the strike. But moved by some peculiar scruple, which astonished him, well later, he passed over his meeting with Jeanne, whom he did not even mention.

"Poor people!" said the young girl, with pity. "This terrible strike has refused many of them to bread and water, and there are hundreds who will have to starve. What can we do? How can we come to their aid? To give charity is only an intellectual relief, and you cannot believe how unhappy it has made me, during the last two months, in fact that we, the rich and fortunate, are radi- cally powerless to help."

She was a born humanitarian. Jordan, however, shook his head. In his clustered existence he never occupied himself with social questions.

"Thought is action," he remarked, "and it is the most fruit- ful form of action in the influence on the world. Do we know which needs, of all those we phantasied, will prove satisfied? . . . If all this money strikes my heart, I do not make myself uneasy on that account. For the bar- rowed must figure in its own time."

Lou, not wishing to push the matter in his own feverish and trou- bled state of mind, then described here he had spent Sunday—his in- vitation to Germaine, the breakfast at which he had been present, the presence whom he had met, and their sur- prise and despair.

They continued to talk together, very hap- py as their return to their own nest and to Lou's company. At last, with the dessert, the great question of moment was mentioned.

"See, then, my friend," said Jordan. "I will explain what I keep for from your kind friendship. You will consider the question a little more, and you will tell me (Continued on Page 274.)



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"Wait," he said, "I am going to make sure that Morlaix is not at home."

"Where does he live?" asked Luc, in astonishment.

"Here, in these old rooms, out of which he has made a sort of dwelling, and he persists in living in them, with his own daughter, in spite of all the offers that I have made him of a little house which is much more habitable."

"Ah, you are there, Morlaix," said Jordan, when he had pushed open the door, which was fastened only with a latch. "I have come back, and I wanted to have news of you."

In this case in the rack, which was lighted by a little smoky lamp, the father and son were seated at table, eating their supper before their evening conversation, with the daughter, standing behind them, attended to their wants. The silent room seemed to be completely filled by their enormous shadows, as they sat without speaking, according to their custom.

Morlaix made answer in a hoarse, slow voice:

"We have had a very bad time, Monsieur Jordan. But I have good hopes that now everything is going on quietly."

He rose as he spoke, and so did his son. Luc gazed at Morlaix himself in astonishment. He was a colossus. He had an enormous head and a wide face, improved and softened by the furrows between his eyes.

Jordan answered with some anxiety:

"A very bad time, Morlaix—how is that?"

"Yes, Monsieur Jordan; one of the furnace houses cracked. For two days I was almost sure that we would have some disaster, and I have not been able to sleep because I was so distressed that during the night I should happen to see during your absence. If you have time, perhaps it would be best to go and see the works. They are just going to tap the furnace."

The dark outlines of the blast furnace were seen up before them. It was of a very old-fashioned construction, low and massive, and not more than fifty feet high. There was no noise, no light. The only sound heard was a gentle pattering, caused by the drops of water that fell continually from the brick sides, while at some little distance the incessant scurrying of the little engines. All that could be distinguished was pale flames, those of the eight boilers of the night shift, who were wandering about while awaiting the hour of tapping. Above, upon the platform of the furnace throat, it was impossible even to see the fillets, who were already, and in obedience to signals from below, showing the proper quantities of ore and coal into the furnace. In all this there was no outcry, no hiss, nothing but a deaf, silent effort, intense and enormous in its character, by means of which the labor of humanity brought forth, as it has done for all ages, the steel of the fathers.

Luc by this time had rejoined Jordan, who had been much disturbed by the bad news which he had heard, and looked in upon his friend's dinner by peering out to him with a grotesque whole mass of bridlings.

"Look," he said, "Am I not right to wish to get rid of all this, and to replace this gloomy, unhealthy atmosphere by a system of electric furnaces, which would be so well adapted, so simple, so easy to manage?"

Luc could not help laughing, caused by the broader passion which Jordan threw into his scientific remarks. Morlaix, followed by Paul-De, had rejoined them, and he pointed out under the dim light of a lantern one of the four tappings, which, at a height of about ten feet, formed an elbow and entered the sides of the furnace.

"There, Monsieur Jordan," he said; "it is that tapper there that was choked, and, unfortunately, it happened when I had gone to bed, so that I did not find it out until the next day."

"What did you do?" asked Jordan.

"I began by increasing the coal supplies thereof; then I tried to clear the tapper by means of a mallet, with the blast, engine that Monsieur Laroche sometimes employed. But the one was too heavy; I found it was necessary to dismount the tapper, and tried to dislodge the impellent by means of a pulley. Ah, that was very hard work; we used up all our strength. Still, the air did at last come through, and I have been relieved, because in the slag of this opening I found fragments of ore, and therefore I know the obstacle must be breaking up and working down. The fire has been reignited, and everything is going on again. We shall soon be able to tell where we are now from the tapping."

There he added, in a low voice, as though chartered by an long speech:

"Monsieur Jordan, I believe that if I had not had better news to give you this evening, I should have gone up and thrown myself into the throat of the furnace. I am only a common workman, a manufacturer, in a town you have opened new fields, since you have put me in the place of an employer who was a gentleman. How could I meet you on your return, if I had to tell you that the furnace was dead because I had let the fire go out?"

He closed up, this strong, steady

(Continued on page 212)

William M. Evarts

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS, former United States Senator, Attorney-General, and Secretary of State, died at his home in New York city Thursday, February 25. Mr. Evarts was born in Boston February 6, 1812. His father was editor of the *Post*, afterwards the *Worcester Herald*. He was a graduate of Yale, and therefore his of- ficial promising son went to the New Haven college. He studied law, however, at the Harvard Law School, but when he was twenty-one years old he quitted the New England metropolis and came to New York.

It was not very long after coming to New York that Mr. Evarts was a recognized figure in his profession. He brought with him a reputation which he had won at Yale.

He made his mark, and he also won the confidence of the then great merchants of New York, especially those who, like himself, came from New England, as did the Grinnells and Finneys. He was a lawyer, sticking close to his profession, determined to get ahead in it, and in the management of his cases, with a wit that was biting or genial as the occasion demanded, and with a facility for making himself heard that served him well.

In 1849, when Fillmore was President, Mr. Evarts was appointed Assistant United States District Attorney, and he held the office until 1853, when Franklin Pierce wanted the place for a United States Senator. Mr. Evarts was one of the New York admirers of Daniel Webster, at the head of whom was ex-Mayor Philip Hone, whose name was given to a professional club which always stood when Mr. Webster came to town. In 1852 Mr. Evarts undertook a bit of practical politics in behalf of the stumpman when he admitted, and this simple and entirely unpolished effort called both a vigorous *Brooklyn* and the delightful old clerk, the author of *The Life of Webster of New York*, F. V. P.

Mr. Evarts was a very active politician when he was thirty-four years old, and was inclined to be conservative. He was a successful real-estate lawyer, and he lived in the atmosphere of a Democratic city. Mr. Evarts was annually young when he appeared in the *Levee* class one-



William Maxwell Evarts

Born February 6, 1812.

Died February 25, 1900.

for the state, and when he secured the endorsement of the Cuban filibusters. He was young, too, when he was selected to sign the constitutionality of the Metropolitan Police Act, under which the State assumed the right to provide at least for the organization of the police force of New York.

In 1868 Mr. Evarts was the ostensible standby of the cause of William H. Seward of the Chicago Republicans' Cause. But the campaign and his leader were unorthodox. The East went down before the West. The old-fashioned conservative lawyers and statesmen gave way before the rush of the fresh enthusiasm of a new people.

When he returned from Chicago, dejected in his efforts to secure the Presidential nomination for the man who is reputation and in achievements was really the first Republican of his time, he himself was in regret and perhaps in ability, the best-equipped man in the State to be Mr. Seward's successor in the United States Senate. He was beaten, however, and that, too, at a time when the British party was young, and was seeking its real intellectual leaders to the front.

Mr. Evarts seemed to many of his fellow-citizens to have turned his back upon the Republican party when he accepted a renounce in defend President Andrew Johnson in the impeachment trial. But Mr. Seward suffered from the same strange misunderstanding. Mr. Evarts was the Attorney-General of an administration which certainly gave great encouragement to the Democratic party, and especially to Democrats who had been busy in relation against the government. He was also Secretary of State of another administration whose policy resulted in the continuation of the Southern whites to the result of their own State governments. Mr. Evarts, nevertheless, vigorously protested against the course pursued by the Grant administration with reference to the Southern States, especially in Louisiana.

One of Mr. Evarts' limitations has been his profound respect for law and for the constitution of the country. He has not crushed his opinions. The people for whom he has toiled have been very slow to reward him. He went into the Senate at last because the Legislature was actually forced into a virtuous attack. And yet his life has been long, arduous, and evidently happy.

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chart

which it could be treated. How was it to be brought into a vital connection with the various outlets of the public, with its flowing water, from which it was to be secured?

This was accomplished by bringing an abundant supply of water to this higher level from the river by general pumping apparatus situated within the Machinery Building, devising a system of basins and canals, with automatic and automatic, connected with an artificial lake near the entrance, which has the appearance of being the reservoir that supplies the water while really serving the purpose of being it only into the park lake. The constant flow of water, increased, and in motion, brings up the suggestion of the great lake and the flowing river with its empty canals, near by, and links the grounds with the park, the union being completed by a continuous use of planted trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers at the junction.

This prepared the way for a grand approach to a forecourt, the spaces upon either side of which should be devoted to the subsidiary and subsidiary purposes of State and foreign buildings on one side and a spacious main square on the other, connected with a driving approach to the nations and States and of their will-oms. From here on was a rectangular space evenly lying between the city streets, to be utilized for the main body of the Exposition. The site adopted was a great quantity of forms to the whole by a main axis of broad courts, affording a vista from end to end, and new structures along which structures of importance could be grouped, with subordinate structures in gray areas to buildings, and within which were to be the construction of details in fact, variety and freedom in detail, an effort was to produce a harmonious and effective work, were a harmonious and effective work, and also improved but feasible style was consequently to be adopted for the architecture. It was determined to call it "free romantic," and a characteristic note, partaking strongly of the Spanish American and suggestive ability of the varied European origin of the designs which became States and nations was given to it by a requirement that should be a strong roof, covered with green, and having projecting eaves of the height of fifty feet above the ground. Within the lines of a free style of architecture and under the restrictions of a common level of roof-line, the individuality of the architect and the artist could work freely in producing structures of a unique and of proportions in the way of domes and gables, pavilions and towers, and all the decorative features of the separate buildings, subject always to the overriding power and authority of the board of architects to create a harmonious and artistic whole.

Proceeding then from the approach and the forecourt, where what appears to be the reservoir of water for the grand street and the chief link in the connection with the lake for the park, it was determined to have the entrance across a highly artistic bridge, suggestive of the triumphal processions of the nations, the grouping being upon a broad platform, which served along the transverse axis of the grounds to improve groups of buildings at either end. Beyond this broad space, the entrance marked by buildings of subordinate size but highly ornamental character, the main axis of the grounds was to be occupied by a broad court, along which, on either side, should be the main exhibition buildings, and in this court should be a liberal exposure of water, enclosed by fountains. Beyond this should rise a lofty tower out of a very abundant of water, terminating the vista and forming the culmination of the scene, which falls away into a background of a more prominent character.

In the arrangement of the buildings upon the ground plan, attention was given not only to their sites and forms, but to their uses and representative significance. On the side of the esplanade and the entrance to the Court of Fountains was placed the Horticultural Building, with about four products of forest and more associated with it by a colonnade. This together in general with the power of Nature and the resources which she affords to man. On the other side are the grounds of the Exposition, which stand for some benefit and the institutions he has sought for the regulation of human society. The progress of the ground plan caused some deviation from the line of progression from the conception of nature and primitive man through the achievements of industry and art; but it was substantially carried out along the central line to the main plan, more reversed with its statue of Light. The Ethnology Building, adjacent to those of the government, representing man and his progress, is directly in keeping with the main idea, but the Graphic Arts associated with the fine arts and the Temple of Music near by seem like a departure from it. But the large building on the left of the great court, that for machinery and transporta-

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The Plans and its adjuncts in the background, with the areas of Athletic Sports on one side and the field of varied movements on the other, representing the diversions of mankind sink into a secondary place in the picture.

The bearing of the Vase-like Arts and the Temple of Music over the intellectual building, and putting the large sculpture for agricultural exhibits beyond that for manufacturers and liberal arts and near the Electric Tower, show that this idea of exalting progress and the triumph of man over nature was not allowed to interfere with that of a symmetrical and harmonious arrangement of buildings appropriate to their several purposes. In fact, the architects admit that the application was rather incidental than of deliberate purpose, so far as their work is concerned. But when Mr. Karl Ritter was chosen to supervise the economies of sculpture and plastic decoration, he discovered its possibilities and proceeded to give it emphasis in his plans. That is why he placed in the heart to the left of the esplanade the fountain of Nature, with the fountain of Commerce and the fountain of Commerce on either side, the ordinary representing animal, mineral, and floral world grouped about, the other the fountain of the central figure in the fountain of Man, with that of Prometheus on one side and Lycurgus on the other, representing the mythical source of the arts and that of government of institutions.

The ordinary and subordinate sculpture here displayed are symbolic of the efforts and progress of man. Advances along the lines of Prometheus, these decorative in sculpture groups and figures combine to represent on one side the impulses and emotions and on the other the mind and its triumphs. This idea is carried up in the tower, where the emotional and the practical effects of the abundance and power of water are appropriately displayed at the base, and the development out of it of the achievements of industry and skill is progressively shown in the rising shaft until it terminates in the gilded statue of Electricity and Light.

This decoration in sculpture and relief is carried from tower to buildings in a harmonious scheme wrought out in conformity with the designs of the architect, and in consultation with them.

Mr. John W. Currier, who is the chairman of the board of architects, has charge of the general decorative work of the grounds and of the group of buildings as a whole—the bridges, fountains, pergolas, statuary, shrubbery, flower beds, trees, and all the ornamental accessories—and he has shown the value of collaboration in bringing all the sculptors under the supervision of Mr. Ritter, in a general co-operation in their work to produce a harmonious and artistic effect. He has not been content with plans and drawings, and without verbal instructions, but has had models in clay set up in his spacious premises in New York to show the position, the proportion, and the relation of the work made to each other and to their surroundings, for the production of the best result. Thereby he has been able to bring the working artists together, with a mental understanding of what they were all about and a hearty co-operation in a common object.

In the decoration of buildings, such as object has had the same relation to the structures which he designed, but the whole board has been able to work together in entire harmony, with a full appreciation of the importance of bringing every thing into accord with the general design which all have a part in executing. This was made possible by the power of selecting the architect, and the capacity of character of the man chosen. It has been already mentioned that Mr. Currier and his board of architects and construction of the bridges and other decorative features of the grounds. The government buildings are designed by Mr. Currier, the supervising architect of the Treasury, but he has acted in full accord with the board of architects, and in submission to their authority so far as conformity to the pro-

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NEW YORK MARCH 16: 1901



A STEEL CINCH ON THE WORLD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

An Indian Village on the Shore of a mimic Lake was one of the principal Features of this Year's Exhibit

at least undignified. The resolution was carried by insidious and cynical power which did not care to explain the reason for its conduct. The minority naturally took advantage of the opportunity, which it desired, to frame an issue, or to add a new specification to the general charge of imperialism, which the majority may sometimes regret, for false issues sometimes carry elections.

The minority, which on this occasion included Senator Hoar, insisted that the resolution violates the Constitution and establishes a despotism. Senator Tamm went so far as to regret that he had lived to see the day when Congress denies the protection and privileges of the Constitution to any people dwelling in the territory of the United States. As a matter of fact, while the resolution may be objectionable to anti-imperialists and to others, it is not unconstitutional: it is open mainly to the general objection to the retention of the Philippines. And if it establishes a "despotism" or a "dictatorship," the question is whether some form of one-man power is not essential in these islands.

The adoption of the Spooner resolution, indeed, improves the situation. The islands have heretofore been governed by an executive order of doubtful validity. This order, dated April 7, 1900, more than a year after Congress had assumed jurisdiction over the archipelago by appropriating the \$20,000,000 called for by the Treaty of Paris, appointed the Tamm Commission, and invested it with legislative powers which it is doubtful if the President himself then possessed. Moreover, this commission has proceeded with its legislative tasks in utter disregard of the limitations and prohibitions of the Constitution, notably in respect of the constitutional provisions requiring that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

Nothing in the Philippine policy of Mr. McKinley, leaving ethical considerations and our tradi-

tion, by executive order will have ceased at once, while the commission authorized by the Spooner resolution will proceed with its task, obeying, however, the restrictions of the Constitution, according to the people those rights guarded in the first ten amendments, and limited itself by the grants and restrictions contained in the body of the instrument.

The main controversy over our Philippine policy is also not affected by this resolution. The question remains, "Do we want the islands?" This is a practical question to be settled on a variety of considerations. Besides, it is much for the best that we should face our problem intelligently. If we are to retain the archipelago, some such policy as this of the Spooner resolution must be adopted for its government. Great Britain has found that the less Parliament has to do with the government of colonies the better for all concerned. We must eventually reach the same conclusion. So long as these islands are ours, the hands of the Executive should be strengthened, and the interference of Congress reduced to the minimum. Congress can provide neither good laws nor good administration for the colonies, and the Spooner resolution is a wise admission of the truth. If the people of this country do not like the idea of setting up a strong government, concerning which their representatives shall have little or nothing to say, they can drop the islands. But let us not obscure the issue by shouting about despotism, as if Congress had not the right to establish at least a limited despotism over a territory, and as if the strong man is not precisely the kind of man we must have if we are to be successful administrators of colonial business.

Cuba and Ourselves

ALTHOUGH the order for the election of dele-

The Cuban plan, prepared by a committee of the constitutional convention, differs in material respects from that which Congress has directed the President to insist upon. It declares that it will not permit, by treaty or compact, the interference of any power with its independence, or the use of its territory for war operations against the United States or any other power. It declines to grant any power, including the United States, any lodgment in Cuba for naval or military purposes. It agrees to validate our acts during our military occupation, and suggests a reciprocity trade arrangement with a tendency towards free trade. There is an essential antagonism between the two plans.

An article in the current number of the *North American Review*, by Mr. FRANK D. PAVY, shows clearly the reasons why the Cuban is not so friendly to this country as most of us think he ought to be in view of the services we have rendered him. He is free from the tyranny of Spain by reason of our exertions and sacrifices, and yet he is manifesting not only a strong disinclination for our control and government, but a positive dislike for us. This will make subsequent negotiations with him difficult.

Mr. PAVY declares that this great change in the sentiments of the Cubans is because of our own conduct, and especially because of the character of our military government in the island, and Mr. PAVY's testimony is directly in line with that of other intelligent observers. He says that at the beginning of our military occupation nearly all Cubans looked forward hopefully and happily to annexation, or at least to a close commercial and political alliance with the United States. "They no longer express these sentiments," he says, "because of their resentment towards the American military government."

In dealing with the Cubans under the provisions of the PLATT resolution, or under any other scheme

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The Porto Rican Battalion passing the Grand Stand

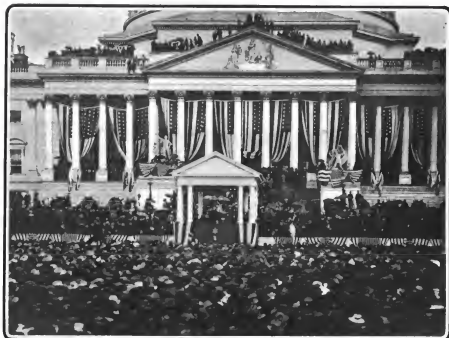


The Court of Honor in front of the Executive Mansion



The Diplomatic Corps

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, MARCH 4, 1901



The President delivering the Inaugural Address

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The President on his Way to the Capitol

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, MARCH 4, 1901

Groson Coast-Defence Turret

By Lieutenant Godfrey L. Carden, R. C. S.

THE United States will shortly possess a plant capable of turning out for coast fortification, and complete in every detail, the renowned Groson turret. Not only is the plant novel, but work has actually commenced on the erection of the necessary buildings, and by such an extent have the plans progressed that the making of the plans for the initial turret could, if required, be commenced in six months' time.

The success of the new industry is principally the recommendation of the Endicott Board on Ordnance and Fortification, calling for employment for twenty-two turrets at coast points of the United States, but in the main the new plant owes its being to the conditions which estranged this country as the breaking out of war with Spain in 1898, and in existing conditions which make imperative the adoption of a system approach to gun attack.

The new organization is called the Groson Iron Works, and will carry on the manufacture of all descriptions of armored iron-work and heavy castings requiring special strength and resistance for naval and marine work.

The interests associated with the new company include the largest manufacturing of skilled iron in America, and the works will be equipped with everything requisite for the manufacture of the largest rifled castings to which the particular plant for finishing Groson turrets can be quietly added.

The site for the new works is on the banks of the Delaware at the little town of Edgewater, and distant only a few miles from the city of Chester, Pennsylvania. The site was selected largely because of its fine water facilities, with special reference to the needs which must arise incident to the shipment of heavy turret equipment.

If one can imagine a section of the great Krupp works of Germany transferred in its entirety to the banks of the Delaware, and on being installed at the latter place unaltered throughout by American workmen, one has in perspective the new Edgewater plant, but with this difference, that the very latest facilities accorded by Fried Krupp will be added every device which American skill and ingenuity can suggest. Furthermore the experience of Krupp and the technical knowledge of our own mechanics should make of the Edgewater plant an establishment renowned throughout the world for its production.

When one realizes that in three days of high-power gun and armor-piercing projectiles some one lately absent to take advantage of every possible advantage, the value and significance of the Groson turret acquisitions for this country cannot be overestimated. It is a fact that the United States is the only country outside of Germany that has secured these rights, and this notwithstanding the repeated offers of citizens of foreign states.

To still better appreciate the value of these American acquisitions it may be understood that the Groson turret system appears to be superior to the impregnable than any fortification defense device known to engineers, and that until a comparatively recent date Fried Krupp has alone controlled the secrets connected with the manufacturing process, and when we say "secrets" we mean the knowledge and experience which alone assure a successful result in the manufacture of a Groson turret. The transfer of the manufacturing privileges to the United States was accomplished through the efforts of a few public-spirited men, and in the main to one of the leading skilled iron manufacturers of this country, Mr. P. H. Gillies, of Buffalo, New York. Mr. Gillies succeeded in obtaining every advantage of turret manufacture possessed by Krupp.

The term "turret," as applied to the Groson coast-defense system should not be confused with turrets such as are used on ships of war. The ship turret must, necessarily, come within well-defined limitations of weight and size, and these limitations restrict the structure both in the thickness and shape of its plates, and in the extent of its interior area. To ob-

tain the maximum of resistance on a specified weight limitation, the plates of a ship turret are forged of steel, and in the process of fabrication they are tempered and face-hardened. Not only is the process costly, but absolute impregnability against the fire of the heaviest gun is not assured. That which is secured as protection against shell but the heaviest gun about at lightning ranges. The Groson turret, on the other hand, being a land device, is constructed by processes of wrought, and where, as in the case of the latest designed ship turret, we find twelve inches of Krupp-process armor plate constituting the main mass. Furthermore, the outstanding thick steel in a Groson turret approximates closely to five feet.

When the assertion is made that turrets are impregnable to gun-fire, the statement must be taken literally, and accepting specifically to mean piercing shell discharged from the heaviest type of ordnance gun in existence.

As an instance of what a Groson turret-plate will withstand, we have the valuable data recorded in the official trials of a plate for the great turret built by Fried Krupp for the Italian government, and now mounted in the naval defense system of the harbor at Spezia in Tuscany.

The plate subjected to trial weighed 192,000 pounds, and the conditions of the test required that it withstand of point-blank range three shots from an Armstrong 10-inch gun, using Krupp's most shells. The shells weighed, each, 2200 pounds, while the powder charge consisted of 927 pounds of one-hole, brown prismatic powder. The actual energy developed on impact amounted to an average for the three shots to 47,000 foot tons.

The plate stood the test fortitude. The only effect produced by the three shots was the appearance on the surface of the top of several long oblongs of 3, 10, and 6 centimeter depth, and a number of smaller spots, five of which showed only on the rear side.

The result of the trial allowed us to expect a turret to be as penetrable as to which the plate would be braced in the case of a long-muzzled gun.

All the steel shot employed were delivered into muzzle spinners. These spinners were not hot but at the

by the Spaniards on the eastern side of the entrance to Santiago harbor. The position contained a number of guns of questionable efficiency, but there were two guns of 12-inch diameter which were very well efficient. These two guns had been taken from the battery of the Spanish cruiser *Santa Brerada*, and by great effort had been dragged to the top of Puente bluff, and there mounted. None for the gun-shields, and for the third gun up on front, there was little or no protection afforded the gunners. In the case of the battery the Spaniards had constructed a bomb-proof, which consisted merely of a deep ditch covered over with logs, and the whole covered with dirt. Into this ditch the Spanish gunners could retreat when the fire from the American fleet became too hot.

All daylong of the morning of June 22 the U. S. Navy (to which word the writer was selected) was lying at the eastern end of the blockading line before Santiago when an order was received by signal from the flagship to run down to the western end of the line and report to the *Fras* for certain work. Coming up with the *Fras*, the message was inferred by Captain Alexander Hays-Adams, Jr., of the *Fras*, that he was about to engage the *Broze* battery, and after the issue of instructions to the *Fras*, the *Fras* stood in to the attack.

All that could be seen of *Broze* battery that morning was a line of yellow dirt standing out in bold relief against the green foliage of the hill-side. The day was perfectly clear, and, save for the remains of a ground swell, the sea was practically smooth. Obviously the conditions for gun-work on board ship were excellent.

The *Fras* stood in slowly towards the shore, receiving her fire. Not a sound broke the stillness of the morning sail but the rattling of a point-blank shot about six hundred yards from the battery, where the Spaniards opened fire on her. At first their shots fell short, but as the *Fras* advanced their shots were soon to fall alongside of her, and a little later astern of her. Evidently the Spaniards had guessed the range of the *Fras* very accurately. Maxey's shells came off their shells were talking early.

The *Fras* had for fire until she had reached a point which appeared to be about 4000 yards from the enemy's works, when, as we

watched her, we suddenly saw a great cloud of smoke burst from her port turret. She had fired one of her great 12-inch guns, and the projectile weighing 80 pounds, we saw the shell strike the water about twenty yards from the side of the battery. It exploded and threw a great quantity of dirt into the air. An interval of something like three and a half minutes elapsed when the *Fras* fired again, and this time her shot struck the battery fall in the water. The *Fras* had given the range.

It was then that the Spanish gunners, as we had before seen, probably saw the *Fras* in the position she occupied, and they were apparently so much surprised that they had not seen with their own eyes that day the work of the *Fras* were never would have believed it possible for any ship of war to deliver such an accurate shot. The value of protection for a gun and gun detachment in time of action has long been apparent to prudent artillerymen, and opinions have differed not so much as in the necessities as to the form of protection needed. Any protection, so long as it is effective, is preferable to none, and an illustration of the importance of an open-fronted battery when exposed to the accurate fire of a ship of war, the writer has to refer to the attack of the *Fras* on the *Broze* battery on the morning of June 22, 1898. The attack of the *Fras* is taken as an illustration largely because the action came under the writer's personal observation.

Assembling a Groson Turret



last shot they set fire to the wood-work around the plate, which wood-work was naturally burnt down. The value of protection for a gun and gun detachment in time of action has long been apparent to prudent artillerymen, and opinions have differed not so much as in the necessities as to the form of protection needed. Any protection, so long as it is effective, is preferable to none, and an illustration of the importance of an open-fronted battery when exposed to the accurate fire of a ship of war, the writer has to refer to the attack of the *Fras* on the *Broze* battery on the morning of June 22, 1898. The attack of the *Fras* is taken as an illustration largely because the action came under the writer's personal observation.

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Coast battery was an open-fronted work thrown up



AFTER THE THEATRE,—STOPPING AT



AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA FOR SUPPER



I lay Sprawling and Senseless

I intended. Had he heard it I should have kicked the postman out into the hallway.

Standing there alone in the school-room beside the back door, I read to dull eager the names of those who, looks ended, were now free of the hospital place; here Eck had left his name where his own, all secure; here let Peter had written seven times, "David did die and so did I."

With a bit of backache I dusted these articles from the chair, shortly, for I was not yet of a mind to begin my task.

I opened the window behind me. A sweet spring wind was blowing. Putting up my nose to test it, I saw the sky blue than a hen's egg, and a little white cloud scuttling up there all alone.

That year the snow had gone out in April, and the same day the March winds flew into the schoolyard. Now, on this second day of May, rains were already running over the ground like the school-room window, a tilting for water like jack snipes along the eaves.

Feeling my arms to lean on the sill, I could see a corner of the northern black-house, with a soldier standing guard in the scabbard, and I prepared him well with uplift, he being a friend of mine.

His well-wishd anger thought had temporary pleasure to me. Behind me lay that villainous state, and my task to do with the parishment of that silly creature Prospero—had that, too, in view? Had it been my long-legged Diana with her vine-balloons and her bows and shooting her arrows like a Hesperus square from the lake? Had not my business, like a party, come stopping and who had stayed from the stockade, and got her death, too, for aught I knew.

Leaving there in the heavy moment I failed to forget the pain, attentively observing the birds and the young fruit trees, Sir William's pride. Now that the snow had melted I could see where mine, working under the crust in midwinter, had fairly girdled two young apple-trees; and I was very, being apples as I do.

For a while my mind was occupied in devising a crossly angry gridding, then the distant sparkle of the river caught my eye, and straightway my thoughts slipped into their natural channel, smoothly as the river flows there in the meadows; and I laid my plans for the taking of that bull-trot who had so grossly deceived and bent me the past year—yes, not only me, but also that master of the craft, Sir William himself.

Thinking of Sir William, my legging thoughts drift of back again to my desk. It comforted me to gaze here, making rhymes, while outside the street wind whirped. "Come out, Michael—come out into the green daylight!"

Now Sir William had hidden me not only to write my verses, but also to hide her, smouldering his good sense. That secret he would return to me by, I had no stomach for further quarrels. Hence, I was

ashamed of my disrespect and temper, and indeed, selfish, like best that I was. I did truly love Sir William, because I knew he was the greatest man of our time—and because he loved me.

Resolved at last to accomplish some verse on grand of a creative and diligent spirit, I set to work; and thus to what I made:

Prospero did rain the hills,
 Least no rolling dolphins;
 And in great gushes, great,
 The watered his by down, the fish,
 Perceiving that on both of seas,
 Round the points of Plato from war to cease;
 And still still Plato by his way,
 To speak of who shall not lose,
 And with a doubtful was-when by
 Run after the dearest Prospero—

Absorbed in my task, and, moreover, considerably affected by the gloomy sight of the mast, I stepped back from the chair and for a moment conceived a grotesque idea of introducing somebody in reverse Prospero and leave Plato damaged—perhaps sculpted. Revolution, however, dissuaded me from such a liberty; not that I found the anagrammatic all too absurd, but, being all my life in a kindly where Indians were often over than white men, my keen notions concerning classic myths were instinctively mixed with the reality of my own life, and were also partly colored by the legends I learned from my red neighbors. So, I lay down that I was, with but a fraction of my attention fixed on my task, mythology in my own had a line, Mikahak, a study of possible fables, interesting only when they concerned war or the chase.

Will I did not feel at liberty to reverse Prospero in my verses or stamp a war-arrow into Plato. Doubts I knew it would estrange Sir William. As I stood there, brooding hard, resolved to stick the metered wooden quills and let the meter go a-sipping, behind me I heard the door stealthily open, and I knew that my legged wildcat thing, Silver Heels, had crept in, her movements making no noise.

I pretended not to notice her, knowing she had come to tempt me; and, for a space, she stood behind me, very still. Clearly, she was reading my verses, and I became angry. Not to show it, I made out in white and to draw a picture of a fish on the slate. Then she knew I had seen her and laughed heartily.

"Oh," said I, "if there is somebody come a-ying, it must be Silver Heels!" And I turned around, pretending amazement at the presence of my boarder.

"You see me," she answered, disdaining to rise, "It is your best for the stocks," I hinted.

"I won't go," she retorted.

To secure that genre of carriage and absence of practice necessary for a young lady of quality, and to straighten her back, which truly was as straight as a pine, Sir William and his brother, Billy, were accustomed to strap her to a pine plank and lock her in

the stocks for an hour at noon, forbidding Peter, Eck, and me to tickle the sides of her feet.

It was most new, I could hear the guard clapping at the north black-house, tramp, tramp, tramp across the stony way.

"If you don't go to the stocks now," I said, "you'll be sorry when you do go."

"If you tickle my feet, you great louty, I'll tell Sir William," she retorted, balancing defiantly from one heel to the other.

"Will you go, Silver Heels?" I inquired.

"My name isn't Silver Heels," she observed, still coolly tilting back and forth on heels and toes. "Call me by my right name and perhaps I'll go—and perhaps I won't. So, there, Mr. Miky Dumbo!"

"If I will you Felicity Warren, will you go?" I inquired, indignantly.

"There? you have called me Felicity Warren!" she cried in triumph.

"I didn't," said I, in a whisper. "I only said that there was such a person. But you are not that person! Anyway, you too be like a Mikahak. Anyway, you're half wild cat, half Mikahak!"

"It's a lie!" she barked. "I'm all white in the face of my body!"

It was the truth. Indeed she was like Sir William and sister to Sir Peter Warren, but, he used her, we feigned to believe her son of Hespero, half Mikahak, brood, half Mikahak; and it comforted her, besides, had not the Mikahaks, dubbed her Silver Heels, a year ago, when, with asked flying feet, she had been sent all in the foot-rose before Sir William and Billy the people of the New Nation?" The price



Silver Heels



A Meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, February 20, 21, 22, 1901

color jack-knife, which, before the race, I upon so nice. Besides, I had ready knive to look, and that left me without a ch wattle.

"A Mhawa," I said, respectfully; "also, out-still beneath mine. How you spy my. Mine! Em wawer?—the Peter."

"I am not, stopping her speech."

"I said, I, declining to forward her fang-ed change these ten minutes, and Sir will come to find you here a-ying. Ewop no," I added, excitedly.

"Is Mhawa man?" she cried, clapping her

"Bah, Mhawa Mhwa, it is impossible for you to make you run faster after Jack-

led her; then she gave me a blow and a quick chop; she started, pulling her in the door her face with shock. She twisted and turned, and striking, while I rubbed chalk into her

of a sudden she coiled up and bit me clean in the hand.

"I was with a bound; she also, all white

"I am and her eyes awoke.

"Blood began welling up, running into my pain along the fingers in the floor. At that instant I

of the door of the nursery open, and I saw that

William was coming through the hall to the school-

"You hasten! I thrust my wounded hand into my

coat pocket.

"Don't tell!" whispered Mhwa Mhwa, in a fright;

had left-and here in the jack-knife.

She thrust it into my right hand, then sped across

to the open window, and over the sill, dropping

light on a mat on the grass below.

"My first impulse was to follow her and give her

such a spank as Mhwa Mhwa administered the day she

thrust her face pushing Peter into the creek.

However, it was already too late. Sir William came

swiftly about the hall, and I had scarce time to step

to the door when he entered.

"Mr William had changed his clothing for the back-

sized hunting shirt which he was accustomed to wear

when hunting. He carried, too, that light, suspended

rod, fastened for him by Thyradesagos, and on his

beams he wore a trowsers of grey-colored leather-

made by Mhwa Mhwa during the winter.

"He approached the door where my nose stood

white and quivered; and at first his brows knit

and he said, "Fudge, fudge, fudge!" Then of a sud-

den he set down on the bench, clapping his hand to his

forehead.

"The Lord's will be done," said he, taking breath.

"What am I to do, when he who fashioned you

ten-fold designed it to hold another Latin over the

class?"

"It pleases you to laugh, sir," I answered.

"Pleases you! Pleases me, you! Lad, it pleases

me like a French clerk, nor can I guard the throat in

time! I have been wrong. A feat is not made with a

twisted rope nor a man hanged with words. If you

are not here a scholar, 'twas the mid-winter I could

not read aright; and no blame to you, lad, no blame to

you. Mhwa Mhwa! Shall we leave them to go march-

ing with his superlatives, and his 'Truth Legions'?

Shall we consign the hypochondria of all triangles to

those who would pass from the walls of wild-goose

which letter men have brought down with a single

bell?"

"His morning was dawdling upon me clearly, for

what with the pain of my hand and the distance, I was

perhaps more stupefied than usual.

"The blood was now streaming down my stocking

over my shoe. I turned the leg so he could not ob-

serve it.

"I come, lad," he said, brightening up; "learning

is not always between thumbed leaves. I only wish

that you had pushed yourself modestly and boldly through

the world, that you keep faith with men; that your word

may give you shall never be withdrawn.

"As for learning, I can do no more for you than I

have done and have offered to do. If it pleases you,

you may go to England, and learn the eyes, hearing,

and discernment you can never acquire here with us."

"No! Well, then, stay with me, I said you, Mhwa.

My first year of school, and I am an old man now—I

am now sixty years, Michael—sixty years

of battle. I would be glad of rest—with those I

love."

"My heart was very soft now. I looked at Sir Wil-

liam with an affection I had never before understood.

"There is one other thing I wish to add," he said,

gravely, almost sadly. "Perhaps I may again refer

to it—had I pray that it may not be necessary."

"I set up and rubbed my eyes to clear them from

the sticky lather which stole upward from my throbbing

head."

"It is this," he continued, in a low voice. "If it

comes to you to choose between his Majesty our

King—and your native land—which of the two you

go to your closet and kneel down, and stay there on

your knees, hours, days—until you have learned your

own heart. Then—then—then go with you, Michael

Cordigan."

He rose, and his face was years older. Slowly the

color came back into his cheeks; he fumbled with the

beams-work on his forehead, then smiled.

"That is all," he said. "Let those chase Prosperine

to hell, and a devilish good piece they may. It is

for those who like it! Where is that forest? What

meaning about animals? Hey! Vial Vial! Come here,

little reptile!"

"It is not here, sir," said I, stumbling forward.

But as I laid my hand on the floor and

stuck my head there I lay sprawling and senseless

with the blood running over the floor; and Sir Wil-

liam, believing me slain by the ferret, pushed the

poor head and lifted me to a bench.

"He must have seen my hand, however, for, when a

cup of cold water set me spluttering and blinking,

I found my hand held up in Sir William's hands, and

Sir William himself crying me strangely.

"How came that wound?" he next, bluntly.

I could not reply—my words not.

He asked me again whether the ferret bit me, and

I was tempted to say yes. Treachery was abhor-

rent to me. I hated Mhwa Mhwa, but could not betray

her, and it was easy to clap the blame on Vic.

"No!" I answered.

"I asked what bit you," he said, softly.

"I tried to say Vic, but the lie, stuck in my

throat."

"I cannot tell you," I muttered.

"Then," said Sir William, with a strange smile of

shock, "I shall not leave you, Michael. May I honor-

ably ask you how you come by this jack-knife?"

"I should say, lad, my first was on Em."

"Very well," he said. "I only remember that you

are a man, now—a man of sixteen, and that I have to

day treated you as a man, and shall continue. And re-

member that a man's first duty is to protect the weak

and his second duty is to endure from them all

torments, injuries, and torments without revenge. It is

a hard lesson to learn. Mhwa, and only this true and

patient patience can ever best it."

"He smiled, then said:

"I pray God my little Mhwa Mhwa and return to her

the jack-knife, which was her weapon, but of look

in the house of a gentleman."

"And so he walked away, smoothing the top of the

red-eyed ferret against his breast.

To be continued.

LABOR

BY EMILE ZOLA



Part VIII

at out his light, and hoped to win a good night's rest, by covering himself. But in the w. silence of that quiet chamber close his eyes, they seemed to be the victim of an unfavorable lot, and a fever to be could not get rid of. For it, and not until dawn did he

clock, when he saw the sun set thought was to get out of the family of Monsieur Jourdain's wife in the blue-furrow, a talk with Moréas, and get directions. He was led by a . He was especially anxious opinion on the subject of the sold to himself that the man these mountains, must know fate had always had an idea, and though nobody would poke about it. He thought over, should not have given credence to work the mine as may unscrupulously. The sun had strongly impressed a sun far from pleased with and the way in which he five the chemical discovery him to make profitable use; showed him into what a of the upper furnace had of to wipe the remaining of a track its products by the

panacea. He permitted himself to be guilty of this little deception because some strangers were at table with the family.

It was quite four o'clock before the guests left La Tricherie. For the sake of exterior, Jordan and Luc walked with them as far as the first houses of the town. Then, as they both strolled back over the stony moor that Jordan left unscrupulously, he wanted to turn a little aside so as to pass where Lange, the potter, lived. He had let him build himself a little place in one corner of his property, below the blast-furnace, but had asked no rent from him. Lange, as well as Moréas, had made his dwelling in a rocky hollow, worn away by former torrents, at the foot of the Monta-Bleues, a slope of the great cliff which terminated the mountain promontory. And, finally, he had built three hives near the place where he dug his clay, and there he lived without either God or master, free and independent, alone with his pottery.

"He is, without doubt, an extremist," said Jordan, whom Luc was questioning concerning this man, in whom he took an interest. "And what you tell me passed the other evening at the Rue de Brins does not surprise me. He has had the luck to be liberated, or the affair might have turned out badly for him, he was pretty well compromised. You have no idea how intelligent he is, and what a sense of art he shows in his various pots, though he has never had any instruction."

Luc, raising his eyes, saw among alarbs and hards, surrounded by a little wall of rough stones, the shade of Lange, which was like the hat of some strange. And as on the threshold a tall, handsome, dark girl was standing, Luc asked,

"Is he married?"
"No, he lives here with this girl, who is at once his wife and slave. Lange calls her Barbe."

Standing on the threshold of the hut, which was closed by a grated door, Barbeost waited the arrival of the potterman, and Luc could gaze on her dark face with its regular but angular features, her hair as black as ink, her large wild eyes, which would sometimes show wonderful ardors when they looked at Lange. When she felt sure that the potterman who was walking with the proprietor of their domain must be a friend, she quieted her post of observation and went back to the kiln that she was superintending, after having given notice of a visit to her master.

"Ah! Is it you, Monsieur Jordan?" cried Lange, raising forehead in his turn. "Just imagine, after my introduction the other evening Barbeost has taken it into her head that somebody must be coming to arrest me! And I do think that if any police fellow should make his appearance he would not find it easy to get out of my clasp. . . I suppose you have come to see my new refractory bricks. Look—how they are, and I will tell you what they are made of!"

Luc perfectly recognized the little man, kindly and staid, whom he had seen in the hall-light of the Rue de Brins, announcing the inevitable final destruction of Biscuits, having at that his seat, and condemning it for its crime.

Jordan, after having introduced Luc as a young engineer and one of his own friends, said Lange, with a laugh, to show him what he called his numerous "bricks." "If Monsieur Luc take any interest in it. . . They are only things that amuse me, things that I like to please myself. And all this carbon-maze is his head! You see look at it while I explain my bricks to Monsieur Jordan."

Luc gave more and more astonished. Under this and stood little figures of pansies in gilded pottery, vases, pots, and dishes of elegant forms, which, while denoting great ignorance, were deliciously original. The colors produced by firing, were superb; there were examples that had won doubtful champions of tone; that when struck Luc met in the collection of the things Lange made for his usual customers at fairs and markets—the plates and dishes, saucers, pipchets, and pots—was the elegance of their shape, the charm of their particular colors, all of it a sort of happy development of the taste of the people.

When Lange came back with Jordan, who had given him an order for several hundred bricks, to be experimented with in a certain electrical furnace, he received Luc's felicitations with apparent pleasure. Luc mentioned the elegance and brightness of his works, so light, so brilliant with blue and purple, as if they had been conceived as mosaics.

"Yes, yes. These things put your diamonds and bluebirds in the shade. I have always thought that people ought to decorate their made and their families with them. It would not cost much either, if I know how you would look, just like flowers in green grass. But there is nothing to be done with our wretched bourgeoisie nowadays."

And all of a sudden he fell back into a fit of party politics. He began with his ideas of ultra-anarchy, which he had acquired from reading certain pamphlets that had come into his hands; he could not tell by what chance. First of all, he said, everything that



Lange fell into a fit of Passion

was is most be desired; everything used be taken, preservation of by the result.

"There are ten busy post students who are suffering, and we need blow up Boulevard now for meeting, so that it may be rebuilt properly. The first thing must be our action: leave it to be the only things that will arouse the people. What more can you say? I tell you that I have in this but all that is necessary to make three dozen benches—order of extraordinary power? Some day I shall set out with my cart, which I draw and haulward passes. It is pretty heavy when it is full of pottery, and it has to be dragged over bad country roads, from market to market in the village. It is all right when you can walk there, or from spring and fountain. . . . But when the day comes we shall have a good Boulevard; we shall go up and down its streets, and we shall have a boulevard in every one of our countries. We shall get one under the Sub-Preceptor, another under the Majority House, another under the Court House, another under the church—in short, wherever authority can be destroyed. Our three machines will be built, just the way they are. There will be a sudden Boulevard in the streets late the night, and you will see the machine will make an end of it. . . . What! what do you think of my little journey, my cart, my little Boulevard, my benches, controlled in post—benches that I have manufactured to prevent him happening?"

Jordan did not answer. He only made a gesture to the effect that as a learned man he considered that all this was very queer. But when they had taken leave of Laage and were walking back to La Vieville, Lae still observed at the side of such a dismal post-dream—a dream which happened, granted by such a happy occasion, the brain of a few uneducated poets in the crowd of those who had lost their bearings. And Jordan never reached home in silence, such absorbed in his own thoughts.

They went at once into the laboratory, where they found Serevetic, who, seated quietly at a little table, was writing one by one his brother's manuscript. He handed Jordan a long blue paper and helped him to make a certain delicate experiment, which Jordan had heard, studied, and his companion, and went on with her work.

"There was almost for a few moments, then Jordan spoke in a tone of friendly exaltation."

"As I have told you, in hours of depression I have thought of letting Delebe do all my work—the kind of work and the mine and all the land—that I might get rid of them and give myself up to my studies and experiments. Take them; I prefer to give them to you, you will make your use of them, and that is not of me to make me completely free; to leave me in my own care to find my own satisfaction, to consider my work, and never again to talk to me about these things."

He looked at him with sparkling eyes, in which shone gratitude and deep affection. Then, with hesitation, he said:

"This is not all, my friend. I want your large heart to do something more. If I dare not undertake anything without you, I shall want five hundred thousand francs to set up a factory and work workshops as those of which I have dreamed, then I can resignate labor, and make it the foundation of that industry. . . . I am persuaded that if you make it a business enterprise, since your capital will go into the construction, it will be to bring you a large share of the profits."

And though Jordan wanted to interrupt him, he continued:

"Yes; I know you do not want to be a business man, but yet you may like; and if you give me your money I want to make sure you will have means to lead a comfortable life, and that nothing may interrupt you in your peaceful work as a great scientific laborer."

Again there was silence, grave, but not without emotion, in the great laboratory where no sound labor by himself could be the moment when it might bring forth an abundant harvest, and he decided to make up his mind to give the money to be used through all of them a kind of religious thrill as they waited for the decision.

"You are full of the spirit of self-sacrifice and of goodness, and I know you will not let your money be the discoverer you are making, the electric force which must reduce the necessity for human strength, most enrich you with vast fortunes—you would not work you—you would give them away, it is not a gift I ask from you, it is a financial aid—help you to do your work, to see whether you can make others happy."

Then Jordan quietly answered, "My friend," said he, "I am ready."



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You shall have the money to realize your dream; but as it is not right to derive you, I will tell you that your dream is, in my eyes, only a generous delusion, because for you have not fully convinced me. Be my own doubts. I am a scientist. . . . But no matter, I am glad you have come. Try what you can do. I am with you.

Loe gave a cry of triumph, as without from his whole being. He seemed to be walking on air.

"Oh! thank you. Now I know that the work will be accomplished, and we will all have a happy day. . . . Sometime had not acted, he had taken so much in the construction. But the business of her heart about the great love filled her eyes. She saw, as it irrevocably began, what my love, and without thinking, he had to add here, she kissed him on the forehead, while her tears were still on her cheeks. Father surprised at her kissing the young man, Jordan felt amazed.

"Why, how is it little sister? You do not despair, I hope! I know I ought to have thanked you. . . . but it is not too late. See you wish to go?"

"Oh, yes!—oh yes!" she murmured, smiling, and leaving through her tears. You are like the flowers, and so weak I will never you. Make any use of me you wish."

Loe, who thought about eleven o'clock, Loel looked out of the window of his study in a delirious ecstasy in the next year, as a patient, as he had done the night before, to break the Irish, into night air. . . . Sensitive to him, he had seen a cruel, faded, beautiful, by table; one by one his limbs were being extinguished while he felt the fit still being with the blow of his great hammer. Never had the breath of that awfully great, but even more with some expression. And, as on the previous night, he heard a slight noise on the ceiling, he turned to see the great iron wheel, he was the factor of a night bird. . . . Her heart began to beat, while the same again, for he recognized by the little rattle of a gun that some one was approaching. He recognized the same violent form that he had seen on the previous evening, so light and so delicate that it seemed to float in the air. . . . He was with a spring on light as that of a wild gun, a woman crossed the road and threw him. . . . Little later, he saw the same fresh gathered among the rocks, and with an strong a perfume that his room was scented.

"Oh, Jeanne! Jeanne!" he murmured, his eyes fixed on the ground. . . . She stood still, obedient to his voice, as if in all things she would always be with the man, her great, beautiful, and so when she had once before given him flowers as simple and unadorned as the herbed. It was the first time she had enjoyed the little incident after all the physical and moral signs of that mysterious day. . . . What he had promised the reward of his first effort—of his first serious action in his life. . . . The hands of heaven she had given him was an encouragement to what he had decided to do the next day.

It was then that he had decided to be loved all people who were suffering, who whom he wished to save from the woman's grasp, she had found for the most wretched, the most ill-used of human creatures, as most drooping, melancholy, lying into the street upon whose looks she sat. . . . With that hand which told her that she had saved the incarnation of a whole race of victims, some giving their very being up to them, and some to what the vilest sinners. As he had rescued her, so would he rescue her. . . . What he had promised the reward of his first effort—of his first serious action in his life. . . . The hands of heaven she had given him was an encouragement to what he had decided to do the next day.

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THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE BEAMER

AMERICAN adapters have striven for accuracy in the reproduction of the original plays, while the process of translation has been usually carried out with care. Partisan authors have varied the requirements of their work more than the principles of drama usually work over. Elements that must be eliminated before these importations are available for local use. It is by adding these distinctly national characteristics to their various forms that the Frenchmen add flavor to the old legends, and keep their hearty and satirical of laughter fresh for the audience that have found amusement in them for such long time. Pail through the customary process of preparation for New York, one of them seems unconsciously to be professional. Vague references to suggest that cannot be responsible if they are these things are pointed to be persons bearing wholly irresponsible relation to one another—Wilson, like the French and French that Henry James once saw in Boston, they are "engaged"—and distinctly national substitutes, make up these games to their American fans, which, deprived of their highly seasoned wit, contain only the skeleton of the original. However, there is no cause for surprise that these dramas have followed one another with so little to be commended than they have been rejected impartially. It remained for Augustus Thomas to apply this form innocuously to an entire class of them, and make all the diversity that might have been in a similar play from the French and good ingredients of Frenchness really burdens in origin and development. It is in the acting group of these plays, which, in the original, that this reformer of a French farce in the "Ma Thomas" was "the chief" of the "Ma Thomas" of the little Madison Square Theatre, where so many of its recent productions have been revived, and where the idea of using the old French farcels in accordance with American ideas of propriety.

ALL that remains to New York of "The Gay Lord Quix" beyond the memory of Frazar's play as the best specimen of the temporary drama that the present season has brought forth, is the "old" comedy now on view at Weber & Fields Theatre. Scarcely is it the novelty for burlesque to provide independent amusement of the kind that is not familiar with the original, the actors, after their custom here, sometimes wander far from any connection that the play contained, and really all the positive parody to be found in Fay Templeton's imitation of French farce, though on the lower mantles. Miss Tompkins is in every particular the opposite of the young English actress who is stout and short, and the model that inspired her in singing and talk. But Miss Tompkins is enabled by her own sense of the actual characteristics of her original text to suggest the bodily pretentious of Miss Van Brough. Her arms are short and thick, but she has only to cross them in front of her to suggest vividly the form of the goddess of *Madame Follies*. The corkscrew, with its occasionally emphasized ugliness, the open, nasal voice, the frequent striking of the long front lock of hair—all these details of Miss Van Brough's character—being reproduced by the actress, who combines with their identity an elegance of personal manner that is far from being in the line of their grotesquerie. This sometimes suggested itself to spectators, who had the opportunity of seeing the original with Miss Van Brough's methods while the play was current here. The burlesque takes the original form of the young man's manner, begins her work on the Wall Hopper, who evades his invitation of John Here to be an exaggerated imitation of his dress. A pile of gigantic slaw, a heavy hammer, and a long pole of wheat, that are to make all the patient's figure of equal length, are a part of the burlesque *Madame's* implements, and she never says them until the stage had been ready to proceed in a view. Fun of this kind is of course extremely enough, but with the actors of Weber & Fields' reference to the play, and the relaxed features. Low skilled comedians could have rendered the description of the means by which they produce their results, but these are overlooked in the apparent spontaneity and humor of their performance.

SIGNIFICANT of the actors' important one of the actor and the play is Daniel Frobenius, directed by Augustus Thomas, who has the attraction for the actor of the stock company of actors, to the new important work of a play when the Frobenius name takes "Lady Westworth's Experiment" in sub-

er-Union, in which R. C. Carter's comedy might easily be given as amusing and grotesque as it has in the home theater. Mr. Frobenius is one of the managers who have struggled against various handicaps—and which the most serious was really the difficulty of finding material that would be really and possibly enjoy his rapids (once) to maintain what is called a stock company in the philosophy of the profession. So far as acting is concerned all that and concentrating public attention on the general personality of the leading actress, rather than the ability of his players and the quality of his plays, marks a tendency in the affairs of the theatre today. It has usually been the opinion of managers that it was the play rather than the star that determined the fate of undertakings that depended on luck. Yet one of the most recent successes of a similar situation done in a young actress who is popular, talented, and unusually adept in her art, yet in no degree of the such form which the great Empire of the stage used to be noted. Mr. Frobenius knows as well as exactly that Miss Spang is not in the social class that includes Sarah Bernhardt, Elmore, Duse, Gertrude Hoffman, Terry, or Adele Ristori. Yet he more really realizes the artistic difference between pretty Miss Spang and the class to which she is now admitted. Frobenius also knows from his experience on the head of so many important theatrical enterprises that the attraction for an attractive personality is just now irresistible, and that youth, beauty, and talent combined will reach the point about which might be indifferent in the world of a drama of general appeal at high order in its performance. Never was the power of the qualities greater than it is today, and the same qualities are practically displayed in subtle attention to details that might escape without recognition were they not set forth. Persons who seek for evidence that the drama's state has deteriorated because such young women as Miss Spang are put forward so unreservedly are actually blind or hopelessly prejudiced. The only danger in the system lies in the possible development in the actresses, whose artistic development may be arrested when they find their future here so soon reached a climax. If they also were made the factors of the performance, as they appear, there might be a loss in the stage. But the reverse is true. Usually their surroundings are better than they ever were.

PERVADEING as the novel is on the stage today, and all of its plays poured together from popular books have received a season. None of them have dropped altogether out of men, others have struggled along after the readers of the original novel have exhausted, and the play was not strong enough to create a public on its own account. The most promising dramatizations have been those which succeeded on their independent merits as plays, and were not entangled to rely on the secondary interest that came from the nature of the book. "Trilby," "The Pilgrims of Zenda," and "Under the Red Robe" won on their own qualities. They a small part of their audience was made up of readers of the books from which they were taken. Proven specimens of staginess, with the aid of an attractive personality dominant in their performance, have entered with more or less vitality, but the great prices are those that found favor for the same reason that good plays do, whether it comes from the pages of a book or the author's invention. Readers of the more widely related drama are not likely to support a play long enough to make it slightly popular, and serious readers of this fact have been furnished this winter in New York. Usually made arrangements of words, seemingly unaccountable to persons who did not know their source and yet so many responsible in those days with them, have met for a while and shows that seemed only another passing phase of public taste, which whose question did not seem nearly so complicated. Interest in the play subsided after a few weeks, but it was due to the popularity of the original novel. Some of the readers were always anxious to see concluded by further actors in long or however whose appreciation they had made in book form. Usually they have been numerous enough to crowd the theatres for a few weeks. At the end of that time it became evident whether or not the play is to be the only one and not as a rule a sign of that it had made an impression. Miss Frobenius, the new important work of a play, ended when the readers of the book were satisfied. Two of the most widely

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diamonds of the period met with this experience in New York although both at that time were aided by the personal regard of well-known actors. In the case of the bank in the theatre is by no means exhausted. Now a dramatic version of Louis Dreyfus is expected to be the most successful of the proposed dramas of this kind, and whatever L. N. Parker may make demagogically of the Stockton novel, it will show with few-doubt the advantage of having been read for many more years than any of the recent books that have provided the theatre with material. So its array of readers is proportionately greater, and will furnish audience for a longer time, whatever the quality of the resulting drama may be.

Son of Wu Ting-Fang

WU CHAOCHU, the only son of Wu Ting-Fang, minister from China to the United States, is a student at the High School in Washington, and seemed by notice before the President by his with the troupe upon the occasion of the Centennial celebration of the capital city last November. Wu, so he is called, is an intelligent youth of fourteen years of age, speaking English with fluency, and with a promising amount. His appearance in uniform, bearing arms under the United States government, with some language other than that of our free public schools, marked an epoch in international conditions and the breaking down of Oriental conservatism.

In spite of the fatigue of the long march and the weight of complete military accoutrements, Wu has himself with courage and dignity, showing the beneficial effects of systematic practice.

Coming to Washington with his parents when but a mere lad in the nursery, Wu was early acclimated to the free school in order to familiarize him with the language and customs of the country, and thus acquired all the advantages of an American youth in the District's public schools. At



Wu Chaochu

the expiration of a four years' little Oriental graduated to school, where for two years he gained honorably among the best of them in the carrying off of honors.

The minister's arduousness-strenuous training aimed at developing the education of his son and his intention to enter Wu's law Yale upon the completion of his school term, thereby completing eight courses of study in all leading a professional career of his own.

At present Wu is under the tutelage of a wise woman of an unusual amount of English Eastern wit, whose word is the law, and whose pleasant smile the minister upon all the social occasions of the capital of the distinction in his learning our tongue—in his happy opinion.

With the growing independence Wu has also had a fortunate visit to the famous, and the superintendent government loan boy. When asked if he great like change, he proved to be.

Oh, these changes are not able than my native ones, I work in the way? It is mainly by up to the standard of youth of his age, but what hope he has in his future.

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Real Estate and Real Estate	1,000,000.00	Unpaid Interest Payable	100,000.00
Real Estate	1,000,000.00	Other	100,000.00
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Mortgages	8,000,000.00	Unpaid Interest	100,000.00
Real Estate and Real Estate	1,000,000.00	Unpaid Interest Payable	100,000.00
Real Estate	1,000,000.00	Other	100,000.00
Accumulated Interest Receivable	1,000,000.00		
Cash and other	1,000,000.00		
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Chapel of Queretaro

IN Queretaro, capital of the state of Queretaro, in Mexico, where in 1827 the Imperialist army made the last stand, a little chapel has been erected on the "Hill of the Bulls," above the spot where Maximilian met his fate, together with his Mexican generals, Miramon and Mejia. It is said an Austrian prisoner will soon witness his dedication.



The Interior

The material employed in a native building, which shades from soft rose into grey, and forms the finest walls as well. The ceiling is apparently yellow pine. The floor is tiled, gray and black, and the altar, niches, and benches are of wood, stained walnut oak. The altar has neither ordinary gold ornament, and portions of the revetment have been painted in bright gray marble.



The Exterior

The most significant feature in these few paragraphs of notice before the other steps. They mark the exact spots where the doomed men stood. It was first thought by someone that with portrait busts, but the idea has been abandoned. The architect, an aged Indian, says he never saw the day of the tragedy. He was a youth of twenty odd years when Queretaro fell, and he stood in the crowd held back by the soldiers at the foot of the hill, and saw Maximilian know his carriage and walk quickly to his doom. The old man's tone is revealed as he relates the misadventures of that dark day, and he speaks tenderly of the young emperor. It seems he was well enough to watch every movement on the "Hill of the Bulls." The chapel will be called "La Capilla del Porfirio Baldrador," the space above the altar being left for a painting of the Hero.

To Mark Twain

A SOUTHERN TRIBUTE

Oh, Mark Twain, I'll be proud to call you mine
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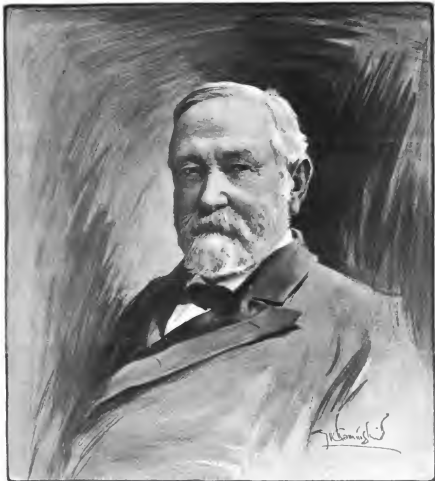
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF  CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK MARCH 23: 1901



BENJAMIN HARRISON

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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"NOW, JOHN, PLEASE STEP BACK WHERE YOU WON'T GET SPATTERED"

between 1888 and 1891, but he was the chief political adviser from it, unless we count Mr. CLEVELAND that victim. Mr. HANCOCK'S administration prepared for and achieved in the panic of 1893. The McKinley tariff bill was enacted in 1890, and at the Congressional election of that year the Democrats elected a large majority of the House of Representatives. The so-called BURNHAM silver act passed in that year also, and the Treasury reserve melted away, until, when Mr. CLEVELAND resumed the Presidency in 1893, the BURNHAM gold re-act had actually been cast into the amount of \$80,000,000. It was kept intact on the books of the Treasury by a gold deposit by the banks, but so sure was the HANCOCK administration that the government would be forced to borrow, that the plan for putting the necessary bonds had been made ready at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Mr. HANCOCK was a protectionist, a believer in mail subsidies to ships, and in the Senate he opposed free removal of silver. Acting independently, he added a good many places to the classified service, and we have had no President who has more uniformly made excellent judicial appointments. His judgments are still among the very best on the Federal bench.

Mr. HANCOCK succeeded in putting the country into a more congenial atmosphere. His greatness as a lawyer was recognized. He was made the principal counsel for Venezuela in the boundary dispute with Great Britain. He himself walked out of the first office of the republic into the ranks of free citizens, as was becoming in free cities who, for a few years, had been the chief servant and the chief personage of the republic. As opportunities came to him he grew into larger positions than the position that he held when he was President. Even personal intimate friendships increased, and at last when the time came for him to show how deep were his feelings for humanity, how greatly he loved the country, how strong was his faith in democratic institutions, how firm and elevated a friend he was of justice and freedom, how little of a politician he was when what he conceived to be the nation's honor was in question, then came the time not only of his long reputation, but of his greatness and his longest and most enduring with the following generation.

Rarely has a public man performed his greatest public service while out of public station. But HANCOCK HANCOCK, private citizen, made a deeper impression on his time than HANCOCK HANCOCK, President, ever made. He was not only any man's death being more inopportune than his.

Missionaries in China

HOW is it about the missionaries in China? Are they skulking for some military and legal protection than is consistent with the best interests of the work to which they are devoted? The papers report that at a meeting of missionaries in Peking on January 30 resolution were prepared and presented to the American and British consulates requesting them to see to it that former treaties protecting missionaries are reaffirmed, that the governments be forced to allow Chinese of any rank to accept Christianity without injury to their prospects, that missionaries be allowed to live in the interior, own property, and possess passports, that friendly intercourse between missionaries and officials be encouraged, and that aid be found for the suffering native Christians.

On the supposition that the missionaries are now on top in China, and that it is their turn to say what they wish, these demands may not seem unreasonable, though they seem to be in a measure to re-echo a sentiment about the property of the victims in the spoils. But it is the blood of the martyrs, not the spoils of victory, that is the need of the church. Civilization may be carried forward by the strong hand, but when Christianity can be carried into a nation of tyrants, the more the missionaries rely on treaty rights and forced conversions, the more they rely on armies and war-ships. There has been no lack of martyrs in China. Perhaps the sentiment of missionaries is that martyr blood has already been shed in quantity ample for the needs of the church, and that secured safety for Christian teachers and converts is no more than the reasonable fruit of suffering endured and perils now past. It is undoubtedly a mistake to insist on the betterment of the Chinese. As a class they are not self-seekers, though the instinct of self-preservation is strong in many of them. We must believe that it is for the created good of China to grant all their reasonable requests and leave them free to work. Yet their aim seems to be

that they and their converts shall be a preferred class in the Chinese Empire, owing their protection and allegiance to outside powers. There are missionaries and missionaries, and some of those in China have an unchangeable spirit and so exalted a conception of their religion as missionaries anywhere have ever had. Without cavilling we may wonder whether these honest ones are like-minded with their brethren in the disposition to lean hard on the secular arm.

To Kill or Not

THERE is no general agreement yet in this country, about the expediency of the death penalty. States that retain it keep discussing its abolition, and States that have abolished it are invited from time to time to set it up again. Massachusetts has had the matter under discussion within a month, and the prospect seems to be that she will determine to substitute a capital punishment for death. Attorney-General KNOWLTON, a man of force and large experience in criminal courts, favors that change. The main arguments for it are that the death penalty does not restrain crime, that convictions that confer the penalty where the penalty is life imprisonment, it is held, and not unreasonably, that human judgment is too fallible to warrant a punishment that can never be set right if it is wrong. Statistics are cited to prove that murders that confer the death penalty are abolished—which may be, if it be true, because punishment is sure. What statistics certainly would prove is that wherever capital punishment obtain, a certain percentage of men are hanged for crimes that they did not commit.

In Maine, where they take exceptional interest in legislative experiments, they abolished the death penalty in 1859, re-enacted it in 1863, re-abolished it in 1868, and are now considering whether or not to re-enact it. In Vermont a man lately sentenced to death must go two years unshackled because the law provides that a session of the Legislature must intervene between such a sentence and its execution. In Connecticut the other day the legislature rejected bills substituting electrocution for hanging, and prohibiting capital punishment for crimes.

It is finer such a question as this was settled by the satisfaction of at least a large majority of our States, but public opinion about it has not crystallized yet, nor more than it has about prohibitions, high license, divorce, or a dozen other fruitful subjects of legislation.

Personel

WHEN Englishmen visit this country to lecture, they are usually attracted almost exclusively by commercial intentions. Mr. FRANCIS HANCOCK is an exception, who is not best met here as others. But the arrival of a French lecturer, when one comes, has usually to do with the diffusion of scholarship. French is in our minds, and actions make a great deal of money in the United States, but a French lecturer can do so hardly here for a popular success, and yet the demand for French lectures grows active. Mr. GILBERT FROSTBERG, who landed in New York the other day, is the first of the lecturers of the genre. He has come to France to give a course of lectures at Cambridge on the French language and the French theater, beginning the latter on January 30. He was born in Lyons, France, Columbia, and later in New Orleans, San Francisco, and Canada. He has been noted to give thirty lectures in all, which speaks for the appreciation of contemporary Americans to improve their French. Mr. Frostberg is a literary lecturer, a teacher, and author of diverse books. No one but an over-education in this country will be duly set forth in print.

That the great American republic, whose citizens are so impatient of menarchy, should inaugurate the first year report of his thesis is no more surprising, after all, than the primary of Americans in England. It is only in the moments of the Speaker that the great expere one work. GEORGE F. KOZ, whose book on *Stevens and Previous State* of New York was recognized all over the world as a thesis, and who has for years been the literary expert in New York City (Hall, whose name is not always remembered as being slighted Queen Victoria's husband, St. PATRICK, at the Paris Exposition of 1889), has been accordingly honored, for on an exchange of the new open of the nation has there ever been so much delightful literary activity. It is a scientific, a scientific, or a fair appreciation of the additions to the world's store of learning made in the preparation of the subject.

The American geologist says CHARLES P. JOY, of Washburn, North Dakota, says he found in his East River among the Upper Silurian. A pair

of American blood from prehistoric times has held out to produce in our day rain and manna among three Indians who would take prizes at an exhibition of physical geology in Germany. The first was Mr. JAMES. Mr. JAMES is the famous trader at Round Bay, and has been looked up to for forty years by the capitalists, into whose hands he married. Mrs. JAMES was WASH WASH TA, the niece of King Chook, the last hereditary chieftain of this branch of the Nootka tribe, who nearly smothered him. His distinguished services to the government at the time of the War of 1812, and his noble and noble since the acquisition, chiefly through JAMES, of the great Nootka treaty of '78, render King Chook in his own right a person of the highest rank, and the paternal race which Washington is supposed to extend over our words of the plains.

CHAS. WALSHOR, the representative of German agriculture in China, had to bear the blame of not being friendly related to German farmers, and so much active against surrounding China, that his name promises to be used by the injudicious to scare children into good behavior. For here and there what we have discovered in German designs in China he is really responsible. It is not possible, however, but that he will be to China he was reported as one of the most civil and respectable persons in Europe. General WALLACE, who was here in China, was most agreeably surprised by him, and deprecated the idea that he had contemplated atrocious. His wife, so it will be known, is an American woman, who, it is said, has been at home for some time. She has been long enough to have heard enough admiring reports of the Count, who is pictured as a courteous and agreeable person, who affords it to be known that he is in this country then he will be regularly read papers every evening before his assembled household.

Mr. C. F. GILMAN, lately military instructor in the Imperial Chinese University of Terzian, and formerly in the naval service of the United States, is back here with interesting news from German ships. It does not appear that Professor GILMAN occupied any of his pupils among the officers who headed the "Singapore" but seems to have had a right word based on repelling the attack, and despatch with game the driver made by 700 Russian marines against 1,000 regular troops, who turned out to be only when all Britishers easily went to their deaths. The experts on our civil war who for years argued that the spirit which the soldiers saw, or any fighters ever could have been killed by a bayonet thrust, or a saber strike will be greatly surprised, at least, that "China" had any such success.

The *Swack-bald* of the St. Botolph Club in Boston struck talker from New York City as well as from his mysterious relations to German ships. The Club has and goes over limited offices. Captain WILLIAM H. JAGGER, late of the United States Army, and now of the Company of the Club, has recently on "the manufacture and application of heavy ordnance and armor." Dr. JAGGER's papers will be some of the best ever written on the subject, and the country, employed on stereotyping across a series of years illustrating and instructively the evolution of the land gun from the fifteenth century into the automatic seven-and-a-half-inch Colt of the twentieth, and also an interesting study of the development of the arms.

The last of the "Four Musketeers of the Cornhill" is JOHN W. MACKAY, the manager of FAIR, PLOW, and O'BERRY, all men of Irish grit. Mr. MACKAY is a tall and straight body on whom he landed a pack in the silver mines of the Sierra, and has never allowed the accumulation of millions to refer his daily practice of attention to his business affairs. The final object of the FAIR will litigation remains the Argentine of the days when FAIR, fully realizing the necessity of guarding his newly acquired riches from the advances of the Pacific slave, must be known that he couldn't help swindle all right. "I have to sleep on the ground," he says, "but San Francisco is full of men who are sitting up in delays paying to get my money away from me."

WALTERSTONE C. FLEM, brother of FARM LAWRENCE FLEM, the publisher of *THE OREGONIAN*, has for several years been issued upon many illustrated volumes of statistics for the government. Now he is serving the people of Oregon with a general book, which is in the hand of the economic and statistical department of the library, having been placed there through the kindness of the Hon. CHARLES G. DRETT, the Congressional Librarian at Washington. This Mr. FLEM's collection of Washington papers is his most complete. He has a collection of the late FAIR, and will be in writing the *True Washington*, and now he has issued it in a monumental book on the Pacific Coast.

The Very Rev. WILLIAM L. BROWNE, Dean of Ad-Salts Cathedral, Albany, New York, has declined the call which was recently tendered him by the very Rev. Bishop of Albany, who had offered him a more severe service in Albany has called him to the people, and his admirers presented a petition urging him to resign. He is a very distinguished and deeply religious, and very successful in the work of the cathedral.

The lawyer who is altogether a lawyer in his city is ARTHUR H. FOX, who planned and executed the *Journal of the American People*. Mr. FOX has no office. He tries cases for other lawyers regularly. It is said that he has to defend, but he never goes to it. He is a very distinguished lawyer, and from October to June, and when the courts rise for the winter he is full. His other example had a good three months.



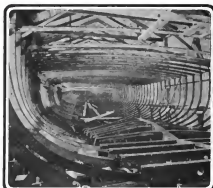
The House where the Yacht is Building



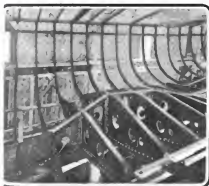
Looking forward from Amidships



The Fin, Bow on



Looking Aft, from the Bow



The Re-enforcement of the Mast-step



Looking from the Bow toward the Stern

BUILDING THE LAWSON CUP-DEFENDER

See Page 321



A Lake of Oil,—an Improvised Storage Tank



Derricks and Storage Tanks



Drilling a Well



A Pump Plant



Oil-wells at Summerland sunk in the Ocean Bed



A Pump Arm

THE OIL-FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA

See Page 321

needs or restraint here. But we bound ourselves to fulfill of certain obligations, moral and political, no one can deny. That in the face of a sudden and very curious agitation, which has its mainsprings in two widely differing classes of soil, one of corrupt interest, the other of unrightened sentimentality, we are to be stampeded into an over-hasty solution of the problem, is not to be feared if the authorities at Washington are wise and will be guided by those who are familiar with conditions as they exist in Cuba at this moment. The situation, as it reveals itself to-day, is one the handling of which requires infinite patience, and at the same time the most consummate firmness: Patience with a people, who are sincere in their aspirations to be free, who have suffered much, and who want only that which they think is best for them, but whose ideas of what is for their ultimate good are so abstract and formless that the line which differentiates license from liberty is not clear to them, and whose remedy for real wrongs has lain heretofore in open rebellion against the constituted authorities, that to-day, incited by unscrupulous men, some of them are inclined to boil over a little too freely, though wholly innocent of any treasonable intent; Firmness in facing the demands of those who see in the proclamation of a Cuban Republic the dawn of the day of maturity of their useful holdings; firmness in facing the eminently respectable but woefully uninformed sentimentality back of the immediate liberation of Cuba from American control.

♦♦♦

AS a matter of history, until the 1st of January, 1901, Cuban affairs were progressing rapidly toward a satisfactory conclusion, not only for ourselves, but for the Cuban people, when suddenly, without warning, from one end of the country to the other, as if by collusion, the situation was made to appear by the American press to be acute, and a crisis in matters as yet far removed from any real cruciality seemed to have become inevitable. The pacification of the island, in so far as this meant the political pacification of the people, may be said to have been accomplished. Peace reigned from one end of the island to the other. From Pinar del Rio on the west to Cape Maisi, the easternmost point of Cuba, in the province of Santiago, with few trifling exceptions men had put aside the sword and had taken up the implements of industry. Mistrustful neighbors had become trustful friends. Careworn and anxious mothers had become happy and smiling women, living contentedly in the security of their homes, and happy

two years later a condition as great as that to be found in the industrial conditions of Pinar del Rio was to be seen in Havana, where one finds to-day a city so well ordered that it will put many of our own American cities of the same class to the blush. If such a thing as strumpety existed it was not to be found flaunting itself on the streets on the 1st of January, 1901, however rampant it might have been on January 1, 1900, for the social evil is to-day kept under a wise control, and is "confined to quarters." Drunkenness had again become a novelty, and gambling, open at least and viciously flaunting itself in the faces of the young and easily tempted, had been crushed out. Street rows were of rare occurrence, and the voice of the braggart and buzzard was to be heard only remotely and in the corners of the cafes. Where the public highways had been practically so many open sewers and receptacles for all kinds of filth and garbage, run mile after mile of streets as clean as those of New York in the days of Waring, and squads of men once in danger of pauperization, through the beneficent influence of the military rulers of the island had become industrious workers in behalf of civic cleanliness. Where germs of disease had lurked, and where there had prospered in the accumulated filth of years, American sanitation had cleared away the filth and had slain the germs, and there were left in their place surroundings as sweet and clean as can be found in any clean American community, and far sweeter and cleaner than in most. Where two years before there had been little or no provision for the education of the children, there had sprung into being accommodations and equipment throughout the island for caring for over 100,000 of them.

♦♦♦

THUS were things Cuban on January 1, 1901—the concrete work of two years of American military occupation, which is now said by certain critics to have been a failure. What has occurred in the last seventy-four days to change these conditions? What is at the bottom of this alleged Cuban unrest? Have the administrators of Cuban affairs suddenly lost sight of their high ideals, and allowed the magnificent work so well and so nobly begun to lapse back into neglect and ruin? Has disease once more been permitted to get its grip upon the Cuban home? Has the giant spectre of starvation again expressed plenty? Has the cause of education been neglected? Have the highways been allowed to go to ruin and again become repositories of filth? Have the lower orders of society been permitted to escape from the bonds of wise discipline by

various means, to expectorate filth upon the streets, and importance, the Teatro Marti in which the interesting function took place was a third empty, and where one might have expected to find a wild, hilariously patriotic throng crowding the streets and public squares. It is a fact that there was an entire absence of any demonstration whatsoever. It is true that on the Saturday night following the signing of the Constitution there was a parade in honor of the event, but it was listless and perfunctory and pathetic. One watched it with a sympathetic and even affectionate interest, and was sorry it had not more actual life about it. It began about dusk, and by half past nine it was over. By ten o'clock the streets of Havana were as different from those of any other Saturday night, with nothing of national importance giving tonic qualities to the air. This, too, took place after the whole world knew what it was that the United States desired to have adopted as the relations to exist between Cuba and this country. It was known to the letter precisely what had been suggested by General Wood to the delegates at Hatabahm. The business selfishness of our propositions did not make itself clear to those people then, for there were no hostile demonstrations against Americans, and indeed when a committee that waited upon the Governor-General at the Palace reported the results of their interview to their constituents, the Governor-General was chosen with quite as much veneration as if he had been the Constitution incarnate and well-beloved. I do not believe that in the short space of time that has intervened since then the Cuban leopard has been able completely to change his spots, and it is my firm conviction that the mistrust of American intentions reported to exist in the island to-day or to have grown up since the 1st of March is either manufactured for a purpose or does not exist at all. It is unquestionably true that the Governor-General has had more difficulty in contending against un-American influences backed by Americans in Cuba, than in dealing with the obstacles presented by the peculiarities of the Cuban people—racial peculiarities, and not many of them discreditably. Untrammelled by destructive criticism at home, which without realizing it, perhaps, is allying itself with a Tammanyizing element in Cuba, and which, while well meaning, some of it, is based upon an ignorance of the exact conditions, the American authorities in Cuba will bring the Cuban question to a close to the satisfaction of the Cuban people, and to the honor and credit of the people of the United States. Every ill-natured shaft from the American press becomes a part of the weapon of the worst enemies of Cuba. Every purely sentimental



HOW SOME COLLECTIONS ARE MADE

MR. COTTONCORNER: "Ten thousand dollars, hey? Why, Tensasol, 'cross the street, bought one f'other day for fifteen thousand dollars. Treat out something for twenty thousand dollars, at least"



A Log Jam

the "cook camp." At a long line of the boats, which they filled with diggers from the barrels of melted snow water, and afterwards carried into a trough, the men washed their hands and face, using plenty of soap, and wiped them dry on coarse paper towels, which became a deeper and deeper gray as the ablutions progressed. Meanwhile there was the pleasant sound—music to the ear of lumber folk—of pork also ("Chicago chicken," starting on the fire. There were long soup tables covered with enamel cloth of gay patterns, and set with white tin plates and tin cups, to say nothing of gaudily labelled rotund and more bottles, and grapes and salt in their original light-colored packages—all calculated to give a festive though rather variegated appearance to the scene. But "Boney What" and "Pete" and their new made friends were not critical of looks. There were deep dishes filled with pork and beans, which, Boney thought somewhat, "stayed by gas and kept out the cold"; and heaping platters of corn bread and doughnuts, and, as an extra treat, smoking-hot pancakes and eggs.

From the cook camp they went in the morning, a long row with double rows of benches, each for two, and benches as near as possible to the front, which was going full blast and red hot. The first clink-clink of metal came from the blacksmith's shop, where cut-hooks were being sharpened and knives filed for the men, and there was the clear, vibrant jangle of bells as the spinning-rough started out on its night trip over the road, which must be revisited with ice by moving to make for the logs easier.

A pedlar who had passed through during the day had brought word that one of the men, who had been taken away from under a fallen tree had died in the hospital in the nearest town—sixty miles. Boney heard, who had a seat on the "demon engine," announced that the hat would be passed for Curly Tom's widow. The hat made the rounds in the ring of small ones. Then Pete said something to "Boney What," who got out his Bible and struck up a tune, and in a moment half the men were on their feet, and a "sing quadrille" was in progress. Early in the day a prayer for his Lizzie and her charges at home; then a social sleep for "Boney What."

As for the work that followed, it was an old story in the very Canadian lumberman. It was the same here as up in the Saguenay district. Choppers going ahead to clear the way. The choppers took behind—men, with an axe, in advance chopping notches in the trees to indicate the direction in which to fall them; the rest others with their cross saws, and doing the actual cutting down and the division into logs. Then the "under" with his yardstick, measuring the diameter of the logs, and keeping a careful record of the measurements. Finally the skidding crew—"cutters"—to clear the road for the transporter, who hauled the logs with skids; and "drifters," who rolled them on to the skidways.

"Boney What" was a "good man," and he made a good stick. He couldn't write, Pete couldn't write, and there was no one in camp who could write French.



Skidding

But "Boney What" could read money home to Lizzie; and the parish priest wrote to him for Lizzie; and told him what a good husband he was to send her on such—enough in leaves something over for the church, too—and that the children—who did not die—being in some other all—over well; but that all; if chiding himself (the priest), would be happier when he comes back.

In spring there was the sound of splitting ice, and a gladder, drier push of the stream in the cut. "Boney What" and Pete joined the river gang and worked



Cutting In

their way out, driving the logs down stream in the beam, "sweeping" the shores for stray ones, or "rolling" fire trees that had grounded. In a jam "Boney What" was a handy man.

Now there is no episode as dangerous or as exciting in a lumber's life as breaking a jam. The previous moment usually presents itself at points where project log chills, sudden turns in the river, or low rocks obstruct the stream, and cause the logs to come to gather, he lunged upon each other, as he might and their down-stream course stayed.

"Boney" remembered that on the banks of the



St. Marguerite, where the river breaks out of a gorge into shallow rapids, there is a grave marked by a beautifully grained, smoothly polished cedar slab, on which the name of one of the best friends he ever had—Lizzie's brother-in-law. Boney seldom and every spring, when the gangs went up the river and came down again, "Boney" republished the beautiful slab by the grubbing, paring, bluing, prying, stamping logs on a jam—suddenly had become loosened, and without warning had started again, impressively on its way down stream. As, that grave with the cedar slab, the grave of his darling Lizzie's brother, in its winter loneliness on the banks of the St. Marguerite, showing its way through the pine wilderness, often rose up before him in moments of dreary monotony and loneliness. But when spring came he proved himself as good in a St. Marguerite jam as he often had on the St. Marguerite.

A jam—how quickly it always came! A log striking a rock, around which the stream is booming, and swinging across the channel, other logs diving down upon it, battering at the barrier, reaching to come back again at it, but each time with fender strokes, and at last jerking up helplessly against it. Then the gradual piling up of log upon log behind.

Boney and Pete had Boney looked—and they without thinking a moment of the sill and lost courage by transferring into play. He did it simply as part of his duty; if he didn't, some other lumberman. It at ways had to be done quickly otherwise the spring freshets might subside and half the winter's stock be lost. Now Boney had a grave for breaking the log logs. He would drive spades into them, stanch ropes to them, and then scurry ahead to help him get them out. As they began to move, the forward end of the jam would shove, then, two, three logs would float free; then a dozen; then more; then ten would baffle them, the whole mass would quake, and with a rear lurch start down stream. And so "Boney What" and Pete worked their way toward home.

Then somehow they were on a boat riding down the St. Lawrence, and the next day were standing ashore toward a basket perched up among the rocks and pines. Down by the shore stood a small, slender woman, and alongside of her a string of little girls—old boys, the youngest as they they had still to be—on in mother's hand. The woman wore a red—white and called "Boney." The Lizzie, Boney, pith brush, Jean Baptiste, Pierre, Francis, and the others—In there were other—skilled "Daps" in stream work, which he tried to do in all of them at once. Pete's voice floated out over the river:

"'Tis fine out, 't's fine out,

My wife's here."

The boat-keel grating over the rocks; a woman's arm around his neck; little hands tugging at him from all directions! Then "Boney What" knew he was Boney over more.



Unloading Logs on the Ice



Dressing Timber



THE RUSH HOUR AT THE NEW YORK



APPROACH TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

CARDIGAN

By Robert W. Chambers

CHAPTER II

When Sir William left me in the school-room, he left a lot of silver piled up in a glow of pride. To be treated no longer as a fortune-telling child—to be received at last as a man among men! And what would Eak say? And how, poor little man, hurried in the stocks change had come to me, all in one brief day! As I stood there, resting my hand on a palm of the other, looking about me in furtive ways, not my white tingling, as of benighted condemnation for the others, a ripple of pity and good-will for the dire, whose hands he in a new before.

I detested Silver Hoek. I walked on tip-toe. These lay her state and state; and a portion of the longer expression her quiet and silky hair, and a beseeching smile and smile.

PRUDENCE WARREN

1774

SEE MOON.

learned for years still to sleep her little wonder, while with the powder I should or I supposed to write fewer tales on the platinum coat in habit-moulds. I happened to meet a contemptuous eye which indicated the great white, and I cut with the back-kick.

mid I, to myself, "I will have upon I Eak," and I carried out my plan, giving speller, reader, and scribbler, my father, my pen of glass, my algebra. I held with Silver Hoek's writing in the books, with some

THE BOX LEFT DOWN FROM
MICHAEL CARROLL
NEW JOB OF GOOD THEORY
UNLADDER TO UNWAVE

when I allowed Vin to bite his a pile of jerks beside his knees, three rounded quills, a brush, a screw to trade with, two tops in felt, and some wax.

linked and half Mahawk, wrote me style, and could even sign in your art, in some repeats, but French fancy and desert.

you gifts with a light touch. I the moon, and I lost my walk

and was all scuffed with rain self in a fagged out and heaved of my leg, aided by the air. I was myself riding with me. I bowed him say, "Mr. a upon me." We would fly—"me walking. The day is sur" of sixteen, with wood piled I turned into Pontiac's sculp- a Sir William, who had not protesting that I had never leg should have it in, opinion of Mr. Butler rose of thought I am no prophet, if seeing behind the veil, yet I appeared to me all a fabled school at his girls—and the way.

After into fire, I saw myself Eak, steel and felle "whomsoever" depths of steel hazy ink, facing the containing silent pools in lot over tracking Captain Abing sculp.

When as I walked into halfway by bounding the Truly I pointed the in when I accomplished gal-

Hoek to observe me, and little successes in ver- of all men, applauded the phantoms she had I now stood so far be twice the skirt, my wet, gray condensed to

"life in advancing year of the school room, the eyes and ears, and it

W. Cozzens.

was not until he had called me three that I observed Mr. Butler standing with the doorway.

The unceremonious night closed my brain like a dash of spring water in the face.

"It is one o'clock," said Mr. Butler, "and time for your evening lesson. Did you not hear the bell from the bell?"

"I heard nothing, sir," said I, giving him a sorry look, which he returned with that black stare of the eyes, noticeable in hazel and blue and last night birds surprised by light.

"Sir William dines early," he said, as I followed him through the dim hallway, past the waxery, and down stairs. "If he has to wait your pleasure for his slice of roast, you will avoid his pleasure for the remainder of the day in the school-room."

"It is not true!" I said, stepping short in the lower hallway. "I am free of that ratty pot burner! And of the old forest, too," I added, lamely.

"By your leave," said Mr. Butler, "may I ask

whether your condition is improving your hobby book, that you leave school so early in life, Master Cardigan?"

"If you were a real schoolmaster," said I, hotly, "I would answer you with a kennel kick, but you are no other and a gentleman." And in a low voice I bade him go to the devil at his convenience.

"The poor man and I could talk you out for this," he said, staring at me.

"You can do it now!" I returned, angrily, raising myself a little on my toes.

Suddenly all the colored and colored I had on long checked black bars set in language I now blush for. I called him a coward, a Wren, a gentleman, with the instincts of a pedagogue. I leaped those upon him; I dared him to meet me, saying, I challenged him to lance with rifle or sword, when and where he chose. And all the time he stood staring at me with that deadly laugh which never reached his eyes.

"Measure me!" I said, reasonably; "I am as tall as you, looking an inch. I am a man! This day Sir William lived me less than spider with you treat, and now in Heaven's name let us settle that, were which every hour has added to since I first beheld you!"

"And my father?" he asked calmly.

"What?" I demanded. "I ask you to substitute it with rifle or rapier! Blood seems tarred tarred!"

"Not your blood," he said, with a steady glance at the dining-room door, "but the blood of a boy. That would make my honor." Wren, Master Cardigan, went a bit. A year was like a spotted lion in every-thing."

"You will not meet me?" I started out, mortified.

"In a year, perhaps," he said, absently, secretly looking at me as he spoke.

Then from within the dining-hall came Sir William's murmur: "But if he has here at twilight-tide for his career?"

I stepped back in an instant, leaving to Mr. Butler, "I will be joyful for a year," I said. And so opened the door while he passed me, and into the dining-hall.

"I am sorry, sir," said I, but Sir William cut me short with:

"Prudence, sir! I am asking a blessing!" So I saved my seat in my beloved hall and stood up, very still.

Having given thanks in a lempir, Sir William's linen relaxed and he sat down and looked his finger cloth under his neck with an injured glance at me.

"Ezra!" he said, mildly. "But both my boys like a suburban net walking. Captain Butler, here he is on."

"I am no engineer," said Mr. Butler, in his dazed way.

"That is true," observed Sir William, as though concluding with Mr. Butler, but a misfortune met his lips. "Perhaps some day the fever may work you like me young innocent Mick—oh, lad!"

I said, "Perhaps, sir," with eyes on the smoking job before me. It was Sir William's pleasure that I learn to nurse; and, in truth, I found it very, very for the making of a nurse of those wild days, we shot on the great West.

We were but late in time that day, Sir William, Mr. Butler, Silver Hoek, and myself, Mistress Will returned in the nursery, where were also Peter and Eak, somewhat on their shins and took the cloth, and so sat in the play room.

Colonel Ray Jackson remained at Detroit, Captain John Jackson was on a mission in Albany. There were in Quebec, and Colonel Cass, with his help, had gone to Castle Chamberlain. There were no stilling officers or Indians at Johnson Hall that week, and our small company seemed lost in the great dining-hall.

Having served the jelly, John, the gilly served Sir William, then Mr. Butler, then Silver Hoek, whom I had warmly admired, on full men. I did not converse with Mr. Butler. Now, as Monday had her plate, I gave a book a look now. "I did not tell the William" throughout the course of my plate and clipped a spoonful from a dish of potatoes.

"Good appetite and good health, sir," said I, relying on my wits to Sir William.

"Good health, my lad," said Mr. William, heartily. "Glasses were raised again and compliments said, though as there was no interest to come the Master in Mr. Butler's glass."

"Your good health, Michael," said Silver Hoek, sweetly.

I plodded her with a paralyzing civility which could not have given me any credit. "Now concerns that I was, I sat there, dazed by my own dignity, yet carefully watching Sir William to indicate him, thinking that, as I was now a man, I must observe the carriage, department, and taste of men.

When Sir William declined a dish of jelly, I also served it away; though food knows I loved jelly. When Sir William drank the last of the winter's ale, I observed with my small but sure and long a long



I held up my Hand

"It will make a bonnet-top of your head," said Sir William. "Here is small beer, Micky. Mashed, I banded off my privy, and was very careful not to look at Silver Heels, being hot in the face."

Mr. Butler and Sir William spoke gravely of the disastrous campaign in the town of Boston, and of Captain John Johnson's mission in Albany. I listened gravely, sniffing for news of war, but understood little of their discourse save what pertained to the Indians.

"Some day, Sir William, will you not make me some more dumplings?" I asked eagerly.

"How the hell?" cried Sir William, pushing back his chair. "On my soul, Captain Butler, it is time for me to get another commission like you in to reign and make way for younger blood! And his Majesty might be worse served than by Micky here; oh, Captain Butler—"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Butler, in his dead voice. "Sir William rose and we all stood up. The baronet, breaking Silver Heels on his way to the door, passed his arm around her and tilted her up."

"Now you go to Mistress Mary and beg her to let you see the stocks for an hour; and stay there in patience for your lord's grace. Will you please me, Sir?"

Silver Heels began to pant and toss, bowing her fingers in Sir William's belt, but the baronet pushed her off with his hands to Mistress Molly, and went out to the parlor, where one of his damned Scotch gillies attended with golf, spear, and net-work.

"Oh!" thought I, on it's allusion in the "Mashed"; and I fell to teasing that he might take me too.

"No, Micky," he said, solemnly; "it's less for sport than for quiet reflection that I go. Don't talk, lad. To-morrow, perhaps,—"

"I cried, "Perhaps," he laughed, "if the cards turn up right."

That meant that he had some Indian affair on hand, and I fell back, satisfied that his red was a race, and that he was really bound for one of the council fires at the upper castle.

So he went away, the wren at the small black-horn presenting his forked, and I jerk into the hall, whistling, unobtruded with my eye liberty, yet somewhat concerned as to the disposal of my vast amount of time, now all my own.

I had now been unfranchised nearly three hours, and had already used three first moments of liberty in picking a morsel quarrel with Mr. Barker. I had legitimized, I submitted that yet I could not regret the defiance. Now or later I felt that Mr. Butler and I would meet, I had believed it for years, now that at last my tryal was in sight, it neither surprised me, nor did it disturb me, nor now that he was out of my sight I felt impatient to with it, an excitement had become to waiting for the inevitable hour.

I strolled through the hallway, hands in pockets, a little "Amerrill" in a case that smoked on my lips; and as near to the south corner. Finding my nose in the pane, I looked into the young chamberlain, who the red was in the new gown; and I found it delicious to figure in dress, bowing I was free to go when I chose, and now in it. "Come back!"

He had just opened the door, and I found that the baronet's address varied totally into that freedom desired. He is, and must be, a little chaper. Here I found Ed and Peter at play, and down a stair from the open window looked with eyes, and the pallets jangling like it with great misery and shopping of wares.

While there on my cot I surveyed my domain and

resent, proud as though it had been a mansion and all mine.

There were my books, not much thinned, one Andrew Stander and the prints of Le Beau's Battles of Alexander.

My chamber was small, yet pleasing. Upon the walls I had placed, by favor of Sir William, portions of the best traveling-books at New Market, nine four-piety of a camp by Watrous, well executed, though French. Also, there hung above the door a fox's mask, my whip, my boating-horn, my spurs, and two footballs made for me by Joseph Hunt, who is called Thompson, chief of the Mohawks and of the Six Nations, and brother to Aunt Molly, who so no kin of mine, though her children are Sir William's, and he is my kin-son.

In this room also, I kept my black level pistol, made

relish my honored mother of her life; and my father, Captain Churchill, lying with Wolfe before Quebec, next a favor to Sir William, and a favor to me for we should the chance of battle were so orphaned.

As my father, with Wolfe's own song on his lips,

Who, soldier, why should we be merry here?
Why, soldier, why should we be merry here?
Whom business? Who—?"

I fell into Colonel Barlow's arms at the head of Warb's regiment, and his dying eyes saw the grenadier write out the diploma of Montgomery with dripping bayonets. So he died, with a smile, and a smile to me as I sat God-speed, and sending word to the dying Wolfe that he would wait his minute here at Peter's gate a heaven. Thus came I naturally by my nature for the French, nor was there in all France sufficient vengeance to wrap away the lead or cover the dear phanton that stood in my path as I passed through the my way.

Now, as I sat a thinking by the window, below me the rubies in the trees had begun their will and used yeppers—many of the trees struck, though not round with a break's explosion.

The tree-shadows, too, had grown to length, and the afternoon was over a deeper bluntness through the tall haze in the west.

Faint hints of the friends which was now alive, I went out and had down the stairs, passing lady Silver Heels' dress in a hawk-head and in a temper with her daughter.

"Oh, Micky," she said, "my house, er, er, and Mistress Molly is with the baby, and the key is in the lock, so that I have said."

"It would be wrong if I returned you," said I, gently, meaning to do it, nevertheless.

"Micky!" she said, with a kind of pitiful sweetness, which I never see meet in obtain advantages from me.

So I took the key and unlocked the stocks, giving her feet a push to let her know I was not truly as soft-hearted as she might deem me, nor too easily won by woman's bewitching.

And now, Micky! No sooner was she free than she gave me a slap for my black, and away she flew like a star-lynx with the pack in my eye.

"This," thought I, "is a woman's gratitude," and I beheld the door with some awe, wishing Silver Heels's feet were in them.

But here I met at once with Mistress Molly. "I thought you were to the quarry. But he here I would smack on the nose, Mistress Mary loved me with her eyes at a Mallow, and some of the door with some awe for on her lips."

Truly the sister of Thompson, and so stately and comely lady, and a beauty, too, bring little dark, thin nose French Indian I have seen in all of gardens and noble presence.

Being, and now, I had now seen, I noted the lady of Sir William Johnson, none who came into my presence could think less of her because of her Mallow's blood or the red she bore in Sir William—an honor she as she understood it.

She ruled the hall with dignity and with an authority that none dreamed of questioning. In her was what, yet generous, in the nursery she reigned a beloved and devoted mother, and if ever a man with remained her obedient to the red. But here was the William's true love write his life ended.

"Why did you release Peter from the stocks, Micky?" said she, in a whisper.

No her quick Indian ear had heard his click at that look!

"I had come to tell you all about it, Aunt Molly," said I.

She looked at me heavily, then smiled.

"A six continued in half retired, I had meant to release Pelly some time since, but the lady had tried herself to sleep in my arms, and I feared to



I filled a Pipe and passed it to the Cayuga

by Foker, a ruin of paper from England, and a lump of red sealing wax.

I had written, in my life, but two letters: one three years since I wrote to Sir Peter Warren to thank him for a copy of money sent for my use; the other to a little girl named Marie Livingston, whom I knew in Albany when Sir William took me for the publishing of papers which I do not yet understand.

The words were a letter, which was delivered by chance, the express having been scipled before Foker's flush, and signed "your cousin Morris, Mr. Livingston being but to Sir William. I had not yet written again to her, though I had meant to do so three twice months past. She had yellow hair which was pleasing, and she did not resemble Silver Heels in complexion or manner, having never dressed me.

Thus, as I sat there on my cot, some of my life now joyful me like long-agoed courades, reflecting my mood until I fell to thinking of those beloved parents I had never seen save in the gray dreams which haunted my sleep. For the day that brought life to me had

play dolls and span in a suit. The proposition was so impudent, unfair, and thoroughly Indian, I was about to spurn it, when Silver Hoels chirped up, "Mirky doesn't dare."

"Put up your agate, Peter," said I, coolly, ignoring Silver Hoels; and I fished the required marbles from my pocket and placed them in the ring.

"My shot," announced Peter, hurriedly, crowding down on the line—another outrage, which, considering the pressure of Silver Hoels, I passed unnoticed.

Peter shot and clipped a nigg out of the ring. He shot again and grazed an agate, shouting "Dubler" to the devious of me all.

Then I squatted down and sent two bull-eyes flying, but, foreshadowed by Peter's hysterical "Fen-dub-dub!" was obliged to replace one. However, I shot again and it was dolls all, and I pocketed both of my agates and Peter's also.

This brought on a struggle, which Silver Hoels acted in my favor. Then I cut down and, with deadly accuracy, "spun" from which comfortable position, and without opening, I skinned the ring, leaving Peter grid-stricken, with one nigg in his grimy fist.

"You may have them," said I, condescendingly, dropping my spoils into Silver Hoels's lap.

She redoubled with surprise and pleasure, warmly finding tongue to say, "Thank you, Mirky."

Peter, being half Indian, demanded more play. But I was satisfied, and already remembering my dignity, regretted the lapse into children's pastimes. I quitted Peter by giving him the remainder of my marbles, explaining that I had renounced such games for smaller sport, which statement, coupled with my lavish generosity, impressed Peter and Nek, if it had no effect upon Silver Hoels.

I sat down on the stone bench near the beehives and drew from my pocket the park knife given me by Silver Hoels as a bribe to silence.

"Come over here, Silver Hoels," I said, with patronizing kindness.

"What for?" she demanded.

"Oh, don't come, then," I retorted, whereat she rose from the grass with her skirt full of snatches and came over to the stone bench.

After a moment she seated herself, eyeing the knife askance. I had opened the blade. Lord, how I hated to give it back!

"Take it," said I, closing the blade, but not offering it to her.

"Truly?" she stammered, not reaching out her hand, for fear I should draw it away again to plague her.

I dropped the knife into her lap among the marbles, thrilling at the spectacle of my own generosity.

He replied in the Cayuga language, yet with a foreign intonation, that the dew was heavy and would dampen the priming of his rifle; that he had no blanket on which to lay his arms, and further, that the sentinels at the block-house were watching him with loaded muskets.

This was true. However, I permitted him to advance so close until I halted a soldier, who came clumping out of the stables, and who instantly cocked and primed his musket.

Then I asked the strange Cayuga what he wanted.

"Peace," he said, again raising his hand, palm out; and again I raised my hand, saying, "Peace!"

From the scarlet pouch he drew a little stick, six inches long, and pointed red.

"Look out!" said I to the soldier; "that is a war-stick! If he shifts his rifle, aim at his heart."

But the runner had now brought to light from his pouch other sticks, some blood red, some black ringed with white. These he gravely sorted, dropping the red ones back into his pouch, and naively displaying the black and white rods in a bunch.

"War-rah-i-yo-gry!" he said, gently, adding, "I bear bells!"

It was the title given by our Mohawks to Sir William, and signified, "One who unites two peoples together."

"You wish to see Chief Warragh," I repeated, "and you come with your pouch full of little red sticks?"

He darted a keen glance at me; then, with a dignified gesture, laid his rifle down in the dew.

A little ashamed, I turned and dismissed the soldier, then advanced and gave the silent runner my hand, telling him that although his muscains and pouch were strange nevertheless the kin of the Cayugas were welcome to Johnson Hall. I pointed at his rifle, bidding him resume it. He raised it in silence.

"He is a belt-bearer," I thought to myself; "but his message is not of peace."

I said, pleasantly.

"By the bells you bear, follow me!"

The dull fire that fever kindles flickered behind his shadowy eyes. I spoke to him kindly and conducted him to the north block-house.

"Bester of bells," said I, passing the sentry, and so through the guard-room, with the soldiers all rising at attention, and into Sir William's Indian guest-room.

My Cayuga must have seen that he was fast in a trap, yet neither by word nor glance did he appear to observe it.

The sun had set. A chill from the west sent the shivers creeping up my legs as I called a soldier and

If his ideas on etiquette were disturbed, he did not show it. He posted at his pipe and drew his blanket close about his naked body, staring into the fire with the grave, almost air of a cat on a wintry night.

Now stealing a glance at his scalp-lock, I saw by the firelight the stumps of two quills, with a few feather-friends still clinging to them, intruded in the knot on his crown. The next covert glance told me that they were the ragged stubs of the white-headed eagle's feathers, and that my guest was a chief. This set me in a quandary. What was a strange Cayuga chief doing here without escort, without blanket, yet leaning bells? Etiquette absolutely forbade a single question. Was I, in my inexperience, treating him properly? Would my ignorance of what was due him bring trouble and difficulty to Sir William when he returned?

Suddenly resolved to clear Sir William of any suspicion of awkwardness, and at the risk of my being considered garrulous, I rose and said:

"My brother is a man and a chief; he will understand that in the absence of my honored kinsman, Sir William Johnson, and in the absence of officers in authority, the hospitality of Johnson Hall falls upon me. Ignorant of my brother's customs, I bid him welcome, because he is naked, tired, and hungry. I kindle his fire, I bring him pipe and food; and now I bid him sleep in peace behind doors that open at his will."

Then the Cayuga rose to his full noble height, bending his burning eyes on mine. There was a silence; and so, angry or grateful, I knew not which, he resumed his seat by the fire, and I went through the guard-room, into the still, starry night.

But I did not tarry to sniff at the stoma and search the dewy herbage for those pale blossoms which open only on such a night, holding all-peals in their fairy petals. Straightway I sought Mistress Molly in the nursery, and told her what I had done. She listened gravely and without comment or word of blame or praise, which was like all Indians. But she questioned me, and I described the strange belt-bearer from his scalp-lock to the sole of his moccasins.

"Cayuga," she said, softly, "what make was his rifle?"

"Not English, not French," I said. "The barrel near the breech bears figures like those on Sir William's duelling-pistols."

"Spanish," she said, dreamily. "In his language did he pronounce such like *ahh*?"

"Yes, Aunt Molly."

She remained silent a moment, her thoughtful eyes on mine. Then she smiled and dismissed me, but I begged her to tell me from whence my Cayuga came.

"I will tell you all this," she said. "He comes from

secret, when it is this about, and over the house to greatly surprised just at the last; you can not be seen on not keep a note.

The particular mentioned patterns of conversation after the what it said the he has been developed by is called it a piece of across some of the striking everything on the recent words of character by one another, considered by some of the American political campaigns relations to

It is a perfectly natural to present in a youth and people with (perhaps) to a state over again of the who have been used to way than they ever is it for a decade or then will be seen to re- to literature. Never to leads to do. It is a hard time to keep a flag. The trouble of their preparation and wholehearted paid all the paths of industry.

It is perfectly natural and the like that they will not both states, and require for going away. But what are they to give to get the open the situation of the light blue and by midway; then their light are long length by the in level in



LABORER BY EMILE ZOLA

Part IX

THREE years had passed, and Luc had established his new works, which had given rise to an industrial town. In anticipation of the revolution, which Jourdais' electric lanterns were expected to inaugurate, he had paid little attention to the laborer and had left in the hands of Bourgeois, his long-taken-up-with-the-creation-of-economical-rooms for the workmen, the establishment of a dining restaurant, a library, and there the new world met each other socially in meetings or gay entertainments, and in the line of co-operative stores. Yet, through the son-in-law La Crebrière of every possible treatment, the latter had now become a lordling of the Pit.

A nation to avoid any collision with the workmen was willing to accept any workman that in of their own accord, but was unwilling any workers to them. It was thus that it came to employ Bourgeois and Luc.

Luc's father had become a workman at La Nazareth and had persuaded him to marry the people were now occupying one of the new industrial town. But Luc was not 'something to that fault with. Thus, while Luc was inspecting the works, they had said, "M. Luc, the wind you pass of glass in our bedroom, and it replaced I won't say you say too, but I would not say Luc's hair is black. All I will go avoid to your house problem started for a moment of the as he had his friend to the latter, he two presents from Combettes was object of their visit was a question regulated between Combettes and Luc at once granted them all that they asked that La Crebrière could buy all of the water that it did not go in the into the bathed down brought their remembrance of the machinery I never had a communication between father he had brought about an interview of the peasants. Luc remembered to tell of his father's visit to the village, he found himself still in the act of the signs of evening twilight. His father had the same air of mystery again been leaving her with broken in the window had been broken of rage; that she was angry and sad and gone, and had determined after Luc heard this, there was a then he said:

"Things to heart, Julien; be sure to you that you shall yet see Monsieur Luc," said she, you will never think me, but I will say my entire life.

Luc's father had been broken, of against Luc had been given. At first the loving was without, accompanied with then like intervals of Bourgeois, Luc completed, and the of the town felt the necessity and all means against anger give greater and all at the reference at La Collège of Combettes. Thus, the son-in-law, and many him out of the way; he was coming, said: "No, we are very sorry to see you and."

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a hundred more persons could see and get the same benefit, with the same result.

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Julius kept herself in confusion, she feared the messengers to Luc should tell her secret be discovered, but a few weeks later an occasion occurred when Fernande's friends, who were eating breakfast with Nio, when the latter began chattering about, and somewhat sarcastically, "Julius' old husband is not Nio, but Monsieur Luc."

Her mother raised her eyes in amazement, and said, "Who told you that?"

The child, disconcerted, attempted at first to evade the question, but finally confessed to her mother that her informant was Nio, Julius's brother.

Fernande passed the day in her room thinking the matter over, and debating upon the right course to pursue. She had been put into her hand, and, with it, his will enemy, Luc, whose she never had failed more to detest as well as to hate that day to effect a new lease, and the fit was growing more insupportable every day.

But victory would be certain if she could get rid of the master of La Cretelle. The enemy dead, competition would cease. With a man like Nio, maddest with jealousy and drunk, meant again to be carried to the desired end. How should she act? how inform Nio? This was the question. After thinking the matter over in her mind, she resolved, the morning to go to the works in person with the pretense for seeing Nio that she had already prepared.

When once at work, she jumped out of bed, bound up her hair in a towel, slipped on a loose wrapper, put on a pair of white velvet slippers, went down stairs, traversed her husband's study, and passed through the wooden gallery that led to the main building of the Pit. Crossing the street just she entered a small painting furnace hall, and so she did not see Nio, who was walking toward the shed in which the iron beams for the mill were being dried by the heat of the furnaces.

When she had discarded his robes and was clad only in his shirt and jacket, she just finished his handkerchief, and used was drunk with wine, heat, and anger. Fernande now felt that he was half asleep, but he was coming toward her, and she could not avoid him.

"Nio," said she, "could I get your wife to come to work for me for a few days?"

"You want my wife, eh? Well, take her, and don't let her come back to me!"

"Then you are not going alone, will you?" I thought that she was going to give her, and said that the matter of the baby had been settled.

"Forgive her? Forgive what?"

"Of course your wife has been easily misled. It is only natural that at her age she should listen to a handsome young man."

"I'll be the handsome gentleman who has made love to her? Who is your woman?"

"That Monsieur Luc, the master of La Cretelle," said she.

Nio, intoxicated, had approached her slowly. He was trembling all over, and his face was convulsed.

"What did you come here to tell me?"

"You want me to tell Monsieur Luc that you want me to come to work for you through it. But, my, why did you come here yourself?"

She was frightened and tried to escape, but with one bound he stood between her and the door. "Listen," said he. "You just said that handsome gentleman made love to our wives, and so it is only right that he should pay them back in the same way, when they desert us."

With that he pushed her violently towards the wooden shed, the filthy dressing-rooms where workmen changed their clothes. The room was dark, and there was no one to save her from his embraces. The monster knew, as he left, he remembered that he had dropped a thing from his pocket. He found it at that other a scrawl: it was his wife's. An angel, as he had grasped it by the long, greasy locks at his victim. His last words were: "Now for the other! He'll soon settle his affairs!"

Fernande had the good fortune to get rid of the beast without being harmed. After reaching her room, she threw herself upon her bed, turned her face to the wall, and drew the coverings closely about her.

At about ten o'clock she was aroused by a maid, who came to tell her that Nio had just killed Monsieur Luc by stabbing him in the back. Fernande jumped up in terror, and, with a very noisy exclamation, "Ah!" divined that she should be left alone.

It was at about one o'clock in the morning when Luc was strangled. He uttered a loud cry and fell, while Nio, beyond the edge of the apartment, disappeared. Luc was seized by workmen who were passing by, and he was soon followed by Nio, who, after a slight rest, and leaving Nio's hand, directed at his wife to embrace her.

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The doctor, observing that his patient was greatly worn, forbade him to talk. As the time passed, perhaps little more, but the exhausted man slipped at them, and then, exhausted, dropped off into a deep slumber.

When he awoke, he was conscious that he had failed to find any trace of him in the efforts made in this direction for two weeks, and the mystery seemed to be finally solved by the discovery, at the bottom of a ravine, of the body of a man half eaten by a bear.

Where Luc was able to resume the direction of the works, he was treated with the utmost respect on all sides. It was not only the hapless of blood which he had inherited, but the progress of La Cretelle, but also the fact that the mine had become a source of relief to the workers, who had become a successful capitalist, and the extraordinary example that they were daily giving was being imitated.

The most immediate effect of the cessation of La Cretelle, however, was to show small facilities in the vicinity. His own tags which would occur from amassing themselves with their larger neighbors. The first to become established in a community of interest was the Chicago Nail Works, the firm of the Birmingham and, finally, the house of Miravalles & Co.

But it was especially at the Pit that the results of the revolution took place at Boushly rounded. At every new success of La Cretelle, Delatour had to turn back himself after a few moments' courage. He could no longer compete with the iron and steel of massive and more than of iron and steel. Finally, when he had been in the mill for some time, he had to give up.

At this moment there was heard the sound of a carting and of a mill. It was Fernande returning home.

An old servant, her mother and appearance seemed to be writing some letters, and Fernande went to a party at Giordeche. Fighting his lamp and stirring up the fire of the mill was starting in a small obscure street, he entered himself at his own mill and was met by his mother. Midnight struck and he was still there. At this moment there was heard the sound of a carting and of a mill. It was Fernande returning home.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"What's the matter? Nothing! No you want to Giordeche this morning, did you?"

"Yes, I want there."

"And what brought her just told me it was, that? The marks are on the steps of the workshop?"

"No, it was obliged to tell him the truth."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

Delatour shrugged his shoulders. "I can get going, and shall return absolutely nothing of my expenses."

"What has happened to all your fault?"

Delatour said she. "You have never known how to conduct your business."

"At this, Delatour rose in anger and said she: "Let me go up stairs to bed, or I may get something that I shall regret."

"I am quite willing," said she, "but you see her a coward to kill me!"

And he, becoming more and more frantic, repeated with a shriek, "You are going to die!"

Having no weapon, he took a round the room in search of one. He happened, he caught sight of the cork-stove, and, impelled by a sudden frenzy, gave it a vigorous kick and sent the middle of the room. The burning iron was scattered over the carpet, and set it and drew the attention of the neighboring wood-work, and furniture were soon ablaze, and the room was becoming a furnace. With a shriek, Fernande tried every means of escape, but Delatour in vain, and he was heard to be shouting, "I am going to die!"

The fire was first over by Nio, who only thought of his wife, who he succeeded in saving before he arrived home. The fire communicated through the gallery to the buildings of the works, and at twelve o'clock that contained in it, were all destroyed and the temperature, which still stood over.

It was at about one o'clock in the morning when Luc was strangled. He uttered a loud cry and fell, while Nio, beyond the edge of the apartment, disappeared. Luc was seized by workmen who were passing by, and he was soon followed by Nio, who, after a slight rest, and leaving Nio's hand, directed at his wife to embrace her.



"That wicked man is going to gobble you up, my child!"

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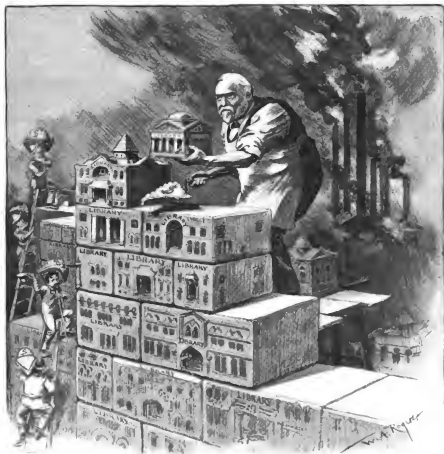
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF  *CIVILIZATION*

NEW YORK MARCH 30, 1901



BUILDING A VERY SOLID TEMPLE OF FAME

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EQUESTRIAN FEATS AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT

from this country. The staple has been creeping over the furnaces and mills of England for ten years, and now it is ominous of an impending evil fate. The United States has become the master of the world in the making of steel. It has no rival. Not only that, it is going to be very difficult for British and German mills to survive the struggle with the American giant. America is driving Europe out of the steel business, and the formation of the new and gigantic corporation which takes the place of the eight largest establishments in the country, some of them being themselves combinations of former important corporations, expedites the revolution which began ten years ago.

Last year the management of the London Times, impressed by the statements and predictions of a distinguished American statistician, sent a commissioner to this country with instructions to examine and report upon the conditions of steel-making in the United States. His report, in a series of letters to the Times, made a deep impression in England. The letters are now published in book form by HENRY & BOSTWICK, and they reveal the reasons why America has taken the first place in the most important and most effective of the industrial arts.

It was in 1830 that the production of pig-iron in this country first exceeded that of the United Kingdom. In 1884 the excess of British over United States production was 3,713,858 tons, the total product of this country for that year having been 4,097,569 tons. The British advantage grew smaller and smaller, until in 1889 it was 719,152 tons, while our production had increased to 7,403,642 tons. In the following year we passed the British production, and our excess was 1,298,480. Only twice since then, in 1894 and in 1898, has the British production exceeded our own, in the former year by 500,951 tons, and in the latter year by 36,554 tons. In 1898 our excess of production

112,090,113 pounds in 1899, and 79,325,872 in 1900; of wire, from 23,000,000 pounds to 294,772,806 in 1900. In 1891 we sent abroad tools, saws, builders' hardware, hinges, etc., of the value of \$2,014,882; in 1900 the value of such exports was more than \$6,000,000. Our exports of electrical machinery, valued at \$4,540,992 in 1899, are more than double those of 1898. The value of our export trade in locomotives has also more than doubled in ten years. In 1891 our total exports of iron and steel were valued at \$28,209,614; in 1900 they were valued at \$121,913,348.

In the mean time Great Britain's export of rails has fallen off from \$50,000,000 worth in a single year during the seventies (our own was valued at \$9,218,144 in 1900) to a little more than \$10,000,000 worth in 1899.

The reasons for our mastery are many, and have been carefully studied and pointed out by the commissioner of the London Times. Our natural resources are better than those of any European country. We conduct our business with more intelligence, more energy, and with much more economy than are shown by our English or German competitors. We are more ingenious, more inventive, and more courageous than they. Our ore is richer in iron. Our methods of uniting the essential elements—the coal, the ore, and the flux—make their distance from one another of little importance. We use machinery for nearly every process in the steel-making art, thereby saving thousands of human hands which do that work in Europe. We not only save wages in this way, but multiply efficiency. We run our works with an energy which seems to the European almost superhuman. Many of our products are produced at less cost than his like products. The highly finished American tools, which cost more than similar European tools, are so much better for their purpose that cost is of little account to those who wish to produce the best results. Moreover, we do not

British and German makers should readjust themselves to the new conditions, and adopt American methods and the American philosophy of trade; and even then there is no prospect of a real competition with the American steel-makers in the world's markets. European mills may continue to supply certain demands, principally at home, but the centre of the steel trade, now and for a long time henceforth, is to be here.

Mr. Carnegie's Gift

MR. CARNEGIE'S offer of \$5,000,000 to the city of New York is an example not only of princely but of most intelligent generosity. It is wellnigh impossible to speak of it in terms which will not, in contrast with the gift, seem trite and commonplace. Coupled with his gift of \$5,000,000 to Pittsburg, partly for old-age pensioners and partly for the maintenance of libraries already built, the story of Mr. Carnegie's givings of a week seems like the tale of a good magician. Very few men indeed have the ability to make such gifts. Not a single monarch, for example, could possibly spare this amount of money. Possibly it would be difficult for any occupant of a European throne to raise \$10,000,000 or \$11,000,000 in a week. Perhaps there are two noblemen in Europe who might secure the sum by sacrificing landed property. In New York there are four, maybe five, millionaires who could duplicate Mr. Carnegie's gift. However, he is the only one who has dreamed of such munificence.

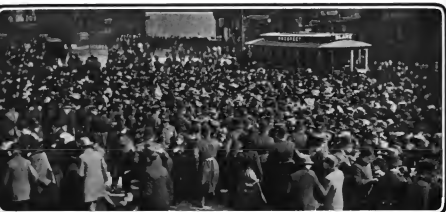
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The Crowd in front of the Capitol



The Honorary Pall-bearers, former Members of General Harrison's Cabinet, leaving the House



Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee



The President and Mrs. Durbin

THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON, INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 17, 1901

Photographs by A. L. ... Special Photographer for Harper's Weekly.



The Crowd filing into the Capitol to View the Body lying in State



The Funeral Procession proceeding to the Capitol



The surviving Members of General Harrison's Regiment,
70th Indiana



The Body lying in State

THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON, INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 17, 1901

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ENTRANCE TO
THE MIDWAY



LIGHT WITH BLSA

ELECTRICITY

PROGRESS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO

Sketches from Nature by Lucius Hitchcock

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A New Way Around an Old World

By Rev. Francis  E. Clark, D. D.

Part I

THE completion of a new way around the old world is a matter of no little interest and moment. Such a new way has just been opened, and it was my fortune to be one of the four first passengers who took the journey.

The 28th of December, 1890, the last rail was laid from Helsingfors to the Siberian Railway. In the present well stop at Helsingfors, and there I with the steamer on the *Niiska*, a branch of our river, for Khabarovsk, where again reconstruction is resumed for a further journey hundred miles to Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan. This device still of Russia's vast domain is not that it is now possible to go by steam, a distance considerably more than six thousand miles, round one in the other direction, from east to west. Vladivostok is St. Petersburg. As I have said, the last rail of the trans-Asian of the road was laid on December 28, 1890, and its tributaries were then frozen, and reconstruction could be had until spring the ice left. The river did not open till the middle of May, and on the 31st day of which Vladivostok, and took passage for the sea across the Bering Sea. To be sure, many before had crossed Siberia from Vladivostok, but the journey could not, before this, be done by uninterrupted steam travel, now way of going around the world by the all-compelling steam-engine has been added that already existed.

speaking, this way around the world is at thirteen thousand miles, of which only one and nine thousand miles of sea travel, and these distances may be divided as fol-

to New York	10,000
to San Francisco	10,000
to London	10,000
to Yokohama	10,000
to Vladivostok	10,000
to London	10,000
to New York	10,000

low upon our journey from New York to San Francisco, at least, it is as complete as a trip across the Atlantic. Early on the morning of May 25, 1891, the passengers of the *Niiska* had themselves in a magnificent land-

locked harbor. Large blocks of brick and stone from the hills on which the town of Vladivostok is situated. A great ship came from the admiralty flag, composed the most commanding site. A beautiful Greek steamer, with trim accents, stands near by. The Russian trawler is flying everywhere. We suddenly found ourselves in a city of substantial brick and stone, wide paved streets, electric lights and telegraph wires, and



Harbor of Vladivostok

looking across and putting down to the very harbor. We could almost imagine that either Tacoma or Seattle had bodily taken passage across the Pacific.

Vladivostok, on a more approach, unlike many towns, carries out its more distant goods. The town looks as though it had come to stay. Her glory as the great natural port of Siberia, with a sufficient number of vast resources behind her, can never be taken away. The large ice-breaker which anchors up the harbor in winter with its sharp front is a complete success, and it is no longer to be feared port for even three months of the year. The winter, though long, is not unusually severe, and the spring, I am told, seldom shows so low as it does in Boston or New York.

No matter how we stepped on shore that we were timid to our first disengagement concerning Russia and the Russians. We had heard much about the treachery of the Russian revolutionaries. No Russian soldier appeared upon the scene. We waited, but he did not come. No soldier of the law appeared to disturb our peace of mind, or the innocent revenues of our trunk. I am inclined to think that what I have been told by an acute observer is very true, and that Russia is much more merciful and sympathetic on paper than in reality. There is much theoretical restriction and much practical liberty.

We were no sooner established in our hotel for the day than I called out to seek the governor of Vladivostok and of this whole eastern province, to whom I fortunately had a letter from the Russian minister of Japan. Governor Tikhonov received me with the utmost courtesy. He at once dispatched a secretary to secure tickets on the train which left the next day for Khabarovsk, and sent another to telegraph to Khabarovsk to hold a steamer on the Amur for our steamer for Khabarovsk. At the same time he gave me a letter to the chief of police in Khabarovsk. There is a certain amount of courtesy, but not urban and gentlemanly—a trait which he shares with most Russians of the latter class. There is a certain amount of courtesy, but not urban and gentlemanly—a trait which he shares with most Russians of the latter class. There is a certain amount of courtesy, but not urban and gentlemanly—a trait which he shares with most Russians of the latter class. There is a certain amount of courtesy, but not urban and gentlemanly—a trait which he shares with most Russians of the latter class.

Vladivostok is situated, in the latest published statistics, with about 25,000 inhabitants. It is said to have 10,000, chiefly Russians, Chinese, and

Koreans, with a sprinkling of Japanese, Germans, French, Italians, English, and a very few Americans. It exhibits all the life and picturesque of a little cosmopolitan. Russian drunks go flying about the streets in every direction, as though their compass were pointed for the last several of time. Their horses are given a loose rein, and they go flying down hill at breakneck speed, over the rough roads, and galloping up the next incline with never a check on their mad or

too. Besides the drunks, the streets are full of another portly Russian vehicle, which resembles a small boat on four legs, somewhat after the fashion

of the body of a bookbinder. This is used to carry luggage, and in many parts of the country, passengers as well, who pile into it until it looks like a general's nest in Naples or a Chinese wharves in Shanghai. Vladivostok consists of one chief street, running up hill and down hill. The chief sights consist of a few fine stores and public buildings, a beautiful clock tower with its graceful form, and a triumphal arch in honor of the visit of the Czar, with a few more. Few cities in all the world are more beautiful for situation. The Amur Bay on one side, and the Bay of Ussuri on the other, envelop the city in their embrace, and constantly lay its feet. Noble hills stretch off backwards, and form the main hills—while the city lies on one side of a range of sea and shore and mountains and any of surpassing levelness.

There is no excuse for any one to get left at a Siberian railway station. Five minutes before the train starts a large station-hall is rung. Four minutes more the passengers stroll up and down the platform or visit the buffet. Then the bell is rung once more, the conductor waves his whistle, the engine starts a snoring blast, and at last we are off with St. Petersburg on wheels (over these 1000 miles away).

The scenery for a few miles out of Vladivostok is superb. The railway crosses one of the great bays between which the city lies, high up above the water. Occasionally the railway diverges from the shore and runs through a copse of birch or beech, fresh and bright in their new spring leaviness, and then returns once more to give us a glimpse of the beautiful blue sea. The day was charming. Our most delicious spring weather in America is no more delightful than this first day of July in the Amur. The spring season just about as far advanced as it would be in northern New England on the same date. The meadows were lush and rank in their growth, and the little wooded knolls in their delicious loveliness. The trees were mostly in full leaf, and the color of the latter varieties had not as yet shown their full out of green. Direct distances, almost as large as previous, started the fields with yellow, and black, and tiger lilies made the roadway gay.

After the ride of the novelty of our first ride on a Siberian railway were of no less than to examine the railway equipment and the manners in which we were riding. The train was drawn by a sturdy Russian locomotive, fitted with a big Russian smoke-stack for hoisting water, and consisted of about a dozen cars of the first, second, and third classes, in which the third class largely predominated. The third class was painted green, the second class yellow, and the first was a dark shade of blue. Sometimes the third class was divided into two classes, first and second, and



at Vladivostok



IN-DOOR SKATING AT 1



THE ST. NICHOLAS RINK

CARDIGAN

By Robert W. Chambers

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CHAPTER III

A T LEAST tonight, Sir William still thought I went to the north block house, where Mr. Dunsen, the lieutenant commanding the guard, received me with unusual courtesy, the reason of which I did not at the time suspect.

"An express from Sir William has at this moment an" he said. "Sir William is aware that a letter from Virginia awaits him."

"How could Sir William, who is at Castle Cumberland, know that?" I began, then was silent, as it shed into my mind that Mistress Melly had sent an arrow to Sir William as soon as I had told her about my escape from the castle. That was the gathering between and heard.

"Pondering and perplexed, I looked up to find Mr. Dunsen smiling at me.

"I understood," said he, "that Sir William is desirous to appear your conduct touching the strange ways."

"How do you know?" I asked, quickly, my heart throbbing with pleasure.

"I know this," said Mr. Dunsen, laughing, "that Sir William has left something for you with me—a present, in fact—which I am to deliver to you on the morrow."

"What is it, Mr. Dunsen?" I inquired, but the laughing officer shook his head, retiring into the guard-room and pretending to be asleep at once.

The soldiers, having made the wicker pipes between their teeth, looked up with respectful glances. "I wish even they knew what Sir William had sent to me from Castle Cumberland."

As I stood in the guard-room, never yet partly waked, away loomed in the village the bell in the new stone church house in ring.

"What is it," I asked, in surprise.

The soldiers had their rifles, taking their muskets from the racks, strengthening belts and haversacks. In the air and hanging of gun-stocks on the stone door, my attention was attracted to a wicker pipe, which I saw Sir William had sent to me from Castle Cumberland.

"What is it," I asked, in surprise.

"Travail!" sang out Mr. Dunsen. "Support arms! They come! To all arms! To all arms! To all arms! March!" And with drawn bayonets on his shoulder, he passed out into the courtyard.

I followed, and saw, standing by the black house gate, her way in the village I heard the rattle of a drum, and a loud trumpet blowing.

"Support arms!" cried Mr. Dunsen, sharply.

A dark man, which I had not supposed to be marching, suddenly leaped up from in front of me, taking the shape of a long shadow, which passed with the flicker of straight on musket and belt, trumpet trumpet trumpet in the ringing drum.

"Support arms!" cried Mr. Dunsen, sharply.

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Then our drum rattled and trumpet sang prettily, when Mr. Dunsen received the officer's salute as a dark stand of white musket, which I saw in the courtyard the shouting musketeers.

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"I don't know," said Mr. Dunsen, gravely. "Good Night, Mr. Cardigan."

"Good night, sir," I said, thoughtfully, then bowed adieu, and my present, "Mr. Dunsen."

"To-morrow," he answered, and passed on his way to laughing.

I walked quickly back to the Hall, where I encountered Eek and Peter, well lit, cleaning the last ounce from their lower lip's porridge.

"Look out of the back window," said Peter. "The Ossingtons are burning on the hills."

"Ossingtons," repeated Peter, smearing his face with his spoon to look it.

"Where is Silver Hoek?" I asked.

Mistress Melly came into the Hall from the pantry, keys jingling at her girdle, and took Peter by his sticky fingers, bidding Eek follow.

"Bedtime," she said, with her pretty smile. "School, Felicity, will be drawn by Betty. If Sir William does not return, you will dine with Felicity alone; and I expect you to conduct earnestly like Sir William, and refuse from harking under the table."

"Yes, Aunt Melly," said I, delighted.

Eek and Peter, being instantly hauled backward, left, snorting, and asserting that they too were old enough to hark like Sir William.

Silver Hoek, with her hair done by Betty, and a May coat over her frock-dressed curls, passed them on the stairs rising down, passing to visit Mistress Melly good-night, and to shyly kiss her face.

"Fidelity," said Mistress Melly, "will you conduct as befits your station?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Melly," she answered, with that innocent, affected laugh which I knew was ever the forerunner of mischief.

"We made her reverence, writing on the leading wall she heard the nursery door close, then flung both legs outside the balustrade and slid down like a dash.

"Here you see the soldiers, Melly," said the dove on the hills," she cried. "To-morrow all the soldiers will be here, and I am to wear my hair curled, and my pink dress and tucker, with separate sleeves of silver gauze!"

We sat on the stairs together as friendly and polite as though we were never quarrelled, and she chattered on, smothering her lip-appeal with those silky bands of hair.

"Fidelity rolled up my hair till I feared she would scald me, and so told her. She snared me to read, and called me her little Miss Honour, but would not promise me counsel as I ran away before my cap was tied on. Melly, go and get your hair brushed and have cuffs, and we will be gay and grand to-day!"

I ran to my chamber, looked and dressed in all my finery, meaning to herd it in the dining hall should Sir William not return.

And thus it fell out for, when I descended the stairs, there was my lady Silver Hoek, parading before the pier glass, and a gillie throwing open the doors of the dining hall.

So that night Silver Hoek and I supped alone together in the great hall. Mr. Butler having heroically ridden to his home, and Mr. Williams not yet returned, though two hours past midnight.

The bell was quiet and vast, and Silver Hoek sat on a wicker stool, sitting in the big chair at the other end of the table. So I had the gillie lay her plate beside me.

A couple pair of candles lighted our supper, and those set of the best, for they smoked as the wind stirred the curtains.

"Do you not know what is due to quality?" said I, sternly, to the gillie—a raw youth avowed with white of the ankles.

"The gillie made out to do as he was bidden, and I should have felt very grand and contented at being served without questions laid, as I was provided with, through the lady's favour, which is my country-bred and put his mortified Scotch moustache into my mouth-bread."

"When the time comes, you will have a very old twinkling and the dearest fustian red right and left. I had the gillie leave an embroidered net about her neck, and she was looking at me with a very old twinkling and the dearest fustian red right and left, and cutting sidereal looks at me."

"Will you permit me?" said I, in passion.

"Mistress Melly," in whom, "y'rlie as my mamma till the morning's end," Sir William gave us a grand discourse this evening on our behavior at table.

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A Lad wound his Hunting-horn

sumery." And I drew a corky from my pocket and hid it.

"Yes, you will," said Silver Hoops, "give me a corky, Jerry."

Sitting there in the dark, shivering in silence, I could hear the distant clatter of the cavalry at the barracks, and wondered why the soldiers had come. Surely not because of danger to us at the Hall, for we had our Muskies, our militia, and yeoman levantry at hand and on call. Besides, who would dare threaten Sir William Johnson, the greatest man in the colonies, and very dearly esteemed by our King?

"They say," said Silver Hoops, "that there are men in London who have even defied the King himself."

"Never fear," said I, "they'll all hang for it."

"Would you like to fight for the King?" she asked, softly, and without a trace of that mockery which had a sting, such as I perceived to drop in it.

I said I should like to very much, that my father had died for his King, and that I should one day avenge him.

I would have said more, perhaps heated, but Silver Hoops was inclined to listen, but Mack Betty came down the morning of the arrival of the Cayans, and their soldiers—and also, I think, Sir William's steady eye had been fixed and softened.

I slept none too soundly. Inevitable came crowding around my pillow, visions of Mr. Butler chasing Silver Hoops awake me.

I set up in my bed and parted the curtains. Through the window I could see the watchful eyes of Indian fire gleaming from hill and hollow, and over all the little stars, all awake, watching the sleeping world.

A cock began crowing somewhere down in the village, although no sign of dawn appeared. But the cock crowed, and the stars grew paler, and that allowed which is the dawn's true herald warned me to sleep again as the red sun should stand over the edge of the world and catch me waking.

Then I slept soundly, and the six men had passed upon a figure as my wife ere I waked to hear the halloa playing at the barracks, and Sir William's hoarse hoars in their benches.

Dah! dah! rubs-dah-dah! Dah! dah! rubs-dah-dah!

The guard was changing at the black house, while I,

all shivers, dashed cold water over me from head to foot and rubbed my limbs into a tingle.

How sweetly came the melody of the rubs! A broad bed, standing in the sunshine by the stable, would his heating-horn till the deep-jawed horse drowsed all with their braying.

In bed and shirt I leaped from the open window to smell the young year, and new Silver Hoops's head at the next window, her hair in her eyes, and hair on her propping her chin.

She put out her tongue at me, but I hid her good morning so softly that she smiled and asked me if I had slept well.

"No," said I, "dreams disturbed me."

"It was the snakes and sherry," she observed, with a grimace. "I also dreamed, and dreamed until Betty came and roused me in her room. Which proves," she added, "that we are both too young to die and was improprietly I am coming in to tell you what I dreamed, upon the door."

She entered, heaped in a wool blanket, and sat cross-legged on the bed, chattering at her dreams—how, in her sleep, she saw me surrounded by savages, among them the poet, who had grown big and sly and fierce like a fat bear cub in December.

Meanwhile I made of my hair a neat queue and had

But I pulled him by the head, and he pretended to be with reluctance and sunny rayings.

At the door of the north black-house, Mr. Dawson rendered Sir William the officer's salute, which Sir William returned.

"Mr. Dawson," said he, "have you knowledge hereabouts of a certain present seat in your care for Mr. Carligna here?"

"Now that you mention it, sir," replied Mr. Dawson, gravely, "I do dimly recall something of the sort."

"Was it not a velvet box," inquired Sir William, "it was a parcel," replied Mr. Dawson, deviously, "while it had a dozen good stout Latin books, sir."

I rendered their plying with rising attention. What could my present be?

"Take him to Mr. Dawson," said Sir William at last. "And," to me, "remember, sir, that you forget not your manners when you return to me, for I shall await you here at the door."

Crawling with curiosity, I followed Mr. Dawson into his own private chamber, which converted with the gun-room. But I saw no parcel anywhere; in fact, there was nothing to be noticed save an officer's valise at the foot of Mr. Dawson's bed.

"It is for you," he said, "open it."

At the same moment I perceived my own name



The Dance labored, causing sidewise Looks at Me

ing, I could not help noticing that she seemed to be growing very tall.

"Good-night, Micky," she said, with her mechanical courtesy, and looked Betty's black head.

Although there was now nobody to bid me retire, I went in my chamber gladly, for what with the excitement of the morning, the arrival of the Cayans, and later, the soldiers—and also, I think, Sir William's steady eye had been fixed and softened.

I slept none too soundly. Inevitable came crowding around my pillow, visions of Mr. Butler chasing Silver Hoops awake me.

I set up in my bed and parted the curtains. Through the window I could see the watchful eyes of Indian fire gleaming from hill and hollow, and over all the little stars, all awake, watching the sleeping world.

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Dah! dah! rubs-dah-dah! Dah! dah! rubs-dah-dah!

The guard was changing at the black house, while I,

it, then put on my buckskin vest with flaps, and my short hunting-shirt over it.

"Are you going to fish?" asked Silver Hoops, enviously.

"If Sir William does," said I. "He sent me a present from Castle Cumberland last night. I doubt not that it may be a new fish and four salmon."

Presently she went away to be dressed by Betty, and I hastened down the stairs, impatient to find Mr. Dawson and have my present; say, so fast and dimly did I speed that, swinging around the balustrade, I plunged into Mrs. Williams, coming up.

"What's to do? What's to do?" he exclaimed, tediously. "Is there no gun in the world, then, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, Sir William! My present from Castle Cumberland!" I stammered. "Is it a salmon?"

"Now the wealth of old Isaac snuff you!" said Sir William, half laughing, half angry. "What the devil have I to do with your presents and your fish-cakes? Present! God! It's a new species you send!"

"You promised not to," said I, stoutly.

"Did I?" said Sir William, with a twinkle in his eyes. "No I did, but, as I did! Well, perhaps it is not an algonquian book after all."

"Then let us go to Mr. Dawson and get it now," I replied, impatiently.

"You may not want my present when you see it," argued Sir William, who did ever enjoy to plague those whom he loved best.

plated on the leather side, and the next instant I had stripped the lid back. Duff and gold and velvet came the colors of the clothing before my amazed eyes; I put out a trembling hand and drew an officer's vest from the valise.

"Here are the books, Mr. Carligna," said the lieutenant, lifting a pair of dross boots from behind a curtain. "Here are the hat and sword, too, and a bolster with pocket."

"Mine?" I gasped.

"By this commission of our Governor," said Mr. Dawson, solemnly, drawing from his breast a parchment with seal and tape. "Mr. Carligna, let me be the first to welcome you as a brother officer."

I had gone on hand with happy tears that I cannot count find this kind, warm hand outstretched, nor could I decipher the commission as count of honor in the Royal Border Regiment of irregulars.

He nervously led me then, and I stood with head pinched in my fingers, striving to realize what had arrived to me.

But I did not tarry long to gaze and devote my uniform with seal and tape. "Mr. Carligna, let me be the first to welcome you as a brother officer."

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Boiling Maple Sugar in Vermont

ding on me, I passed the guard-room with all soldiers at half attention, and came to Mr. Williams.

"I looked up sharply, without the familiar smile, my wife were at work and I stopped short at a pace, hands together, and gave the officer's

Mr. Williams's lip twitched as he rendered the lie, then, meeting his fiery gaze on the ground, he put forward with arms outstretched, and I fell them like a lightning-sunderer.

"A flow of contented and peaceful people who have known that gnawing desire for the subject of all reasons, the soldier's, I can only say that I was excited. To those who themselves have known the sting it is needless to describe my happiness and, my gratitude to those who had honored me, my stress third for service, my resolve to set least will towards high spirits and thoughts, my adieu oh grave that I might conduct boldly in the eyes of men for God and King and Country.

"Nothing of my thoughts may have disclosed others in my face as Sir William laid both hands on my shoulder, for he looked at me a long while kindly, steady eyes. His countenance was serene though he spoke in that clear voice whose soft and perfect cadence have charmed a thousand soft ears, and stained Jewish spleen and hatred infidelism and reconciliation.

"My lie," he said, "the boy is it all in faith. Keep it with all more; keep faith with itself. This will battle, even the greatest and best!"

"I solemnly re-entrained in the hall, where a company were assembled for breakfast—Misses, Major Wilson of the battalion which arrived eight before, Captain Pivotal, Berrow, and Mr. of the same regiment, my friend Lieutenant Dan of the militia, and Silver Bells.

"Now Sir William and I entered the hall the officers to pay their respects to the Baronet, and I, not Daily's pippen, crossed the room to where Mistress Dolly stood with Silver Bells. "I was glad to see you in salute her hand, cooked hot cracked me one, I discharged my duties with quick power, I could command, but Mistress Dolly both arms around me and kissed me on both cheeks. "I know all about it," she whispered. "We are

very good, Sir William and I. He tender and faithful. It is all so well.

"Dear, dear Aunt Maddy! While life lasts can I ever forget those sweet, grave words of love, spoken to a boy who stood alone on the threshold of life!

"Slowly I turned to look at silver Bells, all my ready, content, and undeviation vanished.

"She had turned quite pale; her eyes seemed set and fast-frozen, and she shook up her fingers in a few minutes, no thought of her own words.

"Filled by her Bibles' greeting, I returned to Mr. Williams, who presented her to the guests with unbecomingly pale.

"My kinship, Mr. Carlisle, gentlemen: Captain Coddington's only son!"

"The officers, all in full dress, brilliant with the red, green, and gold of the Royal American, greeted me most kindly, some claiming acquaintance with my beloved father, and all speaking of his noble death before Quebec.

"Before we sat at table, they gave me a standing toast, all bowing glasses with me, and Sir William, smiling, with one arm around my shoulder.

"So we sat down to breakfast—a breakfast being excused, severely taxed, but I turned with all my eyes to the discourse touching the late troubles in New York and Massachusetts, concerning the importation of tea by the East India Company. The discourse soon became a monologue, for the subject was one which Sir William understood from A to Z, and his eloquence upon it had amazed and irritated people of more importance than our Governor Tryon himself.

"(Loudly, and Sir William, solemnly, "you all are aware that since last December the Atlantic Ocean is become but a vast pool of cold tea!"

"The laughter which followed sounded to me a trifling strain, so well it might be, considering the insolence of the people who had bragged their defiance into the King's ears."

"Very well," said Sir William, "with that right sense running around his jaw which served his mind was made up. "This is the true history of that terrible, passionate, Judge for yourselves where lies the blame." And, leaning back in his chair, one hand lifted, he began:

"That damned East India Company, bounding about with the non-competition pill in its gullet, found itself owing the government fourteen hundred thou-

sand pounds, with arrears of almost pounds of unpaid tax on its hands.

"Nobody likes bankruptcy, so off go the East India gentlemen with their petition in Parliament for permission to export their tea to America, free of duty, and so put it in the power of the company to sell tea here cheaper than in England. And now I ask you, gentlemen, whether in all these lowest colonies there are not some few men whose motives are other than what?"

"Your answer must be 'yes!'—because the colonists themselves answered when they burned the tea—'when they gathered at Griffin's wharf and made tea enough for the world to drink!—where John Lusk set his foot on the portmanteau of the feet and the tea commissioners on the table!"

"God forbid that I, a humble loyal subject of my King, should ever bear out the work of rebels or traitors. But I solemnly say to you that the rebels and traitors are not the countenances of Griffin's wharf, nor the men who fired the tea from Griffin's wharf to be burned, nor that men who set its back to the feet in New York! But they are those who whisper evil to my King at Saint James—and may God have mercy on their souls!"

In the silence which followed, Sir William leaned forward, his heavy side set on his feet, his eyes looking into the future which he alone saw so clearly.

There was a step at the door; Mr. Duran spoke in a low tone with the orderly; they returned to Sir William.

"The Indian belt-bearer is at the black-house, sir," he said.

Sir William rose. The officers shook their heads and left. Daily Sir William, Mistress Dolly, Silver Bells, and I returned to the dining-hall.

The Baronet looked across at Mistress Dolly, and a sad smile touched his eyes.

"The black silver heels by the hand and quietly left the room."

"Miss!" said Sir William, "hurry, hurry, but remain silent concerning what this belt-bearer has to say. My house is at stake, my son, Prosper!"

"I promise, sir," said I, under my breath.

The next moment the door behind me opened and the Indian stole into the room.

To be Continued.

are an evil spirit. Why do you bring my heart? Who are you, man? ... I have had for twenty years? ... I have had for twenty years? ... I have had for twenty years? ...



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From the Woman's Viewpoint

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THE GREAT ARCH OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

This huge piece of masonry stands out in bold relief on Montross Heights towering far above all the surrounding buildings. It stands at the entrance of the choir, and is one of the four arches which will support the great central tower of the Cathedral.

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NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 6, 1901

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Governor Odell and Senator Platt

The history of Mr. Platt's fall from the heights of party leadership, where he once walked unchallenged, is not only interesting, but it affords a valuable lesson to all practical politicians. Briefly, the overthrow of the boss leader means the value of public virtue as a political asset. In the contest that ended with Senator Platt's abandonment of the municipal police bill, which he attempted to force through by the exercise of all his influence and power, even going so far as to permit his own agent to threaten Governor Odell with political destruction, the Governor regained this value, while Senator Platt lost it. The result is that Governor Odell has not, at least for the moment, and has probably gained a permanent victory over his old friend.

The history of personal relations and party movements which have lately unfolded in an open way between Senator Platt and Governor Odell begins with Governor ROOSEVELT'S administration. During 1899 and 1900, the two were on the closest terms of personal and political friendship. Mr. Platt was in command of the organization, and Mr. Odell was his executive officer. Apparently they did not differ on a single point. They agreed that Judge Coker and not Judge JUDY O'BRIEN, as appointed to succeed Judge MORAN J. O'BRIEN, and were, therefore, opposed to Governor ROOSEVELT. They were both opposed to the nomination of GEORGE W. ALBION for the Commission of Public Works. They did not favor the repeal of the Black "standard" civil service law. Both of them made such a strategic alliance in the Governor's determination to resist the "Lot" Park bill that there was almost a break between the Governor and the organization. They united to kill the mortgage-tax bill by insisting upon an amendment exempting low rent mortgages—that is, railroad and other corporation mortgages. They fought with vigor and animosity the franchise-tax bill. They called together on the Governor after the election of 1900 to notify him that he must accept the organization, agree to the policy, and adopt its plans, under pain of being refused a re-nomination in 1902. Mr. ODELL, aided with Senator PLATT in the latter's successful effort to put his lieutenant HALL on the bench. Finally they were together in the other successful effort to resist the mortgage tax. ROOSEVELT by nominating him for Vice-President.

It was at Philadelphia, perhaps, that Mr. ODELL'S eyes were first opened to the value to a politician of a reputation for public virtue. He and Senator PLATT would not have secured the nomination of Governor ROOSEVELT but for an honest enthusiasm which was felt for him by certain Western delegates. This enthusiasm, it is true, was partly inspired by Governor ROOSEVELT'S piety-appeals, but in a large measure it was due to the feeling that he possessed civic virtues, and manifested them in a manner pleasing to the West. Furthermore, there was the belief, largely shared among Eastern delegates, that by very reason of the war carried on against him by Mr. PLATT and Mr. ODELL, he was the only Republican who could carry New York, and that Mr. ODELL, by reason of his association with Senator PLATT, would be an especially weak candidate. This turned out to be a mistaken theory, it is true, but it was largely held at Philadelphia, and was successful. Again, without following Governor BLACK'S example and endeavoring to build up a personal machine hostile to Senator PLATT, Governor ROOSEVELT had secured a following in the party through his administration. This had been accomplished in the Legislature, and the result of it was the defeat

of Mr. PLATT by the Governor at Philadelphia in the New York delegation. By reason of a personal following of more than twenty votes Governor ROOSEVELT was able to prevent Mr. PLATT and Mr. ODELL from putting him in nomination as the Governor by a unanimous vote of the New York delegation. Naturally, Senator PLATT would not have dreamed of displacing his London power in the favor of the National Convention by voting only about two-thirds of the delegates in favor of a subject upon which it was known that he had set his heart. In the end, Senator PLATT succeeded by means of an alliance with Senator QUAY, and with the invaluable aid of the Western sentiment of which we have spoken.

After the nomination of Governor ROOSEVELT, the political situation will be remembered, there was an interval of time during which Mr. ODELL declined to be considered as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor. Indeed, it was not until Mr. ODELL had considerably come to the aid of the Republican party by preventing the nomination of Mr. COTLER that Mr. ODELL consented to be the candidate of his party. Almost at once he gave evidence of having learned something from the experience through which he had just passed, and he would never refer to any others who do not share the favorable opinion of Governor ROOSEVELT'S administration, who deny that he was independent of Senator PLATT, and who insist that the latter always had his eye with him, and that he would never have been elected to the Fifth Avenue Hotel as of more importance than the restoration and improvement of a sound civil service, the expulsion of PAVAN and ALBION from power, the appointment of good men to office, the checking of the Blackman descent upon New York, and other essential public virtues. He did as it may, there was a widespread public approval of Governor ROOSEVELT, a general regard for him as a faithful and efficient public servant; and Mr. ODELL, even before he was nominally given evidence that he recognized the importance of this reputation to the man and to the party. It is not generally known, but we believe it to be the fact, that after Mr. ODELL had announced his intention to run for Governor the (possible) late Senator PLATT and his close friends contemplated the withdrawal of Mr. ODELL, and the nomination of Lieutenant-Governor WORMLEY, but the original plan could not be changed; the delegates had been chosen, and votes for Mr. ODELL. But the war was begun, and it has not ended for a moment since then. It must go on, for Governor ODELL recognizes the value of public virtue, and will consider public sentiment and the public interests. Mr. PLATT is anxious if he appears, that he may finally deal with another Black. He has to deal with a man who has shrewdly made his own whatever strength Governor ROOSEVELT possessed, and has added to it immensely. This has made him fit for the strongest political campaign in the State.

This history is valuable from another point of view. Not only may a leader who consults public opinion defeat one who flouts it, but, for this very reason, there is always bound to come a time in this country when a new self-willed man goes down. In the end, some one is sure to come to the front who will appeal to an aroused public sentiment in his own behalf. There is still a wider and more important lesson to be learned from the public history, which is nearly over, in which cannot be discussed at the end of an article.

The World's Timber Supply

FROM A recent paper read by Dr. SULLY before the Society of Arts in England, it appears that Europe is taking account of the timber question. The occasion for the inquiry is the apparent fact that the demand for building timber has outrun the supply.

In the whole-scale destruction of forests, the United States has played a leading and not creditable part. Our woodlands, however, has been brought to our attention, and we are beginning to take steps to remedy the evil, and to be wiser in the future. We have an excellent Forestry Bureau in Washington, and several of the States, notably New York, are contemplating the founding of their woods for the future. The national government has spent vast tracts of forest land, from which the lumbermen and the men in search of railroad ties have been warned. The chief error of timber preservation is the politician whose constituents are begging him to procure the lumber necessary to raise or create the road. Probably when it is borne in upon them that, for both com-

mercial and agricultural reasons, the woods are better worth saving than the wild animals of the Yellowstone Park, we shall care to hear of the rash of Congressmen on timber-recreation laws and regulations. As it is, we appear to have been annually saving, in such years, thirty to 40 per cent. more timber than the woods can replace by natural growth.

Europe, also, has been using up her building timber too rapidly. Sweden and Norway have supplied most of her supply, which is rapidly being found, for soverignly unobtainable, their comprehensive forestry laws. France and Germany cannot respond to the demand. In fact, many of their forests are needed as storehouses for water, and for other purposes, the existence of which is due to the character of their soils and the topography of the country. Russia has by far the largest timber supply, and the Czar's government has issued timber decrees which are flouted by the Spectator to the laws of the Norman and Anglian kings. There is this difference, however, that while the laws of the kings forbade the owners of land to cut down their trees because they furnished cover for game, the Russian government permits cutting, and an official inspector checks the character of the trees as they are treated as belonging to the State.

There is an enormous supply of wood in Northern Siberia, which is entirely covered by forests, but transportation is so difficult to make this supply available, that it is not likely to be a source of supply for England in Canada, whose immense forests are under protection, and from which the Dominion government now receives an annual revenue of £700,000. As yet, the only source of supply for England is Canada, whose immense forests are under protection, and from which the Dominion government now receives an annual revenue of £700,000. As yet, the only source of supply for England is Canada, whose immense forests are under protection, and from which the Dominion government now receives an annual revenue of £700,000. As yet, the only source of supply for England is Canada, whose immense forests are under protection, and from which the Dominion government now receives an annual revenue of £700,000.

By reason of the inland of Europe and America into the tropics great forests, still untouched by the axe, are becoming available. There is a very large supply of timber in the mountains of the West left standing because the woods furnish food for the cattle in famine times. South America, the Philippines, and West Africa are also rich in woods. It is certain that a wood famine is not near, but the fact is that the world's supply of raw materials in the United States and Europe, and that low-priced building-woods will depend upon home forest cultivation for years to come.

A Spring Suggestion

AFTER a hard March, spring finds it difficult to make her way back to her customary haunts. Departing winter on her travel northward makes backward tracks at Xetare, which she has so long held in her fetters, as if to frighten her with threats of a renewal of frosty penalties. She whips her spiritless rains into the face of the rural groves who is trying to breathe the breath of life into grass and trees and to coax back the feathered songsters. But she must go on, no matter how often she may be about it, and, as usual in our climate, we shall have a day or two of spring rain, which will be a good thing, and so as to a heating for the cooling air of autumn.

There is no excuse whatever for adding to the literature of spring. There is enough and to spare of it in prose, in verse, and even in poetry. But the spring itself comes back in these days that mark of a past generation do not feel like counterbalancing the demands of great cities on their happier fortunes. Forty years ago the youth of such a city as New York were cockshoes of the old East London school. This year, again, they are beginning to have something of the appearance of the country through the completion of Central Park. But it is only within ten years that they have had a large opportunity to come in contact with unspoiled Nature in all her beauty.

Even now there are thousands of children who know only the pavement, and whose acquaintance with trees is not refreshing, although it may be intimate, for the tree such children know are those poor dwarfed plants that have been left standing in the city, and are now or ever, installed trees that grow for breath in the smoky atmosphere and that draw up sustenance through shrunken roots from gutters and sewers. How strange the country is to our children is realized to the awe that is to take them to the old rural homes for short impressions of fresh air.



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A Detachment of Marabebe Scouts



Señora Aguinaldo

THE CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO

EMILIO AGUINALDO, the leader of the insurrection against the authority of the United States in the Philippine Islands, was captured on March 23, at Palanan, province of Isabela, island of Luzon, by Brigadier-General Frederick Funston and a body of Marabebe scouts. In January last General Funston captured some papers which told of Aguinaldo's whereabouts, and which showed that the insurgent chief resided at certain rendezvous. General Funston thereupon conceived the plan of following Aguinaldo with the reinforcements desired. He selected some eighty Marabebe scouts who were to pass as insurgents and march to Palanan, taking him and a few other American officers with them as prisoners. The officers who accompanied General Funston were Captain Ross-B T. Hazard, Eleventh Cavalry; Captain Harry W. Newton, Thirty-South Infantry; Lieuten-

ants Oliver P. M. Hazard, Eleventh Cavalry, and Burton J. Mitchell, Fortieth United States Volunteer Infantry. They were dressed as American privates. The entire party embarked on the gunboat *Flitaker*, Commander Barry, at Cavite, March 4, and landed on the bay of Cavite on the east coast of Luzon. There they marched about nine miles inland to Palanan, where after a short struggle they captured Aguinaldo, Colonel Villa, his chief of staff, and Santiago Barrios, the insurgent treasurer. The prisoners were brought back to Manila on the *Flitaker*, and are now under close confinement. Señora Aguinaldo, wife of the insurgent leader, was captured in Davao, Luzon, while Aguinaldo was fleeing through the mountains, pursued by Major March, and is now also in Manila.



METHOD OF WRAPPING THE CABLES OF THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE

The Land of the Moor

BY H. C. WALSH



Many years ago Bonaparte prophesied that Morocco would be a bone of contention among the great nations of Europe, and that it would entice them in war before the end of the nineteenth century, but the days of war have not yet been the same over Morocco as a cloud that threatens the peace of Europe, and which may break at any moment. The Chinese issue at present absorbs the attention of the nations, and as they await at each other's heels, only an occasional glow comes from over the Moroccan line.

For long the Sultan of Morocco has played a constant game of wits, never against power, and the policy of nations, the balance of power here, has kept the empire intact. But Morocco belongs to the past. It is unscientific, and it may yet be dead or dying dead sooner or later be absorbed by a living one. But also shall this come? That is a question that cannot be solved until the great nations of Europe and America enter, and so fill the prophesy of the most far-seeing statesman of our time.

England, France, and Spain are the countries that had the most serious eyes upon the land of the Moors. Spain, that expelled the Moors from her domain, would fain now make his dominion her own. But Spain may rest, but she has not the power to gain the object of her desire, notwithstanding that she holds key strongholds on the mainland of Morocco, Melilla and Ceuta. The struggle is likely to be between England and France, though Germany, Russia, and Italy will undoubtedly also have something to say concerning the ultimate fate of Morocco. Sooner or later that country must be an alien proprietor, or to a partition among the powers. The rich treasures of her mountain ranges, the wealth of her arable lands, and her fertile valleys, say as they have been in the past.

England has a double interest in Morocco, for Gibraltar depends for her supplies upon Tangier, which indeed, is the key to the great and almost untrapped Strait of Gibralf. And again British trade with Morocco is greater than that of any other power. But the other nations would not be likely, without strenuous opposition, to allow England to possess herself of Morocco, and so hold both sides of the Strait of Gibraltar. For this key land would put the key of the Mediterranean into her pocket and enjoy an unopposed command of the waters with one of the world's greatest sea-lanes.

France has long indulged in a dream of an African Empire to end which in ignorance that of the British in India, and owing to her possession of Algeria, her rule is extended over a land stretching for hundreds of miles along the boundaries of Morocco. Thus France has eyes before her upon the tempting fruit just across the border. Who can tell a day she may not stretch forth her arms and snatch the golden apple? For of Morocco does not resemble her, but that of the other powers. In the number of her resources, and their distribution, even each other has the equality of the Ministry of Egypt. From its position at the mouth of the Mediterranean, its proximity to Europe, and its strategic possibilities, in the hands of a developing government, Morocco is an attractive place that no nation may be likely to pass up without raising the opposition of the other interested parties. It may be that a partition will be the political solution of a knotty problem. But it is only too probable that a division of such rich lands would bring about a general quarrel among France and Morocco which may lead to serious consequences. This is the result of France's pretense to take possession of the Hinterland of Algeria, for which reason the French are building a railway into



Gate in the Wall of the City of Morocco

the Sahara to the oasis of Taut, seven hundred miles south of the Mediterranean. In carrying out this scheme, France has repeatedly violated any intention of respecting any Moroccan territory, but, on the other hand, Morocco lays claim to the oasis of Taut, on the score that it is recognized as part of the Moorish Empire by the Algerian Beys before the French conquest. The boundary of Morocco has never been defined upon the south, so that government can assert pretensions over any part of the Sahara south of the territory that is admitted to be a part of the Sultanate.

The Sultan of Morocco has repeatedly protested against the French action in the Taut region, and has demanded that Europe shall arbitrate upon the question of French claims based upon his territory, but France is too busy with other matters at present to pay attention to the request of the Sultan. When the Vienna crisis is past, and when peace is established in North Africa, the Morocco question will doubtless come to the front. At any time, however, it may be complicated by an attack on the part of Morocco upon the French troops in the disputed territory, which event would greatly strengthen France's diplomatic position. But should France then attempt

Mohammed El Senussi, a native of Algeria, was the founder of a remarkable religious fraternity which is now said to number nine million adherents. The leader died in 1860, and the present Sheikh, now an old man, still writes and waits for the opportunity his father sought, and which is said to be the hour when the conquerors of Northern Africa shall quarrel among themselves. Senussi's headquarters are at Jeddah, an unapproachable oasis in southern Tripoli, from whence messengers reach the North African states of vast quantities of arms and ammunition collected there. The Moslems know him to hold his life in peril, but when the hour is length arrives it is believed that Senussi will proclaim the Jihad, or Holy War, and that when the signal is given he will lead his vast army against the Christian invaders. No European has yet found his way to the stronghold of Senussi, so the reports of his vast store lack verification, but that he is a power, and one that is feared by all the nations interested in Northern Africa, there is no question.

The peculiar position that Morocco occupies, therefore, and the tremendous possibilities that hang upon it, give the country a reasonable interest. In addition, the extraordinary condition of the country itself, its absolute freedom from all progress, its petrification of manners and customs, and its lack of a real throne in the scepterless hand of the Moors. Therefore, it is worth a recent trip through a considerable section of this stronghold of the Moslem faith may have an especial interest just at this time, when coming events wait on a night and shadow before them.

My first view of the land of the Moors was from all the west coast of Morocco as we sailed into the harbor of Agadir. From a distance a would see a fringe of rocks covered with green figs, and in the foreground white city of Agadir, surrounded on all sides by great sandy tracts. As we drew nearer to the shore, a couple of miles, we could see the town of Morocco pulled out to us and surrounded a pilot and the captain of the port. After the usual courtesies of inspection had been gone through, we were ordered for the shore in one of the boats. Here a large and varied number of citizens were gathered to meet us.

Many of them looked on as if they were waiting for a chance to get away, and others were galled in losing garments of the distinctive costume of the fishery Jew, while here and there were brilliant splashes of red and yellow and pink, and the colors of the sandalwood and ivory. Hundreds of examples were being striven along the beach, and we could see caravans going outwards from the city and disappearing among the rocky tracts, while others moved slowly towards the town, the whole forming a scene which rivaled the busy and noisy thoroughfares of the day with its throngs of men from the Arabian lands. As soon as we landed we were met by a number of the American consular agent, Mr. George Brown, who we were subsequently followed for many minutes.

At length we were taken to a most picturesque place, composed of Moslems, black slaves from the Barbary, beggars whose shrouded faces seemed to fling to them by some strange power, shops, dawkas, and other things that we had not seen upon the coast we were escorted through the streets. The street was so narrow and so crowded and so full of people and their masses and curious had not changed in centuries. Through narrow winding streets we strided, on either side with our backs to the street, small shops opening into the street. Within the long narrow alleys, looking outward with unshining eyes, sitting on the ground, and in some cases at work about small fountains, smoking pipes, and gas of the old Moslem pattern, and striped, and articles of jewelry. In other places we saw tall



The great Square in the City of Morocco

the occupation of Morocco a European war would in all probability be brought about, and this would be fraught with consequences so vast that no one can regard the danger without care for the best interests of the world. Indeed, in the event of such a war, Northern Africa, from Tangier to Alexandria, might pass out altogether from European control. For with an armed peace, not to say wars generally recognized, but yet feared by all the foremost rulers of Europe, would have to be conducted with.

The name of the Sheikh Senussi is one shrouded in doubt and mystery. His father, of the same name,



Courtyard of Kaid Meclan's House



Exterior of Kaid Meclan's House

owing white garments (assisted by little black slaves), and middle eastern, and evidence making progress despite of velvet dominoes with gold and silver filigree-work.

We found our way about a labyrinth of crooked, arched streets, bounded by squares built with small stones, and no windows, only little port-holes. A Moor's name is indeed his name, ready at any time to be demanded against an invader. The Moor themselves are always to be standing on the defender, and never resent an appearance of open and suspicious hostility. Used in their white flowing garments, they have reasonable composure of Dominican friars. Their tone was an absent, dreamy expression, as if their thoughts were on some far-off town—perhaps on oceans and outside in Spain that have passed away.

We entered also the Jewish quarters—or the Mellah, as it is called; for in all Morocco besides the Jews are segregated and confined within a wall-to-iron space, but it always surrounded and indistinguishably filthy, and they are subjected to many humiliating restrictions, by the Moors the Jews are considered unclean, as inferred from a curious examination of many of their dwellings, but there is some foundation for this opinion; but their crowded habitations must be dirty little considerations.

It was the intention of my fifth party to proceed to meet from Mogador to Morocco city, but we were obliged to remain in the ferry place for over a week before we were enabled to advance on our journey. I took us all this time to get together our guides, mules, pack animals, provisions, etc. My third party brought with a new dally, for the Moors are poor masters to be at of procrastination, and it is a hopeless task to attempt to quicken their movements. They are in no lands of that, they tell you, and they perform everything with an indolence (if it please God). Hardly a mile of land ground slowly to Mogador, and it was in places that everything should be done to deliberate caution.

At length we got actually under way. The first act of the journey was over the sand dunes which lie to the seaward slope of the ocean hills about Mogador. These dunes assume all kinds of remarkable shapes under the drifting action of the trade-winds, all it is a wondrous sight over them. Groups of misty white waves at intervals began to gladden our eyes; those hardy bushes with their wind-resistant and contain the sandy trunks, and form a kind of shelter or fortress, beyond which the great rough sand remains for; hardy Arabs formed a sort of screen in this fortress. Farther on there was spread out a more fertile country.

We encamped that night at the house of an Arab who had placed himself under the protection of our friend, Mr. Brown. For there a curious protective eye was in Morocco; a resident foreigner, especially an American, is never recognized, one looks under his protection at least. In Morocco the latter go through the form of putting the possession in the name of a protector. The Sultan requires this protection, and makes an attempt to seize the goods and chattels of such fortunate subjects; this is a very valuable immunity, in a land where the robber holds absolute sway, and can take at will the life or property of his people. It was in this way that the Sultan was notified in \$5000 damage to be the killing of a Christian under the protection of an American consul.

The horse-ho, if such it can be called upon places, towers in a mass of crumbling walls. Not one edifice, but in different sections of the city, there were, were three or four wall towers, with no windows, and with narrow doors. This is the peculiarity of the fortifications, for should a farmer come any way, he can find his life in the hands of it. Just he entered the station of the Sultan's mansion. The little houses were an idea here, but they were in the hands of the Moors, and he purposes, and then finally received.

Agri-culture is on a broad with taxes,

and hampered in exportation of produce, that it exists only in a desultory fashion. The farmer's implements date back to the times of the patriarchs; a plough with a heavy stone on top is his only harrow. Irrigational rotation is unknown, and even the use of fertilizer is by no means general. The constant fear of having his possessions taken from him antebellum leads to a sort of insouciance in the farmer, which produces fatal results when famines occur, and they come not infrequently, the result of droughts or the visitation of locusts.

The Arab farmer hospitably placed one of his daggies near us at our disposal, but we preferred a more free rotation, and so pitched our tent. The next morning we had our first experience of Arab methods of cooking camp. When Longfellow wrote the oft-quoted lines,

And the ones that taste the day
that had their own, the Arab,

As it should not stay,

he took a portion of some, or else he knew nothing of the Arab character. There is a suggestion of epigrams and shrewdness in the words on the part of the Arabs which is not borne out by a practical experience with these gentlemen of letters. The crew which in fact the day commenced with to whom the Arabs began to fold their tents, which they did with great deliberation, language as they devoted most of the time to argumentation and to raising each other in a hearty and fierce manner. Every fold brought forth witty words and prolegomena, and so for silently stealing away—why, their following could be heard for miles, as they kept up a running argument along the way long after the start had been accomplished.

For several days we rode through a flat and barren country, with scarce a sign of human habitation. Frequently, to be sure, we passed large square buildings covered with white domes, but these were the real resting places of saints. If any poor gentleman should attempt to visit the lives of the saints of Morocco he would have more than a life's work ahead of him, unless his pen were miraculously lengthened by Allah. There is an immense amount of holy ground in Morocco, not only surrounding saints' houses, but also surrounding mounds of trees; all the most available and most shade trees are devoted to the shade of men saints, brush leaves encircle these trees, and within that circle no peeling feet may step.

The living saints also seem to sanctify the ground about them. One day they made along we came upon a great concourse of people engaged in a great saint's house. This we learned was the tomb of Saint Wasani, a soldier's soldier and saint of note, whose annual festival the people were celebrating, a festival that lasts for fourteen days. As we reached one large tent, some men rushed out of us in great excitement, waving their arms and making as if they were going to strike us. Our interpreter informed us that the tent contained a number of living saints, and that the ground about was therefore holy, but as there was no convenient way of making a circuit, we continued on our path northward.



General View of the City of Morocco

terrible scenes of cruelties and demoralizations. All our Moors dismounted, and taking off their slippers, walked barefoot as they passed the sacred tent. The pilgrims were unarmed, none with staves, or we might have faced badly for our want of resources; but our Winchester expressed a greater gratitude from than Allah and a wish, as we were allowed to depart, if not exactly in pain, still with only voices of curses, which apparently expressed their rage.

It appeared to be so far off from saints to slaves, for as the shades of evening fell, we pitched our tents by a building that looked like a cafe-front. Thus we discovered to be a den of thieves, but so we were informed that we were perfectly safe, and that as long as we remained upon the rollers, dominoes we would not be molested. There to house among thieves, even to slaves, and they observe the laws of hospitality strictly enjoined by the Koran. These slaves were very religious, and were at prayer in their own mosques when we arrived. The profession is probably rendered respectable by the Sultan, the spiritual and temporal ruler of the Moors, and the greatest and most successful soldier of them all. After prayers, the capsule and part of his hand paid us a visit, and we had a friendly bond of shooting at marks, but the long, old-fashioned, Match-Snellings proved no match for modern Winchester.

From the rollers' fortress we caught our first view of the magnificent snow-capped range of the Atlas Mountains, which we were not far from sight of again until we saw our way on the downward march. As we entered toward a more fertile region, we were in the heart of a rubber-infested region, and our Moors seemed curiously anxious to camp within some settlement during the night. We spent a terrible night at a place called Sh-Donna—terrible an account of the dirt and filth and horrible odors. It was a further village, crowded with huts of stone, and upon the top of each hut dived a family of storks, in the middle of the settlement was the Jewish Mellah, a series of mud buildings of stables, horse-routes with little window-room, in each of which dwelt a Jewish family. The Jews were entertaining the Feast of the Passover, and were squatted on their doors, drinking (we heard) bread and herbs. But the squatter and stork were unbearable, as we made our way through narrow alleyways, making with filth, out among the stork huts again. Here it was pleasant that the Mellah, but we took our choice in the open country thereafter, and so managed to reach the city of Morocco in safety.

The approach to the city of Morocco or Mekkah, as it is called, is a long, low, bounded and refreshing, especially after riding and camping for several days through a desolate and flat country. As we entered the city, we passed by many narrow streets, all by high walls of talle, which, however, could not have entirely the location they attempted to screen. Tall date and palm trees looked down beautifully upon the lower walls, while fig and pomegranate, orange and apricot, peeped modestly just above the walls, and at intervals in the distance were pillars and arches the city, the tents of soldiers and of a standing army.

At length we passed under a great arched gateway and rode single file through a labyrinth of narrow streets filled with a crowd as madly and picturesque that the scene resembled a busy day in some of our most picturesque and well-kept cities, with their well-kept faces, wearing nothing but a pair of glowing black eyes, and their hair, as they were, and long as air of laxity about with them. Oh ride in gorgeous attire, soldiers in brilliant uniforms, and a crowd of discharged beggars, Berberized Arabs, Jews, Berber—oh! continued to make a revolution in the city, and as they came as every man to ride through that dense throng without incident, on more or less of a horse, and the crowd was kept up a constant cry of hallo! hallo!—equivalent to look out, or clear the way.

The Moore of the interior have Christian more history even than do the Jews of the coast towns, and on every side



Captain of the Port, Mogador



The Custom House in Mogador

we met with grovels and curses, and occasionally a blow aimed and apt at us. There is no use mistaking these little civilities, or attempting to return them; upon the slightest show that they are not appreciated a shower of stones will probably follow the curses and do infinitely more damage. The spilling of Christian blood is looked upon as a great and heinous act, and nearly a Moor in that country would gladly perform it were he not afraid of punishment. For the Sultan has learned from bitter experience how well the Christian power can strike after their own, as his powerful presence is enough to terrify within the bounds of the sanctuary, but this by no means strikes over all Morocco. There are regions inhabited by wild tribes where this authority is but a name, where no tributes are paid even though pillaged by force of arms; captivity or death is the most sure of travellers into these regions.

We have letters of introduction to Kaid Maraban, dill-master to the Sultan's army, and commander of a section of picked troops which does most of the fighting against the wild tribes. Kaid Maraban is a Berber, and was formerly an officer in the British army, but he has been in the service of Morocco for many years, after many vicissitudes and turns we reached his house, which stands on a large square in the center of the city, and were most hospitably received by him; he insisted on our remaining with him during our stay in the city. Kaid Maraban is a man of about fifty years of age, and open countenance, and of most engaging manners. He and his charming family did everything in their power to make our stay a pleasant one, and made us other arrangements for our journey, but had so interesting and so enjoyable a time. There are no hotels or other accommodations for travellers in Morocco city.

The great square in front of the house was a constant source of attraction and delight. It is the general meeting place for both business and pleasure; in the morning it is the great market-place for the buying and selling of grain and produce; hundreds of little booths make their appearance, bearing all sorts of wares, from men to wicks of beef; wandering tribes pitch their tents here, some of the tents in our various stages of decay; and the Moor, wearing about colling attraction in their wares, beginning, engaging in heated discussions, gesticulating wildly, sometimes resorting to personal encounters, in which fists and clubs are used freely.

In the afternoon the music has changed, the tents have disappeared, buying and selling have ceased, the square has become a public recreation ground. A series of continuous performances of music and dancing are on their heels in great circles surrounding the performers, and are variously entertained. The centre of one circle, perhaps a circle of music, with wild eyes, and snarl upon his lips, is dancing a wild dance about a dandy upon the snake skirts viciously at the French sailor, but his legs are cleverly avoided. Wild-looking men about at ranges held up on poles; dancers like ghosts, they follow rapid tales from the legends. Victrolas that have been headed down through the centuries, for the spectators can neither read nor write. The Moor has and the wondrous of religion and mystery—the children, they listen with delight to the story of their lives.

Every day the Moor has his own show, and are received with this appreciation, and the same successful made of tension and gaudiness, raising all in one minute, reports their own show, and are received and receive the old and detest innovations; mostly here no chance for those who have; they live in a good past which they have made their present; they have no future.

But nothing interests the Moor so much as war, and this amusement is a chief source of pleasure, and of Morocco, where the wild tribes fight their against the government or among themselves. The government encourages and often incites divisions among the tribes, because in this way the wilder and more rebellious tribes are weakened and rendered less of a menace to the peace of the Moor. These wars and discussions are made a profitable source of revenue, for when two tribes are at war, it is assumed, the Sultan will approve the cause of the tribe that offers

him the largest inducement. This tribe, with the aid of the Sultan's powerful army, will, of course, crush its rival. The conquered tribe is then married of all its proceeds for doing to fight against the overthrown authority, while the other tribe is made to pay liberally for the assistance rendered. The Sultan thus makes a practical application of the maxim that it is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

I saw a portion of the Sultan's army as it was retreating from covering that nearly to his palace after working at a mosque. The sword consisted of six thousand troops, and as they marched out from a wide gate leading into the grounds of the palace they made a remarkable show. The uniforms of the different regiments varied, but all were composed of the brilliant and showy colors, in which red and yellow predominated. The uniforms of many of the officers stood waiting outside the gate, holding richly embroidered shergens, which the warriors mounted as they reached them. The regiments were for the most part armed with rifles, but all were equipped with modern weapons in the array, but some detachments carried large battle-axes. There were terrible-looking fellows among the soldiers, men who looked ready and willing for any kind of butchery, swarthy men of African whose very complexion forbade a blush for any reason. Strong banners of brilliant colors flew to



A Berber Village

the breeze, while the bands burst out with wild music as the columns of men marched steadily forward; gun-brevets gleamed in the sunlight, swords flashed, the Arab steeds snorted and pranced and stamped down the level battle-calls that rolled from drums and blared from trumpets. As the pageant moved over the white sands, it formed a picture that seemed to print itself upon the retina, a picture splashed with vigorous colors, wonderful in its brilliancy, stirring the beholder with the pomp and glory of war.

We wished to pay our respects to the Sultan, but found it impossible to get an interview. We enjoyed the honor, however, of an interview with the Governor of Morocco, who wears the purple title of Soudan. We were received in an above beautifully laid in Moroccan style, which opened upon an in-lane garden. In the centre a fountain played, and all about were fragrant plants and flowers. We had charged our interpreter with the usual assignment of polite thanks, and these he read off with one and gave; the Governor replied in kind, and after we had sipped some very strong tea, we shook hands and retired.

The next day we received a singular mark of the Governor's favor. A wonderful storm called the Kaid Maraban and told him that the Governor had ordered his out of his house, in order that he might prevent the possibility of our party during its stay in the city. The citizen was possessed of a large family, and a liberal allowance of wives, and did not know where to find shelter, for Morocco city is always over-

crowded whenever the Sultan takes up his residence there. The fact that the citizen owned the house had no weight—ownership disappears before the will of the Sultan, who can appropriate anything that he pleases within his province. This is the happy privilege of all governors, or kaid; but the great ruler in chief, the Sultan, will strip the kaid as he will, as he has the privilege and power to send the faithful down at last. The citizen was greatly relieved upon being informed that we had no intention of moving into his house, but thought Allah to choose upon our heads all kinds of blessings, and departed joyfully to tell the good news to his father-in-law.

From the roof of Kaid Maraban's house we enjoyed a wide view of the city. The interior of the mosque are the only feature of architectural interest which greet the eye; otherwise one sees but a miserable collection of flat roofs and shabby dwellings. The minarets are ornamented with variously colored tiles in elaborate patterns; and those of the tower of the Kutubia is by far the most striking. The Kutubia, ever so many years a mosque, is said to have been built by Christian captives in the fifteenth century. This noble monument is a silent witness to the former greatness of the empire, and stands out as an contrast to the wretched buildings about it. For there is nothing beautiful in Morocco that is new; the glory of the country is in the past when the old order changes. It is a change for the worse.

The city faces an irregular quadrangle about eight miles square, and the ancient Gual is divided into three parts—the Kasbah, which contains the Sultan's palace and his adjutant, the Mohammedan Seraglio, the Kasbah, and the Mellah, or Jewish quarters. These sections are enclosed by walls, and walls surround the entire city; they are built of brick, and are falling rapidly into decay; one expects daily to see them tumble in the wash of a torrent, as did those ancient Jericho.

It is a most refreshing city, a labyrinth of crooked streets running here and there without plan or reason, and full with the life of ages. The Moor leaves the city, but not such a completed street commissioner. The shops are the only business. Flaggons surround the city, but for those no cause is attributed since Allah's will, and in this all holds some law.

Seven of an outdoor sanctuary and an outdoor crowd, the Moor are too ignorant to feel from a desire for better living, and the only means of progress—graphs, no printing presses, no books nor journals of any kind. News is obtained by the Koran; the news of the world is derived by the government, and no need to be surprised.

Morocco, a country naturally rich and fertile, in the hands of a government of the Sultan, by the Sultan, and for the Sultan, nothing else counts; the people have no rights; the Sultan is the only ruler, and the Sultan is the action. Fields untilled, crumbling houses, rich minerals left unworked, ruin and desolation everywhere—this is the vision of a hidden under a hand. For how shall it profit a man to lay up treasures for the morrow which he never enjoy? Every talent is buried in the earth, every light is hidden under a bushel.

The Moor religion, more a spiritual and civilizing religion, is a more noble and beautiful than any other in its simplicity, its soul, in deed, the purified shall close remains, and thus is a diagram of darkness. Within its walls, more and things more ostentatious or other can be seen late night.

It is difficult to realize that these degenerate Moors were once the most powerful power in the world, the conquerors of Spain, and who introduced a higher civilization into that country, who were liberal and kind and progressive in their views, and the cause of progress in it. When the Moors were expelled from Spain, they found their chief home in Morocco, but a strange change had taken place in the Moors.

The Land of the Moor is stagnant, resting under the terrible burden of its government and its religion. The only hope lies in the Moor, who is the cause of power; its gods used to behead, its idols shattered, its most dead of their own corruption. Not from the land, but from the Moor, who is the cause of progress, with our dimmed eyes to look upon the best Granada, but from Morocco, where the Moor is the cause of progress, the Moor—the last sign of the Moor.



THE SPIRIT



T OF EASTER

A New Way Around an Old World

By Rev. Francis



E. Clark, D. D.

Part II

UP THE LORDLY AMOZ RIVER IN SIBERIA

On a rapid flight through Khabarovsk, the terminus of the first stage of our western journey across Siberia, beginning at Vladivostok, was made in a cloud of dust which would have done honor to Peking itself, the dustiest city in the world. We were able to catch glimpses of a frontier America like towns, with some good business blocks of brick and a few colonial churches. We afterwards learned that Khabarovsk means about fifteen thousand inhabitants. Situated on a high bluff at the junction of the Amoz and the Ussuri, a great stream which here joins its brother, the greater river, the town occupies a commanding position, and is equally situated to dominate the trade of both rivers. A half hour's journey showed us that the first steamer *Baron Korff*, which was to be our home for the next

thousand miles away, at the mouth of the Amoz, No steamer had the *Baron Korff* gotten clear of the pier then we found that she was loaded a convict, large, and heavily for days and days, her hundreds of miles, one of these green-sloped slopes followed in our wake.

The Amoz at Khabarovsk, though we were more than two hundred miles from its mouth, was fully a mile and a half wide, and flowed in a strong fall current, which fact we realized for many a day thereafter, as we made our slow and tedious way upriver. The Amoz is one of the few greatest rivers of the world. In length it is equaled by no river in Europe, and surpassed only by the Yang-tze-king and Yantse in Asia, by the Nile and Congo in Africa, and by the

Nile and Ganges, and, when we saw it, was glowing in rich and brilliant colors. Surely the world is not yet overexplored while such a lovely domain is waiting for the plough and the reaper.

Prosperity at four o'clock the *Baron Korff* started on her long journey, and went staggering across the great river in order to stem the swift current so fast she might. All through the first afternoon and through the long twilight, which in these northern latitudes leaves but a few hours in the night, the boat ploughed her way up the mighty stream, which seemed to be waded by no other jetties. So great is its current, that although there are hundreds of sand-beds on the river, to meet our is still an event.

During the first part of the voyage the Manchurian shore presents the most striking aspect. Many bold and picturesque hills come down to the water's edge, skirted from top to bottom with green, the gravelly beds of the white Birch, the most abundant tree, gleaming like pillars of silver against the dark back-ground. On the Siberian shore the banks are low fields, but seem to present an endless stretch of rich bottom lands, where the rattle of the water might grow.

The second and third days on the *Baron Korff* were much like the first—bright, beautiful, rare days in early June. The breath of the Siberian came sweet and fresh from either shore. No grand scenery marked these early days of the voyage, but such that was exceedingly beautiful. Though there are few settlements and fewer farms visible from the steamer, there is little of the bleak, wintry aspect of our American forests. Where trees abound, they grow in stately ranks, with fine undergrowth and an impenetrable thicket. At night the luminous stars by lighted out the shore at alternating points and at a distance of a few hundred yards from one another. These lights are the houses of the people, who are not far from a twenty feet high. A familiar sight towards evening is the heavy lamplight in the little fish Bay square. Here he is the only habitation along the shore for miles and miles, and he must make his solitary candle show day after day to fill and light his lamps, and is often obliged to make other unenviable provisions to get at them, for, wherever it is possible, the lamps are placed upon a bluff or hillside.

For three days longer we continued to steam on the *Baron Korff* between China and Russia. On the third day out from Khabarovsk the scenery grew more charming with every mile. The Amoz here passes through a rift in a spur of the Khingan Mountains, which close in on her on both the Manchurian and Siberian sides. The hills here are not more than two hundred feet high, but their tops are often precipitous. Some beautiful hill shapes were covered with stately white Birch, without a sign of underbrush, and with green grass forming a soft carpet beneath. For miles and miles these mixed parks continued, and even where the parklike effect was not so pronounced and beautiful, the lovely open character of the forest continued, for nearly the whole of our fifteen hundred miles on the Amoz. The cause of this beautiful effect I do not know. Perhaps in the arctic Siberian winter and the Siberian spring. The small wood, vine, and parasites of all kinds are killed off by the cold, and only the hardier and stronger trees remain.

The approach to a village was a matter of much interest, such in some ways, and those who were about. When within a quarter of a mile the captain would blow a tremendous blast on the whistle to summon



The Leading Hotel, Blagoveshchensk

work, was a stately side-wheeler. The first-class accommodations were well forward, and consisted of cozy and comfortably furnished state-rooms for about twenty people in the upper deck, a long dining-saloon, into which the state-rooms opened, and a pleasant saloon in front. This saloon made a delightful sitting-room for the passengers, for the abundant glass furnished a splendid view of the river and the banks on either side. Behind the first-class saloon was a large open space, sheltered from the wind, and suitable for a promenade. Here was a restaurant and, frequently patronized by some of our thirty fellow-passengers, while behind it were the second-class saloon, which looked to me nearly as comfortable as those at the other end of the ship. Down below we had had together a miscellaneous crowd of passengers—men, women, and children—with their own piles of bedding and all their worldly possessions. The chief trial of our friends in the steerage was the great pile of wood, for which the *Baron Korff* had an incalculable loss, and which, when first put on board, occupied fully one-half the space of the steerage, but which, every hour, sensibly diminished, until on came to a station, where a new supply was taken on board.

For the meals on the Amoz steamer one pays separately, at the rate of two rubles a day—not an extravagant sum, indeed; but they were a delicious, good meals, and they cost all they were worth. By the morning about eight, tea was served, with the reliable steamer accompaniment of new bread at the center. Miles of loaves and sugar were prepared, according to the Russian style, but no milk. Soft bread and corn-bread, without butter, was the first meal of the day. The second, and principal, meal was served promptly at noon, and consisted of a thick, green soup, a course of meat, fish, potatoes, and very many vegetables of any kind, and a pudding. The rare omelette followed, and the glass of the pudding. Tea was served again at four o'clock, and supper, which consisted of one good course without vegetables, and more tea, completed the meals for the day.

Four or five was the score they first held June day on the Amoz; we would not together believe that we were in Siberia, for, on the lines of the *Baron Korff* we met off, another steamer of like pattern arrived just beyond second end of our way, and we saw that she was towing a convict-boat, and the faces of the poor fellows bound for distant exile could be seen, peering above up to the hove of their bounding eyes. These prisoners were bound for Nagaiava Island, a

Amoz and Mookrenka in America, though it is larger than any of them except the Nile. Its water is somewhat muddy at Vladivostok, but nothing like the turbidity of the Mississippi at St. Louis. It cannot be said to be "both food and drink." As we moved the swift current it constantly grew clearer, until, a thousand miles further up, it is about the color of white wine, and is sweet and wholesome to the taste.

Its shores are still in their virgin greenery. For hundreds of miles at a time one sees not a cultivated field, though decisions more thick filled land lies back from the river and out of sight. Great wood piles for the use of the frequent river steamers are the most common objects that show the hand of man, but even these are often in desperately lonely spots, so that one can scarcely believe that they are ever visited by human beings. And yet all this immense river basin of half a million square miles is apparently fer-



The "Baron Korff"



Porto Rico—The Sunday Morning Market in Ponce

Photograph by James Caldwell Burns

every man, woman, and child to the baths. They would all respond with promptness and dispatch, and after rinsing down the head in the shower, each woman hanging two or three bottles of milk or carrying a pair of bottles in a basket of eggs or a bowl of soap runs to a great tub of black bread with a hole in the middle, like a huge doughnut. The passengers on the ship would all congregate on the upper deck, many of them with empty bottles in their hands, to exchange for the full bottles on the shore.

The villages on the Amazon all have a striking beauty of appearance, and usually consist of one or two streets of big houses, often divided with some, or two or three stories of general accommodation, and if the village is of any size, a handsome Greek church, and a tall spire rises in evidence that the missionary, in his leisure journey to the Far East, stopped there. The larger towns, like Chachaco, Khaschak, and Bagavostovsk, all have lofty and imposing arches. Many with columns or doming with horizontal copper, so become the larger and swifter marketplaces.

On the fourth day we passed the Chinese town of Aigua, a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and noted as the place where the treaty was signed to limit a bark over all rivers between Russia. These places, even from the steamer's deck, well-lit and overcast as they were by distance, looked dirty and wretched and squalid, and showed none of the cheer, restlessness, and prosperity of the towns on the Russian side.

Almost every day our steamer had to take on a fresh supply of wood, for she had a vast appetite for both and pine. When wanting up the river at night, it was a good preparation, and the great boats would be built of large logs on either side of the gang plank, a cord of the best wood being piled on in one time to light up the scene. Then the mountaineers from the steamer would tumble ashore, each with a long, stout pole and a string to go over the shoulders. Two mountaineers, working in partnership, would then lay down their poles and pile the heavy sticks upon them till they had so much as they could carry. Then, striking the straps upon their shoulders, they would load their load high and rock it on board.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we reached a little village which consisted mostly of mud-piles, and here the wall continued long after dark. At last it was revealed that the *Bonus Korf* could be an anchor, and that we great wall for a host of lighter boats to take on to Bagavostovsk. At midnight, however, the steamer changed his mind and expedited its way through it if he could, so, getting up steam, at once, which he started. About eight o'clock in the evening, precisely five days after leaving Khaschak, the beautiful spots of the great stretches of Bagavostovsk appeared in light above the tree tops, and

we were soon alongside the bustling wharf of the metropolitan custom Siberia. In these five days from Khaschak we had journeyed nine hundred and eighty-seven versts, or about six hundred miles, having made an average of less than five miles an hour, which is about the average rate of speed on the Amur River when there are no extraordinary delays. Here ended the last stage of our river journey.

Bagavostovsk, a mouthful of a name for any one but a Russian, is a surprising city to be found in the heart of the wild wastes of eastern Siberia. Here is a city of nearly 40,000 inhabitants, with wide streets, as far blocks for its lodging hotels and stores as Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, could show, or any of the smaller cities of the Union, very comfortable hotels, and at least five really fine churches. Piles of brick, iron, and coal-carriers, and carpenters and stone-cutters, are seen everywhere, busy at their trades, and it is evident that Bagavostovsk is preparing for the time when the Siberian Railway will be completed from Irkutsk to Khaschak, and still farther and to be of importance on the chief city on the Amur—indeed, the chief city between Lake Baikal and the Pacific.

While we are still at the hotel, it may give some idea of Siberian hospitality of the better class if I say that the rooms were large and comfortably furnished, but there were some peculiarities which strike a traveler as odd. A bed with a mattress upon it is provided, but no blankets, sheets, or pillows. A common wash-tray, not over-day, served all the guests, and such a thing as a bath tub or a bath room seemed unknown. Every guest is expected to bring his own bedding, towels, and soap. Not knowing this, we naturally asked for sheets and blankets and pillow and towels, which, after some delay, were brought, though only one sheet, blanket, and pillow apparently could be used.

Breakfast was served in our rooms and consisted of tea made on the spot in a porcelain teapot, with water boiling hot from the samovar, very nice and refreshing, with honey as a substitute for milk, and bread and butter. On tea and bread and butter the Russian would be sure to break the fast, though eggs might be had by the hotelkeeper if he should insist upon it.

I may mention for the benefit of future travelers that many of the attractions of life and about the same in eastern Siberia as in New York—iron rollers to deliver a shoe, ruffs to iron that way, shirt-neck-stitching, and other dry goods in like proportion. The department store has blossomed out in full preparation in Siberia. Here you find books and beer's bins, ruffs and parkies, flowers and fat-tens, oil and mirrors, waistcoats and watches, saddles and leathers. Here were stables, ricks, and cash-boxes (Chinese cash-

boxes, by-the-way), wooden girls in their little elevated desks receiving the money, and all the conveniences and appliances of the great modern establishments.

But the chief interest in Bagavostovsk, retained in the churches on the day of our visit, especially in the fine and green military church. Here a high mass was held in honor of the emperor's birthday. The church was crowded with soldiers and priests, and all were most devout and earnest. The service was conducted entirely by a priest in beautiful robes of cloth of gold, whose magnificent low voice vibrated the service as I never heard it rendered before. A vocal choir choir of boys answered the priest, and the whole congregation joined reverentially, but in stammering tones, in part of the service. Behind the altar and along the side-aisle, rows of men, whose hair and beards were long and flowing, stood a figure clad apparently in pure gold, and with a golden sash upon his head. Whether man or image I could not at first make out. But it stood so immovable, and was apparently so suitably built of gold, that I concluded it was an image, a large one, which did duty as the soldiers' church. I thought that I detected the image solemnly walking, but the moment after I concluded that it was the vestment of an agitated illusion. Nothing so steady, solemn, and immovable could walk. But when I had fully made up my mind to the iron theory, the golden image stepped from behind the altar, and coming to the front, an attendant took off its heavy sash, and in a deep, rich tone it intoned the part of the service that fell to the choir.

The streets of Bagavostovsk on this holiday were full of soldiers, who marched in orderly file from their barracks to the church and back again. They wore fine, staid, mostly brown, marching in perfect alignment, and with an easy swing which did not seem to me, after watching for a few weeks the uneasy struggle of Chinese soldiers. Bagavostovsk, though it has a few large and imposing buildings, is largely a log-hut city. I never had believed that a log-house city could be so picturesque and substantial in appearance. I saw the churches, the people here looked their best. At least three of them are costly and beautiful buildings that would do honor to any European capital, and a fourth that is building well, whose completed, surpasses them all. By the cathedral I saw for the first time the Black Virgin and the Black Virgin, which are often seen in Greek churches. On the evening of the second day we were glad to take passage once more for the upper reaches of the Amur, the next day, morning, and before part of our journey, Bagavostovsk, a few days after our visit, was abandoned for the Black Virgin, on the Amur River, with thousands of Chinese bodies, so that, it is said, navigation became difficult.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER



BRITISH melodrama has come to be a kind of theatrical shorthand. It is a shorthand which operates through varied scenes of London life, never neglecting to show their side of the most noted street of the city, and introducing those at intervals in familiar sets as we know them, but presumably as such a part of the scene as in the scene at Westminster Abbey on the House of Commons. "The Price of Peace," which is the latest production of this kind, probably less suited to the entertainment of an average foreigner in the future than some of the productions. It caters to the taste of those who are not so much interested in the interest that he makes which is supposed to make his behavior of any interest. He, for instance—subject always disappears on the stage—comes at moments too conspicuously into the foreground. But the interest is the merely visual aspect of the new play is merely shown or oversteering that his other elements, even when they are inconspicuous, are not very seriously considered. The view taken of the House of Commons, a crowd in the Niagara Street Park, the interior of Westminster Abbey on the scene of an interrupted marriage, the conversation of a British Prime Minister's London house, on roads along the House of Commons, and the historical view of a minister's steam-rail are the most important of the quickly changing views that "The Price of Peace" affords. There are characters in the play that bear a more or less discernible relation to these surroundings, but they scarcely ever meet in herds during the earlier part of the play, but only in the single-headed way they cling together under all circumstances. It is not until the first act that some of these become detached and create the first moments of dramatic interest. The Prime Minister's daughter here goes more than she does for her father's reputation, which depends in a large degree upon his standing in the world, and the means of saving his party and his country. His political opponent, under the pretense of presenting her, induces her to give him a cipher despatch which would immediately precipitate an uprising on the European continent and lead to the loss of thousands of British lives over his private losses. The political opponent who secures this cipher gives it to a Russian spy for his own gain, but the audience sees the papers handed to him at a reception in the Prime Minister's house, and, once his eyes are thrown upon the man to retain the paper, and bears his hand that he understands what the Kaiser signifies by the cipher, and has no other alternative but his country's ruin remains. The Prime Minister sends the Russian dead, but the political opponent suspecting that the tale of success spread abroad was false, indicates a mark during a halt in the House of Commons. It is while attempting to defend himself against this insinuation that the head of his government falls dead. This incident, really subsidiary to the complicated and feeble story-line, is complete in itself, and every moment of it strikes with dramatic intensity. It is all that "The Price of Peace" contains to appeal to any sense but that of sight, and it is the only struggle for life that pays the villain's death on a striking night. A successful Chinese merchant vigorously defends every effort he makes at escape, and the student who is about to fall dangerously from view, carrying down both men, while the other woman on board are seen clinging in safety to the ropes above the water, only illustrations of dramatic scenes that are considerably effective specimens of stage mechanism are to be found in the rest of the play, which comes from the pen of Lord Dunsany. His pen was at work in spite of the stage manager's preponderance for the language is generally well written, and there is an observable degree of sense in some of the talk. The humor of an investigating M. P. and his business with his little or no value as an American audience, and some of the political talk is altogether in comprehensible. But the action of the dramatic matter is direct and comprehensible enough, and there is no less either scene in the play than at least in the first act the men and women are moving. Out of the numerous characters there came two or three opportunities for the actors to show their skill. William Lusk has one of these, and made his speech with intelligence, while his denunciation in a appropriate manner, although evidently could never be embodied

in appearance with any type of British Prime Minister known to recent history. Hunter Harrison, in a wholly subsidiary role, proved the speaking value of race, distinguished appearance, and repose. It is the most promising stranger that has appeared on the dramatic horizon in some years, the world would think that they must be used at opportunities in the field as he is better advised could be found for the role of Lady Kaitoko than the incompetent into whose hands it was entrusted. It is the one opportunity for his role in the play, and possession of the great qualification for his slight differentiation would give strength in the scenes in which he becomes apparent.

"THE Shades of Night" is done on the pen of Captain Marshall, who showed in "His Knighthood the Governor" that the theatre has a new heroism with a gift of whilom imagination and quiet satire unappreciated since the plays of W. N. Gilbert were a part of the contemporary stage. "A Royal Family" showed Captain Marshall's gifts in a more developed form without the least distasteful in their original form. The smart play following "The Lash of a Whip" at the Lyceum now promises all the artist's best qualities. Two lovers return for the one hundred and twentieth time to enact the scene of the murder that led to the passage of both of them from this world. They are done in the old English manner until the marriage of two of their descendants breaks the spell. Their extremely modern language is explained by their conversation with the spirits who come daily in the retreat of the shades. The necessity of retaining greatly to remain on earth from midnight to midnight has become rather preferable to both of them. It was not really a

number that led to their staying off, the tilted ghostly incidents upon explanation, the tilted ghostly scenes of a glass of wine to drink himself if the lady refused. But it was a clear night, the lady left the tent, and when his lady had been nearly as nearly secured both glasses of wine. In the room, when they arrive from their ghostly abode, are a justified affable officer and the young lady, who are nearly as nearly made to marry him. The two officers talk together, and so do the two curley lovers. After midnight, the spirit's entrance to converse with his sadly outstranded victim of the situation. Truly every scene of the play carries its truth and unadorned manner. Their ghostly entrance is discussed in the next matter of fact modern fashion by the two visitors, who, while they are still visible, most exhibit to the indignity of being set on fire by the two realities of the play, not aware of their presence until the ray of light falling on their hair and brows reveals them. The fanciful contrast of the two sets of characters affords no opportunity for his performance of which Captain Marshall has not taken advantage. F. M. Holland and Eric de Wille merit the special pair. Mr. Holland, at last finding opportunity to his while to deliver, rhapsodizes every word the author has put into them, and moves with a delightful combination of wit, tone dignity, at last to come to a close with his enthralling speech. Eric de Wille brings his own distinction and refinement to bear on the other part, while his intelligence and sense of humor do Captain Marshall's intention full justice. Arnold Dely and George Elliott are not to be overlooked. George Elliott's personal heroism comes. Mr. Arnold comes many of his heroes to wonder why an actor in an easy and admirable position should not have been more conspicuously better. He is plainly one of the young stars who are not fully deserved. His acting, rather an unimportant role could not have been better and provided a capacity for much more exciting leads.

THOMAS HART SAYRE is known to a short time of contemporary theatre as the author of at least one play that showed a sense of dramatic requirements shared by few of the younger dramatists. He has not long been expected to do something of value in the profession that attracts to him, and he has done so after his first success, if one considers the number of those who try their hands at the profession. He has formed the preliminary stage which made a play of the Able Professor, and he has done so during the same process that has during this season been applied to a number of new novels. He made no mark in the book or stated his purposes, then appeared the original which he modified the characters into situations effective on the stage, and laid the ground on the shoulders of the departed Able, which should be strong enough to carry any burden alone bearing its own down to last generations.

Mr. Sayre did just as professional as he has done in the past. He has been showing the stage to-day. He is a play in his mind to be doing his own thing, and he has done so that the play and genre were "dramatic." His theme was not new, but he has done so with the conflict of emotion and passion veritable on the stage. He has done so with a sense of the author not more respectful to the audience, and he has been inevitably accused of sentiment, while previous scenes of contemporary novel never made the same mistake. Mr. Sayre fulfilled in his "Mason family," however, the promise of his earlier work, for he made a play and not a mere thesis and telling in many scenes, whatever may be the degree of the play on the stage. The outcome will tell the dramatist's hands that have stumbled, lagged, and crept across the New York stage this year had shown a small part of the "Mason family" in the writing of the stage scene that created its effect directly and freely, three might have been less, more so complete of these productions. He has made the historic scene not altogether withheld, except in a partly the nature of his old-time against her, and introduced in a more for her a sympathy which did not exist in her trait on her creator drew it. He was,



The Orchard Scene in "Lovers Lane" at the Manhattan

Miss Milla Jovan, as Simplicity Johnson, perched in the Appleton

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A SPLENDID RECOGNITION OF SUCCESSFUL LIBRARY WORK

AT first sight it appears to be rather wonderful that someone now up and presents to the greater world of us three immediately after the publication of a short letter from Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the director of the New York Public Library, in which the writer refers to "the work of Great New York for books libraries to reach the masses of the people in every district," among the director's estimate that about sixty-five branches of the same nature, and added, "If New York will furnish sites for these branches for the special benefit of the masses of the people, as it has done for the Central Library, and also agree in satisfactory form to provide for their maintenance on behalf of the public, say \$1,500,000," the career of the man making this offer was well known, and the history of the New York Free Circulating Library—the only part of the Public Library system chiefly affected by the proposed gift—was equally well known. It is not surprising, therefore, that the will made was with that of an institution which may also be called well made in a special sense—would have been of a nature to insure the most judicious, and precisely that ingenious view characterizing the plan for increasing the library's usefulness which no one in the world is quicker to understand than Mr. Carnegie. But sometimes the best thing to do is not to do it at all. In the case of accepting the association of this particular enterprise with this particular philanthropist, available, a few donors have been publicly urged by Mr. Carnegie to withdraw the offer and to give the city an equivalent in the shape of model book-rooms, parks, or free baths—no thought being of material things except a sheet of charity, and one most noble kind in addition with a name preferred by himself. Some strategy, however, was not a sufficient choice. The most potent voice of dissent—that of a great daily paper—published in Carnegie's estimation a most potent for two neighboring institutions in New York, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the National History Museum; and this most potent voice was followed after the same paper had expressed the expediency of accepting the gift actively proposed on the ground that "a common reader for a number of the new book-facilities of the city," and that Mr. Carnegie "would improve the public use of beyond any operation a not-and-dried plan chosen by himself."

It might well have been asked a misleading statement on the part of this assembly well intended and always containing paper, for a little inquiry would have shown that the "not and dried plan" was really the best plan of independent plan that has hitherto been devised, with its roots in the soil of Manhattan, for twenty years. The Free Circulating Library system long ago passed beyond the experimental stage, so far as New York is concerned, and is not a thing of yesterday's utility but one that has made its way from small beginnings to great things. It is not necessary to fight that New York is the premier for books in the cities behind the front of the great Western Empire—in the matter of library facilities, so that it is not surprising that the gift of a new war rack with books, Chicago, Milwaukee, or Buffalo (and I am sure that some of the donors would be glad to place a telegraph subscription in the matter), we are at liberty to regard a large expenditure in this field as unproductive, and at least to welcome Mr. Carnegie's offer with the hearty desire to contribute to the liberal and unencumbered. More appropriate than that that just as we have, unfortunately for our reputation, our country's strength, and our resources for the work of the present, so we are increasing the financial benefits of the present, so we are increasing the public's. "It does not intend to stop the completion of a far-reaching design of one stroke of pen, and therefore, it is not surprising to me even as a challenge to all who discuss it that they should put aside petty views and give our country's strength of small obstacles in order to meet on his own ground a man who has the power to make his idea actual reality." On the contrary, the situation seems to me to be entirely favorable to the proposition of the thoroughness of our aid to the benefactor of the world that will be drawn to this subject may help to all in a new point of view, to a new spirit, upon the whole of letters that the outlook of these show little on most sad and painful. They understand that really the best is quite the worst in

portant in literature—the distinction between good books and bad—but in a sense which makes the former words almost strange to us, perhaps. I know through the advancement of some special study, not every reader of the same kind. I never even stop to think what good literature comes in very poor families—just as many, to illustrate, the poor. I know, however, that you will discover such intelligently and most judiciously interested. I do not believe that generous folk, who find it an easy matter to be law-making, begin to realize what is the essential difference, from the point of view of usefulness, between a million books and those which give life. None of our literary critics might revise their standards of the same, but the largest audience in mind. But I can only suggest the interest of the theme in the present article. We are in the midst of the books which are taken from the branch libraries in the poorer districts of New York as though they were—expensive as well as restricted.

Previously this also inspired the people who, in 1875, initiated a system for the free circulation of books—in connection, as it happened, with the charitable work of Carnegie. The subject was only in place at the service of a few people in whom they were interested reading matter of better quality than those which were in the clump papers of the day. A handful of books collected by three or four people in a room of that kind was required; now, how little more than a score of books have passed, it is evident that the city never has been so rich in books as the five or six hundred of Manhattan and the five or six hundred of Manhattan. The five or six hundred of Manhattan, it is to satisfy the demands of its people. The circulation of books for home use in Greater New York, as appears from the director's estimate, would amount to about a thousand volumes per set and the proposed system was now fully established.

The figure showing is required to any successful institution, what development resulted from you to just as we see, in a few, very interesting, but I can scarcely avoid presenting them in the present situation, when the reader will naturally wish to know precisely what progress has been made under actual conditions. When five hundred books had been collected, from in Thirteenth Street, east of Fourth Avenue, was obtained for library use, and at the end of six years of beyond nine volumes were on the list, though the demand for them was urgent, the chief libraries says "that on one side there had two volumes were left on the shelves. The women who had been prime readers in the undertaking considered it a matter of some standing in the community, such, as an institution devoted to establish a "library" for the circulation of books among the very poor. The certificate of incorporation of the New York Free Circulating Library was filed at Albany on March 15, 1880. On the same day the books were opened at 105 East Broadway, where they remained until May, 1883, when an old private dwelling at 49 Bond Street was secured for the purpose of a branch of the following year a branch was opened at 125 West Avenue, two branches were added in 1888, the first located in West Forty-second Street, the second in West Thirtieth Street. The day 7, 1892, a small distributing station was opened at 2800 Lexington Avenue, which proposed and suggested that it be placed upon at took up its present quarters at 231 East 155th Street. The Metropolitan Branch dates from 1900, after proceeding to open in 1894, the Riverside and Vintonville branches from 1897, the Thirty-fourth Street Branch from 1898, the East River Branch from 1898. Four years ago the Training Library Department was organized.

The library of all that, it is not too late to think that the most attainable, may say that "the extension of the circulating library work at the Public Library promises to be the most important feature of our most great systems of the world." So much for its future, then, even reckoning with out the estimated expenditures of the Carnegie's generosity offers before it. At the time of consideration of the Free Circulating Library, it was estimated that it would require 100,000 volumes, and had increased, during the last library year, from its eleven British Museum, a 100,000 Yearling Mass Department, 1,000,000 volumes for the same amount of time that were stored in the libraries, it is not to be denied that the efforts who conduct it this course we may have been led into the right to be estimated with its management.

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that he was only a business man. To
begin with he would give all his time
to his thought. Then again, the traditions
of the obligations of nobility did not
make him revolve in his mind. He
held men to their written bond. He wanted
no time in trifling, but because very
quickly "handy" and could crowd an
push his way wherever his interest urged
him. And so today he is the "Yankee
of the North," and his children. They
are the leaders in business enterprises,
the foremost men in finance, and they
are the men who are the pillars of the
new South which has not yet fully felt
the benefits of the abolition of human
slavery, but which is beginning to see
fruition in the improved moral and
material condition of those once despised
poor whites.

The Southern men who are at the head
of or prominent in Southern enterprises
are much more frequently men of
poor white origin. They are railway
presidents, bank presidents, cotton mill
owners, operators of cotton and silk
mills, makers of agricultural machinery, mis-
ericordians, ironmasters, and planters. They
have gone into the professions too, but
with the exception of the ministry, these
appear not to attract them particularly.
But in the more active fields of endeavor
they are prominent. This is not only
the case in the middle South and the
Southwest, but it is just as true in the
New England States. The influence of
class origin—that is, the difference in
degree of having in their individual capacity
to compete with slave labor—having been
removed, they have generally advanced.

In politics, too, they have taken a hand,
and it is not impossible, though rather im-
probable, that the new white class will soon
have supremacy in the government of the
States early in the Century. It is not
improbable, however, that the new white
class will have the ability which comes
from concentration of purpose to outstep
in business their obscure competitors who
always started in politics when they did
not then emerge into that channel. It
is not probable, however, that the
successful of them will go into politics.
The purely commercial fields are full
of them, and they are, as a class, they
have already gone into politics. More
than one of them representing Southern
States on the Federal Executive, and
one in the South have had power in the
Government, while the latter have had
Washington men prominent in the
and in membership in the Senate, the
one who was not unknown in politics in
the middle States. There were some of
them who were in the Senate, but not
very few. It was fitting for a pioneer to be
a magnate, but a notable one; it was
proper for a gentleman to be the judge
of the clerk of a court, but sheriff or
justice was impossible. New men of these
classes and others are constantly
eagerly sought by those who had no social
position to maintain and on contracting
obligations to meet. For the poor whites
were not political parties even in the
time of social confusion; in this time
of entire emancipation they have parties
early in the cities where agents visit
to be manipulated or suppressed, develop-
ed a reputation for political organization
and activities not second even to the
shameless swarming of our fellow citizens
in the East. But the more hopeful of these
new men are as yet engaged in industrial
enterprises, and in that field is capable
of realization, it is not unlikely
that they will in the near future be
attracted away from it.

It will be noticed that I have in this
article made assertions only, though I
trust that they have been presented in
such logical sequence that they constitute
in their arrangement an argument both
interesting and convincing. I would allow
the argument absolutely by means of
facts. But that I must not do. It would be
impossible. Indeed, it would be un-
warranted. For successful American ever
get so large that they can be the
backbone of the nation. They are not
When it is done it is usually the result
of malice or envy. I am informed by
either the one or the other in making
this statement. Many in the North say
that this statement is not founded
in fact; if they do, it will convince me
that they belong to the ancient poor-
white class and are ignorant of their
own history. They belong to the same
original class and are ignorant of their
past. But the substance of the matter
knows both classes and is not wither will
neverly agree with me that the new men
who have been met lately live in the
South in the old time poor white, who he
is the master of the commercial and
industrial situation of the section com-
posed in the old time poor white, and who
in purpose in industry, is certain
to be superior to the new men in all
lines of enterprise. It is a very Yankee,
and the equal of the shrewdest South who ever
went to the North to a trustee's
work.

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A JOURNAL OF

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NEW YORK

APRIL 13, 1901



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DIGGING THROUGH CENTRAL PARK ALONG THE LINE OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

HARPER'S WEEKLY

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 13, 1901

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Aguinayo and Our Problem

IF the capture of Aguinayo puts an end to the war in the Philippines, as it is hoped it may, now that he has taken the oath of allegiance, General F. V. COVAT has certainly earned the deep gratitude of the country. The war ended, however, the main question remains: How do we treat the islands? Various considerations enter into the discussion of this question, and make its solution difficult. Thus far the debate has been carried on in very bad temper. The acerbity of speech which has marked both sides may be justly ascribed to the war itself. It is not true, of course, that criticism of a war in which the country is engaged are therefore enemies of the country. It has been the habit of English-speaking men to talk out freely, even in war times. Free thought and free opinion have always meant something to us. When the Duke of Richmond said that he hoped the Americans would win in the war of the Revolution, he was not deemed a traitor; nor were the elder PIER, CHEEVER, JAMES FOG, LORD SEABOTHAM, COOKE, BANGS, CAMERON, and BURKE counted as enemies of England because they sympathized with the Whigs of America. Nevertheless, the passions kindled by war inevitably color, magnify, and distort any discussion of the subject of war. Thus our literature, in the case of the late war, and our American people have been divided into friends of AGUINAYO and defenders of the flag. If we are to agree with the other side, the hostile camps have consisted of the upholders of the principle of democracy and republican institutions on the one hand, and supporters of very essential elements of human liberty on the other. Now when one party to a discussion begins by calling his opponent a traitor, and the other responds by calling the first a heinous advocate of despotism, intimating that his political opinions are mere expressions of vulgar greed, the debate is not likely to be either pleasant or profitable. It is in such fashion, however, that the debate on the Philippine question has thus far been conducted.

The time is coming, and is very near, when our attitude as to the Philippines must be definitely settled. If we are eventually to give them up, upon the happening of certain contingencies, let us say so as speedily as possible. If we are to retain them, let us set up the permanent government as soon as is consistent with wise and prudent counsels. But, in the first place, with minds unclouded and undisturbed by the passions of war and its clamors, let us objectively discuss the question, "Do we want the islands?" Will their retention result in anything we wish? Will we be the better for them commercially, politically, or spiritually? There are those who say that our duty to the world demands that we remain in the archipelago for the purpose of maintaining peace and order. It is doubtful, however, that we need remain there for one time for that purpose; but does it follow that we may never turn over the islands to their people? Mr. McKENLEY's own statement of this issue is substantially as follows: "When the people of the Philippines are ready for self-government, it ought to be given them; in the mean time we remain in the islands to prepare them for it, and to give it to them as rapidly as they are ready for it."

Beyond the question of duty, however, are the questions as to the effect upon ourselves of establishing colonial government in distant lands and over foreign people, as to the effect upon our own government and people, and as to the value of the islands commercially. Are we desirous our own traditions in establishing colonial government? Are we injuring the people of our own government? Are we imparting the results of our own power in the Far East which must be more or less auto-

cratic, and which will doubtless be a better government for the Filipinos, the less Congress interferes with it? Is there any essential difference between such an autonomy for the Philippines and that which we have already established for Alaska and the District of Columbia? Is it possible that our institutions may be so worked that we shall be able to maintain an efficient government distant ten thousand miles from Washington—a government which, in the very nature of things, cannot be administered by reports? Will our own interests in the Far East, on what the WEEKLY has heretofore called "the new frontiers of Empire," entail upon us too serious an expense for merely military purposes? Finally, will the Philippines pay us economically?

These are the essential questions to be discussed—calmly, anxiously, for the single purpose of arriving at the truth, and standing by it and acting up to it when it shall be found. The question of our own interest is paramount; that of our duty and of our obligation, without doing anything against our interest, AGUINAYO's capture will be the most fortunate event that has happened the country for several years if we shall be thereby enabled to consider our difficult problem in a more temper without which clearness of mind and soundness of judgment are impossible.

The Cubans and Our Terms

THE Cuban Constitutional Convention has voted by a small majority against the proposition to send a committee to Washington for the purpose of securing a modification of the conditions imposed by the PLATY resolution. It is to be hoped that the proposed committee will not be the WREXHAM's opinion, frankly stated at the time of the passage of this resolution, that no demands should have been made upon the Cubans as a condition precedent to turning over the island and the establishment of a stable government.

The Cubans themselves, however, have entered upon the negotiation.

There is very little in these PLATY resolutions which is not reasonable, and nothing at all which is not a proper subject for negotiation. The difficulty is that the proposed committee would not be so far as that there now is no power in this country with which a negotiation can be carried on. It is the usual course in international dealing, as in real-estate or horse trading, for the parties to lay an asking and a selling price, and an offering and a giving price. Usually the proposer goes to his utmost limit at first, and does not back down until, if he is pushed far enough, he reaches the point at which he is determined to stick. An excellent illustration of this diplomatic habit of mind afforded by Doctor FERRER's demand of Canada at the opening of the peace negotiations with Great Britain in 1793.

Possibly the Cubans may assume that the PLATY resolutions were expected to be modified. Although the President regards them as a law which he feels that he must obey, he has advisory powers, and a good deal more than the usual Presidential influence. It is true that on the face of things he is powerless to actually do anything, especially as he raised the interjection of Congress. A good many Presidents would have been advised to give the command of Congress limiting their power to negotiate a treaty. They would have insisted that, under the Constitution, the functions of the legislative branch of the government over treaties is confined to their ratification or rejection by the Senate. But this case is singular, since the President sought to divide responsibility with Congress. The consequence is that terms were laid down to which the President agreed, and which cannot be changed except by Congress, for while the President might negotiate a treaty containing very different conditions from those of the PLATY resolutions, which would be the law if ratified by the Senate, he will not do so, first, because he has asked Congress to fix the terms; and again, because the Senate would not sustain him. If the terms proposed are not acceptable to the Cubans, Congress ought to and may give the President leave to modify them. If the PLATY resolution is not an ultimatum, it is the basis for a negotiation; and, this being admitted, Congress should give the President a free hand. Negotiations can only be conducted by individuals or commissioners. To negotiate with Congress would be like an attempt to trade with a team meeting.

It is a committee of the convention, then, that is certainly best to be desired. Its visit will enable

the President to deal more effectively with Congress, and will enlighten the members of the committee, who, in their turn, will carry back to Cuba information which will be of great importance to the convention.

The Venezuela Difficulty

THE calling issue of Mr. LOANS, our minister at Venezuela, seems to be regarded as serious by his associates, but there is no more danger of war with Venezuela than there is with Haiti. It is not easy to follow South-American politics, and if there are recent cases of difficulty with this country, they have not yet been fully explained. It seems to be known that some Venezuelan newspapers have attacked and libeled Mr. LOANS. It is said that a vigorous protest was made by this government, and that it has not been answered by the Venezuelan government. There are other explanations of Mr. LOANS's departure from his post for Washington, where he will probably explain the present state of things in that country venable to President McKENLEY and Secretary HAY. Whether the state of things will accommodate itself, so that they will be the same when Mr. LOANS returns to Washington as they were when he left Caracas, is somewhat doubtful.

Substantially we can guess what has happened, and can present it in broad outline. Another resolution has succeeded in Venezuela. CARTES is President pending an election, and ANASTAS, the late President attacked and libeled by Mr. LOANS, has been asked to resign. He has refused, and a number of ex-Presidents of South-American republics who live at or near Paris on the fruits of their political industry.

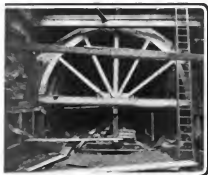
Before ANASTAS fled, CARTES, who had already been victorious, aroused an asphalt convention to some Americans. This conflicted with a convention already granted to another American company, or was mid to conflict with it. Whereupon a kind of private war sprang up, and the government of the United States was asked to intervene by sending a ship of war up the river. As this would have been an act of war, besides defining a question at issue between two American citizens, Mr. HAY very properly refused to do anything of the kind. Among other things, he refused to send to Venezuela, at least for the purpose of warning the new government that American citizens were not to be oppressed, but they have not invaded territorial waters.

Now it is quite probable that Mr. LOANS has offered CARTES and his friends the same as he stood by and see them try to sell themselves first to one party and then to the other of the asphalt controversy. The constants received good advice at Washington from various well-informed men. Among other things, they were told not to begin practicing the art of bribery. This would naturally keep them out of the Venezuelan courts, for judgments there are purchasable, and, one began, bribery of justice does not stop until the richer party pays his highest price. If the bottom has fallen out of the scheme to build the asphalt quai, and if this country has given CARTES to understand that its good offices in arbitration are at the service of Americans who wish to keep out of the toils of Venezuelan courts, the rage of the baffled CARTES need is quite comprehensible.

New York and Art

IS New York slouching in its appreciation of art? So good an authority as Mr. JONAS W. ALEXANDER, the artist, says that it is. He told the Art Students' League last week about the school of young artists, right across the street in France, whose work New York artists see, though their pictures pass to and fro through this port to exhibitions in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and St. Louis. The local art societies of these cities, Mr. ALEXANDER tells us, maintain European agents, who, so soon as any picture or statue attracts attention, make haste to secure it for one of their exhibitions. Like enterprise in New York's behalf is not shown, and apparently there is little encouragement for its development. For Mr. ALEXANDER complains of a half-hearted welcome to the present exhibition of the Society of American Artists, which, "if displayed in any European capital, would draw great crowds and be universally talked of." He complains, too, that even the art students of the city make no talk one of the treasures of the Metropolitan Museum.

Is New York too busy to look at pictures? That



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A completed Section at 135th Street and Broadway



Covering in the Structure at 110th Street and Lenox Avenue



At 104th Street and Eighth Avenue

PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD



Stalking Caribou in the Lake Temiscouing District

STILL-HUNTING. By Reginald Gourlay

OF all the various ways of bringing down the various splendid varieties of the deer tribe found in North America, that way of hunting them called "still-hunting" is the most sportmanlike, the most, and the best. It is, throughout all that vast part of North America which stretches from Quebec province across the continent to the Great Slave Lake and beyond, and which is the natural home of those splendid game animals the moose and woodland caribou, practically the only way of shooting them. The outwitting practice of driving the game into water with boards, and lurching it while help less, is respectable for various reasons, against those that do. "Culling"—a fair enough method of bringing bull moose into rifle range, practised much in the Maine woods, and in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and a little nowadays on the upper Ottawa system—is quite unknown over all that vast Northern territory which is the true home of the moose. "One word think," says one of the best known Canadian sportsmen, "judging from the stress in the sportsman's papers, that there is only one way of shooting moose—culling." Culling has never been practiced except in the lower provinces of Canada and Maine, and latterly in the upper Ottawa region. Northwesterly from that river, a line might be drawn to the Humber Bay, passing all the way through thousands of miles of forest, streaked with moose, and in all that district you could hardly find a single hunter in the habit of still-hunting. The regular method is, for white men and Indian alike, "tracking"—in other words, "still-hunting."

The writer—Charles A. Howe goes on to say "that any good shot and keen hunter can in time teach himself the art of tracking moose. This is precisely true. The sportsman will require great endurance, and equally great watchfulness and care; but then it's no use for any one to come into the

"Northern woods" at all unless he brings these three qualities with him. I am writing these hints for sportsmen, not for those more wealthy than ordinary gentlemen who have their game shot for them by the guides "for a great price," and then proudly brag their newly acquired "heads" home, and tell brace tales of how they saw these trophies, at the club.

As regards the red or Virginia deer, found, of course, in vast numbers in both the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, "still-hunting" is likewise the most sportmanlike and interesting method of bringing him to bay. The positions held of "hounding" deer, I hope and believe, will soon be completely abolished by law in the province of Ontario, at least, and hence "still-hounding"—the method of the real sportsman—the only way of killing any kind of big game. I know many good sportsmen, and excellent men in many respects, who would, to speak more correctly, make excuses for "hounding" red deer into water.

The open season for caribou, moose, and deer in Quebec, east and north of the Saguenay, is from September 1 to January 1; in Ontario, from November 1 to November 15.

Any experienced sportsman will see at a glance that this absurdly short Ontario season almost prohibits caribou-shooting altogether, if only on account of the difficulty of marking the northern districts where they are in great herds, and getting back again before being caught by the winter, a thing which is no job in those great Northern outlands, even for the best equipped parties. Then the season short season makes getting moose heads of any size in Ontario very impracticable. Mr. Bramble, before quoted in an excellent authority, says: "Moose-shooting, when permitted at all, should be legal after the last of September. The biggest moose only come to call very early in September some seasons." By postponing the open-

ing of the season till late in the autumn, the bag is likely to be restricted to young, immature bulls, if any moose are hunted at all. In addition to this, however, our expert Ontario government proposes to have a two-year close season in 1901 and 1902, and this over a vast district where the moose literally roam in thousands. The Quebec game-law, on the other hand, makes no mere pretence at anything earthily real.

The intelligent reader will now see why I recommended the upper Ottawa and Temiscouing regions. The side of Lake Temiscouing as is Quebec, the other is in Ontario. The sportsman can have the advantage of an easy route to the big game country, of such an excellent boat to start from and to fall back on as Mattawa, and, above all, he will be able to shoot moose, deer, and caribou in Quebec, where there is a certainty of getting his two heads, as an account of the virtually prohibitory Ontario law, moose and deer season in the country about the dividing line. Also, deer and moose care nothing about dividing lines. It may be asked why do I "give an eye," so excellent a hunting ground. The answer is that all true Canadian sportsmen, and, in fact, all intelligent Canadians of all sects and religions, are only too glad to welcome all American sportsmen of the right sort into Canada. There is plenty of big game for all for generations to come—and for centuries, if ordinary fair play is given to the animals. The "market hunters" is the only half-vicious one Canadians are "down on," and our laws now take pretty tolerably good care of him. American sportsmen who visit the Dominion and pay their way fairly are almost invariably true sportsmen and good fellows. The snore of such men that visit us in this country are the better. As to the amount of moose killed by them, it must be remembered that an individual can take up more than two heads a season, so that a couple of hardening settlers in a "success-yard" in January or February will do more killing



A RETURN TO F



FIRST PRINCIPLES

CARLIGAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Drama in HARRY'S WORLD. Copyright, 1911, by Robert W. Chambers

CHAPTER V

"O Fonda's Bush it is a good ten miles. I told Sir William's great horse, Warlock, who plunged and danced at the slip of my sword-wielded on the banks, and with a splash took me from my horse."

The broad feet had waded, with the company led by Sir William, and were already dipping over lines, red gulls, and half-bred Silver Hens, in cold slush and half-frozen mud under a light of stars, always changing as with hooded, roiling sun. Mr. Deacon, in fashion coat and top, something of a fish-bone, his fingers in yellow gloves, hunched and scowled forward, impatient, as usually.

"A-Moment!"

"A-Moment!"

Oh, the darkness and the heat!

The darkness and the heat!

Behind the wagon, with power jigs swinging on his legs, like John Gilpin, rode young Barabrook, neat, white and effeminate, and a scolded soldier, red, silver slung and hanger sheathed. His own set out for Fonda's Bush, which is a vast and out into a hundred miles by the Keweenaw—a stream well named, for in the Indian language means "Snake-with-tooth-in-the-mouth," and, although it flows for the most part in the ocean, it is never half a mile from the north, where it empties in the great V of water in Sir William's hunting lodge. The wagon Sir William turned at the wheel, and I waved his hat at Madras Dilly, who stood behind a curly curtain and looked forward, angry in him. At the wagon with its cover, pulled up with silver, early evening, Mr. Deacon struck up:

"Who walks, doth off to dinner here!"

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Who walks, doth off to dinner here!

tion," but he has failed. Each new work has proved that he has the first novel; and he has the gift of melody and musical characterization. His scores are plastic—the music follows the story through its varying episodes. "La Bohème," like Wagner's music on which it is founded, is a delightful blending of comedy and tragedy, and in each of these extremes the composer's touch is equally soft and sure. Certainly Puccini is at the head of the New Italian school. What has it to show better than the impassioned duet between *Fans* and *Bohème*, in the first act of "La Bohème," especially when it is sung as superbly as it was this season by Melba and Maltoni? This issue, by-the-way, has grown steadily in artistic status ever since he was first heard here. With an executive force, a superb graceful figure, fine artistic instinct, and a voice of beautiful quality, he has shown the deepest devotion to his art, and he has become one of the great favorites of the New York public. He himself has said that eventually he intends to develop into a Wagner singer, and if he some times to be guided by the same high sense of art as Schumann, he will be a notable addition to the list.



Mrs. Melba as "Juliette"



Sales and Mancinelli

one's play, called the composer's attention to it.

In "Tosca" Puccini again shows his appreciation of the value of contrast. There, there is the comedy element in the brilliant following the strenuous trial of the drama. But there can be contrasts even in tragedy, and Puccini takes advantage of this. At the end of the first act, while Tosca is silently placing the ruin of Florio Tosca and Marco, a clock bell tolls, with all its minor and minor pump, in its program; again, powerful chords are ringing out on the morning of Florio's execution. These scenes are built up most skillfully. Madame Terzina, whose reputation was won entirely in Wagnerian roles, created a veritable operatic sensation with her Florio Tosca. In the great scene of the wedding of Florio and Tosca her lover's life, resolved to sacrifice herself in Florio. Madame Terzina's voice here the stress of a world of grief and pain. Her despairing accents—"Signora, perché me ne rammento ora? (Howdy Florio, why hast Thou forsaken me!)—formed the greater climax of a great scene. Thus opening from the balcony of *Florio* a full-dressed Florio Tosca. After all, Wagner is



Fritz Schiff

"La Bohème" brought forward a charming substitute in Fritz Schiff. The young German singer (she is said to be still in her teens) in pretty, girlish, and petite. At the Opera House they call her "la prima donna boudoir"—the baby prima donna. She was a charming beauty, and her exquisite size added greatly to the sprightliness of the crisp and witty music in the second act of "La Bohème." The baby prima donna is a most engaging character, the one not usually associated with Wagnerian roles, but she was made in when Fritz Schiff does the charming and singing, but she want to be a mermaid and with the mermaid's voice—when the "baby prima donna" is one of them.

But back to Puccini. In its contrast of the light and airy with the tragic, "La Bohème" remains one of "Carmen," and it should hold the stage alongside that work. Later stage "Carmen," too, it will see something of its shining success in its libretto, which is full of life and action. Just before the death of *Fans* there is a mock duel with songs and *Bravo*, between Schenker and *Fans*, a baroque on the usual French *opéra d'Académie*. Gilbert, who played Schenker especially, is immensely stout, and when he pretense to be stalked by his adversary, he falls back into the arms of *Bohème*, while *Bohème* falls for a glass of water, and one then has until he recovers. Then the opposite entrance and line in the most approved French fashion. The effect is thoroughly funny. Thus comes the shadow—*Fans* returning to her lover to die. Such are the contrasts in the story of "La Bohème," which Puccini's score handles so effectively. Puccini, who greatly admires his *Bohème*, is to write a new opera for her on "Hans Hartlieb." Madame Maltoni, who was charmed with *Bohème*



Mrs. Schumann-Heink and M. Plancon

not such a bad school of opera to study as.

Several artists, favorites of past seasons, repeated their successes. Nordica—in these days—need to do more than mention her name. The public knows what it stands for. The same is true of Schumann-Heink. She is a great artist and a wonderful woman for a prima donna—the mother of eight children, a whole repertoire of them. The youngest was born in this country, and was named, appropriately, George Washington Schumann-Heink. When the other Schumann-Heink children while the "Brightest" motive, the youngest singer's "Vandora (Dora)" is Schumann-Heink who, the first time she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House after the death of her little George Washington, remarked, behind the scenes, that opera "was deceiving life." These are her remarks in full: "Opera me die exciting life. First you sing Wagner, then you have a baby. Do you sing Wagner again. Do you have another baby. Oh yes, it was deceiving life. Puccini. Madame (now clearly heard), Margaret McIntyre, and the young Louise Homer were other prima donnas in the troupe. Van Dyck, an artist who has not yet met with full appreciation here, had opportunity in the performance of the "Ring of the Nibelung" to repeat his fine pronunciation of *Lohe* in "Giselda"—one of the most vivid characterizations on the operatic stage. That he is so well able to convey the subtle, cynical side of the part speaks volumes for Van Dyck's versatility for most of his roles are heroic. Van Dyck and Nelson had their families with them this season, and kept house. The son was Herr Eppel, Signor Campanaro, Edward de Broke (the "Jury of Heaven"), and the artist David Hill, pianist, and the prince of brass choirmasters, M. Plancon.



Lieut.-Com'r J. M. Roper
Killed on board the U. S. Gunboat "Porpoise," at Chant, P. I. while rescuing a swimmer from the wrecked boat, which was a prize.

Prizes for Inventions

It is becoming the fashion to offer large prizes for useful inventions in patent law, industries, and those possessing some inventive faculty thus lead their reward already held out for them, and the reward division gives us to the nature of the invention desired. In the latter part of the nineteenth century a number of large prizes were offered for inventions either related or not generally that this method of encouraging invention or taking up sure by many of our best scientists. These prizes do not take away from the inventor the pleasure of reputation when their products are patented and manufactured. They are offered merely to encourage invention to certain fields where the need is great, and by directing talent in the right direction natural results are more certain. President Dutton, whose recent invention took a prize of one hundred dollars and his patent caught for half a million dollars, and others which have been successful in prize-winning will undoubtedly find rewards in similar substantial ways.

There are a number of large prizes offered for the coming year, the winning of any of which will undoubtedly make the fortune of the successful inventor. The Noble prizes are worth over \$100,000 each, and they will be given to the inventor or discoverer in three different lines of scientific work. Chemistry, physical science, and medicine or physiology are the fields in which competitors will be selected for the distribution of the prizes. The Nobel prize of last year for \$200,000, for the best life-saving device invented, was not awarded to one inventor, but \$20,000 of it was paid, and the balance will be given the coming year for new inventions in life-saving.

Not only scientific bodies, but private corporations are beginning to adopt the prize method of stimulating inventors in any particular line. Last year the Lowell and Plympton Association offered a prize of \$50,000 for the best labor saving machine adapted to the sugar business of the island. There were several smaller prizes offered for other inventions by the same parties. These prizes called forth the best brains of the world, and it was the sentiment of the association that money would do little and here substituted to make the sugar manufacturing and planting of work more profitable in the island. These ideas will not on any way be stolen, but it is possible and of great value, the inventors of them will be protected and awarded all the reputation that naturally accrues from their ideas.

It has been long a practice of societies to offer rewards for discoveries and inventions of minor financial value in the discovery, and also for those which were deemed impossible. There have been many prizes offered for the most practical flying machine that could be made, and at one time a prize of a quarter of a million dollars was offered if the moon-boat should appear within two years. The French Academy of Sciences in 1837 offered a prize of 100,000 francs to the first person who should succeed in communicating with any of the other worlds, except Mars. The reason for excluding Mars was a little scientific, but the modification of the air and prokibus travel from entering a circuit for the prize, even if by some announcement that he had received messages from that planet should prove true and he were able to return there in kind.

It will be remembered by many that the English Academy of Sciences offered

a prize of \$10,000 for the invention of a practical gas and gas engine ready a century ago, and for forty years this offer was kept open. Nevertheless, the announcement of this standing reward was largely influential in encouraging the young inventor the Westwick reaper who is reported to have produced one of the greatest labor-saving machines of the age. Indeed, the English nation acknowledged that the new American reaper saved more wealth to the country than any other invention or machine that had ever been produced.

Many of the inventions must be used today in the diverse industries would never pay their producers any great amount because of the relatively small number that would be needed. Yet so important are these machines that large sums are now offered for them. The Standard Oil Company has several times offered high prizes for some inventions which would be of great financial benefit to the company but of little general value on the market. The only way to secure such inventions is to offer prizes for them. Inventors, as a rule, are an appreciation of the value of money as any other class of people, and they naturally direct their talents about them which will yield them the greatest financial returns. The small inventions which everybody uses are consequently the neglected which need, and, as a result, the more exciting and more beneficial invention, viewed from a broad and philosophical point of view applied.

For instance, the explosive nature of benzene—one of the most useful of substances—is considered by some to be the last chemical progress devised to be of any use to the discoverer of a substitute, or to the chemist who could furnish the dangerous element from benzene. The prize was not so large that any inventor would be tempted to waste many years on the work, but, as explained by the papers at the congress, the inventor or discoverer would be so amply rewarded by royalties that no such work offered as a prize would be at all uncommensurate with them.

The prizes for inventions for the coming year are thus numerous, and they represent a considerable sum, but, after all, their chief object is to stimulate invention and inventors along certain lines which would be of general benefit to trade and commerce and beneficial to humanity.

AGENTS TO RECEIVE.—Mrs. W. Jackson's business office is at 100 Broadway, New York. She will receive the prize money for all prizes, and will also receive the prize money for all prizes, and will also receive the prize money for all prizes.

CAREFULLY EXAMINED.
Every candidate who has the right to enter the contest must submit a copy of his invention to the committee on the 1st of January, 1897. The committee will examine the invention and will report to the committee on the 1st of February, 1897. The committee will also receive the prize money for all prizes, and will also receive the prize money for all prizes.

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Destroyed by fire in the early morning of March 25. The Jefferson was built and owned by the late Major Lewis Gentry, and was partly considered one of the finest hotel buildings in America.

quite yet. It happened pretty quickly here. You see, the cords on Mr. Farley's sash were almost cut through, and they came off the thread, and he had the little monkey over the table by his yellow throat, spluttering and trying to get loose, which didn't quite go.

"About the same minute Smith and Evans, who'd been standing back with desks below, cut down the secretary and the General, and I ran around the table to help the Lieutenant with Aguinado. Then Mr. Farley jumped over, and we had him down and the chair-form under his nose just as we had planned it out.

"Altogether, the job was finished dead easy, and, barring the scuffle, there was no more noise about it than passing the time of day with a friend on the Rialto. The secretary's sash was all that could have ruined outside, and Frosky ran to the door, ready to explain how the filibuster President was merely trying to delay the detestable prisoner to answer a few questions. No one came to help, though. If they heard it, they like enough took the other part for granted.

"There are, now, then, with two dead natives and a very quiet and orderly Nelson President of the Filipino republic on our hands, and now it was my time to take the ovator of the stage again. Aguinado and the Lieutenant were just to change parts, that was all. At the end of an hour or so, however, the Lieutenant was a pretty good Filipino, hearing his high, and Aguinado's jaw in the dark will rough for a Lieutenant of the United States Infantry. Mr. Farley's clothes were on Aguinado, and the secretary's record as much of Mr. Farley as they could. That was the last we could do for him, and I admit his best and wisest worried me. I will say that I never saw a man settle so sharp to look out for everything.

"Now, then," said he, "go with him and call us go. I'll get well under the weight, so as to have a good reason for stopping. We're carrying out the prison-

er, urgent, under the President's orders, and the President is not to be deceived."

"Through the court-yard and past the guards we slid along, with our eyes on the ground, and our head shifted so that the head and face hung down. A good light so even a close squad in the dark would have done for us, but we didn't run up against either.

"Frosky spoke short, and the guard, who'd started to crowd up when we came out, bit back into the shadowy night. Frosky's business was done, and it didn't take the biggest fool of them long to see that the President had been graciously pleased to do the prisoner in his own way and for his own reasons, and that it wouldn't be healthy to pry.

"All along the street and toward the postgate it was the same thing, and we passed through the lines and out into the jungle. . . .

"I've been making for the west coast now—the nearest port on it—and making head. Mr. Farley told us how three or four of the little generals were to be sprinkled along at different points to pick us up if we got that far, and that it happened so to get. . . .

"Aguinado had come around pretty well by this time, and so let him walk, which made travelling lighter. His gag had been killed in kindly hot Army, and a rope had round his neck, by one he hadn't say. Mr. Farley and Frosky looked along on each side with drawn revolvers, and told him how he'd be shot full of holes before he was rescued, but that if we got him to Manila off safe, he'd only be comfortably murdered on a living and safe. . . .

"I do it say saying, I think those three days over the world, and so didn't have any trouble, either, right down to the last minute, till we struck the beach all of a sudden, with the people running along dead, and the little Javala lying out about half a mile and the dog barking on her. . . .



Charles H. Dietrich
Senior Senator from Nebraska



Joseph H. Millard
Junior Senator from Nebraska

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Senior Tuk-yoo

WHILE the bellows of prison will...
nearly broken string, the long-drag...

Although a year has passed since my...
wishes, I shudder even now at my unrecor...

And the gloom of those recollections...
however, there stands not brightly one lit...

But I forget—I you have not the pleasure...
of his appointment call the actor for...

Over a year it was my fate to be...
ative in the last hours of my life...

The sobor of that first night will never...
be forgotten. Sometimes I fall into fits...

At last I slept. Suddenly I awoke with...
a violent start. I seemed to have heard...

With a long sigh of relief, I reached for...
my portfolio, for the view, if I could...

In spite of my fear from prison-worship...
seeming to be, in fact, a crime between a...

"Hello! I cried, who are you?"
No answer, but only darkness a step...

"Tak-yoo—tak-yoo," he stammered, re-
spondingly, with a faint light that seemed...

And so we continued conversing until my
supply of matches was almost ex-

"Ak, good evening, Senior Tuk-yoo," I
cried, "how do you find yourself this...

"No, he wouldn't say so—had already had
his breakfast, he gave me a cigarette...

"Well, you're not such a bad chap,
after all, old man. I rather like you...

"You're unable at all events and I shall
try to be just that. He'll be in a...

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And if he went down a crack in the
wall.
And so we came to know each other...

"Tak-yoo—tak-yoo," I said, "it's time all respectable
fellows wear long hair."

"Tak-yoo! Do you call me a liar? I am
Tak-yoo! Tak-yoo! That's my name...

"Hello, old chap, what you got for
dinner?"

"I had a missed Peter Tak-yoo. Even-
ing came, and still he failed to show up...

"I was married yesterday," he ob-
served, with a shy wink at me of his eye...

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served, with a shy wink at me of his eye...

"I was married yesterday," he ob-
served, with a shy wink at me of his eye...



Aguinaldo: "Now, boys, sign this with me."

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purpose of uniting the forces of both parties in support of a jobbery.

There is another amendment permitting the payment of public money to private schools. Still another provision for the appointment of police magistrates in Manhattan and the Bronx and for their election in Brooklyn. Another abolishes the present requirement that all Police Magistrates must also be lawyers, in favor of men, like Driven, for example, who formerly held the office in staves even more than these.

These amendments are so bad that they vitiate the bill, and the Mayor will be justified in vetoing it. If it is amended, however, the Legislature must carry out its intention as announced on the 20th of April. There is no reason why this intention should be carried out at the expense of this city. Indeed, it would be better, now that the police provisions have been amended as much as they will be, that the city should wait another year for revision rather than that the charter should contain these widely indefensible provisions inserted in it surreptitiously. While we are about it, let us insist upon a proper consideration of this subject, and that the Legislature should give us both the good things in the charter and secure the exclusion of the evil things if we will insist on action at this session, no matter how long it may postpone adjournment.

Money for the Palisades

THE plans of the construction of the Palisades Park, of which Mr. Grover W. Park is president, have been so well developed and carried so far towards completion that the public is exceedingly anxious that their success should be insured by action of the New York Legislature.

In order to preserve the Palisades it has been necessary to gain control of property and riparian rights extending along the west bank of the Hudson from Fort Lee Ferry to its valley's landing. Towards the accomplishment of this end the construction has obtained from the Legislature of New Jersey an appropriation of \$500,000 and the transfer of riparian rights of a value estimated at \$500,000. On other lands and rights in New York State necessary to its purpose it has secured options which are good for a term of 13 years. Towards the purchase and improvement of these properties it has secured from private individuals subscriptions amounting to \$125,000, the payment of which is conditional on the co-operation of the State of New York in carrying out the commission's plans. For introduction into the State of the lands and rights in New York State on which it holds options, and which are essential to the preservation of the Palisades, it asks the New York Legislature to appropriate \$400,000. This appropriation will secure to the people of the country the fruits of the commission's labors, and will make the Palisades public property, and as safe for all time.

It seems unquestionable that the appropriation is fit to be made. The minds of many persons to whom the embankments of the quarries on the Palisades have been a distress and a reproach will be relieved when word comes that the Legislature has made it.

The Government in Business

MR. HENRY A. CASTLE, Auditor of the Post-Office Department, is the author of a very important and instructive article published in the March and April numbers of the *New American Review*, entitled, "Some Perils of the Postal Service."

The experience of the government in carrying on the business of the post-office, which is the largest enterprise carried on by any person or set of persons in the world, is of enormous importance in the discussion of the practical side of socialism, for, as Mr. Castle points out, it is in fact an "incursion of our government into the domain of state socialism." Moreover, further important lessons are to be drawn from the inquiry in view of the additional facts which our people are seeking to impose upon the government, such as the postal telegraph, the postal savings-bank, the postal railroad system, and other schemes.

How has the government conducted this scientific enterprise? In some respects greatly to the advantage of the people who use the mails. The rates of postage have been diminished. The speed with which the letters are transported has been increased with the increase of

speed by the passenger railway service. The extension of the free delivery service has brought the post-office to the homes of people who dwell on farms, as well as to those who live in cities. How is it with the other side, the government? It is plain, from Mr. Castle's paper, that the government is not so wise, so prudent, so economical, or so wary so frank with itself and its partners, the taxpayers, as a private firm of corporation would be. In fact, the first fact is it is only recently that business principles have been partly adopted in the employment of the administrative force of the department. Even now there is much evasion of the rules for promotion, abolition, and transfer. Mr. Castle does not say this, but it is plain, that whatever efficiency the postal service exhibits is due to the enforcement of the merit system. How the department got along at all under the postal system is difficult to understand, for Mr. Castle says "it is absolutely certain that no branch down the civil service agency now prevailing among subordinates, and to restore the whole department to the tender mercies of political manipulators, would bring chaos and confusion." He adds: "We have built up a gigantic industrial and financial enterprise, the estimated efficiency of which as yet depends so much on the maintenance of national politics."

There are many defects on the financial side of the institution, due mainly to the fact that its methods and its needs are dependent on Congressional action, which too often means Congressional indifference. In the first place, the sums received from the sale of postage-stamps, postal cards, and stamped paper aggregate \$120,000,000 annually for this service. The post-office department for these supplies, and none can be spared, says Mr. Castle, unless a large increase of clerical force is granted by Congress. There is no method of stabilizing the amounts for railroad transportation. The post-office spends \$120,000,000 annually for this service. The auditing office is not furnished with the data to check illegal or dishonest expenditures. Payment, and Congress has refused the clerical force necessary to make such an audit if the data are required.

Mr. Castle points out that, unlike a private corporation or a partnership, the government does not know, and has no way of discovering, the profit or loss of each branch of the postal service. In some branches the losses are serious, and under the existing system the profitable elements must carry the unprofitable. The losing of money enters it on at a loss. So here are the accounts of the business in this branch of the government, that heavy embankments and defalcations are constantly occurring.

These are a few of the illustrations of the government's incapacity as the manager of a great business enterprise, and yet on the business of Congress are many bills introduced to increase the government's business functions. Notwithstanding the fact that the great business already carried on is a constant breed of attempts on the part of postal employees to defraud the government, of criminal conspiracies between employees and outsiders, and notwithstanding the loose and careless methods of administration largely due to bad legislation, Congress seems bent upon extending the experiment by establishing a postal savings-bank, which would have the government with money which it could not invest, and which would offer constant temptation to dishonest persons by taking over the railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines, substituting for prudent business management the merely political, and dangerous control of an army of politicians. The subject, as Mr. Castle discusses it, opens up a large field of inquiry beyond that of the practical business side, and beyond the scientific question involved. For example: Would it be wise to add to the army of dependents already voting in favor of the political party which will promise most to its languishing and misapp-followers? Have we not already a sufficient body of politicians?

Classes in Public Schools

WE are glad to note the recent statements of Miss M. O'Brien, President of the New York Board of Education, on the subject of the overcrowding of school-rooms. "I was told the time was at hand," said Mr. O'Brien, "when we could limit the number of pupils in the classroom to forty-five, and give six to eight children. The individuality

of the teacher is lost in these large classes, and the best results cannot possibly follow.

Under the circumstances teachers must do the best they can. But one of the ideals in our schools that I feel particularly concerned to share with you when the number of pupils will not be so large to prevent teachers with individuality from impressing it on each and every child. We need more of that individual care for the backward pupils.

Mr. O'Brien has placed his finger upon one of the new spots of our public-education system. Entirely apart from hygienic questions involved, the overcrowding of classes is a means to efficient public-school education. Existing conditions, not alone in this city, but throughout the country, the tendency of public-school work has been rather to suppress class to encourage individuality, not only in teacher, but in pupil. Magnificence in the work in its results, it cannot be denied, is a constant charge that the finished product is machine-made rather than hand made. There is a mechanical stamp about it all that is not quite a hallmark, and if the time is ever to come when a certificate from the public school would indicate the fitness of the graduate to go to or instruction can fit him to assure the duties and responsibilities of the larger life, it must come through a contraction rather than through an expansion of classes. Mr. O'Brien sets a minimum at forty-five, and experience seems to have shown that this is not even if it were smaller so harm could come of it, and much good might result. Of course the bright boy or girl, with health and energy and a liking for instruction, will go ahead, but the one who is dull or whose real intelligence is not even in the normal qualities being demanded which need only the impulsive of individual effort on his behalf to be weakened into a realization. It might not be a bad idea for our public-school authorities, who have been so fully observed and experienced to speak with knowledge on the subject, to consider when the exact minimum of the number of pupils in the class whose developing minds may be reached and stimulated and made useful to the community, and to have the effect of the teacher of average equipment for the work in hand. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well—a "trite remark," which, in this particular case, has a somewhat significant one. If our public schools turn out a large number of children who are doing every year, they are not accomplishing the work for which the public pays, and to that extent are doing harm rather than good.

Personal

A pair of curiously balanced pistols, made under the personal direction of Dr. Gratton, of Pike County, Pennsylvania, for the use of a medical man likely to be called out over lonely mountain roads at all hours, are now the property of his son, Norman R. Gratton, of Bushkill, Pennsylvania. Mr. Gratton seems to be the direct descendant of that famous French physician who in 1791 invented that "instrument of death which he deemed best calculated to relieve the suffering of the subject condemned to forfeit their lives by the sentence of some bad and lawless 'the executioner,'" says *Magnus DeWitt*, one of the members of the Court of Sessions. "It was held out by the Constitution for the purpose of denigrating a greater number of victims." Mr. Gratton, whom I knew in his old age, was invariable for what he considered an involuntary attack on his constitution, and before expiring bore the impress of a smiling ghost, and his hair, of a snowy whiteness, afforded a clear indication of his mental and physical vigor. "I am not a soldier, and the sorrows of human nature!" Thus the motto of the inventor of the guillotine—whose descendants are still in Germany—was also before expiring inscribed to the United States—is definitely vindicated by these curiously balanced pistols. The realization of the Matter and Form—being some of the preparatory inventors never trouble. In the same time, the guillotine in France grows in stature, and may be killed out.

The few sticks which Mr. ALEXANDER HAS HAWKINS, of New York, has collected, and which he is now giving by a good many dollars, at a cost of a good many thousand dollars, will be ready to-day one of the unique collections of the world, and one which will carry them off over the country more cost-effective postage, than is worth all else. Each stick is treated with a solution of two million dollars of it, tapering to a width of half an inch at its base. I can see one some famous artist has painted a picture—its contents, I think, are of the highest quality. Show the exhibition of this collection at the Union Club. Mr. HAS HAWKINS has added new points to it, and there are now 120 such sticks all told, of which 100 have been mounted in four tiers. (ANTHONY DEWEY, BUCKINGHAM, and others, are also among the donors.) Messrs. MERRILL, BANGS, and DUNN are among the American artists represented. Of their brethren over the water, the following are named: GEORGE W. CURRIAN, CHARLES, GEORGE FLETCHER, and GEORGE HERBERT APPER.



West Point, Prout's Neck, Maine
By Winslow Homer



A Fairy Tale
By Samuel John



Autumn
By John W. Alexander, winner of the Carnegie Prize



SCULPTURE AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.



The Ceremonies

in Iowa Circle



The President



General Grenville M. Dodge



Mrs. John A. Logan

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN

The statue is the work of Franklin Simmons. It is fourteen and one-half feet high, the figure being twice life size, stands in Iowa Circle, Washington, D. C. The ceremonies were held April 3, 1907.



TO PUT UP A PHEASANT IN THE WOODS IS A BRIGHT, EXHILARATING EPISODE"

See "An Island Preserve," Page 49

dominating all. The railway crosses the Volsa, a fine valley after leaving Moscow. By a splendid iron bridge, nearly a mile long. Even here, so far from its source, this grand river of Europe is a marble, with flowing stream, bearing upon its banks beautiful fields from the pine forests afar so scarce, and many great streams, which carry passengers to the famous bay of Nijni Novgorod, and other cities of the interior. Many of these streams are detained for fuel, brought from the great mills and factories, which, although in fire, instead of giving itself with firewood, took long deep draughts of coke known as *tsch*, which did not improve the water. The water, which is abundant at this end of the line over Balkhik locations, a make which I had not seen since we had left Kishinev, on the far side of the Carpathians.

In the evening and last day of our journey on the "Siberian Express" we passed through the large town of Nijni Novgorod, a great railroad center, and the station of the suburbs of its churches. More and more restricted the beautiful country appeared as we approached Moscow, giving evidence in every nook and fertile field of its hundred years of tillage, until at last, presently on a suburb near the city, we saw the first brick, the Siberian Express pulled into the beautiful station of Moscow, and set on our journey across all the Russian sea practically finished. It is a matter of thirteen hours further to St. Petersburg, and two days more to London.

As a multitude of friends here asked me to give particulars concerning the time and cost of this journey, I will add a few lines, to answer those inquiries. It was by the same route, and in the same manner, that the journey from Vladivostok to Moscow could be made in twenty-two days. I do not think that it ever was, or can be made in a shorter time. The Trans-Siberian Railway is greatly improved, and the Amur and Sakhalin have a channel dug through their shoals. As



Siberian Recruits bound for Choo

a matter of fact, the journey took us thirty-eight days, with a starting for the Amur, because my mail and other letters, if it cannot often be made in less than a week. The cost of the different divisions of my journey was:

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Manchuria.—A Bone of International Contention

By John Barrett

WITH Manchuria the focus of Peking diplomacy, and the predicted result of a war between Russia and Japan, the average man who is not a student of Asia wonders why that section of China is a bone of such sharp contention. It is therefore interesting to note some recent facts regarding the importance of Manchuria's location, the extent of its resources, and the significance of the present negotiations.

Manchuria is practically the richest and most powerful unimproved section of all Cathay. I venture this statement not alone on my own authority but on my own observations, which were made in a journey across Manchuria and Mongolia and Korea to Ussuri, during a tour of storage in United States minister to Nam in Southern Asia. My observations are based also on the word of such noted authorities as Archibald Colquhoun, the eminent British geographer and traveler, Lord Charles Bessborough, statesman, naval hero, and national commercial agent, Count Leslau, now Russian ambassador at Washington, and Marcellif, another brilliant Russian diplomatist.

It may summarize a few facts worthy of remembrance, but again possibly surprising to the man who has not studied Asia, we would describe Manchuria in this wise:—

Geography. 375,000 square miles, it occupies nearly one-third of China's total area. It is twice as large as Japan proper, an times larger than England and Wales, could hold all California, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and double the size of New England with New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania combined. Its climate is the best in China, being similar to that of Maine and Canada in the north and east and to Montana and Minnesota in the north and west. Its soil-fertility is remarkable. It is traversed by several large river systems, including the mighty Fungari and Heilong, the north and the lower Yang and Lien on the south. It has an unusually fertile and well-watered valleys, thickly forested hills and mountains, broad grass-land, meadows and plateaus, and sloping agricultural lands. Its whole area is tributary to the sea and to the commerce of the world, through an extensive coastline on the Gulf of Pechili, which is the harbor of Peking, and the harbors of Tairewan (now Taiwan) and Port Arthur on the Liaoning peninsula, and Newchwang near the mouth of the Yalu River.

Still, Manchuria is far from being an El Dorado. It has also barren plateaus, treeless mountains, heavy valleys, snow-covered and wind-swept hills and dunes. If the traveler visiting Manchuria saw that the white landscape and gray granite hills of the Shanaipe mountains or "Long White Mountains," which separate the Fenghien Kingdom of Korea from Manchuria, he would imagine that he was approaching a desert without prospect, or in prospect. If, again, he should find himself lost on the sandy steppes in the back of the Fungari and Heilong rivers, under the shadow of the Long White Mountains that mark the boundaries between Manchuria and the limited wastes of Mongolia and the little desert, he would not be far from being such a wilderness. Thus in Manchuria, in its variety of topography, climate and resources, not unlike our own great State of California, with its wonderful mingling of deserts and gardens.

Local commerce could never be out of belching in the background. It has permission to quote from a most official letter addressed to me several years ago by the American Legation in Peking, which has such a privilege in that respect that important gateway to Manchuria. They were housing me with an appeal to assist in a scheme to build a road through the interior of China's resources and possibilities. They said:

"There is in question, in our judgment, based on the intimate acquaintance with Manchuria, extending over a long period of years, that it possesses greater possibilities of material exploitation, with great rewards to the countries and men interested, than any other section of Asia of equal size. We have on any other equal portion of Asia, America, Africa, or Europe, receiving Manchuria such a wealth of coal, minerals, timber, and climate, with its various conditions of soil, fertility and agricultural products. It still offers an aspect of this estimate. I quote from a letter dated Newchwang, December 22, 1906, addressed to Lord Charles Bessborough by the British am-

basador of that port when he made his memorable trip to Japan. After he had urged there not to exaggerate, they said:

"The mineral wealth of these provinces [of Manchuria] is great, and is worked in many parts of a primitive manner; lead and silver are also found, and there are traces of tin, copper, and petroleum, from elsewhere and in some places close at hand. Most important, however, are the huge deposits of coal of various descriptions—anthracite, semi-anthracite, bituminous, etc.—ready for machinery to derive a large export trade."

America's chief concern in Manchuria's future is commercial. The United States are selling more manufactured products to Manchuria than to any other part of China. The United States are also the largest trade during the last decade more rapidly than any other nation, not excepting Russia. The South Sea States of the United States have a great stake in the future of Manchuria. The cloth markets of its provinces have been supplied chiefly by our Southern cotton mills. The depression in the cotton trade of the last year is due principally to the situation in China. Last year America sold cotton cloths valued at \$10,000,000, approximately, in North China ports, including Newchwang. This was an increase of nearly one hundred per cent, in a decade. These figures refer

first in the case of cotton goods, petroleum, and flour, and then later in other lines, with sufficient power.

When it was suggested that Russian products could not successfully compete with our goods, all things being equal, and that the open-door treaties and agreements would protect American interests, he answered that and even successfully replied:

"Do not be deceived by such assumptions. If necessary, when we have full authority over Manchuria, we shall gradually establish a protective tariff, such as you have in America, and bar the market for the benefit of our Russian merchants and manufacturers. Either with direct or discriminating duties at ports of entry, or with special freight rates on rail and steamship lines under government control, we will make a successful effort to control those northernmost Asiatic markets."

Right here it is well to note what Russia has already done materially in Manchuria. A considerable portion of the railway is constructed southeast from Chosen in Siberia to Harbin and Hailu on the Manchurian, and then almost directly north from Hailu to Kailu, Mowden, and Newchwang to the ports of Tairewan and Port Arthur. From Newchwang the road is to connect with the line already constructed from Peking to Fokang. The city of Harbin, in the heart of northern Manchuria, on the great northern branch of the Trans-Siberian, is an illustration of Russian enterprise. Five years ago on such a desolate spot as Harbin, there is now a thriving trade centre of fifty thousand people, with electric lights, gas, water, electric lights, and other characteristics of an up-to-date Western European city. It is located at the head of navigation on the Fungari, and was selected by the Russian engineers as the best point of connection of the manufacturing, respectively to Vladivostok and Port Arthur.

It is a somewhat serious is not difficult of comprehension. As a result of the recent treaty between Russia and Japan, as she claims, to protect her railway interests, and the fact that the Manchurian provinces, as well as to connect with the 1600 miles of the Trans-Siberian, she shall be able to prevent order and peace in the future, she assumes that she will immediately withdraw when China enters into these conditions, alleging that she has no intention of annexing Manchuria or of closing the market open door.

In this agreement the present object. Hence it is held that the treaty is a secret one with an individual power. Hence the great relations between Russia and Japan, and not therefore second with the understanding that, pending the settlement of the present dispute, Russia would make no special arrangements with Japan. Hence it is held that the Russian agreement will be the first direct treaty between Russia and Japan, and not therefore second with the understanding that, pending the settlement of the present dispute, Russia would make no special arrangements with Japan.

Viewed impartially, Russia need not be criticized from her standpoint for her Manchurian policy. Her interests are far beyond those of Japan. It should be remembered, in any discussion, that the entire northern and eastern boundaries of Manchuria are Russian, and that Russia has a right to her share of the Manchurian market. It is not surprising that she should be so far from being a great principle of stake. It is understood that the Russian agreement will be the first direct treaty between Russia and Japan, and not therefore second with the understanding that, pending the settlement of the present dispute, Russia would make no special arrangements with Japan.

The Japan crisis is of acute significance. If Russia receives complete power in Manchuria, she will endeavor to create Korea, and that would be fatal to Japan, in the eyes and opinion of her statesmen. If, indeed, the nations, in the great relations between Russia and Japan, it will not be a struggle between Russia and Japan, which would be the nature of things. Hence it is held that the treaty is a secret one with an individual power. Hence the great relations between Russia and Japan, and not therefore second with the understanding that, pending the settlement of the present dispute, Russia would make no special arrangements with Japan.



The Focus of Peking Diplomacy

to cottons. With Manchuria's development will come similar demands for manufactured iron and steel and staple food supplies.

Being long one of the wide streets of London, the great street and chief city of Manchuria, about two years ago, I took several notes of the areas in the Manchurian road of gravity shops. There are many cloth stores from North Carolina, owners of Korean from Pennsylvania, from New York, from Ohio, from Illinois, and from this, two from Massachusetts, and miscellaneous articles from other States. American commercial success was velocity striving to keep pace with the old history that came through from Harbin, to Kirin and then liberates to Tairewan and Vladivostok. I was fortunate enough to meet, within the narrow confines of a small store, a man of business, of home, or, at a railroad and a table Russian merchant on route to Newchwang. With utmost politeness he proposed to be one of the Trans-Siberian business man, made this significant statement, of which I purposely kept a memorandum:

"The time will come when the manufacturing industries of southern Russia and the food products of central Russia will supply and control the Manchurian markets. I thought here either in the combined shirt of our 'Volunteer' Black Sea merchant boat or in the freight cars of our Trans-Siberian railway, our pro-



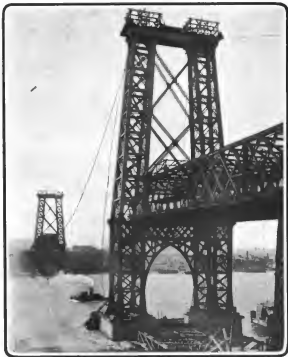
The Scow with the Cable-spools starting across the River, April 10



The Engine which raised the Cables



Cable-spool with the Rope-brake



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A Rival to Niagara

The Niagara power, either intended in building a new, either for power, for the hills of Niagara, and in increasing a portion at least of its mighty flow of water. It remained for the greatest inventor in modern Niagara a rival—met in magnitude, truly, but in utility, which is the present view point of our mechanical and water-act age.

At Niagara, New York, a power company has been engaged for several years on an enterprise the completion of which, or at least the practical starting of which, is expected to take place in the middle of the year of the present year. The enterprise was taken of the fact that the Niagara River, upon which Niagara is situated, and which parallels the St. Lawrence for several miles in that vicinity, was at Niagara only five feet lower than the corresponding level of the St. Lawrence. The undertaking consists of the construction of a canal from the St. Lawrence River to the Niagara River over Niagara, a distance of more than three miles, and the building of the latter piece of electric power-house.

This canal is 10,000 feet in length, and 200 feet in width at the water-line. The finished canal will have a mean depth of eighteen to twenty feet. The gradient of the canal gives a velocity of flow of about three and a half miles per hour. At the power house the water level is about thirty-two feet; the canal at this point is enclosed somewhat to form a basin. The flow of water when the plant is working up to its full capacity is expected to be about four feet. The canal is crossed by two single spans, higher bridges, built on stone piers, one at the St. Lawrence road, and the other about midway between that point and the power house. They are high enough to allow such vessels of the largest size to pass under them.

The dam, which is also the foundation for the power-house, is of solid masonry construction, and extends across the line where that forms the bed of the Niagara River. At this point the river has been diverted from its natural bed, and a large excavation of the bed rock was made in order to make it level for the latter work. The dam is a heavy wall eight feet thick at the upper water-level and fifteen feet thick at the base of the turbine chamber.

The turbine chambers are each thirty-two feet wide, and are separated from the canal bed by a series of three gates of winging gates, similar in construction to the gates of canal locks. The speed of the water at full flow is 150 revolutions a minute. Fifteen of these sets of turbines are being installed, capable of driving the same number of 5000 horse-power dynamos.

Each of these enormous main generators stands twenty-two feet above its foundation. The generator shaft is a continuation of the shaft which, in the case of the second set of turbines is mounted. This shaft carries the revolving disk, which is in effect a large steel wheel, fifteen feet in diameter and three feet two inches wide, with low massive spokes. This disk, when revolving at its full speed of 150 revolutions per minute, has a peripheral speed of one and one-quarter miles per minute. The steel covers twenty-two feet in diameter, held by a massive outside steel rim. These steel disks constitute the stationary element of the magnetic circuit of the generator. Along the inner face of the rim a series of thin built-up iron powder disks is which are used the copper conductors of the armature. The rotating wheel in drives an alternating current in the copper windings of the stationary outer ring of the armature. It is in this current which, at a pressure of 2200 volts, gives an electrical output of 5000 horse-power. Each generator is carried to the foundation by four heavy concrete columns being founded by a series of a set of copper base rings. The dam and arch and the foundation of the electric current are now too well known to require further illustration. There is water and development of the arts of science that does not use electricity in some form or other; and some, like the revolution of the water, dam, contain carbon and the economical manufacture of aluminum and other products, are made, and electricity is produced upon it. In addition to the electrical development of the world, there is a surplus of water in their canal to supply hydraulic power to manufacturers.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

HARPER'S WEEKLY

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

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Beginning with the next number HARPER'S WEEKLY will publish an important and interesting series of drawings illustrating the various branches of the steel industry in the United States.

America in Asia

THIS part which this country is playing in China is worthy of the best traditions of the republic. From the start, the President and Secretary Hay have been upon two things—the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire, and the opening of China to the commerce of the world, not, necessarily therefore, to the influence of Western civilization. It was this country principle which insisted upon treating the government of China as having a commerce interest with other powers in the possession of the Bering narrows. It may be said that our attitude was based upon a fiction, but, fiction or truth, it afforded a basis for negotiation with China on the theory that she owed respect not because she was the emperor's vassal, but because she had not the power to suppress. Does any one doubt now that if our force, backed as it was by Great Britain, had been withdrawn, China would not be in possession of the mandate? It is true that we have been gravely aided by the mutual jealousies of the European powers, but it is also true that we furnished a refuge where these powers could meet on common ground, and where they could accept American proposals which they would not otherwise have made for the liberal treatment of China.

Mr. Hay further prepared the way for the suppression of selfish motives of aggrandizement by securing the consent of the powers to the proposition that any increase of a nation's power or jurisdiction in China would not materially add to its commerce at the expense of other treaty nations. And now the administration, after having insisted on the withdrawal of foreign armies from the Empire, is exerting its influence towards securing the reduction to a reasonable size of the indemnities to be paid the injured governments. What the total claims will be eventually is not known. The gross sum of the demands has been estimated at more than \$200,000,000. This government has proposed that the total be reduced to \$75,000,000.

Whether our latest proposal be accepted or not, the influence which this country has exerted in China is indubitably of the highest order. To measure the change between what was and what America expects, we must recall the history of China and the East for more than a century. Japan alone has gained the force of character essential to the holding of its own seat and the dispersal of the armies of its people. All other Eastern lands have been marries for European adventures. India, the Malay Archipelago and China have been forced to yield to the demands of white men at the emperor's behest. Every province, whether European and American enjoy in China, including the right of diplomatic and consular representation and of missionaries to reside in the country, and the right of the missionaries to teach Christianity, has been forced to submit at the termination of an unjust war. With none of these men has the American government been officially impeded, although the interest of our principles in China has followed them. For the first time in history, we are seated as equals in the Empire the British, the French, coalition against Japan, the Chinese government took an impartial friend, not only willing to treat her fairly, but to

urge others to do so. It must seem a strange event to old China's statesmen, perhaps the dawn of a new era. And it is a matter for self-gratification that this republic is the bearer of the torch of enlightenment.

It is as the enlightener that our true policy lies in the Far East. Notwithstanding all our shortcomings, most of them inseparable from new countries, the American's self-education from eighteenth-century monarchy, we have held aloft this torch of enlightenment and liberty for nearly a hundred and twenty-five years. We have not only raised up men who have lived under our Constitution, but also men who have carried our torch of enlightenment and liberty, lifting up humanity in the Western world. The German Empire is less the medieval Empire that he would be led for the inspiration of the American republic to the German people. The revolutionary peoples of South America are better than they would be if they had remained under the governing rule of Spain. The republic has taught the landholder, and has made humanity more dignified. The man without power and without estate, whether he dwell here or in Europe, is the more self-respecting and the more respected for the lesson which our democratic experiment has taught both the weak and the powerful. We have presented the work of peace, and made nations more reasonable and more civilized, the example and practice of this country and its government, democracy is the chief side of Christianity.

What we have here in the West, we may be in the East. Here our virtues have outshone our vices. They have not corrupted their race, nor without saying. Even if our institutions were of divine instead of human origin, they are worked by men, and therefore worked imperfectly. The main question as to expansion is, as has been well said, whether we shall expand our empire, or our views. So long as we remain in the Philippines, we shall be obliged to withhold our perils, to resist our temptations, and to recall ourselves of our opportunities. If we prevail for the sake of the kind of government we may if we send them such men as Judge Fry, men of character and ability, the kind of American which is recognized as the best organizer and best manager in the world; if we not only preach the gospel of personal liberty and self-reliance, but extend them to the Chinese people, the President has promised to do; if all our influence in these remote regions is for peace and for the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration—if, in short, we enter into the dark shadow of the East the way of the north with which we have illumined the West, our way into the Orient is a power to be reckoned with will be a blessing to humanity. Thus far, in China, our course is full of promise for our future. We have the wisdom, apparently, which the Chinese minister at Washington is displaying in his interesting interviews. Mr. Wu Tsi-Fan points out that liberality to China means prosperity both for China and those who trade with her. It may be added that such liberality as America has shown also means the speedier end to the native hatred of the "foreign devil," which was born of the foreigner's war in behalf of trade in the earlier part of the nineteenth century.

In Aid of Decency

ANSKEMBRYMAN WEEKER, after a serious struggle, has consented to the position of an excellent marriage law. For more than a century the epithets of society has been the "common-law marriage." What the duties in this ill-defined region must denote is not for which sound-hearted and just-minded men and women have been so long and so often. "There are some who are so afraid of the word 'marriage' that they find it too painful an evidence." "Certainly there be," said Bacon, "that delight in idleness."

To the men and women of the gay company which, by monopolizing the name of Bohemia, has done so much to make the name of Bohemia a word of existence, the convention of marriage is probably the most serious of burdens. A virtuous wife and a faithful husband are almost unknown in this company, and their existence is professedly denied.

In this society just beyond the pale, or at the meeting of the tides, the world and the half-world mingle. The one great people who are dropping alone, or the fashionable people who have a taste for vice, meet in the shadow of the bar, or in other places where the electric lights are brought in the very early morning, where champagne flows, where the wine is alcoholic and leaves a bad

taste in the heart, and where the lie is of the kind that slides into the mind and settles there.

But not through, and occasionally out of this life, with the sense of wealth and social position, and sometimes a middle-aged man who has made his money, whose mind is vacant now that he has to bargaining to do, and who seeks to occupy it with these "pleasant views" which the just gods "make instructive in adversity."

It may possibly be unjust to charge this shining company with the invention of the "common-law marriage." It may be that it was discovered by some of these carelessness people who devote themselves to the theory of "five laws," not because they are immoral, but because the interests of the state are opposed to their action, and they, in turn, are always against the state. Nevertheless, the shady people have availed themselves of the chance to escape an opponent and a real legal bondage, for when there is pleasure to be gained from free ranging, that pleasure is not frustrated, and when there is money to be made by insisting on the lead, the "widers" from the outside appear in the courts of justice and demand their share.

So it has come to pass that the "common-law marriage" has been the fruitful source of fraud and blackmail. Unprotected "wives" have appeared after the death of the rich man to claim his estate, and sometimes shame has been drawn through domestic fraud by ladies whose only evidence of marriage is common gossip in the circle which most despise decent domesticity. Mr. WEEKER'S measure empowers men and women who do not want to take the trouble to go to the priest, or to the minister, or to the justice, to go to the clerk in the office of the county or town clerk, a written contract of marriage, witnessed and attested in the manner provided for the conveyance of real estate. It is a most excellent measure, for the welfare of children, for the protection of those who have in youth been swayed in their morals, and for the relief of the courts. But it is a hard blow at the coverts.

Tammany and its Foes

THE Democratic movement in the city of New York against Tammany Hall is national as well as municipal in its character, and it is against EDWARD COVANN and what he stands for; incidentally, it is against DEWAS and HAYRMAN, for if the opposition organization is successful, it seems to be admitted that the Republican organization will adopt the same policy as the Democrats, and then, if Tammany is defeated at the polls, the new organization will be recognized as national and State politics.

It is, however, with the organization as a factor in municipal affairs that we are to deal at present. There are two classes of Democrats in its membership—those who want to win, and those who want to win because they deserve a victory. The latter believe that the good of the city requires the demolition of Tammany Hall, or rather of COVANN and COVANN. It is well enough to defeat a Tammany municipal party, but a good many Democrats, and, for that matter, a large number of other good citizens, do not look upon a mere victory in a municipal election as the end for which a struggle should be made. They have come to the conclusion, by reason of the revolutions of the last few years, that Tammany Hall is thoroughly demoralized; that there is no good in it; and that its removal is a municipal necessity.

Whether Mayor VAN WYCK may say to the contrary, the Committee of Fifteen knows that the organization which controls the government of this city lives on vice. The funds for its support come from blackmail. It is in partnership with gambling houses, and it is in partnership with every other kind of crime. It is generally to be expected that the committee maintained so much secrecy in its report, and that it refrained from telling the community frankly and fully, giving names and circumstances, its opinion as to what precisely is going on in this city, what connection there is between public officers, including the heads of the police, and the keepers of gambling houses. The moral people of this city, who have been the main body of the invention of the system under which gambling houses are opened and maintained, the manner of working the system, the manner of dis-



The big Cut through the Culebra Divide, showing Steam-Excavators at Work at the various Levels
This cut is the highest part of the canal. When finished it will be sixty-eight feet above sea-level. The excavation is about two-thirds completed



Canal Cut on the East Side of the Culebra Divide, looking toward Colon, the Atlantic Terminus of the Canal



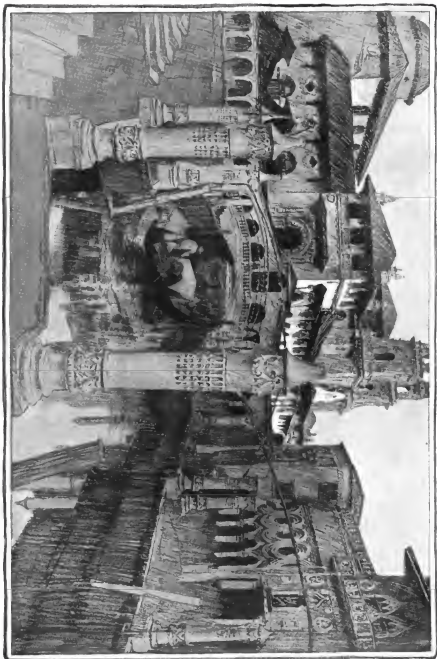
Cut on the West Slope of the Culebra Divide, looking toward Panama,—Panama Railroad Bridge in the Background



The Eastern End of the big Culebra Cut, with Steam-Excavators and Work-Trains at the various Levels

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE PANAMA CANAL EXCAVATIONS

See Page 443.



VENETIAN CANAL AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



Palatino Road, 1890



Palatino Road, 1901



Calzada de Vives, 1890



Calzada de Vives, 1901



Calzada de Jesus del Monte, 1890



Calzada de Jesus del Monte, 1901



Escobar Street, 1890



Escobar Street, 1901

THE CHANGE IN THE APPEARANCE OF THE STREETS OF HAVANA SINCE THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION

The Ascent of Popocatepetl



By Edward Allen Greene

ROBABLY Byron would never have written the lines:

How strong is the mountain of mountains!

They covered him long ago.

I had made the ascent of the majestic Popocatepetl, whose symmetrical and dazzling peak rises (well in fact) splendid above the d distance of plateau, mountainous ranges, and valley surrounds the city of Mexico. No one who at of the whole during party in its crater on the first morning, 1908, will forget the hard climb of six a half hours through the snow and the cushions from the summit that rewarded the climbers, now my arrival in Mexico and my first night from (by its distant peak, it had been my ambition climb Popocatepetl, but I had resided in the active night) for a year before an opportunity rose. The New Year holidays were selected for the trip, and we made up a contingent party of five, of whom two were to make the attempt, in spite of tremendous lack of snow on the mountain. Dr. Brewster, and the disconcerting reports received. Anamero, the quaint little town from which ascent is made.

My party included members from California, Illinois, Ohio, and Massachusetts, all residents of Mexico at a time or another. We took the train for Cuernavaca, and a food supply well-stocked for several days, up the short side of two hours we were treated to views of Popocatepetl and its snow. Fairly well, both of which almost continuously within eight, snow the mountains were bright clouds, and they came covered and somewhat blacked a very much the sky being a gorgeous lack of red and gold.

Reached Anamero just at dusk were set and as the train by Cuernavaca, they had left the city by a train to escape great cold in for the trip. It took us to the hotel, where we found attractive in, meat and drink, and where we made the acquaintance of an about table, presided over by a no-where, who sat near of hand, and directly watched the ranges we were her leader. After supper, Antonio Mendocino called on me, I presented to him my permit a General Caspar Sanchez, of the social Mexican gentlemen who the entire town. Don Antonio evidently been satisfactory, for he stayed perceptibly as silent with us, and when we set to go half the expense of us and guides in advance, his mind of more figures, and he was busy in getting the intricate map-adjusted. He was, however, a fine of snow, slender and tall, and the golden his wind was law. I then a clock the next morning our snow brought up, the I was loaded with blankets and provisions, and we were under way. Our path led for a time high across the tall, and was not very long as we found ourselves in the low hills, below a narrow, winding trail, with occasional formation of the rocky valley, or glimpses of the peaks far above on our right and left. We lacked and with, constantly good height, saw out along the edge of deep and gloomy barrancas, and a partying our way along the led of some dried-up mountain trail in the snow. At intervals a bold promontory and rock dinner by the side of taking mountain stream. Another hour and a half with us to the same line, and the middle of the af-

ternoon found us at the huts which constitute the reach called by country "The Half-way House," and which lies just at the base of the mountain, somewhat sheltered by the pine woods of the surrounding foothills. The ranch consists of four miserable shacks, open to all the winds that blow, and used at times for the purpose of selling sulphur, which is taken in small quantities from the volcano at certain seasons of the year.

We chose the best dirty of the four huts for our resting place, and the guides prepared the supper for our horses. A cheerful fire was soon started in the hut, and presently we sat about our supper preparations, which were simple and of necessary ingredients. Shortly after our arrival a party of four Mexicans appeared on the scene to share our quarters, and just as we turned in for the night still another party of four Americans and one Englishman came up, and, with their guides, took possession of the little space remaining. We now had a party of fourteen, exclusive of guides, and the house was filled with the jargon of English, Spanish, German, and Italian.

We had little sleep through the night, and the hours were passed unaccountably dull, at about four o'clock when it was just dark, we roused ourselves and prepared our breakfast, which consisted of coffee, hard-boiled eggs, and bread. It was a weird and picturesque sight to see our guides, dressed in their best positions against the blinding glare of the sun and the snow. A biting cold wind swept across the base of the mountain, and I found my heavy Mexican shawl none too warm.



Inside the Crater of Popocatepetl

different parties were standing about in snows and blankets, some had kind or adjusting their clothing for the climb. The flickering firelight cast heavy shadows around, and brought out in bold relief the strong Indian features of the natives. After breakfast we were taken in hand by our guides, who took off our shoes and bound up our feet in several yards of narrow cloth. We then waited impatiently for the first signs of dawn, as our guides were unwilling to start until daylight on account of a deep and dangerous barranca which we were to cross on horseback. At about five o'clock, in the dim half-light just before dawn, we mounted our horses, and the start was made. We crossed the barranca in safety, although there, who

was riding a mule, narrowly escaped disaster. When we had passed the bottom of the barranca and commenced to ascend the steepest side, the mule took fright and became unmanageable and plunged down the side to the bottom again. No harm was done, but it was necessary to lead the mule for a while until we took up the trail again at the top. We next rode for a short distance through a forest of scattering pines, when we discovered that we were getting into deep snow. It made an interesting picture to look back upon the steep precipice, riding in single file under the trees, each rider making an arc across or slanting, and followed by his guide and mule with the iron baggage.

We had ridden less than half an hour when the snow became so deep that our horses stumbled painfully and had great difficulty in making headway, and as we were then at the beginning of the slope we decided to alumber them and descend the steep slope. We dismounted, went the horses back to the tracks in charge of a man, and then set out on the snow while our guides loaded ourselves (together with mules) on our feet. We had adjusted our knee gaiters, wrapped our blankets around us, and were each provided with a small wooden staff. I was fortunate enough to have a thick wrapped up with it three completely dry feet, leaving an opening only for the eyes, and this, with my goggles, proved to be perfect protection against the blinding glare of the sun and the snow. A biting cold wind swept across the base of the mountain, and I found my heavy Mexican shawl none too warm.

When the sun came into view over the slope of the mountain it found the horses nervous of our party and our fourteen guides strung out in single file, leading back and forth on the steep mountain side, gaining a little height at each kick. We found the snow covered with a crust so hard as snow places that it was difficult to make enough impression to it to secure a foothold. In other places we sank in almost up to our knees at each step, and here our progress was very slow and laboring. Four or five the first trail, place, called "The Curves," a jutting pile of rocks on which a small wooden cross is placed. Here our guides were lightened, and we were too fatigued to rest long, so we pushed on toward the distant, dazzling peak, still thousands of feet above us.

The morning was clear and perfect, and as we stepped from time to time we could look off over the far-reaching valleys upon scenes that drew historical guides to the highest ground in our ascent. We found it wise to follow in the footsteps of guides as closely as possible, for experience had taught them to select the most accessible route. Once, in the hope of making faster progress, Curcio and I tried to cut off our guides and get ahead by taking a route that our own guides had on a hard trail where we could move on impression with our feet, and we commenced to slide downward. Had it not been for our ascent, in fact, our ascent would have ended, but with their aid we were able to gain ourselves over in a safe spot where we could make a footing and again take the path made by the guides.

As and on we tramped, through vast beds of snow that brought back vivid recollections of February blizzards in New England. From our route became more frequent and we could see no farther, for us, our comrades who had fallen behind. By this time some horses were dropping painfully, and we noticed that the desire to talk grew less, and our com-



El Rancho.—Half-way House on Mount Popocatepetl

patients would answer my questions in indistinguishably. Occasionally we stopped for photographs and to secure a much needed rest, but four or five of us who were in the lead kept on, steady pace, with very few and short rests. We hardly dared look up to the sliding dunes that seemed so hopelessly far ahead, but kept our eyes constantly on the foot-prints before us. The snow soon became heavy, and the steady breeze made us willing to take off our coats and moccasins. Whenever we stopped for rest we threw ourselves down on the snow for a minute and watched the rest of the climbers before us. Some wore their moccasins of feet beneath their heavy, but not so ready turned back, and they appeared hardly larger than specks of black in the vast expanse of white snow.

We took no food or drink of any kind during the long climb except an occasional sipful of sweet chocolate, which seemed to have a sustaining effect. After hours of hard climbing we found that we were nearing the crater, and our guides accompanied us by telling us that we could now see over the edge of it, although it still looked a great distance away. Now came the difficult and perilous part of the trip, for the crust became very hard and the ascent was at an exceedingly steep angle. One of our guides went ahead with a small shovel with which to cut each step separately through the icy crust, while we followed, a few steps at a time, and then sank down on the crust with our feet buried in the steps to reach until we could climb a few steps higher. It was bitter cold, and our hands and feet soon commenced to sting with pain. The glare of the sun on the snow was blinding, too, and but for our low goggles our eyes would have suffered severely.

Our path became frightfully steep, and a look at the bottom of the mountain far below was terrifying indeed. Our slow progress at this point gave our companions an opportunity to criticize us, and at four o'clock they were twice, cold and tired, had jaded and out-of-breath, right of us, with no easy guides, stepped over the edge of the crater with shouts of triumph and firing of pistol-shots. At intervals, those others advised, few of them a sick and completely worn-out condition.

From the summit the view rewarded us was far beyond words to describe. The day was clear and perfect, with but a few small, grey clouds dotted here and there on the horizon below. As I stood on the edge of the crater, almost 10,000 feet above sea level, looking out over a "thousand valleys far and wide," I forgot my weakness and stilled hands and feet, and that same indistinguishable thrill came over me that I experienced when I sailed into the lovely Bay of Naples, and again when I stood one morning at sunrise on the

summit of the former first in Switzerland, surrounded by endless ranges of dazzling snow-covered mountains and glittering glaciers. Directly before me was the rough, snow-capped peak of Iturbide, gloomy and forbidding, while on the right hand, almost a hundred miles away, rose the symmetrical snow peak of this mine, the highest mountain on the North American continent, with its neighbor, Malintzi, also capped with snow.

Away in the distance, so far as vision reached, were ranges upon ranges of lower mountains, some deep blue as indigo, others, farther away, of a light blue that

or any noticeable increase of heart action, but several members of the party were passing peacefully and we hardly able to speak. One of my comrades told me that he could feel his heart beat through his coat and armband. The temperature was very odd, but it seemed to be modified somewhat by the natural warmth of the crater, and we were protected against the icy wind outside.

We pushed a fragile bank of hard-baked snow, snow-chocolate, and bread, and after taking more pictures and enjoying the view for a while, we commenced the descent at about one o'clock. The first part of the way down, where the steps were cut, was attended with considerable difficulty and danger, and one of our German friends was overcome with dizziness, and the guides found it necessary to carry him almost bodily until he passed the most dangerous stage. When we reached the softer snow, and the guides unrolled the "petates" on which we were to descend down the rest of the way. These were rough mats made of pine, on which we sat, each with his guide, and descended down the mountain. We were stirred and our speed was regulated somewhat by a staff in the hands of the guide, after the manner of steering a toboggan. When we were on level, smooth snow our speed was lightful, but as soon as we struck a soft or rough spot we would slow down considerably.

It was an exciting and pleasant series of descent, and enabled us to make the same distance that had required more than six and a half hours of hard climbing in the morning in about two hours. The snow had been softened considerably by the sun, and we reached the bottom completely wet through. When we arrived at the

bank some of our party were involved with severe sick-headaches, but we were, for the most part, in good condition, and after drying our clothes by the fire, we commenced copper pyrites, having decided not to attempt the return ride to Amecameca until the next day.

At eleven o'clock that night, as I was restless and could not sleep, I went outside of the hut to walk about. It was brilliant moonlight, and the view of Popocatepetl was majestic and awe-inspiring. The next night seemed to hover above me for miles, and its restless white sides observed my wanderer in the moon light that they had been deceived that they by the foot of mine. Turning about, I could see, almost a hundred miles away, the dim outline of Orizaba, faint and ghostly.

Going back to the hut, I pulled up by my blankets and lay down to sleep, feeling that I had descended through one of those experiences which remain a treasure of memory through life.



Coming down "Petates"

almost blended with the sky. Numberless beautiful valleys, colored every shade of green, lay below us like a huge relief map, and here and there a few scattering white dots showed where Mexico, Puebla, and other smaller towns were situated, or a flash of reflected sunlight disclosed some well-known line of railway extent.

The crater itself is a marvel, and is well worth a hard journey to see. A huge and gloomy pit it is, its steep sides emitting sulphurous smoke and fumes, and its perpendicular walls descending, it is said, to a depth of 1500 feet. At the bottom is a small lake of emerald green, surrounded by volcanic rocks and deposits of sulphur. At the top there is a ledge of rock at the crater's edge, from which we made our observations of the crater and upon which we were photographed. I did not observe any difficulty in breathing. My anxiety for this moment is a hour from the summit of the American Gasquetted before, being the date of January 12, 1887.

The Crater of Mount Popocatepetl
Photographs by Corvill & Schmidt, Mexico



THE GRILL-ROOM OF THE



E NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

Sir William had talked with me, treated me like a shadow.

The banquet passed by with his blinking dragons, among them the young personage who had promised to cover at our anniversary, and we delivered a pair of wonderful glances at each other which crossed like broadswords.

And now, my Lord Danmore's hands on wheels drove off, and his shining Lordship sat out in the midst of his domain—Virginia, for all the world like a white cat drowsing through hell fire.

The ladies were trying, trying on new masks, standing in rows between the seats, and the officers lolled and whistled and played with their mail boxes, while the silent Mademoiselle looked on, counting the minutes till the crowd gave them their liberty.

One lady there was, in a mask and silvery cloak, who looked at me as long through the eye-holes that I felt my heart began a beating, and another, too, in a mask and blue mantle, who tilted the flames a trifle, divining a fresh, sweet, smiling mouth. You see, no one turned twice to look at me, and it seemed to me that my heart got a bumping all my sins at once, for she did look exactly like Marie Lavegnon.

Mr. Williams and Colonel Clans had joined Lord Danmore in his coach, Sir William and Colonel Butler all tarried themselves in the Governor's Trianon.

I abandoned, rub head in the hall with a company of Virginia lass and dragons, wondering if ever I could acquire such horsemanship as the Southwestern displayed.

Coming to the hall, I saw Sir William, whose smiling lips began a quiver at sight of me, and he drew me apart, making of me new Queen.

"He is not yet dead, is he?" I replied, my heart aching for Sir William.

For a moment he stood staring at the ground, then holding me by the hand, he reported to me the news of the blood-house, walked away to discuss his maximum wage again with the oldest man in the western world.

That night Sir William provided two great mansions for guests, one at the court-house in Johnson, the other at Johnson Hall.

The splendid banquet at the court-house was given to all the visiting officers except Lord Danmore, Governor Tryon, and three particular aides. To it were invited the Virginians, the New-Yorkers, the important New-Englanders, such officers of the British House as had come with Governor Tryon, and all gentlemen of distinction who had brought their ladies.

Colonel Clans and his lady presided as host and hostess, representing Sir William and Mistress Molly.

Our little band played in the gallery during the banquet, and later on the parterre of the court-house, where a great crowd of people had collected to cheer.

The other banquet was given at the same hour in our home, to house Lord Danmore and Governor Tryon.

There were gathered in the hallway and on the stairs a vast company of ladies and gentlemen when I came down my little chamber to wait on Sir William. Here was the great Earl of Danmore in a ring of flustering ladies, peering, looking, tapping his snuff-box, producing the few hot coffee—and I thought he resembled one of those infamous red-bellied boys from the Carolina in a painted cage.

There were our Lieutenant Tryon in purple with brass belt to boot, with his broad oak and star on his breast, leaning over, hands clasped behind his back, to whom I bowed just as I bowed to a young girl who tapped at him with her fan. There was my kinsman, Sir John

Johnson, with his laddered eyes and ungainly carriage, and old Colonel Butler, watching the gay row party as he looks from about behind watch panels, waiting to attack. There also shined my imperial dragon, but who had educated at the parlor, and I will not deny he appeared to be an elegant and handsome officer, possessing those marked characteristics of his kind.

Making my way carefully amid swelling petticoats and a horde of pointed fans, all waving like the wings of a swarm of moths drawn by the candle light, I passed Mistress Molly on the arm of Sir William, touching my lips to her pretty fingers, which she held out to me behind her back.

Next I encountered Mr. Butler and bowed him with a smile, which displayed my country breeding, it

my eyes. What miracle of miracles had set her to give tall and turn into a woman in a single week?

I stared almost piously at her, trying to find my own familiar comrade in this whirling shower of silk and ribbon, this delicate stranger, smiling breathlessly at me, with sparkling teeth set on the edge of her parted lips.

In her triumph she laughed that laugh of silver which sounded over of smiling at me. "The same laugh, the same gay eyes, and the same white fingers laid on my wrist."

"Milly," she whispered, "I told you so. And it has come true, my gown is silk, my stockings silk, my shoes are Puddington's make and silver to the sole!"

"Have I grown?" Oh, my gown and above coat, Betty still I vouch she brought her a ribbon to tie to show her silver, explaining it was a new conceit from New York.

"It's this way," he explained, actually moving my person. "I like this sort of blue about your elbow, set— with your garter, and the blue ribbon for a partner to lead you to the table I seek gentlemen and the blue bow to his sword-hilt."

"Drap tie it to Mr. Cardigan's," said Silver Heels, merrily. "I have search to say to him for his piece of mind."

The stream and I, face to face, regarded each other with meaningless amazement.

"To deprive you of such an honor, me," said he coolly. "I protest, reformer me is deeper; but the light blue has been already been awarded, Mr. Cardigan."

I involuntarily glanced at his own sword-hilt, and there fastened a light blue ribbon. At the same moment I perceived that Silver Heels had been perfectly aware of this.

Married as I was, and singing under the dragon's impudence, I controlled myself sufficiently to congratulate him, and cautiously deplore my own ill fortune, without a glimpse, though it stung in my throat to do it.

"Let not your lady hear that," said Silver Heels, with her fan hiding her eyes. "How do you know, sir, which party she lets and Mr. Brown may do you?"

Mr. Brown and I regarded each other in silent hostility.

"May I have the honor of attaching this ribbon to your belt, sir?" he asked, with a smile.

"You may, sir," said I, still more stiffly, "if it is necessary."

He had a red bow-knot in my belt, no bow to each other, then with a smile and a grateful bow, and he bowed to my eyes, for he saw she presented me, and—

"Why, Milly?" she cried, "Silver Heels!" I stammered, striving to believe

being the fashion among quality to greet one's enemy with more elaborate courtesy than one accords to friends.

People passed and repassed with laughter and whisper, and the scented wind from their fans swept my cheek.

Suddenly it seemed as though the voice of Silver Heels struck in my ears, and for a moment I stared about me, wondering that she should be here. But I could not find her. Then her voice sounded again, as she peeped from in all that whisper, and I saw it came from a young girl looking behind me. She was very delicate and pretty in her powder and patches, truly somewhat pale and lacking in glossiness, but with a pair of great hazel eyes like Silver Heels' and the child's full lips. Certainly she had Silver Heels' voice, and her trick of winking her eyes, for, for now she presented me, and—

"Why, Milly?" she cried, "Silver Heels!" I stammered, striving to believe

a word to Silver Heels, which I did not wish to do.

"Who is that pretty one?" I said, turning to Silver Heels.

"Why, Michael?" she protested, reproachfully, yet smiling, too.

"Oh, it is one of your friends, I ask indulgence," said I, mad enough to pluck the blue knot from her nose.

"Truly, Michael," she said, "you are still very young."

She wailed herself by the mill, "I set beside her, naturally, and for a time I gazed at her sideways.

Verily, the impossible had overtaken me; she appeared to be fully as tall as the lady in the diamond around me; her self-possession and obvious indifference to me completed my growing discontent. I look-



Michael made a deep bow

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

MARGARET ANGLIN

HELENE ODILON

JESSIE MILLWARD

FARLY a quarter of a century has passed since Victoria Gordon's *Physsa* was seen first in New York. Wallack's Theatre was the place of that introduction, and the time was April 1, 1878. Later Wallack, Ross Ughlin, H. A. Montague, F. H. Robinson, Maudie Strang, Marie Pons, and W. M. Mason were some of the players at that noted performance. *Physsa*'s play affords good opportunities in all levels of action, and there has not since occurred a revival during the twenty-three years that have intervened since it was made known here—probably with a degree of brilliancy in its general interpretation that has never since been equaled. Gordon's play was most deservedly for the interest its subsequent performances have accorded chiefly on the excellent critic's interpretations. It shows the dramatist at his best, and represents the climax of what as his second and highest period. It is in the perfection of his work, and not of that later phase of his career apparently called "Naturalism," in which the mere desirability of his technique drives every element of character and humanity out of his plays. If the material of "Physsa" were an superior in the artistic level, the play might be taken as the best specimen of the realistic play ever written, as it deserves still to be put into that category even despite its age. But as the substance of his plays never surpassed Victoria Gordon's early on to reach an art that in devising their merely theatrical elements, it is enough to be grateful for the work as an absorbing specimen of this playwright's art, perfect in its ability to engage its learners, outstanding in its lighter moments, and a model that may well be the despair of all who would attempt to imitate its consummate stagecraft. It has not yet been in "date or show," unless it be in the practical sense of its interpretation that it will soon have to be looked upon as an all readily in the sense that such plays as "Madame X" have earned that name. Coming at the end of a season in which the dramatist's work has been such a large part of the theater's offerings, it seems by the contrast greater than ever.

CHARLES FROHMAN has remained in the present admirable position at the Regent for the full strength of the theater's players. William Faversham, Charles Robinson, Guy Manning, Jessie Millward, and Margaret Clifford are a group of actors as powerful as the American stage has ever known. There was never a doubt of their ability to do justice to the rising character of the drama, insofar as their efforts calculated in a provision of their respective services with the achievement of the dramatic in manner. The actual performance removed the possibility of doubting on this standard. It was throughout most multiple and more than any of the previous representations. This difference in the way of setting the drama, as shown chiefly in Miss Millward's playing of Fyssa, who was a more womanly and human, less declamatory and dominating, than Miss Fyssa had been in the role she created here. That Charles Robinson would have been much better suited to the role of Ivan than to Jason was as evident as the certain superiority that would have been William Faversham's in the part of Jason. Mr. Frohman has instantly and emotion in a much greater degree than in previous representations, and he is physically better suited to express the characteristic of the youthful hero than of the profligate diplomat. Mr. Frohman is, on the other hand, more gifted with the dignity that suits the part of *Wesley*. The general performance would have been necessarily improved had these two actors exchanged their standing parts. William Faversham would not then have fallen into a part distinguished by association with the name of Lester Wallack and Charles Robinson. Guy Manning was a surprisingly capable and finished performer of "Mad X," and Edwin Stansell did not detract the dignity of *Physsa*'s early scene. Miss Anglin is a graceful and pathetic *Fyssa*, who may not possess the personal quality of Maudie Strang, who once played the heroine here, but is certainly the artistic superior of

any of her predecessors. The acting in every one satisfied, and "Physsa" would not be as good a play of its kind were it in any considerable degree dependent on its interpreters for its true effect.

THIS is the day of the cosmopolitan actress. The slightest degree of fame in their own countries is enough to make the success of the stars their chief aim, leading them to other lands in the hope of securing there such triumphs as they desire. Those have succeeded in getting everywhere that their spheres would have been too closely limited by the frontiers of their own countries. Inevitable *Physsa* accomplished the same triumph in Europe, although the public here remained entirely indifferent to her rare art, which, excepted from our stage by the influence of a foreign language, was learned. After her success in Berlin and before her own countrymen in New York, Agnes Bernas left that she was also called to the stage of other countries. Paris watched her pitifully, and although she despised their "hot beds" in her criticisms there was an eagerness in the artistic atmosphere. When she later became a tour of Italy with the idea of including all Europe in her itinerary, several cosmopolitan Olga Nelchova is, well to have her eyes fixed on Paris, where Ada Hahn played several times before recent audiences of traveling American theatergoers to hear a play they could understand, and really around Parisians. Naturally the admission of our artists here, in addition to other parts of Europe, England, London they are able to appear with the same advantage there that they run in New York, and do not have to struggle against the drawback of coming before a public that they do not understand. So far only the three actresses named have gratified their ambition to become cosmopolitan in a really satisfactory way. That fact is evidence enough of the exacting standard by which they are measured. It indeed requires unusual power in an actor to impress a public generally denied the power to understand one of the most powerful means of expression of the actor's mind.

HELENE ODILON, who is acting now in New York, will, of course, be seen mainly by her own countrymen, and although she has come in a strange country, it is not to be thought of as attempting to take the rank of the actress for all markets. She stands with Agnes Bernas and Eva Lejars at the head of the German stage. A North German by birth, she carried her first cosmopolitan appearance under the name of Helene Odilon to Berlin. In the early sixties she was called to the Deutsches Volks Theater in Vienna and succeeded, before Rudolph, who she recalled from her part as the first actress of that theater to take the place left vacant at the Hofburg by the death of Oberon. While in Vienna Madame Odilon played in the large theaters of the theater, which in another, and drawn nearly as much from the French as from the German. While in Vienna Madame Odilon played in the large theaters of the theater, which in another, and drawn nearly as much from the French as from the German. While in Vienna Madame Odilon played in the large theaters of the theater, which in another, and drawn nearly as much from the French as from the German.

acted a fifth actress in London, which is an experience that few dramatic actresses ever enjoy.

SHE came forward at the Irving Place Theatre in "The Star," written for her by Helene Odilon. It was an actress who has won every reward in her own profession. She has lived as the people of the theatre, but never known a hour that satisfied her by its sincerity and unselfishness. She meets the poet who has written a drama on pure that it brought forth the first blinding criticism she had ever known in her career. But she learns to set her author, and they enjoy constant without period of anxious labor, finally terminated suitably by the writer and with an deep regret by the actress, because it is impossible for them to recollect their widely different views of life. It is incredible that Herr Rich's bar could have written a such less satisfactory drama than "The Star." It began with a delightful mixture of stage life of duty. The conditions of the actress who was written by the critic, which for the first time depicted her as a failure, her comedy and serious personal surrounding her seemed a novel and agreeable discovery. Her introduction to the critical part who comes to let her not to destroy his chances for the future by refusing to act again in his play, her action created delight in the society of a scene so different from any she had ever before known, and the first actress of her affection for him, all made the separate scenes of the first third of the play remarkably fresh and pleasant. The two succeeding acts proved to be merely dialogues between these lovers gradually growing weary of each other and behaving in a very affecting or refined style, with only the unobtrusive interruption that comes from the occasional appearance of characters that bore no relation to the little story the play contained. Even the author's self deserted him after the first act, which was full of knight speeches down from the omniscience of stage life. This was, of course, no play to make possible any estimate of a professional actress's powers. Madame Odilon proved to be so she had been on the stage ten minutes that she had the technique of her profession at her finger tips. It is a complete witness of every means of her art, and is more than ordinarily handsome. Her face is not very expressive, but her gestures are always eloquent, and in her smile is beauty. Her methods are free from artificiality, and her line is plainly a real one made effective by her control, which was inevitable in its apparent simplicity, and she is the fortunate possessor of a laugh that is the very note of glory. Sometimes there were some portions of her art, but only in those moments was exaggeration to be detected in her style. She scarcely needed an elaborate representation of her art. In all but her serious moments there was no traits in the actress she did not suggest. Every episode was strong in the individual character of the actress. The great triumph of the situation, Madame Odilon was really perfect in this trivial play. But there were no other contributions to be drawn from her art. There was nothing to suggest that she could ever be anything more than an agreeable well-trained actress at any time. Madame Odilon's early study was in disadvantages encountered by every foreign player of the theatre who comes here to act. In all but her serious moments she built up by every act she started. Her actors imposed themselves on the public, and she carried her performance to the point where she had come through an ordeal that continued for many years. Before a strange public she must justify her reputation after she had been so long in the theatre, and she had so brilliantly enough to accomplish such a task is rarely met with, and it seems unlikely that the present success will be her own through gradual development, and in its first production here there was the least doubt of the quality that she has her best qualities. She is an attractive and agreeable visitor, who will increase the hope in which the cosmopolitan actor's art already stands at the Irving Place Theatre.

In whimsical epistles, particularly satirical epistles, his latest letters are full of good healthy cynicism, and within half an hour we were seated about a big square table in the dining room, well supplied with bowls of chicken, fried eggs garnished with "broccoli," beans, and whole bright yellow potatoes, and of course, a big dish of baked potatoes, whose newly extensive crowding through their partly broken jackets, looked so delectably healthy; fresh butter, hot rolls, a massive pitcher of milk—and coffee, the aroma of which had reached our nostrils even before we had been led in from the balcony.

"There will not be enough left for luncheon out of this breakfast, madam, I can promise you," said Miss as we seated ourselves.

"Laud sakes, child!" laughed the post-prandial cynic. "I don't expect there will and there's no need of it, for there's plenty more where this came from," and we were well served for the rest of the day, the madam dark Spang and their wives, we had "ficked the plaster clean," and then left out ourselves to the balcony for a lacy hour before starting on our return trip.

Just at the corner of the hotel balcony there is an old-fashioned rock basin, fed from the depths of which one can draw the coolest, clearest, sweetest bottled water that one ever tasted, and it is not low prolonged or never the drought, there is never any lack of water in the bucket, and for some many months of cyclone it has been an object of point during the past twenty years, indeed, he had to say, "Picking the bucket off its resting place on the ledge, we lowered it by the chain, and in the depths below, and dropping, sparkling, most covered. Its hollow came to the top. No glasses were there, but in the glass gave it a purchase on the edge of the well, and the girls, Tom, and myself took a good long drink, and then, in the finished way, with our lips to the basin rim.

It was well toward ten o'clock when we mounted our wheels and set off through the magnificent forest that border the road for the first half mile to reach to Elizabeth. The route was level and down grade for almost the entire distance, and the country was of the best, highly fertile, and highly productive. We skirted into Elizabeth shortly before eleven, then to the town of Lenox, and, after dining, took the road to the Hotel, which offered us a grand smooth room, and a fine view, looking down with excellent appetites for luncheon.

M. C. PALMER.

The Passing of the Five Tribes

IN his recent annual message, President McKinley says that in dealing with the unfortunates of the Five Tribes the Philippine Commission should adopt "the same course" that the Congress in permitting the tribes of our North American Indians to maintain their tribal organizations and privileges, and under which many of these tribes are now living in peace and contentment, surrounded by a civilization to which they are amenable or willing to conform.

This policy is the outcome of many years' experience in the handling of the so-called Indian problem, but it reveals only in the stage, or primary stage. The questions which arise when the tribes become able or willing to conform to civilization are far more difficult to solve. A large number of the North American Indians have reached this point in their evolution, and it is desired through comparatively easy experience that they may need arm more intelligent and much firmer control of those appetites than when the government relation was purely one of paternal government and dependent rule.

The Indian population of the United States is greater to-day than it was one hundred years ago, if the regular government officials are correct. Thomas Jefferson in 1780, after such investigation as was then possible, estimated the number of Indians at 780,000, though it is more than possible, many regard his computation. The estimate of the late Mr. War in 1820 was 210,410. The census of 1870 found 248,724. The census of 1880 was 242,271. In 1890 there were about 232,000. The North American Indians as a race are becoming civilized, but in process of absorption and not extermination. The popular idea that the red man is being crowded out of existence, or that the advancing tide of white settlers is not entirely correct.

While humanity has changed the habitat of the Indian, obliterated some of his tribal organizations, and invaded the pure Indian blood, it has not been wholly unshaken. The Indians have been absorbed into the body politic as any other component part of the nation. The census of 1890 in this process of absorption has been caused by able new theories in the establishment of Indian reservations.

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While we have come on in these reservations lawfully or unlawfully, as the case may be, and with the assistance of the shrewd Indians have got the effective of the tribes upon a modern commercial basis, taken to themselves full blooded wives, and thus prepared the way for the general intermixture now in progress, it is nearly every Indian community. Already nearly 20 per cent, or about 100,000 of the Indians, have lost their reservations and are living in state communities, enjoying and exercising the full rights of American citizenship. About 25 per cent, more of the Indians, or 64, 726, are included in the five civilized tribes of Indian Territory. Less than half of these are full-blooded, and within a decade all of them will have in one way or another, their tribal relations will have disappeared, and they will be organized as a community into a regular Territory of the United States, preparatory to the Statehood and full citizenship which are to come at some future time.

After years of futile effort, and apparently hopeless delay it is now possible to prevent some termination of the reconstruction work in Indian Territory now in progress, and which was necessary to bring about a homogeneous community living under a single system of modern laws administered by a judiciary just in its nature. There are no blooded Indians among these tribes, but there is an element of full-bloods, which has made little or no progress in fifty years. Gradually but surely the full-bloods have increased in numbers, in intelligence, and business ability, until they now predominate. With this increased intelligence, however, education, and a better knowledge of personal advantage is derived from the manipulation of the law, and the shrewdness of the full-bloods, and by the suspicious of the full-bloods, that no little headway has been made in dealing with this question.

The five tribes have maintained through their own treaty relations with the United States their territory, and were entitled to the privilege of a separate and independent government. This idea prevailed at one time to such an extent that the Indian Council appointed a committee on foreign affairs to treat with the United States through officers of a third power. In the mean time, however, which was nearly ten years, the United States had been making laws to the Indian Territory, and the entire full-bloods, and some brought about a coalition the year so that preventing any other settled section of the West. This influx of whites has been so great that to-day there are nearly 250,000 non-Indian residents in the Territory, or four times as many whites as there are Indian citizens. It is probable that but for this addition to the population, the tribal organizations would have remained unshaken even to this day, though the loss of the Cherokee state and other portions of their lands by the Indians, with the consent of the United States, and the general attitude of helplessness of many followed by the inevitable consequences of such distribution, did not tend to their ultimate extinction, and arouse sentiment in favor of interference and non-interference in the interest of the original land owners, the full-bloods.

Investigation showed that these full-bloods were decreasing in number, were being out of their rights and privileges by shrewd whites and inter-tribe, and that the United States had had some Indian citizens by treaty were increasing so rapidly that the percentage of full-bloods in land and money was rapidly decreasing.

To check these evils and to save as much ground as possible to the Indians, so-called Deane's Commission was created by Congress in 1850 to make treaties with the five tribes, whereby the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole would agree to the allotment of their land in severalty, the segregation of farms after the abandonment of tribal relations, and finally the organization of a single Territory. In 1850 the United States had five tribes, but by 1890 the number had been reduced to three. The Deane's Commission had the misfortune to be disorganized to accomplish the proposed agreements, but with little success. Its members were mostly sympathetic. The Indians failed to respond, and those who were interested in promoting any change in the general interest of the progress of the country.

Matthew was largely in this condition when the United States Government was not introduced a new principle, but it was unworkable in its provisions. It required the approval of the tribes, and the carrying of it, it provided for the preliminary work of alloting the reservation lands with inter-tribe, and the Indian legislative bodies, and final partition by severalty into parcels with the President of the United States.

The act of 1850 was the most drastic piece of Indian legislation of importance ever enacted by Congress. Its constitutionality has been upheld by the courts, but it has not yet been stipulated in

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"IN THE NICK OF TIME!"

Drawn by C. Mente

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Industrial and Railroad Consolidation

THIS *North American Review* for May presents a remarkable series of papers entitled, "Industrial and Railroad Consolidation." The first writer is Mr. R. SCOTT SWAN, who takes his head upon the new-fashioned method of doing business, doubting its permanency, and predicting that disaster will follow the present extravagant rise in nominal values, which, in his view, do not represent in the remotest degree the true value of the consolidated properties. The other writers constitute a group of the ablest consolidationists in the country, and are: Mr. F. B. THURMAN and Mr. JAMES LEAHY, as officers of "The United States Export Association," have made a special study of the effect of consolidation upon the foreign commerce of the country. The eminent consolidationists are Mr. F. J. HALL, president of the Great Northern Railway, CHARLES M. STEINER, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and CHARLES H. FLYNN, president of the United States Rubber Company.

The articles set forth more clearly and in smaller compass than they can be found elsewhere, the arguments as to the advantage to the community of great consolidations of effort. Briefly, they are these:

(1) The enormous saving in the salaries of high-priced executives, and the reduction of the office staff generally. When the work that has heretofore been done by a dozen or twenty separate corporations is put under one head, fifteen or nineteen presidents and office staffs are saved. Mr. STEINER points out an additional gain in the replacement of chief executives who are simply large stockholders and not necessarily experts, by one executive who is a high-grade expert. He illustrates the case of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of this city, which is a combination of subway lines. The old stockholder presidents are gone, and Mr. H. H. VANDEUSEN, trained in every branch of railroading, is at the head of the consolidated corporation.

(2) Economies are effected by purchasing in large quantities, by acquiring possession of the sources of the raw material, by combining the complete process of manufacture under one management, as the Curacao works, which take their ore from their own mines, make their coke in their own works, work up the product in their own furnaces and mills, and ship out their iron and railroad or in their own vessels. The Kaiser works do the same in Germany. Mr. STEINER declares that it is by reason of this combination of force and this resultant economy in administration that the company has been able to overcome strikes to the leadership of the industrial world.

(3) One of the great advantages which are afforded by the large capital of the consolidated concerns is its ability to employ the most improved machinery.

(4) The middle-man disappears, and his commissions are saved.

(5) The consolidated concern shows its product to the consumer. Its resources go to the benefit of the latter, because if a business is profitable enough to warrant consolidation, it is profitable enough to tempt competition if the prices of the so-called "trust" are abnormally high.

We are not the first in an editorial to do our duty against some of the arguments of the advocates of consolidation. They believe that this new American device is best for all concerned, the country, the consumer, the resource, the working-man, and the capitalist. The articles present a healthy antidote to the economic poison

of trade depression, of increasing and damaging American competition, for people are less able to bear taxation than they were before the government entered upon the war in South Africa.

The war has cost, since far, \$742,500,000. At the end of the fiscal year, March 31, the national debt was \$1,317,500,000. This was an increase on account of the war of \$275,000,000. During the year the expenditures were \$917,000,000. Of this great sum \$425,000,000 was expended for the war in South Africa, and \$150,000,000 in China. Sir MARTIN HULL has before the operations in China will continue to grow in cost, and it is expected that before peace comes in South Africa, and civil government is established there, the cost of the Boer war will reach the staggering sum of \$1,000,000,000. It is not, however, merely the war which has so largely increased the expenditures of the empire. As the *London Spectator* points out, the navy costs more than double what was spent on it forty years ago. The expenditures of the army have also increased, but the discovery of the inefficiency of that service makes it necessary for still further increases in expenditures. Professor CAIR, writing to the *London Times*, shows that with the increase of expenditure for external service, expenditure for internal service has not diminished. In thirty years the cost of the British navy has increased 500 per cent. The local rates have more than doubled. The grants in relief of rates have increased tenfold. More distorting still is the enormous increase in local debts, which have been growing such an amount since the national debt has been decreasing, although up to the time of the revolution the empire had paid more than \$5,000,000,000 of the latter debt. Since 1850 the empire has increased its expenditures for the civil service and the revenue departments by \$7,200,000,000; for the post-office, mainly on account of losses on telegraph savings-banks, etc., by \$19,000,000,000; for grants in aid of rates, by \$10,000,000,000; while \$70,000,000,000 has added to local debts.

When the new loan of \$50,000,000 is added, the national debt will be \$1,377,500,000. At the end of the fiscal year 1900 the debt was \$1,317,512,250. Here is an increase in two years of \$60,000,000, more than one-half the total of reductions since the Crimean war in 1857. It is interesting to note the fluctuations of the British national debt, and the influence of the war of the Spanish succession on Queen ANNE'S reign, the debt increased \$112,000,000. During the Spanish war which began in 1739, the debt increased \$145,500,245. During the American Revolution the debt increased \$296,755,123. During the war of the American Revolution the debt increased \$59,101,876. At the outbreak of the French war, in 1792, the debt was \$1,198,247,905. When the Peace of Paris was signed in 1815, it had mounted to the enormous sum of \$4,320,192,515. In other words, the policy of Pitt had nearly quadrupled the indebtedness of the nation, and had added \$35,000,000 to the annual interest charge upon the taxpayers. It is an interesting illustration of the expensiveness of modern war that the Boer war has already added nearly as much to the national debt of England as did the American Revolution.

The delivery in the fiscal year 1901 reached the sum of \$296,625,000, and Sir MARTIN HULL estimates, on the basis of present taxation, that the British Government will have to pay \$275,000,000.

The British government has been indulging for a number of years in enormously extravagant expenditures, led on undoubtedly by various causes. It has felt obliged, for example, to keep pace with the other European nations in building up a great navy, binding to the view that England must be at least as strong in this respect as any other two powers in Europe. Since 1871, the beginning of Queen VICTORIA'S reign, the revenues of the United Kingdom have increased 150 per cent, but the expenditures have increased 150 per cent. We consider it all the more suggestive when we remember that by reason of the fall in the rate of interest, as well as by the growth of population, the ratio of the annual charge for the public debt has been reduced from 50 per cent of the whole to 17.34 per cent in 1900. Therefore the added cost of the various departments of the government is much larger than seems from the mere statement that the total increase in percentage is about 25 per cent. Some of this increase in expenditure is due to the services of the army, the navy, the post-office, business operations. The loss on postal telegrams, for example, for the last twenty-six years, is about \$34,000,000. The government is also losing on its postal savings-bank. In 1900 the revenues of the

continued in the unthinking and unadvised outcries in "trust" circles. Any one who will do himself the justice of reading them—and they ought to be read by every one who has a stake in the country—will appreciate the strength of the cause of the combinations of power or capital. The debt on it, although possessed by an able agent, as Mr. SWAN writes, we think it will be generally confessed, a rather pitiful showing.

There is only one reply to make to those arguments, and the truth of that, as fancy, will be admitted. Industrial and railroad consolidations are not called the prime force in their favor, but many of their advantages have been demonstrated. Nevertheless, it cannot be proved for a long time to come that their value is to be increased. At present the enormous power is directed by skilled men. If this policy is maintained, their future is probably secure; but if any combination gain a true monopoly in its business, will we not see the almost inevitable consequences of monopoly—a loss of enterprise in its hold, a tendency of egotism and favoritism to take the place of the competition, and a consequent change and incidence which would disturb business, and cause serious loss not only to those engaged in it, but to the community? The relations of labor to the new conditions are also uncertain. It is not called true that the exceptional individual will be benefited, for his skill will be wanted by those who are responsible to thousands of stockholders for earnings. However, as his own earnings increase, he has always the opportunity to purchase a partnership—an opportunity which he will not possess in revenue earned and managed by individuals. It would also seem as though strikes would become less frequent under the new system, and perhaps finally disappear in consequence of it. There are also indications that this is the fact. Another uncertainty arises from the exceptional position of such vast accumulations in the state, or in politics. It is certainly well, as Mr. STEINER evidently feels, that these great business concerns should be out of politics. Nothing could do them more harm than to make campaign issues. Consequently the less they have to do with government, the better for them, the better for government, and the better for the whole community.

That these great consolidations, properly directed, have made for the advantage of all concerned, both in the industries themselves and in the commerce of the country, is absolutely true. They have concentrated the power of the country, and amplified and enormously increased its financial and commercial impulses. To suppose that this is not good is to say that power is not good, or rather that the utilization of the country's resources must foreverfully and economically be not good. And how it may be well to note a somewhat misleading statement of Mr. FLYNN's. He says that the "trusts" do not concentrate, but that they scatter, the wealth of the country. They do, indeed, as Mr. FLYNN has shown, increase the number of owners, but they also do concentrate the power of wealth, or of capital; and if they did not, their advantage to the country would not be so obvious as it is. Industrial and railroad consolidations are an American invention, carried out with characteristic American boldness and energy. The new system has already effected an industrial revolution in the world, and has made this country the leader in the iron and steel trade; its ascendancy in other branches of industry is doubtless sure to follow. It is useless to stand against the movement. It is the logical outcome of our industrial past, and promises to be the central fact of our industrial future, at least for many years. The businessness of much of the opposition to it is illustrated by Mr. SWAN'S point that the face value of the stocks and bonds of the industrialists exceeds that of the money of the country. Mr. SWAN writes as the representative of wealth, each dollar of property, according to his own logic, logically carried out, must have its dollar in money. The mistake of regarding money as anything but a measure of value lies at the bottom of Mr. DEAN'S financial eccentricities.

The Finances of Great Britain

FOR the first time in sixty years the budget of Great Britain has been a deficit. The Exchequer shows a national financial deficit. England has, for a series of years, been spending much beyond her income, and also is now called upon to pay for luxuries in which she has been indulging, and that, too, at a time when by reason



Finishing the Run in a heavy Rain



Hill-climbing in Roslyn



First to Finish, but Disqualified for Speed



The Roads as they were on the Day of the Test

THE LONG ISLAND AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S 100-MILE ENDURANCE TEST

Saturday, April 20, 1901.—Photographs by James Huston



The Automobile Endurance Test: Final Instructions before the Start

The Cuban Situation. By John Kendrick Bangs

Sixth Paper

IN fulfillment of my promise of last week to present further pictures of interest showing the improvement in the estate of the Cuban of to-day over his lot in 1898, it gives me peculiar pleasure this week to show to the readers of the WEEKLY a portion of the combined work of the Department of Public Works and of that of Quarries and Construction, the latter under the direction of Major E. D. John Grindle. By my news board among the achievements of Major Black, of the Public Works Department, in whose work I make special reference in my last paper, is the transformation of a filthy Spanish barracks into a beautiful, airy home for an orphan industrial school, which in its own habitat supplies with three-headed children turning a useful trade in life a regiment of Spanish light artillery, to which, involving in all seasons, the principles of cleanliness were absolutely unknown. I have chosen as my text for this paper the Compañía Barracks of Havana, because it represents to a peculiar degree the positive nature of the work that the representatives of American imperialism are doing in Cuba to-day. I know of no special achievement of our forces in the so-called subordinate island, for whose welfare we are unaccountably responsible, that is more thoroughly and scientific of the high-minded and good-willed men who represent us there than this same transformation of a filthy barracks for orphans military folk

into a sweet, wholesome and edifying industrial school for the most truly helpless living beings in the Antilles.

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IF we can only bear in mind the fact that we are to live under conditions which, even now that they have been laid before us, are scarcely conceivable in the American mind in the nineteenth century, we shall be less inclined, I think, to find fault with our soldiers who have made the cause of humanity their first care. When men trained to warfare, trained either of the military condemns or in the hardy walks of military life in the far West, are made the beneficiaries of this training and assume the burden of civil acquaintance with actual results which the average civilian of this training and assume the burden of the work as head might well envy. It is because those of us who dwell far apart from the strenuous scenes into which they have been thrust is withheld from them the sense of public which is their due, merely because, as civilians, we have little personal liking for that kind of authority which is said to be bolstered up by gold bars and brass buttons. In so far as my Cuban experience is concerned, I have yet to meet the civilian who could do better the still work that our military representation in Cuba have actually accomplish-

ed there. I am even willing to go so far as to express my belief that if our Anti-Imperialist friends, Mr. Adlam and Mr. Winslow and Mr. Harrison, could be induced to desert the contexts of their barracks in New England to travel into Cuba they would come back with revelations of such a character that we should never hear from one of them again upon this subject. They would verify speech itself in the face of American achievement in Cuba, and no greater surmise on this part than that could be expected of any man. It is not impossible that Mr. Harrison would even write a sonnet in admiration of American Imperialism if he could only see this Compañía school as I see it one afternoon in February last under the guidance of General Wood.

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I DO not know if all people are so much interested in children as I am. To those who are not I can only say that in consideration of the Cuban question they cannot ignore them, since the Cuba of the future will be the Cuba of the Cuban children of to-day; and with all due respect to the adults of that island, the children of Cuba to-day are almost all here of human kind as creatures there that is worth fighting for. The real hope of the island is in the pure child element, and for a very good reason. Their elders



Helms by Henry Penn from a Photograph

Compostella Barracks, Havana, in 1906

are tired, wearied by the uncertainties of life, the excitements of war, the privations of strife, and, having a few politicians like Juan Timoneria Ramos, who would turn Cuba into an orange republic, and drag it down into a ruin worse than it has yet known to furtherance of his own ambition, the minds of the old and new folk what happens to them, greeted the Cuban flag with avidity for a few moments upon the palace at Havana, and a balance of trade for so long a time drew these flows into their pockets. But the children are worth while—they are bright, alert, in-tellectual, happy, and, best yet, modest of all, represent the only class of individuals now to be found in the Antilles who are entirely trained and wholly civilized. Therefore I think the transformation of the Compostella Barracks into the Compostella industrial school for orphans a feat not only of achievement, but of redemption.

THIS Compostella school, as stated in General Landow's report, 1900-1903, was the outgrowth of the efforts of the United States military authorities in Cuba, at the beginning of the period of occupation, to provide food, shelter, and instruction for an extremely large class of helpless and dependent orphans in Havana. To provide relief for men and women, and an easy task of course, was comparatively less difficult than to care most adequately for the children, who, either by reason of desertion or the death of their parents, were left wholly dependent upon the charity of others. The men and women could be set to work after a fashion. The care of the young was as difficult as it was pressing. The first intention of the authorities was to transform the old Spanish barracks into an orphan asylum for both boys and girls. It was supposed that an institution capable of caring for four hundred of these would suffice, but the numbers required and were found to be so large that it became necessary to provide, on this institution, accommodations and instruction for girls only, and, considering the pressing disposition of the unattached portion of the Havana streets in those days of chaos, to send the boys off into the country, where such agricultural and mechanical pursuits as would give an outlet to their surplus energy and at the same time make useful citizens of them, could be more successfully taught there. Having an eye to the future of these orphans, the authorities decided that they should have not only a home and the ordinary instruction which a child requires, but that they should have also an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of useful industrial arts, and they should receive industrial preparation upon public utility. The idea of participation by men recommended itself to any of the American military governors of Cuba. Furthermore, in quote from General Landow's report of 1900-1903, in order that the institution should be one of advantage, and not only to the beneficiaries, but to the whole island, it was essential that it be controlled as a normal school, as center of instruction, where half grown girls and young women, therefore orphans and dependent, could receive

instruction in the methods and management of such institutions, and be prepared to inaugurate and conduct these elsewhere, so as to establish other centers in the several provinces.

WHAT must have been the fact that the public-school system of Cuba does not include instruction in industry or trades. The means of employment for girls and women is extremely limited. A medium of teaching, a few nearly girlless ones of the needle, and, in individual cases, some sewing or painting are about all the occupations open to girls of the native class in Cuba. An institution was needed where dress-making, millinery, housekeeping, domestic arts, hosiery, type-writing, stenography, book-binding, and the like could be taught, and the meth-

od in practice, has come to such a substantial realization. The school is now strong for all the orphan children within the sphere of its influence, and under the supervision of Major E. S. John Greble, of the head of the department, under whose central lion institution and others of a similar nature directly issue, the Compostella school has started equal to today one of the most successful ventures of its kind to be found anywhere in the world. Not alone has it developed healthy ideas in the minds of the children, but it has instructed teachers so well, who are of assistance not only in the administration of the institution itself, but are capable of going out into the field and taking charge of such other institutions of the same kind as the various construction of Cuba may require. The Bitch of the Patria, which was invariable, not only in the streets of the east-town of dirt roads, but in the nature of it, has given place to the beauty of the court yard, where we are enabled to see, through the photograph printed opposite, between three and four hundred orphan children at play. In positions where we might now have listened to the gaudy speech and questionable tales of Spanish and other folk as they sing the songs and play the games and pinnacled through the little denser of the Antilles. It is a transformation as wonderful as it is appealing. No man or woman of feeling can look upon it without a thrill, without a lump in the throat, and a suggestion of wetness about the eye. Not man any student of humanity gasp upon these classes of girls who might in other days have been left to roam the city streets, exposed to dangers which we need hardly mention, nor learning to see, to work, and to make themselves useful in the life that lies ahead of them, without the emotion rising over him that this was a good thing to do, that the men who have done it are good men and strong men, and men worthy of our confidence, even if they sometimes fail to cover the endowment of the bodies of political god leaders and filling the air with their lamentations, the approval of the army of self-lovers, or the con-temptation of the ordinary overpopulation who refuses to look at these things, some, however, they have no hearing upon questions of education if the latter institution could by any possibility be true!



Major E. S. John Greble, U.S.A.

and spirit for independent self-support be inculcated and required. This within two short years has been accomplished. Fortunately for General Landow and the Department of Education and Instruction, the services of Miss Larna D. Giff, of the Cuban Orphan Society of New York were secured, and it is due to her active participation in the work in hand and to her own personal subsidies on its behalf both in Havana and in the United States, that the development of the original plan of the orphan, both in theory

THIS Compostella industrial school is but one of many always lying below the eyes of those who visit Cuba of the wonderful energy, the activity and the magnificent philanthropic characteristics of the work of the American military authorities in that island. It is not an easy task to evaluate such "Anglo-American" work. The only obstacle there, in its institution, thus into an institution of high class industrial aims, into a home for the homeless and un-recovered, into a school and a factory, of a high degree of industry which shall be uplifting and equal to the hardness of modern existence, is little short of a miraculous achievement.



The Compostella School Children



Cuban Teachers



Play-time in the Courtyard



The Kindergarten



At Dinner

THE COMPOSTELLA BARRACKS, HAVANA, IN 1901

The Political Outlook in Mexico

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

Jose Yves Limantour
Minister of Finance

General Bernardo Reyes
Minister of War

WITH nations hospitably the people of the United States have long awaited an acceptance of their citizenship in Mexico to visit this country. This remarkable Spanish American ruler for several times hastened his intention of accepting such an invitation, but at the last moment reason of persons on his side have so often caused a change of plans. The weight of nearly four years' work falls heavily upon him. His activities are necessarily ceasing their end. The people of Mexico and the people of foreign lands are startled at the situation which confronts them. They now realize that "the ruler of modern Mexico" is no idle phrase as applied to this President. He has, indeed, been arbitrary and brutal.

If the work were finished, all would be well, but only a splendid beginning has been made. A fine foundation upon which rest imposing walls is of little value as a habitation without a roof over all. The order which exerts President Diaz must complete this edifice before he dies. He has the commerce, industry, and social organization of his country in his hands, and fully protected for all future time from unstable political elements. Hence Mexico is now in retrospective mood.

General Porfirio Diaz visited the United States in 1878, but from necessity rather than choice. He crossed the Texas border a hunted fugitive, leader of a revolution which was apparently doomed to failure. A few weeks later he sailed from New Orleans in disguise, determined to regain his fortunes with his disbandered following in Mexico. Landing at Vera Cruz, under the very eyes of his watching army, he passed through their lines, and soon began the march from his native state in the southwest, which terminated at the national palace in the city of Mexico and transpired a general into a president.

President Diaz was then thirty years of age, a period when few men change their habits of life or thought. As a youth he had formed companionship in books. It is true, and had laboriously laid the foundations of an education such as was obtainable in a country with sixteenth century ideas and a church domination of the Middle Ages. Books were not among the amusements of a Mexican soldier, however, still less of a Mexican revolutionary, and for many years following his triumphant entry into the federal capital General Diaz had recovered himself only with the aid of a strenuous military life.

It was as a soldier he held his following. As a soldier he organized the government of Yucatan in 1876. As a victorious general he declared himself President. As a military dictator he kept himself in power until more recent days, when the strength through powerful financial, commercial, and social forces of his country undermined the military arm in a demand for a constitutional form of government.

When the people of Mexico demanded for a bill of rights in free government from foreign domination some of them may have desired a new federal republic. It was a permanent dependent upon the vote of the people, but such men were few and far between. The majority were despots. They desired not the liberty which led and controlled, but for a change of masters. They asked that their rulers be of their own blood and color. They desired not this rescue from the swiftness of Europe. As a tribute to liberty and the title of republic, a constitution was adopted. This fundamental law provided for universal suffrage, which, however, to this day, has never been exercised. It says that an election has been held in Mexico for the purpose of selecting a President is meaningless. To say that President Diaz has been immovably in power four times is true only as to his political authority. The opposition has never gone so far as to elect a president. If it had, the situation would have become a sort of military and not of political character. There are fourteen million people in Mexico. At least twelve million of these know little, and are



General Porfirio Diaz
President of Mexico

less, regarding the doings in the national palace, except as they affect the price of corn or the demands of the tax-gatherer. The One of All the Peoples is less obscurely than General Porfirio Diaz has been in his, and it has been a wonderfully fertile thing for Mexico and her people that this has been so. With every inkling every order, his the only way needed to elect a man to any office, from that of governor of a state to head judge, with no restriction in congress over government, taxation, and with no constitutional limits to his power which were not to be set aside as whimsical demands, this man has ruled his country as a feudal lord has one.

Such authority as this from a man's character. He will either be a successful failure or he will be great. There is no question as to President Diaz, for among the Spanish American rulers he alone has reached successfully towards modern standards. A soldier all his life and using his success to feed a crowd, he first put his possessions in order from a military point of view. The army was increased, improved, and judiciously distributed throughout the country. A secret service of millions throughout there it set over every municipality. Thus having protected his seat, President Diaz then set his line towards the goal of all civilized nations, the fullest possible development of the material resources of the country.

Within five years of his assuming the executive office he was planning great railway systems, the opening of mines, the improvement of harbors, the building of mills, the cultivation of the ground, and relief for the people from impositions of taxation. This soldier-statesman promptly realized that Mexico in herself could not accomplish these things. Foreign capital was called in and made to feel at home. It responded readily, almost eagerly, to the invitation. In twenty-five years the national wealth of Mexico has increased from 400 to 8000 million, a hundred million dollars has gone into mills and factories, the output of precious minerals has risen from fifty-five to seventy-five million annually, and the country has been equipped to encourage his own industry, and industries have literally blossomed. With all this the government has been conducted with the business, and a satisfaction to compare with any other.

Confronted with a possibility that the hand which has wrought these industries may cease to govern, that the master-builder may be forced to leave his labors, and looking confidence in their own political self-control, it is little wonder the people of Mexico are now in retrospective mood. It may be observed that what intense anxiety prevails behind the present assumption of carelessness now as to the fundamental laws which they present in an imposing wall of their own.

There is a constitutionalism provided to supply a sudden vacancy in the executive chair. The minister of foreign relations, at present Secretar Meriada, who is widely known in the United States, would become presidential President. He is devoted to immediately accessible congress, that body is possible for a presidential election. As no one thing is to be tried other than is possible in Mexico at the present stage of the political education of the people, the constitutional

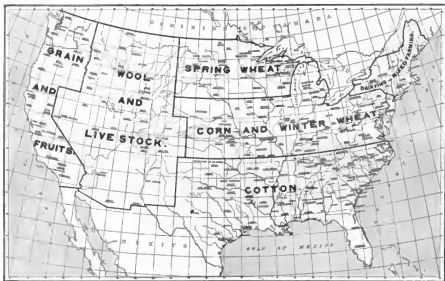
step of creating a crisis is void. The man who has controlled the government machinery will be declared "elector." He should be also control the military power he is fortunate, for his resignation is assumed. Should he fail, however, in control the army, and some general with political ambition invade the following in his own interests, a compromise should be necessary to prevent a clash of purposes and unnecessary interrupted disaster. It is a general recognition among intelligent Mexicans and foreigners of this uncertainty as to subsequent events which leads them to regard the possibility always of the next future with great misgivings.

What is hoped for and expected of President Diaz, should he live a few years more, of which there is any prospect, is that he will recognize this serious defect in the political structure of his country, and will provide a remedy, possible with his present position. That this is within his power is agreed by all, for such is his influence and control at this time, not only over the forces of his own country, but those of foreign origin which might be expected to intervene in case of conflict, that he can do about as he wills. He could today select his own cabinet, he could take office, and guide the new executive into the safe and admirable path pursued by the Diaz policy. Surely, not only his resignation, but his own death, he might reasonably expect before he had to witness a half-century of what he says is now his only addition, a constitution of peace, prosperity, and progress for the people he has brought from darkness into light.

It would be extraordinary good fortune for Mexico to discover in her next executive ability and adaptability equal to that possessed by President Diaz. The task set for the President is one to set no different, however, as that which confronted the great ruler in the first days of his power. President Diaz developed, as did his country, only fairly. The soldier became the statesman, the romantic, and the general adopted all in sufficient time to insure the needs of his people and to supply those needs with tenderness which is essential, but he has laid down the lines and the barriers of the Old World customs and prejudice to be overcome. He has not only brought Mexico to new principles of justice, but he has laid down the lines for future progress, but no serious criticism has been made of his methods. Those who have faith in the future character assert that had President Diaz seen fit to educate his people in the matter of self-government, without danger of serious disaster, that he at least fifty years of successful development during which no steps have been taken to materialize the principles of the Mexican constitution. They believe in that time the people might have been taught the use of the ballot, thus enabling a change of administration without danger of serious disaster. The real progress made by Mexico under the Diaz policy demands criticism on this point. No man so new comes to judge the work of his predecessors as to encourage his with safety with these people.

If the Mexicans are so well grounded in the ways of progress, and so sure of the destiny they have made, he is able to do even more to modernize than has already been accomplished. The material has now too much of its production, and it is necessary to be a successful entrepreneur. The wage is well driven in, and it will be easier to drive it home than it was to enter the point. What it will then be that is a successful ruler of the Mexican people a man must have the military instinct well developed, he can add to this the deeper ones of the mind, a more general sympathy, a cultivated cultivation, and a stronger element of conviction than was possible a quarter of a century ago.

It was but two or three years ago that Coolidge's remark, in reply to a query as to whether his African trip was not a mistake, Mexican "discovery." "There is no guarantee that if President Diaz should be forced to resign, his successor would be an other Central American country." This was a broad statement and not entirely just. It expresses fully the



Map of the United States showing approximately the productive Areas of the principal Commercial Staples

Shall We Have a Floating Exposition?

THE twentieth century will undoubtedly be prolific of novelties enterprises, and among them may possibly figure the gigantic scheme suggested by Mr. G. P. Austin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, in a recent number of the *Drumstick Magazine*. This is nothing less than a Floating Exposition, to carry through on our merchandise around the world, bringing buyers and sellers in personal contact, and establishing direct contact understanding of wants and conditions which would be an enormous factor in promoting trade. Happy is the knowledge of our superlative excellence as agriculturists, as handicraftsmen, as producers of everything the world requires, both for its sustenance and for its tools of trade, we have hitherto neglected to display to the world in large tangible evidence of our skill. It has taken several Fairs to position us to compare the exhibition room of the *World's* factory at Lyons, some portable specimens of American industry, which were shown as an "extra exhibit" of what the United States produced in the line where the *Sierra* manufactures France so easily. Actual exhibitions of our wares has proved to the French people that in the matter of economic production we can outrun a whole continent. The same condition of affairs prevails in every department.

Expositions held at great cities are of necessity limited in scope. Time and money are required to visit them, and however great may be the number of travellers to a given point to see an exhibition of the products of the world's workers, those who remain at home are of greater number. These are the buyers whose trade might be secured by the ingenious idea suggested by Mr. Austin, whose wealth of statistics enables him to discover facts with a liberal hand. From those who learn that the imports of Asia, Oceania, Africa, and the American continent south of the United States amount to over two billion dollars a year. No *Sierra* doctrine can prevail, our *Sierra* buyers' friends from hastening their purchases where they will, but if we "hauled" to show our unspiced fellow-Americans that it would be wiser to try their interest in trade with us, a goodly part of this colossal sum might well reach the pockets of our traders. Nearly all of the importations returned to us are of the very class of goods which our people want

to sell—handicrafts, textiles, mineral oils, machinery, and manufacturers of all kinds; put our sales to these great divisions in the last year of our commerce, 1900, only amounted to about \$200,000,000, or about ten per cent. of their purchases. Most of the cities through which these two billion dollars' worth of goods are distributed lie on the sea-coast, and could be easily reached by a fleet of vessels loaded with samples of American products of all manufacturers. The chief obstacle to the introduction of American goods in these countries is the lack of knowledge of our producers to its local trade requirements, such as methods of packing desired, kind of goods wanted, length of credit necessary, etc., and the increasing of the hindrance to a complete understanding in this line, through personal solicitation by expert salesmen, fitted with the various languages, and provided with a fine supply of the objects for sale, would start an era of trade prosperity hitherto unknown.

The national trade of the United States is carried on principally between six geographical divisions. In New England, dairying, trucking, and mixed farming have received their fullest development, and the same may be said of New York and parts of other Middle States. The entire Northwest, including New England, New York, and the leading Middle States, is also so largely engaged in manufacturing as to comprise what may be called the industrial section of our country.

The second division may be designated the cotton belt. Kansas and Nebraska the corn and winter-wheat belt; Montana and Wyoming the spring-wheat belt; the Rocky Mountain States are devoted to the production of wool and live-stock; the Pacific coast States are still primarily agricultural—wheat, barley, livestock, timber, and fruits constitute the basis of their prosperity. This geographical grouping of economic activities lies at the basis of the industrial commerce of the United States.

A floating exhibition, carrying samples of these varied and marvellous productions of our soil's fecundity and our people's industry, would be a revolution in the taste of buyers to the inhabitants of other lands than ours. OLIVE LOGAN

political uncertainty due to faults of organization as shown, but it does get the idea across the forces set in motion by President Diaz, which will for all time, consistently governing stronger and stronger, work towards personal regularity. The greatest of these is the existence of a well-defined middle class, something lacking in every other Spanish American country, and which has resulted from the adoption of modern institutions and methods.

A few professional men were the only representatives of a middle class to be found in Mexico twenty-five years ago. The ranks of these professional men have now largely multiplied. In these ranks now he added the high-grade skilled artisan, mechanic, railroad man, mill-man, shoemaker, man-operators, agents of industries, and small farmers. These men are created by thousands, and they are well distributed over the country. In this class lies the political force of the country, and it is making its power an important and stability felt more and more each passing year. The appearance of this middle class is an immense factor in the life of Mexico as a result of the so-called "Diaz policy," and it may well be designated as the greatest of all things accomplished by the President in its permanent and far-reaching effect for good upon the ultimate destiny of his people.

At this moment two men stand directly in the path of these so-called successors in President Diaz. One of these is don Yvon Limantour, the present Minister of Finance, and the other General Bernardo Reyes, the Minister of War and Marine. Minister

Limantour but a few years ago was a wealthy lawyer, apparently without political ambition or influence. Highly educated, refined, and scholarly, he attracted Diaz through certain economic opinions upon economic topics. He was first given the position of assistant, but soon succeeded to the portfolio. His administration of his department has brought new changes into the banking and financial systems of his country than were thought possible of achievement in so short a time. He has rid the country of the vast amount of depreciated paper money which in one instant flooded Mexico, and substituted therefor stronger issues, which remain in use. He has reformed the system of taxation, and abolished the countless arbitrary duties. With narrow but energetic shoulders he developed to such a degree that in his hands are now given many affairs of state which were formerly attended to only by the President. The confidence placed in this minister by the President is shown in the fact that during the latter's two months' vacation in winter Señor Limantour was made provisional President, and was practically the head of the government.

General Bernardo Reyes is a soldier with a brilliant civil as well as a military career. A protégé of the President's, he has been rapidly advanced from one position of honor to another, until he is now in command of the military forces of the country. There are not so many powers, for the present, now consists largely of honor, but he is in a position to exercise the office of the State of Nuevo Leon. General Reyes exercised an important civil authority and was through

in contact with Americans, who denigrate him, the capital of that state. He is the idol of the Mexican army, so he has put that body upon a mad career, and has increased the pay of the private soldiers. General Reyes is quick impulsive, and brave. He is of the middle-post type, which appeals to a devoted following. It is said that more than ten years ago General Diaz indicated that General Reyes was to be the next President of Mexico, and this is accepted as a strong conclusion by many.

Minister Limantour is strong with the business and financial forces, stronger than General Reyes. The former is without the military instinct, however, and lacks that personal magnetism and dash of character characteristic of General Reyes. The movement towards a question of Reyes, there is no doubt as to the outcome, for the men with the army would control the situation.

It is curious, and strongly noted, by Mexico's most influential and prominent men that some controversy has arisen whether Minister Limantour may be made Provisional long enough to satisfy his ambition and for the country to receive the benefit of his experience at a time when, industrially and financially Mexico is not far from a crisis, and that later on General Reyes, who is younger and can afford to wait, may succeed him. It is generally believed that this is the programme devised by President Diaz, and that he will carry out if he is spared. It must not be forgotten, however, that almost anything is possible politically in Mexico should the present strong group at the helm be relaxed.



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THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.
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community of the rising of the old theatre—no formal expression of respect. The leading actor of the company which had picked their first evening made a few simple remarks, and a few more were played "old Lang Syne" on the stage.

THE end-of-the-year, which has lately been so much discussed and violently so among reality than it was a decade ago, would have such a reputation as the other world's power, although it would scarcely inspire that no stock of plays in America is discarded. The best of the modern drama would have to be retained along with the older dramas, which merely repay the audience who would receive them now, and then the Shakespearean dramas, that were never an important part of the Wall-to-wall play would have to be seen frequently under such dramatic as "When We Were Young," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Day of the Lord," and "Arizona" deserve a place in a theatre of the highest class, and examples that come from the French and French show that their standard is not always reached in what is probably the most nearly perfect as ideal of the subject matter as it would be possible to find in the world to day. It might be argued that plays as popular might monopolize the season's time, in the opinion of the best of drama that must be featured constantly if it is to be seen at all. But the long runs which are held responsible for what is supposed to be dependent on the contemporary theatre are not always so much the result of impulsive demand long appear. They are sometimes acted long after the call for them has ceased to give some better understood by the managers than the public. The most important of these is to be seen in the cities outside of New York, that the reputation of long-outdated success here. Or there may be an available substitute that would not only enjoy the trouble and expense of performance with more than the inevitable inferiority of success. With a company ready to appear at short notice in some standard play, its producer could be withdrawn on some of the real dramas if it had outlived. But it would always be from the new success that such a theatre would have life. It would not mean that the redemption of a millionaire here is to be right, to carry through a season dependent on the public that would be drawn to buy the classic of Shakespeare and Molière, or the rustic of France and the modern of the writings of such authors as Ibsen, Zola, de Maupassant, or even the offerings of such theatre which has been established in distinction with which the theatre has no chance on this company. It is the main time there are opportunities for some of the works that are always dealt with the subject of an individual history is discussed. Charles Frohman seems likely to present in his admirable plan of closing every season that was brought both the best of the contemporary output, with the best suitable actors in a revival of the older plays, "Success and Justice" and "Diplomacy" were highly creditable efforts artistically, and their external success would be to justify the experiment. It has always been Daniel Frohman's desire to revive every year the old standard of the theatre with "The Boys and Young Men," who has taken, headed by Robert Keely and Georgia Gray, were at the height of their popularity.

Indifference to his effort considered him, at least until the present, that there are no desire to see these plays today. Certainly the audience that have these revivals in the lower Wall Street days never seemed large or enthusiastic. But there are the dramatic that are preserved in any the institution of the lobby character of this much talked of modern theatre. In the same time the audience are not altogether lost sight of so long as E. H. Stern with "Hamlet," and Richard Mansfield with "Henry V.," are on view. The enclosed theatre may not be as magnificent overall, although it would be regarded as especially interested in the welfare of the stage. The question of its practical revival seems, however, vastly more complicated than the difficulty of producing some millionaire to make it possible.

ACTS IN WASHINGTON. Mrs. Wilson was accompanied by her husband, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wilson, who, while she was absent, all the time, were at the hotel for the duration.

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The Awakening of Coney Island



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THENE are active days down by the edge of the ocean along Coney Island's stretch of sandy beach. The cluster of frame buildings and wooden shanties forming New York's most picturesque summer resort is giving evidence of an awakening from that dormant state in which it has lain during the long winter months.

The coming of spring has caused a gathering of the woodsprite population frequenting the island during the busy season, and there is a sound of sawing and hammering in the air extremely welcome to those permanent residents who own their places, and who live in them from January to January. Material signs of activity were noticed about the mid day of April. It was the first really springlike day, and the effect of the warm sun and clear skies immediately became apparent.

Ninth Avenue yawned and stretched its arms; then the Bowery—that wretched half mile of board walk—began to rick to the tread of the advance guard of victors. Men and women, dressed half reluctantly from the occasional trader, ventured timidly along the well-known thoroughfare, and seemed relieved to find an opportunity to spend their money.

Before noon the streets from a lousy brass band came to the cars of newly arrived sleepers and duffers, and word went forth that Coney was open. Within twenty-four hours the population had doubled, and today practically three-fourths of the resorts are ready for business.



Almost Ready for Business

Photographs by H. H. Lewis

It is confidently expected that the season of 1911 will be a busier season in the history of the island. This cheerful belief is based on the fact that the country generally is prosperous. Easter day is regarded as a financial bonanza by the laborers, and Easter day was unprecedented in its former sale.

The lack of rain of spring is not regretted, because, if it shortens the season somewhat, it also adds to the importance of the average citizen to his himself to the seaside. The continuance of cool weather also has permitted of more extensive preparations. Encouraged by the promise given by Easter, local capitalists have placed fresh orders for lumber, and set carpenters and fellow-craftsmen at work tracing up new designs in ocean railways, and in other enterprise buildings. All the old attractions, without exception, are to open, and it is said that more, especially in the Bowery, will be at a premium this summer.

One significant change is noticeable in what may be termed the general atmosphere of the resort, and that is the passing of the one-time popular "Miracle of Deity" shows. A grand seat career, formerly occupied by one of those alleged attractions, is now given over to a new ocean railway. A careful scrutiny of the Bowery and adjacent lanes fails to discover evidence of the various resorts found there in recent years. According to the opinions expressed by the better element on the island this hopeful change is not due to official pressure, but rather to the loss of interest shown by the army of summer visitors.



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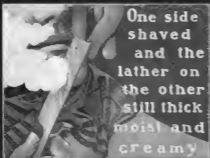
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A JOURNAL OF

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NEW YORK

MAY 11, 1901



A GREAT DAY FOR OLD MEXICO

A Review of Our Spring Book List

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THE PRESIDENT STARTING ON HIS 15,000-MILE JOURNEY

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Cuba

THE commissioners sent to Washington by the Cuban Constitutional Convention are reported to have left the capital with the intimation of favoring the acceptance of the terms embodied in the PLATT amendment. If we were dealing with Canada or Australia, it might be safe to say that the convention would follow the advice of its own commissioners, but nothing is certain in this world until it is accomplished, while the experience of the Anglo-Saxon race has led many of our most experienced statesmen to believe that no nation to be trusted is so certain as that the Latin mind will disappoint what seems to be the best-founded expectations.

However, certain facts in the situation are clear, and it may be well to consider them with a less much regret for our political or anti-colonial preferences or prejudices. Cuba may choose between annexation and the adoption of the PLATT amendments.—Naturally, if those in authority should state the proposition so boldly, there would be an outcry throughout the land against a "breach of our sacred faith," meaning the promise embodied in the TELLER resolution. So long as Cuba is under the control of the United States, partial or otherwise, that resolution will rise up to plague any public man who suggests the application of force to Cuba, no matter how just may be the demands made upon her. The American conscience is acute, and the American intellect, subtle as it is, is not fond of finding ways of evading obligations which have been voluntarily assumed. It was not only because of the promise, but because of its intimate connection with the public mind, that the WILSON disappointed the coupling of the grand independence with any condition whatever. The real relations which exist, and must always exist, between the United States and Cuba, cannot be illusory, under existing circumstances, without some confusion of the public mind. Under these circumstances, as every State ought to be ready to admit, the promise of the TELLER resolution would leave never have been made.

What are these necessary relations? We have freed Cuba from the domination of Spain. The war, as was professed, has furnished us in new and strange paths not, besides having cost much in men and treasure. It has enabled our own domestic policy. The only valid reason which we had for going into the war was that the constant rebellions in Cuba against Spain, the long and disastrous wars periodically breaking out, made the island a common bazaar at our very doors, and affected our trade disastrously. We insisted that we had the right to demand compensation for the condition which prevailed in the island, and this consideration weighed with both Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. McKINLEY. They were made distinctly, if not emphatically, aware by such notices, at least, that the people were guided when they advanced war. That at the same time, we asserted our right to put an end to conditions that were intolerable to us.

Now let us suppose that our promise had not been made; that there were no question as to our right to make terms before quitting the island after having tried it over to the people, that, having taken it in fair fight from its lawful owners, we had the right, before returning it to them or to those of them who were once insurgents, to ask for guarantees for the future, and even, if we chose, for recompense. Let us assume, also, that the independence of the island had been declared, and that we were treating with it as an independent power. In either case we would be clearly within our rights in making the demands which

are embodied in the PLATT resolution, for the maintenance of peace at our very threshold, for the protection of our coast from the attacks of yellow fever, and for the exclusion from our neighborhood of any additional European power or European territory. Much objection has been made to the demand of the resolutions that this country may intervene for the maintenance of order and for the protection of the island from foreign invasion. But we want to war partly because we wanted to Cuba, and partly to obtain to protect the island from invasion is but a formal assertion of the Monroe doctrine.

Even if we should now retire from the island, leaving the Cubans to frame a system of self-government under which the United States would have no rights, treaty or otherwise, in our relations with the island, we would certainly demand from the new government substantially what we now ask the Constitutional Convention to concede by the adoption of the terms of the PLATT resolution. Our demands should not be granted, we would insist strongly, and if our insistence and the refusal of the Cubans should be equally obstinate, would not war be likely to result, and, after war, annexation?

There can be no doubt that the position of the United States, as we have stated it, represents the mind and purpose of the President and of the majority of the members of both Houses of Congress. The country, through its official representatives, is determined to reap some fruit from the war which it waged for the freedom of Cuba. It is probably true that some of the annexationists of the island, for several very good reasons, some appealing to one class and some to another, but it is clear that annexation is to be feared if the Cubans do not accept substantially the terms offered in the PLATT resolution. The demands are not affected by the TELLER resolution. They would be made in any event.

Politics in the South

THE politics of the South is again to become exceedingly interesting, and again the hope is held out that the white voters may divide on questions of national policy, as they used to before the war. This is not a well-defined movement in the South, it is true, but there may be said to be a stirring among its politicians and its people, all of whom are tired of using their ballots simply to protect the State and local governments against what they call "negro domination," and some of whom are heartily ashamed of the policy of the South's subsistence in the late Presidential contest. The hope of which we have spoken is born of the proposed elimination of the negro from politics through amendments of State constitutions which practically disfranchise him.

The time was when the South was not solid except in defense of the institution of slavery. There was a free-trade South, and there was a protection South. Kentucky was Whig, and South Carolina was Democratic. In 1855, of the four Whig candidates for President Henry L. Wierse was from Tennessee, and WALTER P. MANNING was from North Carolina. JOHN YELLEN, of Virginia, was elected Vice-President in 1856, running on the Whig ticket with WILLIAM H. HUNTERS. HENRY CLAY was the Whig candidate for President in 1858. ZACHARY TAYLOR, of Louisiana, was the successful Whig candidate in 1858. WILLIAM A. GARDNER, of North Carolina, was on the Whig ticket of 1862 with WENDELL SMITH. JOHN B. HENRY, of Tennessee, was the American candidate for President in 1868. The ranks of Southern men differed from one another on questions of policy then, as they really differ now. They looked at the tariff question, the bank question, the Cuban question, the foreign policy of the country, even the slavery question, from different points of view, as men of the North differed on the same questions and policies. The antagonisms of politics began in the South, as in the North, over the formation of the government, having already existed in colonial days and touching the questions of the Revolution. WASHINGTON was for a national government, and in favor of the adoption of the Constitution; the LITTLE ROCK PARTY was vigorously against the proposed union.

There is no more doubt that the minds of Southern men reach different conclusions in judging the day when there is to be a choice between such rival and anti-antislavery interests in the South as well as in the North. There are hundreds of thousands of Southern voters who believe in the principles of the Republican party.

The iron region of northern Alabama is surely (or pretenses); so are the mineral and coal regions of Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, North Carolina, and Virginia; the sugar State of Louisiana, and the cotton-growing States of Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia. There are also many thousands of voters who believe in the old Democratic doctrine of expansion, and who are opposed to the modern Democratic opposition to what is called "imperialism." These differences of opinion among the whites need only the disappearance of the now question from politics to find expression in a division of the white votes between the parties.

The North believes solidly Democratic by the endorsement of its voters in 1876. For a certain time, and mainly by means of the supervision of the elections in the Southern States by both civil and military authorities, the Republican party succeeded in holding and in polling its vote. But the troops were removed, violence and intimidation almost disrupted the party in the South, rebels and seceders flung from asserting their rights, and seized the whites in a race war whose object was the prevention of the negroes from participating in the government of the States or the country. Hence, until they succeeded in matters of familiar contemporary history, they there came a better mood to the Southern mind; for, no matter what we may think of a particular law and its policy, it is always better to proceed by law than against it. The South grew weary of standing for judicial errors, and they became fearful but the Federal government should again appear at its polls for the purpose of taking charge of its own elections. Therefore the device was hit upon of disfranchising a large part of the negro vote by adopting literacy to a certain degree as a qualification for voting. There is no objection to this, if the qualification were fair as between the races, but, as matter of fact, it discriminates in favor of white literates and against the blacks. The most objectionable of the new constitutional provisions is that of North Carolina, on account of what is known as the "grandfather's clause," which permits illiterate whites of a certain descent to vote.

The object of all these constitutional amendments, the result of which are eventually to be adopted by most of the Southern States (Alabama is the latest State to contemplate the amendment of her franchise law), is to continue the so-called Democratic South. This is likely to fail much more quickly and definitely than did the Republican policy of thirty years ago. The South has been solid because it has desired to keep the negro out of politics. When the negro is actually out by process of constitutional law, where is the reason for remaining solid? If there is to be any reason for the means of currently antagonistic minds in a common object, their antagonisms will naturally manifest themselves. In a word, nothing will so weaken the Republican party in the South as the general adoption of the Mississippi plan.

The City Magnate and the Tree

It is almost as difficult to persuade a city magnate that a tree is a benefactor to the town as it is to convince him that a high-school building has any nobler purpose than to be shown by some agent, with an attention to hoped-for addresses to the tax list.

Nevertheless, his education has begun, although he may not know it, and some day we shall find him promising to plant trees in Yorkville, or on Murray Hill, or in the "Kittens," or the "poor," wherever voters may be had in return. Little by little he will come to the realizing sense of the fact that a tree is a tree-creator, just as Tennessee now feels, with somewhat more of dimness than is desirable, that a clean street on the East Side is a "good thing." When we see the city magnate so far we have not gone far as we can push him or drag him; if he goes farther, it is of his own enlightened nature.

The talk about city trees keeps up, and tree-planting is not unknown even in New York. But there are no instruments, besides the use of vanishing. There are, we all know, enough of the latter. Streets are being widened in the annexed region, and in suburban cities just beyond the City Hall. Tree-shaded streets, but the new ones will be made with such care of setting the trees, as they save there in European cities under like conditions, by moving them back through trunks cut for the purpose.

There are some objections on this subject which will



The Lounging-room



The Library



The Grill-room



Fireplace in the Grill-room



The Blue Dining-room

THE NEW YALE CLUB-HOUSE IN FORTY-FOURTH STREET

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THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY

Drawings by G. W. Potts

1. Fitting armor-plate in the Workshop. 2. Hoisting Iron Ore in the Top of a Blast-Furnace. 3. The Dial which indicates the Thickness of the Armor-plate in the Press. 4. Carrying Liquid Iron to the Open-hearth Furnace.



The Cathedral, 1898



Ludlow Place, 1901



Monserrate Street, 1898



Monserrate Street, 1901



La Punta, from Morro, 1898



La Punta, from Morro, 1901



Colon Park, 1898



Colon Park, 1901

HAVANA BEFORE AND AFTER AMERICAN OCCUPATION



President Loubet and the Duke of Genoa on Board the "Lepanto"



The Duke of Genoa



Arrival of President Loubet



Officers of the "Lepanto"



President Loubet's Barge



Arrival of the Duke of Genoa

THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF GENOA AND THE ITALIAN FLEET TO TOULON, FRANCE

market shops, where they take orders for two shares—and even for one share—they defect both reasoners as may, as that year ticket would read: "Bought one share of McKim at 45," instead of 40, as in the others, or 45, as it would be in a legitimate offer. Should the price decline to 40, you are "wiped"—the shop allows for a decline of but three-quarters of a cent, so that you get only a 75-cent rat for your money. Where stocks fluctuate more than a fraction in a day—and all active stocks usually do—it is very easy to be wiped out. If you sell a stock "short" the procedure is the same. There are, however, some rules and restrictions that vary according to the individual views of the owner of the place. Thus, customer's profits in certain stocks of the "bull-bull" order, the Sugar, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, American Tobacco, Tennessee Coal and Iron, etc. are limited to two points, and if you are lucky enough to buy ten shares of Sugar at 150 and the price rises to a bull point to 120, your profit is not 300, as, after deducting commissions, but only 200. Not only that, but orders are refused at the discretion of the shop, just as book makers refuse bets at times by marking up the odds prohibitively, i. e., in a way, the successful basket-shop keeper really "takes a back" on the stock market. For example, the fall of Mr. McKinley's re-election was strong in Wall Street, but just a hair stronger than among the habitués of the basket-shops. Everybody knew that in the event of victory the market on Wednesday morning would open at substantial advances. Everybody wanted to buy stocks in the basket-shops on the Monday before election day. Among Stock Exchange habitués customers were asked for big margins, for in the event of Mr. Bryan's landing, a great "crash" was inevitable. But the basket-shops, with their one-point margin, offered an ideal place for speculation. For the shops to have accepted buying orders on Monday was actually tantamount to their letting 2 to 4 on Bryan! A man who would buy five shares of a stock at 80 might lose, if Bryan were elected, his 40. But if Mr. McKinley were re-elected he stood to win not less than 80 and possibly more. Plain election bets, on the other hand, were at odds of 1 to 1 on Mr. McKinley. The Wednesday morning, when the customers saw a hat they had raised, they expressed their opinions of the basket-shop keepers severely.

The basket-shops are picturesque in the only way possible for such places—not in their paraphernalia, but in their customers. All manner of men go dithering in their common apparel—faded and old, clean and dirty, short and tall, dew and dirtily, poor and powerful. They are as different as may be in face and form, but they are all brothers in greed—the strongest motive power known to humanity at this end of the century. When men are drunk they tell the truth, they have no care, and show what they are. When men's souls are drunk with gambling they show off the clothes of restraint and appear sober, with all their manhood and smallness exposed to the gaze of their brethren. You see the stock gamblers—arrogant, twirling and snapping their fingers, waving neck or shoulders jauntily, unconsciously, swaying in the breeze, taking tips, pulling boards, or smoking furiously. They are losing, their money is crumbling away beneath the taker's strokes as if each fractional decline were the blow of a pick on a mound. He who they are winning, you see their eyes twinkling with a curious kind of light, revealing the eyes of a tipsy champagne-drinker. Their fingers clutch the air hungrily as if they were laid for the good money the taker is promising to them; and smiling at the jaws of other winners, no matter how large. They are making money without working, and you are correct in their judgment. Life in this ball of joy, of humor; the very tickle sounds mirthful, the clinking tinkle of golden jokers. It is full of

energy, the basket-shop, at 11:30, not the least amusing sight being the expression on the face of the basket-shop keeper. The man with the "straight tip"—firm as timber in "Trolley," or the little fellow who tries the hand of the latest Napoleon of Finance; or the old chap with a "short" and an "outside" system—just as in Monte Carlo; or the old woman with a suspicion and a half of a gray snout, who believes in signs and omens and lucky days and goes short on Fridays; and the elderly fellow who is both bookish and decidedly Teutonic of pronunciation, so that his hearers can never tell whether he is bullish or bearish, save by watching whether the market is strong or weak, and then observing how the old fellow's eyes behave.

Each basket-shop has its "plunger," its hero for a day or a week; and its notable "hard loser," and its cigarette-smoking "dude"; and its old-timers, who trade only when they have a dollar or two about them, say to live a month, and the man who stays away for weeks, and comes back with 500, which he loses, and is not out even again for more weeks; and a quiet man who comes now a day and goes into the taker's obscure and looks over mysterious lists, and is suspected of being the real owner of the place, the titular proprietor being but a "dummy." And there is tragedy, too, at times—white, drawn faces, and disappearances that last forever, and low-motored cabs and visions of boundless misery.

And as you step out of the smothered atmosphere of the basket-shop into that aristocratic empyrean known as New Street there comes in your ears a curious mysterious sound, that grows stronger as you near Wall Street. It is the shrill sound of a thousand great goddamned men, struggling manfully, by shuffling, shuffling across and sets, out of numbers—the New York Stock Exchange doing business in a hell street!



E. J. MEYER 100

THE DOCK IMPROVEMENT.



S ALONG WEST STREET

Elliott & M. Currier

The John Church

The Studio, Chicago

Hon. Francisco Benavides,
PresidentHon. Emilio R. Ycaza,
President (Honorary)Hon. Esteban A. Arzobispo,
Associate JusticeHon. Gregorio A. Arzobispo,
Associate JusticeHon. Manuel B. de
Peralta, Associate JusticeHon. Juan C. Alvarado,
Associate JusticeThe Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands
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palatal of buckshot, grazed, and fired, tearing the whole line out of their bloody bark coats. The nearest stand of the post, above in the air, and Wrenall lay sprawling, while Tye shrieked and fell sprawling into the river. Lead flew, like a plunging frog, paddles, poles, and rifle following.

They were an immense my new gun, but I shouted in time to show off, and at rifle-point turned my hands over the river to land where they might and thank God I had not driven them to the bottom with an ounce of buck.

I was still watching them to see they landed safely, and had half turned to take the trail again, when, almost under my feet, a human hand shot up above the river bank and seized my neck, tearing me flat. The next moment I was hurled up from the shore as he had been crumpled but as I lay on my back I saw him a vibrant kick in the face and rolled over out of breath. I could grasp my rifle, his hand held it back at him, so that the ball of the blade smothered his face, and he dropped into the water with a scream.

Shaking all over, I rose and lifted my rifle, instinctively reprimand. But the sight of the man in the mud, crawling about, gasping and showing bloody lachrym, made me sick, and the next moment I turned and ran like a rabbit.

As I sped down the trail, over my shoulder I saw Walter Butler, planted out in the shade of the river, taking steady aim at me, and I seized a tree and crotch of my outcrop as his bullet sang past my face. Then I saw no, seeing my rifle and seeing to repay that shot when my life was my own to risk again.

For I had not been able to shake off pursuit, double and rest as I might. They were distant, if it were, but they plinked tirelessly, earnestly. Again and again I saw them on the rocks, on the vast arid reaches of the mountains, heads down to the trail, jabbing along with horrid patience.

Once I doubted on them so close that I could see one of the head with his face tied up in a rag, doubtless the fellow who had landed his own toothsome barbet, Walter Butler. I could also distinguish, ever in the lead, sick tearing, they one among the others here a rifle. I had certainly spent their time to good advantage. But now I began to regret me that I had not shot them in the water when I had the chance, for truly I was in a very condition to possess further, though long or on trail; my limbs on these exposed their service, and a twig tripped me when I moved next beyond a log.

I had my first long shot at them as they were entering a ravine below me, and I wanted for my hands were sore suddenly from my laboring breath. Yet I should have noticed a dove where I pointed at that range. This shot, however, delayed there, and they now advanced more slowly and cautiously, alert for another snailish. As hour later I got their a second shot. My aim was wavering; my bullet only made one man duck his head.

I was fighting for time now, if I could keep an snail duck I had no fear, but as another. To tell the truth, I had an arrow hot there; it seemed so impossible that these Johnston really meant to take my life, even if they could see that one of a

Toby Tye, when I had tipped for holding my airtrap near the cove; and Wrenall, the red-headed barber set, who had shaved me in the guard house! How many times had he snatched off his gray cap to me, as he bared in tavern doors, creating such like a impostor!

But the moment of Walter Butler was a very different affair. Even when it was but a toddling child at Mistress Molly's knee the sight of Walter Butler ever set me fearfully hiding behind the first open door I could see. True, for your my distrust and aversion deepened, until I had come to look forward nervously to that mortal struggle between us which I knew must ensue. But I had never expected it to come like this.

As I crept once more into the forest my hand for the moss gave me new strength, and I staggered on, searching for a wastage mark where I might take another shot at the grotesque crew. Up and up I started, rising steadily at my increasing weakness, but now when a vine tripped me I could soon make out to rise again. In such I whipped and sprang my big strength with stinging memories of all the scenes I should repeat with one clean bullet through Butler's head. It was high noon; I could barely see, and how was I to shoot with my braver than hands shake; as I could neither hold there still nor close my wooden fingers on the trigger? I needed rest, an hour would have sufficed to steady the pulse of exhaustion. If only the night would come quickly! But there were two hours of daylight yet, two long hours of light in which to track my every step.

I caught a distant glimpse of them far below me, snatching the crevice and river bank. How they had been lured off to the river I knew not, but it gave me a brief chance for health, though not for a shot; and I rested my face on my rifle-stock and closed my eyes.

Then a quiver swept through me like an icy wind; with a pang I remembered my mission and the wretched gliders, the boat and the vote to Sir Wilfrid. Darkness crowded on down; my head rested, yet I saw again in my brain, warring and clanking at the neck which I could barely see. All around a thick night seemed to be me in; I groped through a shilly void for my rifle. It was gone. Panic stricken, I staggered up, dashed with dew, and I saw the moon staring at me over a mountain's ghostly wall.

Nearly I realized that I had slept; that Death had been near where I lay unconscious in the open meadow. But how far had Death gone?—and would he not return by moonlight, stealthily, snatching me shadow? Ah, what was that under the tree there, that shape working me?—moving, too—a man!

It is a stark black my hand struck my rifle. In an instant I was down behind the rock to press with dry powder, but by my horror I found flat melting, charge driven, gun seized, and my rifle striking helplessly out of the barrel. The shock started me up; a moment then I snatched at knife and dagger only to find an empty belt dangling to my ankles.

In the impulse of fury and despair, I crouched flat with sheltered feet, trembling for a spring; and at the same instant a tall figure sprang from the bushes at my elbow. "Clinging, fired," he said; "God save our country!"

Speechless and dazed, I earned to face him, but he

only jested quietly on a long rifle and gazed his chin and chin.

"There are some pretenses prober looking for you, young man," he said. "I said three months, but somehow I thought you might not be heading for them."

Weakness had dulled my wits, but I found speech presently to ask for my rifle and holster.

"None," he said, grimly, "you were into camp and take supper with me, as I'll knock your head off and drag you in by the heels!"

Nothing with fatigue and consternation, I stood there as perfectly helpless that the great owl bell laughing again, and, with a shriek of god-blessed contempt, handed me back my rifle as though I were an infant.

"Don't grand your teeth at me," he shouted, "Come to the camp, lad, I mean no harm to you. If I did, there's none prouder whod' all post pipes for the presence, I warrant."

He took a step up the slope, looked around in the moonlight unconsciously, then sharply intimated to my side and passed his great arm around me.

After a minute or two I started the camp fire, but could not see it. Even in the darkest night a fire made great trees not visible at any considerable distance.

My companion, striding along beside me, had been constantly muttering under his breath, but presently I distinguished the words he was saying:

"... One shot off, one son...

... Diddle diddle dooking, my son John..."

"I know you," said I, abruptly.

He dropped his arm and glanced around at me.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, I mean to know you, too, as don't worry, young man."

"I won't," said I, severely able to speak.

Presently I saw a single tree in the darkness, all glimmering red, and in a moment we entered a ruddy ring of light, in the center of which great logs burned and crackled in a little sea of whirling flames.

I was prepared to encounter the other outrage done, and there he was, better face peering and smiling at us as we approached. However, beyond a grin, he said no more, and presently fell to stirring something in a camp-pot which hung from a rustic over a separate bed of coals.

There was a third figure there, seated at the base of a gigantic pine tree—a little Hebrew man, gathering his knees in his arms and peeping up at me with watery, red rimmed eyes; Sam Mennet!—though I was too weary to harbor my head as to how he came there. As I passed him he looked up, but he did not appear to know me, though he came every spring to Sir Wilfrid for his pebbles, berries, and sometimes sold me shillings' gold and silver ounces and gilt chains for jet dogs.

He made no good-looking in an unworldly voice, and poured up at me continuously; and although I doubted that even Sir Wilfrid could have recognized me, I looked the first.

The big man brought me a bowl of broth and spread a blanket for me close to the blaze. I do not recollect drinking the broth, but I must have done so, for shortly by a delicious warmth enveloped me within and without, and that is the last I remembered that night.

To be Continued.

The Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands

UNLESS the assignment of sovereignty over the Philippine archipelago, by Spanish decree, necessarily used to have jurisdiction. This system recognized justice of the peace in the various courts, a court of first instance in the chief town of each province, and the audiencia of Manila, Cebu, and Iloilo. These were not appellate, all of the decisions and sentences of the courts of first instance, in criminal matters, were forwarded to the audiencia or upon appeal in civil matters all appeals from courts of first instance were made to the tribunal of Audiencia of Manila. Appeals were allowed to the supreme tribunal at Madrid in both civil and criminal cases.

In lieu of the Spanish tribunals the military authorities at first provided temporary provision courts to take cognizance of all crimes, no provision being made for the adjustment of civil questions. It soon became evident to General Miles, the military governor, that it would be necessary to establish purely civil tribunals, with jurisdiction of civil cases and such criminal offenses as in no way violated the laws of war or military rules or regulations.

On Aug. 10th, the Supreme Court was formed, with a president, or chief justice, a president and two magistrates in the first instance, and a president and two magistrates in the criminal branch, at the same time the attorney general's department was organized. Since that date twenty provincial courts of first instance have been established, and a large number of justices of the peace have been appointed. The Spanish administrative laws and laws of procedure are still in force, except so far as they have been amended by the military governor of the Philippine Archipelago; but such amendments are few and comparatively unimportant, being in relation to criminal procedure, which is so modified to conform to the American code statutes. There is now an appeal from the decisions of this tribunal, Spanish in the official language of the court, and local practitioners, who subjects of any foreign country, who take the highest courts of the United States, and all American attorneys admitted to practice in the Federal courts, or in the highest courts of any State or Territory, are admitted without restriction. All other appeals are excluded.

Article 15 of the Spanish Constitution provides that the chief justice of the Supreme Court shall be chosen by the king, with the sanction of the Cortes, and shall hold office for four years, and may be re-elected.

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All the members of the court at the present time are native Filipinos, except Judge Richard W. Young. The Filipino members of the court are all graduates of the University of Manila. Senor Aguinaldo and Aranales being also Doctors of Law of the University of Manila. Don Cipriano S. Arriola, the president or chief justice of the court, is perhaps the best known living Filipino, and for years has been regarded as the most learned and polished lawyer in the Philippines. He has been in the province of Batangas, across the bay from Manila, in 1897, and with the exception of two years' service as supplementary magistrate of the Audiencia of Manila, has never held public office. He has been twice Attorney General of the University of Manila.

Don Miguel Arriola, the president of the civil branch of the court, was born in the province of Batangas forty-seven years ago, and has served as secretary of the Audiencia of Manila, as assistant attorney general in the province of Cebu, and as supplementary magistrate of the Audiencia of Manila in Spanish times.

Judge Richard W. Young, the president of the criminal branch, is a native of Utah, and graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1892, and from the Connecticut College School of Law, New York city, in 1894. He was Judge Adju-

tant on General Hancock's staff at Government Island in 1893 and 1894, resigned from the army in 1894, and has since been practicing law in his native State, was chairman of the commission that codified the Revised Statutes of Utah, and served in the Philippines in 1898 and 1899 in command of the battalion of Utah Light Artillery.

Don Gregorio Aranales, born in the province of Manila, Island of Luzon, about thirty years ago, has never held public office except as assistant attorney general at Manila, then chief librarian in a native town of Cebu, where he was born about thirty-five years ago. He acted as assistant attorney general and as supplementary magistrate of the Audiencia of Cebu, and prior to American occupation. Señor Libranes was condemned to death by the Spanish government on suspicion of being an Insurrectionist, but was released from prison after nearly one year's confinement, upon the capture of the city by the Filipinos insurrectionists in the month of January, 1898.

Don Domingo Chavez is fifty years of age, and has served as secretary of the Supreme Court, as registrar of public property in the province of Batangas, as prosecuting attorney in the provinces of Cavite, Bulacan, and Samar, and as judge of the court of first instance of the province of Batangas. He is now supplementary judge of the Supreme Court. Lieutenant Colonel E. H. Crowley was born in Missouri. He graduated at the

West Point Military Academy in 1891, and served several years in the law school of the University of Missouri. Since 1894 he has been a member of the staff of Judge Advocate of the United States Army. He serves as the chief law officer of the military government in the Philippines and as secretary to the government have been conspicuously able.

Don Florentino Torres, the attorney general, was born in Manila fifty-seven years ago. He served the Spanish government for many years as secretary of the Audiencia at Manila, and as judge of the courts of first instance of the provinces of Iloilo, Zamboanga, Zamboanga, and Zamboanga; as assistant attorney general of the Audiencia of Cebu, and as associate judge of the criminal branch of the Audiencia at Manila. Señor Torres was at one time appointed as assistant attorney general of the Audiencia at Havana, but did not accept the appointment. The attorney general sits with the Supreme Court in administrative but not in judicial matters.

Colonel W. E. Binkhner, United States Volunteer, Lieutenant Colonel, Thomas H. Bunker, United States Volunteer, and Don Eusebio Melillo, of Iloilo, were formerly members of the court. The Trib' Commission has in preparation the rules of civil and criminal procedure based upon the American practice. It is understood that the commission has not yet been able to consider the question of creating the substitute laws.

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THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY

The Pay-Car at the Homestead Works

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Wall Street and the Country

THE unprecedented operation in Wall Street—unprecedented both in extent and in character—has, for several weeks, been the most important and interesting phenomenon in the world's activities. It has, of course, been attended with scenes of mad fury. The amount of pure gambling, as was to have been expected, was enormous; probably it was greater than usual in proportion to the volume of investment transactions, because, in moments of excitement, the community will easily produce at least four new gamblers to one new investor. But, at the same time, there was more of the appearance of stability in the movement, more of an impression of an absolute increase in values, than has ever before been noted in a so rapidly rising market, and one of the principal proofs for this was that the banks were very slow in raising the rates for money. That there was a tremendous rushing, raising many uncertainties, was anticipated; that there was much in the struggles of the times so much doubtless mortality should also have been expected.

The mere statement of the volume of transactions is astonishing. Before this extraordinary movement, the largest number of shares sold in the Stock Exchange in one day amounted to 1,000,000. A few years ago the selling and buying of a quarter of a million shares was a good day's business, but in this storm of excitement a day's record has exceeded 2,000,000 shares. It is an important fact that the great bulk of transactions has been in the railroad securities, concerning which there were rumors of consolidation, or which would be affected by consolidation. For the week ending May 4, for example, more than 1,500,000 shares of the common stock of Atchafalaya, Tappan, and Santa Fé, and more than 2,000,000 of the preferred stock, had been bought and sold. The other roads whose stock was most heavily dealt in were as follows:

Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul	602,205	shares
Erie	544,465	"
Massachusetts	308,710	"
New York Central	324,975	"
Norfolk Pacific	483,400	"
Pennsylvania Railroad	795,000	"
Southern Pacific	716,830	"
Texas Pacific	806,535	"

The prices for which these stocks sold, and the quick advances in them, are among the most remarkable features of this financial episode. On January 21 the common stock of Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul was 125½; on May 4 it was 185. Erie was selling at 214 on January 4, and on April 20 at 425½; Missouri Pacific was at 60 on January 4, and at 115 on May 3; Pennsylvania Railroad sold at 107½ on January 31, and at 161½ on April 22. Texas Pacific was down to 78½ on January 4, and up to 135 on May 2.

Of these railroads, Erie and Southern Pacific have declared no dividends on their common stock; Missouri Pacific's last dividend of 1 per cent was declared July 1, 1900; Atchafalaya has just declared a 1½ per cent dividend, payable June 15; Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul's dividend of April 25 was a 3 per cent, semiannual divi-

dend; New York Central's dividend was a 1½ per cent, quarterly; Northern Pacific's, 1 per cent, quarterly; Pennsylvania Railroad's, 3½ per cent, semiannual; Union Pacific, 2 per cent, semiannual.

The ordinary investor certainly is not buying the shares of these roads at high prices, for, if their dividends can be surely counted on, the stock returns less than the bonds of the same roads. For example—New York Central debenture 2½ at 105 pay an income of a little more than 4½ per cent, while New York Central stock at 120, the highest point reached before May 4, pays a little less than 3 per cent, if the dividends continue to be at 5 per cent. If Union Pacific is to be counted on for a 4 per cent dividend, the 105 at 105 is a 4 per cent investment, while its 4½, at 105, returns more than 2½ per cent.

It is clear that investors are not putting their money into doubtful 5 per cent stocks when they can get bonds that will net them from 4 to more than 5 per cent, the 7½ of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, for example, at 100½, paying more than 5½ per cent. It is not easy, it is true, to procure these bonds, but the fact remains that in the market of the week ending May 4 railroad shares were not bought for investment purposes. It would be interesting to endeavor, to say that purchasers and sellers were hat gamblers or speculators. There is another reason for buying stocks than investment of surplus capital or for gambling, and that is, confidence in the future of the properties, in the future of the country, and in the commercial future of the country, and a consequent desire to control the properties.

The impulsion of this wonderful buying and selling on Wall Street was this confidence and the high speculation of it. It was the country's belief that the iron and steel industry is to be controlled here that led to the free buying of the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation. The railroad shares mounted to a higher point than the same shares had ever reached before, because of the belief that through consolidation and single-headed management, roads which had been struggling for existence would turn dividends, and that valuable roads would become still more valuable. Millwrights struggled with one another for control of properties which are worth a month the price paid for them, loss which may easily be won or if the promise of the present is fulfilled. Thousands of men who have nothing to do with the stock-market ordinarily, feeling that they have abundant money to risk and anxious to get out of the country, are beginning to grow rich, have joined in the exciting buying, and have helped to push up prices. Some of these have already been "shaken out" by the slump of two weeks ago, and by greater falls in prices. So general is the fever of speculation that a large part of the orders which are executed by Wall Street comes from the West, and Western banks have been sending money to the Eastern banks to keep up the latter's reserves and increase their lending power. It was only at the close of the week ending May 4 that the banks began to look for a larger margin of securities for call loans, and at the opening of the following week they raised the rate of discount from 6 to 10 per cent. At the same time sterling exchange rose and the exports of gold increased.

The phenomenon ought to be well considered. It may be temporary, and it may represent some of the payments on our subscription to the British loan. But this aside, the excited market, the rush to buy, the enormous advance in prices, led to our chief result in the opportunity, and in the established wealth of the country. The stock-market has been one of the incidents of our new industrial primacy. It is a psychological market, as a matter of course. An active stock-market is always a psychological market. But often the hope which originates and follows the bulls is as foolish as the fear which sometimes helps the bears. This time there is a reasonable element in the psychological process of both capitalists and speculators. The country's confidence is to be successfully increased, it has already pushed forward at enormous strides; the future is even brighter than the past; the optimism of Wall Street is probably exaggerated, but it has a substantial basis for its existence. A large number of speculators will lose a good deal of money, but those who are buying are confident who intend to manage their properties, and who have the capacity to manage them well, will eventually reap abundantly. Perhaps it would be very nec-

essary to say that these immense operations of the Stock Exchange are the first half-blind, but effective movements of the jointest and the greatest industrial and commercial giant the world has ever seen. They may hurt himself a little at first, but eventually, no man can doubt that he will continue to remain first, and soon more securely to grow greater still.

The President's Tour

OF all our Presidents, Mr. McKinley is the happiest occasional speaker. Mr. Hammon was thought to be on the pinnacle of felicitous utterance, but Mr. McKinley far surpasses him, mainly in that, originally, no man can doubt that he will continue to remain first, and soon more securely to grow greater still.

Before the treaty of peace was under consideration, but when the terms of the peace, dictated at the White House, had been agreed upon, the President made a tour through the West and gained public sentiment upon the question of compelling Spain to relinquish her territory over the Philippines. In doing so he naturally stimulated public opinion, and directed it to the way in which he was thinking. Much speech as he makes to the people, who greet him with enthusiasm and hail with warm delight, but rarely in the nature of consultations with them, or of "feelers"; they impart information, stimulate thought, and are of material assistance to the administration's programs. The President, it is true, does not go into particulars as Lord Stansburry would, for example, at a Lord Mayor's banquet, but he sets the current of the public thought in the direction in which he wishes it to run. He stimulates discussion in the public press. He prepares the country for what it is to expect. In the present case, for example, he has furnished a general outline of the difficulties arising from the end of the country to the other. The audience about his car, or at the dinner table, is thus enlarged until the whole country listens.

The important theme which the President has broached for the purpose of stimulating the interest of opening the markets of the world for our surplus products. He said at Corinth, Mississippi:

"It is in your business as well as mine to see to it that an industrial policy shall be pursued in the United States that shall open up the widest markets in every part of the world for the products of American soil and American manufacture. We can use supply our own countries, and in order to secure sale for our surplus products we must open up new streams for our surplus."

The Indies are our own. On this question of industrial and commercial development Mr. McKinley is far in advance of some of the leaders of his party. It is well known to those who have conversed with him on the subject that he has never been more open-minded and generous in his interests as to the good of certain duties which they demanded and which Congress has given them. He was sincerely in favor of free trade for Porto Rico, for example, and believed that a defensive tariff against Porto Rico sugar and tobacco would be a benefit to the industrial interests of this country; but it was overruled by the legislative branch of the government. He has always believed that the DINGLEY law marks the high-water line in customs duties, and he has said that when tariff revision comes it will result in a lowering of duties. However, there is room for difference of opinion as to what plan for enlarging our commerce the President may intend to recommend to Congress. It is generally assumed that he will suggest lower tariff changes, for the purpose of enabling our ships to obtain better cargoes. Importation would thereby be stimulated, and perhaps, though not certainly at once, exportation. He may again recommend a ship-collaboration measure for the increase of the number of our freighters, and with a view to enable the carriers to overcome tariff charges by reducing freights. Or he may suggest both. There is no doubt that the President views the expectation of the country in urging an indu-

trial policy that "shall open up the widest markets in every part of the world for the products of American steel and American manufacture." The purchase by Mr. Moxart of the fleet of the Leyland Line, and the construction of four great American ship-building plants show that, to the practical business man, the increase of our foreign commerce is inevitable. We are growing and manufacturing the subjects of such commerce, and we must sell and if we sell, we must buy.

Let us take, for example, the iron and steel trade as an index of our progress. In 1893 our production of pig-iron was 4,378,157 tons; in 1900 it was 7,209,378 tons. Of structural steel, we produced 251,208 tons in 1895, and 906,477 tons in 1900. Of heavier steel work, we produced 1,379,429 tons in 1895, and 2,776,555 tons in 1900. Our total product of crude steel in 1895 was 6,114,834 tons, and in 1899 it was 10,629,957. These are partial statistics of the most phenomenal growth in industrial history. While this enormous increase in production was going on, the value of our exports of iron and steel increased from \$29,809,614, in 1893, to \$63,716,051 in 1899. In 1900 there was a further increase to \$113,151,245.

This growth in production is the main cause of the growth in foreign demand. The growth in production is maintained, however, by a very serious question as to the continued growth in demand unless we adopt the counsel of the President and change in some way our industrial policy. In the first eight months of the present calendar year there has been a falling off in foreign demand for certain kinds of our machinery, especially in metal-working machines, pumps, and locomotives, although there is an increased demand for our electrical machines. The increased exportations of a few American specialties, like structural steel, are not sufficient to make up in the complete list of iron and steel manufactures. But there has been an apparent halt. It may be temporary, but at least it suggests to the President the advisability of considering a change of policy.

The statistics of our recent importations also tell a story not quite satisfactory to our manufacturing interests, for during the eight months purchases of foreign raw material, and of partly finished foreign material, for use in the manufacture of machinery, have fallen off in comparison with our importations during the corresponding eight months of 1900; while our importations of machinery have been articles of food and animals, manufactured articles ready for consumption, and articles of luxury.

The President's tour is more than a pleasant journey, which gives to the people an opportunity to greet and hail the First Magistrate of the republic and to show their affectionate loyalty; it will be of real and permanent importance. By means of it Mr. McKinley is able to direct the minds of his fellow-citizens to the next step which the government must take if the country is to reap the full advantage of its marvellous industrial growth.

Our Birds

HOW many people in New York city know that, counting residents and visitors, there are nearly two hundred species of birds in their neighborhood. We are almost tempted to ask also, "How many more?" But some citizens are not indifferent to the sweetness of nature, and perhaps the breeze is increasing the number. We are not sure of this, however, for the ordinary, and even the extraordinary, bird-seeker seems to keep his eyes to the road and his mind bent on business. A merry crowd of sweeties to him then meanders filled with flowers, or to their little choirs of singers. But a solitary Central Park and the new parks beyond the Harlem are doing something to teach the people of the town that nature owes some pleasant retreats and has some joyful companionship for humanity when it is freed of men.

Now is the season when the birds are doing their best to make the earth a pleasure-ground. Our prominent residents, like the yellow-bonnet, or high-baker, or fly-catcher—call him by any one of these or by his other names as you please—now to be seen on the trees over houses, for he has escaped from his winter dwelling, and those who are sharp of eye, and who know what they are looking for, have caught many glimpses of his red-crowned and his brilliant yellow-bellied neighbor, the blue-bird, on the lawn, are the song-sparrow, the tree-sparrow, and the chipmunk, and some other members of the fresh family of whom we do not so much

approve. The song-sparrow is one of our most beautiful singers, and it is with as much of the tone. Just as would he be making the woods vibrate, and we would be listening oftener to his music if it were not for the joyful songs of the wren, who has already come back to us. There is to some ears nothing so like this little friend of ours for some reason as the whistling thrush of England, but patriotic comparisons are not only odious, but in such a case may lead to discord.

The robin is another bird who always runs as all the winter, and he runs along our lawns all summer, while some of his more restless fellows go farther North for their breeding-ground. No chain will snare the robin, who hops out of his nest after the snow, sometimes leaping back, but always cheerful, and fills the air with his loud song, to the enjoyment of those who would fain listen to much sweeter notes.

Bluebirds and bluejays still dwell near us, but they are rarely with us now. The English sparrow and the robin with a few house wrens into swallows. The junco and the amaranth, the flickers and the other woodpeckers, are now on their way farther north, and with them goes many a meadow-lark.

Those will be succeeded by some of our most colorful birds, who come along in the month of May. None will be more welcome than the wood-thrush, who has to be sought out amid sylvan shades. Although it does not shun shaded streets, the neighborhood of the city broods curbs and sidewalks, and is hence to be seen, and therefore, to the thrush. If the park commissioners would only give to a forest, planting Pelham Bay Park with trees, the citizen who now knows chickens, English sparrows, turkeys, ducks, geese, and who may have noticed a robin on the green near a Worcester's Hotel, would have a much better chance in life. He would have an opportunity to hear the wood-thrush, the hermit-thrush, who remains in the neighborhood of New York. His song is "Jeets Blum-minion-calls," the finest heard in nature. . . . the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one obtains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep, solemn joy that only the forest woods may know."

In May we shall have the alouder and graceful cardinal, who will entertain us in song; and we have caught the first notes of the yellow-warbler, and will soon see the flight of the swallow and swift. A little to the north and east of us the vireos will settle down, and through our skies and over our roofs, from the Hudson river, and the water-towers are fishing for a brief season.

There are more birds than most of us wit of us and about New York. There are enough of them to assure us every hour we can spend out-of-doors, and if anything is needed to make a whole summer dull along through its heats agreeably, let the seeker after occupation and distraction undertake the task of distinguishing the notes of the different birds from one another. No more faithful and accurate guidebook diversion for a tired worker of this busy city.

West Point Criticisms

IT was, it seems, the Superintendent at West Point, not, as understood by the WEEKLY, the Commandant of Cadets, who was the subject of certain manifestations by the cadets which were considered at a recent court martial. Public demonstrations by the cadets in derogation of either cadets or officers are equally reprehensible. Inasmuch as the comments of the WEEKLY a fortnight ago on "West Point Appointments" have served to some readers unjust to the present Commandant of Cadets, some information about that officer is given below on this page.

It will be seen that the testimony is ample both as to his accomplishments as an officer and his special capabilities as military instructor of cadets.

As to the fact noted in the same article that the appointment of a lieutenant to be Superintendent of the Academy, as happened in the case of the present Superintendent, was unprecedented, it is proper to state that Colonel Milla became a captain a few days after his appointment, and that there are four previous instances, between 1817 and 1853, of the appointment of captain of engineers to the superintendentship. In the opinion of good judges, Colonel Milla has proved a zealous and exceedingly efficient Superintendent.

Personal

In speaking a fortnight ago "West Point Appointments," the WEEKLY stated that the appointment which put the present Commandant of Cadets in his present place was "one of the most important appointments made by an Ohio Congressman and a Chicago editor." So far as concerns the Ohio Congressman, rumor was uncorroborated. Colonel Milla was a graduate of the West Point. Among the gentlemen who recommended his appointment was a former Superintendent of the Military Academy, lately retired, who, after having, as an officer, another office lately retired with the rank of lieutenant-general, and two members of the Academic Board of the West Point. The general in which his appointment was urged was an unusual specimen of military matters, acquired in fifteen years' service with the regular army, and was a military instructor in tactics at West Point, ten years' service at the Leavenworth School, an instructor of Military Art and Officer of the Cavalry School, and five years of duty as military attaché abroad.

As to Colonel Hill's office as Commandant of Cadets, there is no lack of favorable opinions. Colonel Milla, the present Superintendent, recently said of him in an official letter to the Secretary of War, "He is the ablest and most military instructor of cadets has been brought to a point of excellence and thoroughness not previously attained at the Military Academy within my knowledge of it, and in his endeavor to perfect the course of instruction in the Department of Tactics, he has shown that his work here has been most marked and most successful."

The report of the improvement of the Army, made by the Secretary of War, contains a list of officers, and progressive, and commends in detail certain important changes in the work of the academy made by the Superintendent in his suggestion.

JOHN B. TERRANCE, of Savannah, Georgia, is the only one of our countrymen who has been appointed one of our squadrons in the China navy in 1893, was an aviator and a participant in the famous action in front of the Tientsin forts, and has been a member of the international process now reaching a climax in China, styled in European diplomacy the "struggle," but known to our countrymen as the development of China. The remarks said to have been made by General Sawyer of the United States, on the great occasion of the signing of the Anglo-British alliance on this great Eastern question, recall strikingly at this time the incident in which General Sawyer, then Chief of American Expedition, and Admiral SERRAVALLO, of the British squadron, both said in their hearts of the alliance, "It is Anglo-British alliance of the water." "Blood is thicker than water." When the English and French fleets were in the bay of the Chinese ports at the mouth of the Yalu, in order to force a passage up the river to Tientsin, when the diplomatic efforts of the United States failed to make the land journey to Peking to ratify a treaty, a bloody naval battle ensued, and the British were slain with much slaughter. The English admiral, it was then that Commander TERRANCE, a plain American seaman and aviator officer, offered the assistance of his own fleet, and the admiral, who was engaged with our being, curtaining as he was round against with an honest, no-compromise: "Never mind! Blood is thicker than water."

The ex-President of the United States was one of the guests at dinner given at the Waldorf Hotel, New York, in honor of the collection in the South of Secretary Cassin. Hon. OSCAR B. SWEENEY, Mr. WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, and other notable New Yorkers being present. Apart from the incidental announcement that the Maryland Endowment Fund for the William Wilson Chair of Military Economy at Washington and Lee University was now an assured success, having passed the \$100,000 mark, an announcement only possible by the generosity of a number of gentlemen who were in attendance at the dinner, Mr. CURTIS L. LINTON, in the young man of the South and the interest in it existing in colleges there were mentioned. It was recalled to him that when he stood with WILLIAM H. WILSON's grave at Charlottesville, Virginia, with the undergraduates of Washington and Lee University, of which institution Mr. Wilson was President, and the students of the same institution, the young aspirants of those young men was, as they watched the trees fall down the sea, the President's face shone, that he had been in the land of his land. "I remember it well," said Mr. CLEVELAND, "and a dear boy of young men I have never seen."

"When President McKIMLEY made the statement in his eloquent address in San Antonio, that the advent of the Texas and New Mexico territories was 'by the sword,' and W. W. WOODS KING, of Philadelphia, in a paid a devoted tribute to the heroic deeds of our countrymen in the Texas and New Mexico of the Alamo. But not one of the brave men ever carried a sword—the pistol and the horse-kills were their weapons. The men of the old republic were in the United States were called by their honor Texas patriots." Mr. KING is one of the best American authorities on this point.

At its annual Commencement, June 10 to 15 of this year, the University of Georgia will hold its centennial celebration. The State granted the charter in 1785, and it is the first anniversary of the institution, and setting an example which has been widely copied. The work of instruction was begun in 1801, and it is the first anniversary of the institution. Among the speakers for the day will be Dr. VAN DYKE, of Princeton; Hon. OSCAR BELMONT, of New York; Hon. WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, of New York; Hon. FRANCIS PICKENS, of Georgia. There will be a great gathering of alumni upon the occasion. The university is now completing its new building under the supervision of Mr. WALTER B. HALL, of the class of 1858.



Archbishop Ireland



Cardinal Sebastian Martinelli



Bishop McQuade, of Rochester



Count Colacicchi, Papal Messenger



Archbishop Foley, of Detroit



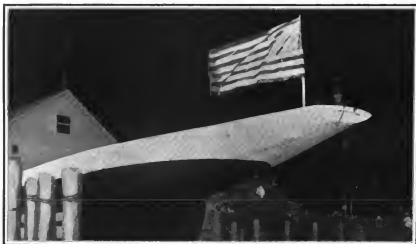
Cardinal Gibbons

THE ELEVATION OF MGR. MARTINELLI TO THE CARDINALATE

Baltimore, May 8, 1902



"Shamrock II" resting on her Pontoon just after the Launching at Dumbarrow, Scotland, April 20, 1901



The "Constitution" sliding down the Ways, 8.30 P. M. Monday, May 6
 From a Flashlight Photograph by James Hutton, the only successful Photograph obtained of the Launching



Stepping the Mast



The "Constitution" alongside the Herreshoff Pier, Bristol, Rhode Island

THE LAUNCHING OF THE RIVAL YACHTS



Group of Boys starting for Guanajay



The Infirmary



Calisthenics



The Gymnasium



School-Room



The Shoe Shop



The Carpenter Shop



The Blacksmith Shop

INDUSTRIAL AND REFORM SCHOOL, GUANAJAY, CUBA

A STUDY OF NAPOLEON

With its Bearing upon Certain Problems of Our Own

THE people of France did not make a riddle, a perpetual enigma, a superhuman being, of their Napoleon. So well did they know him, so intimate and fully accepting him as essentially and by natural gifts their own representative, that they called him simply "The General," "the General," "Comand," "Empereur," "Legislateur," or "Administrateur." It was not even usual to refer to him by his name; in them he was intimately "Gilles," and his son just "The Man's Son."

Lord Rosebery mentions this circumstance, though not quite in the foregoing terms. At the moment of writing, his attention was evidently fixed upon Napoleon's achievements, and to the practical effect of these he was looking for the explanation of a tribune as extraordinary as that which was paid to the Man of the people's imagination, "the most singular and sublime leader," as he says, "that has ever been accorded to humanity." Thus analyzing the public career of the hero of this interesting study, our author finds that he became the Man of the popular imagination because, though himself an absolute ruler, a glimmer of liberty grew round his name as the product of the Revolution and as the leader of it. "He had gratified the passion for freedom by founding the Fourth dynasty; those opinions which he had kept out of the Bourbons; he had, above all, crushed and atoned the chiefs of the Holy Alliance which weighed so heavily on European consciences; he had been the last leader of the French Revolution, and which represented an emboldened hostility to freedom. No regarded, it is not to be imagined, as a Man of Letters because the idea of Continental Literature." Admirably not; but at present we are not asking why he became so "ideal," but rather why the French nation has made him "The Man" of the French press-heart—that is, the very type of faith, confidence, all the more intense, the more the Congress or is in this matter of sympathy and absolute acceptance a matter of fact? Naturally we try for a moment to remember the circumstances of France, the forecasts or forecasts which had intrinsically served the French people by leading him, by proving that a man sprung from a lowly rank, a French dynasty, by keeping out the Bourbons, and crushing the chiefs of the Holy Alliance, might be a phenomenal person, might well have been called by a phenomenal person, might be his spirit from his subjects, or by his own name, whose strange mixture of military and political, a barrier of racial antagonism, but he could, of course, more have been accorded that "most singular and sublime leader" which our author has so aptly called one as the embodiment of the virtues and faults of all his race. "It was one" by the use of this study, and the French people accept both the author and the career of the person to whom they applied it; it signified that there could be no absolute, however great his career, however there is no career any may follow, though not with an equal result.

Just here it is proper to notice that Lord Rosebery's method is not an unimpeachable one. He finds a great mass of contradictory, in part quite untrustworthy, statements in the memoirs of Las Cases, Soult, Goyard, and the others, who shared Napoleon's exile at St. Helena, and whose chief natural aversion to him he was so ready to associate with one another. Examining, testing each of these writers in turn, he is so kind and fair for his readers' point of view; it is as though he had some spot on his forehead, and, as he says, had cleared paths in several directions. The reader walks at ease along the paths which the author has opened with much of the same result, but he is not seeing clearly what the author has taken pains to point out, or perhaps, perhaps, perhaps things which the latter overlooked. So he is left with our present observations, that we find that Napoleon was easily comprehended by thirty millions of his countrymen, while Lord Rosebery is still restrained of the difficulty, may be, the impossibility of understanding him. "It is to St. Helena, that the most important testimonies are to be found." For the final glimpse of this great human being, "For a problem he is, and most ever remains." Again: "Mankind . . . will probably never understand the secret of this prodigious human being. In spite of all this defining, naming, and analysis, what event there is, will probably never be understood, or any degree of realization? Was he simply a lofty idealist, of vast natural power? Or was his success due to the most remarkable combination of qualities and energy that stands on earth record? To all these questions, and scores of others, many capable men will be ready with a just answer, but the answer, the student examines the subject, the less ready will be with an answer. He may at last arrive at his own hypothesis, but it will not be a correct one, and he will find, without surprise, that his fellow, equally laborious and equally conscientious, will not supply a different solution, truly, but one which will not be with each other. So he will not be perplexed at the secret obscurity of this man, but he will be surprised to find that we have accepted that Lord Rosebery's generally applies in our passage that being a great, it was not necessary for the Continent to be so—though the

lines of greatness and goodness did not come together when projected beyond human limitations. "There is one question which English people ask about great men," he writes, "which our country just with regard to Napoleon without a sense of inequality which appraises the prototype. Was Napoleon a good man? The irrefragable truth which we must grapple with the question, we think, not the proved quality, but the exceptional position of this unique personality. Ordinary measures and laws do not apply to him. We seem to be trying to open a mountain with a tape. In such a creature we expect profound virtues and prodigious faults, all beyond our standard. We earnestly remember to have seen this question seriously asked with regard to Napoleon, though Mr. Leitch touches on it in a fashion, if some children, dissociated, superficial." This is nothing more or less than full acceptance. Napoleon's own estimate of himself at the close of his life, essentially inspired and partially because, "he chose to make a devoted of himself, and deliberately cut himself off from humanity." Lord Rosebery says that, whereas he had given evidence of kindness, generosity, and affection to his earlier years, "in the full swell of his career it would never have occurred to him that those attributes, any more than bravery or sympathy, had any relation to him. They were fought and proper for others, but for him seemed every more or something less was required. They were

of Napoleon out of something different from a typical Latin face, because, forthwith, his army penetrated to Moscow, while his ambition stretched from London on the east to the Atlantic on the west. Lord Rosebery's study leads most directly to the starting point of the next departure, which it suggests to us, and which shall be a study of a Little Napoleon, through its most brilliant exponent. You cannot fail on the depths of any character without a piece of method to carry your line of the bottom, and in this case the moral you receive is compounded of the elements of the Little prince. Until we take up the subject as that fashion, "what would there be will certainly "read discovery"; Latin will only now have to be accepted as a Trinitarian modern, and there will seem to be no "exception of the will" which can be brought into conformity with our own conception.

Bring this all said. Let us think of a comparison between two Frenchmen, "due to the most remarkable combination of intellect and energy that stands on earth record," left France, after all, has there he found it; he is, in all simplicity and honesty, really a career which truly appears to be so great that "we seem to be trying to open a mountain with a tape," but mainly here, it was carried forward on the crest of the mighty tidal wave of the French Revolution. Napoleon was "the Revolution incarnate," as our author says; he did not himself supply the force that carried him so far. The Little man in us, however, is a study of a Little Napoleon.

Let us read Pasquier's comment on the family to which belonged the man who held himself to be raised from obscurity to the democracy that he maintained in us," says Pasquier, "the most binding engagement and the most sacred affection looked away at the end of his career, and then I should not be surprised to think of the great soldier saying at Waterloo, 'I was not a short time for glory. I am proud for another ten years, and then I should like to be a peasant.' This last departure of energy with the fit long service of Lord Bute. Let us think of the great and good or selling his soldier's career at St. Helena, not because he really hated France, but with a view to ending sympathy, laboring letters and devotion to the great place by itself, the records of history, which it seems an inequality, or, rather, his contribution to the universal harmony, that at the illustration of "lost places" he was living in an era, once, connected with the struggle of the work of the family of his name. "There was, in the person (the father) of Marie Louise, whose living is certain because with Napoleon at Parma. There the man of the King of Rome, riding, and putting on a slipper, took by Thiers; there was also a line of the child. There was a miniature of Napoleon. There was, also, a miniature of Napoleon, which the great, taken from Prussia, and the watch of the First Consul when in Italy, suspended by a chain to the plain of the battle of Waterloo. Let us think, finally, of the story of him who at first in his life had fallen into such weakness, without hope or help from himself, but was so ready to receive the aid of his best friend, and to be proved of prodigious achievement, beyond humanity, coloring indelibly the line of his human conception and human possibility. The phrases of the story of the Spanish branch of the Little man come as well as the story of Napoleon. We have said that the next departure shall be, as should be, a study of the Little character through its most brilliant exponent. Perhaps this view is too hopeful for our obvious need of information in this field, to enable us to do it with more of our own possibilities and to see the study with important problems in mind, and Central America, which work has been done at any time, has not yet stirred our interests to activity. But these notices of tidily are given in the hope that they will be of some use to our readers, may lead the way.

Mr. Harcourt's "Napoleon," dated March 10, 1884, the writer addressed a hearty congratulatory of such studies, at first referring to the vast empire to both hemispheres in the "Napoleon" branch of the Little man, and their political differences in matters (it was noted) the intellectual forces such unobtainable conceptions of the world, and the study of the Little man, and the world to embrace a general literary compass of these regions. In the Spanish and Spanish American world, that are difficult to understand, and the world is not in this hemisphere—perhaps one of the most important problems of the future, both for the present and the future, is the study of the Little man. We should not be able to think of it, at any rate, we must refer to the outline form of the javelin, or other, yet somehow, must reach an extent. This is in 1884.

It is an intelligent American actually believed that a Spanish field might bring its destruction what any where along our coast.

Spain, however, just before the conventional relations between this country and the United States will be in the foreground, side by side with the military and political relations of the two nations. Now the time, with these latest phases of war and commerce is plain view, we are not a Little Napoleon, but an other, in the same proportion as Napoleon III. to us.

MORRISON & CO.,



The Earl of Rosebery

qualities for such men, and the ordinary contrasts. But the ordinary objects, of men now had come to have any meaning for him." In reply to the much simple question, "Was a great man?" our author comes on very nearly daily on the side of the truth, and who hold some notable new opinions. "If greatness stands for human power," he says, "it is a power, for something human beyond humanity, then Napoleon was essentially great." He carried his own conclusions to the farthest point, and he has accurate knowledge. Under the stress of great security he cultured indelibly the traits of a man's character and human possibility. Till he had lived so far could realize that there could be no step-by-step combination of military and civil gifts, such combination of view and such power of detail, such prodigious vitality of body and mind." Even the independence or previous activity of this prodigy taken on a superhuman grandeur, point before we have the power and security of the universe itself required as its first and necessary condition the impairment of a single individual.

Yes, Napoleon is, and most ever remains, an irrefragable problem to those who start with the conception that human nature in all of our men, and kind of studying him so though he were a Little Napoleon, of a vast humanity, utterly foreign to the English genius. Not are the other great critics or biographers—American or German—less so when they treat

*See chapter 10 of "Napoleon, The Emperor," by the author, New York and London.



The Coaching Parade in Central Park



Crowning the Queen of the May in Battery Park



May Parties on the Green in Central Park

MAY-DAY IN THE NEW YORK PARKS

Photographs by James Earlen



SUNDAY AT THE NEW YORK



MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

the young men struggled up into the fading morn-
 ing as though struggling.

Cousin Maryland exulted over his easy existence
 with horses and plough and axe and spade. The en-
 croaching woods rolled up with him like a dog
 playing; they roared and roared, the slow steams
 along the stream.

And here and there, on little knolls dotting the
 open, tall rifeless stock, leaning on their wane-
 ing limbs, mending guard over flock and heavily load-
 ed, I occasionally saw a man leaning on his rifle,
 get up an idea what I should do there. A child
 love and three soldiers ran from snatches of game,
 now and then an unbroken, with a dog baying
 low, watching me out of sight along the charred road.
 I passed through the woods with a dog baying
 along that damped a green hole. The door here a pair of
 sign-borders, one, representing a large house with
 arms and legs like mine, and the other, which I passed, but
 could not guess the significance.

I needed not, having for the last week used white-
 wash to save my own coat, and I entered the house
 and made known my needs to a negro fastener,
 thick-set fellow who by in a chair, smoking a clay
 pipe.

By the road, all horse and mules, and bringing in
 an order, begging me to be seated and he could
 do the rest-work in the office, and I sat down, after
 advising the company, which consisted of half a dozen
 men playing cards by the window.

They all returned my salute, some leaning their
 arms to look at me, and although they resumed their
 game, I continued to talk to the waiter, who, pass-
 ing sometimes in a shuffle to turn their eyes to
 me.

Presently the landlady came in with my small bag
 of salt, and set it on the table with some tea and
 milk at me to be my indulgence for his delay.

"I was trying to get some tobacco," she said, I
 thought, for one who had lived on a forest-ranger. But
 I waited patiently, my thoughts concerning some-
 thing else. In fact, I could find opportunity to say
 myself under an air of his parlor, and, and, and
 I could not see a prospect but had proceeded my
 pretense of home-lore and had set it before me, leaning
 with good stout bones.

"Perhaps, sir, you are new from Boston?" he
 asked, with a jolly laugh.

"I think my head. The company at the table by
 the window had passed in into the kitchen."
 "Well, well," he said, puffing his long pipe into a
 glow, "but he parsons time, sir, the world over!
 And, letters, more or less, and the world over!
 The familiarity, sir, I had been wondering myself
 whether the King is really right."

"The stillness in the room," he said.

"Doubt," said I, "is a friend to liberty,"
 "I was thinking of the matter," he said, "concerning some-
 thing else. In fact, I could find opportunity to say
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 asked, with a jolly laugh.

who was sitting by the chimney, reading a letter—
 a quiet, modest gentleman of thirty, perhaps, some-
 what lean-statured and spotted with reddish sand,
 which proclaimed him an active from the south.
 He wore on a firm, round slant of the head and a
 seriously sharp yet not entirely amply, promising to
 join up when he had finished the letter he was reading.
 I had meant to tell Mount of my acquaintance with
 Colonel Wood and with Greenhouse, but hesitated
 because the simplicity of the room would carry over
 a whisper to the stranger by the chimney.

Mount must have divined my intention, for he said,
 in his hearty, sharp-tongued voice, "You say my
 name, sir, Mr. Cardigan, and treat this gentle-
 man from Maryland as you treat me. I hope"

I had not meant the name of the young man from
 Maryland, and was difficult about asking. He looked
 up from his letter with a broad smile and nod at me,
 and we sat down beside one of the two benches and
 called upon the top-boy for horse-lore.

I began by telling Mount very frankly that he had
 just set on a false promise to a rebel. I related my
 conversation with Colonel Wood—how I had felt it
 dishonorable to accept liberality under a misde-
 standing, and how I had found it necessary to re-
 nounce it. But this only appeared to amuse Mount,
 who laughed at me maliciously over his horse-lore
 and looked at the top-boy with unforgotten marks of
 satisfaction.

"Tiddle—tiddle—tiddle! Who the devil owned you?" he
 said. "I wish half of our patriots possessed your
 tongue, especially, friend Sirrard."

I was troubled, I thought to answer, and at all pleased
 to feel myself forced into a position whether it
 appeared everybody was conspiring to drive me.

"I've been to the King," I said, hesitating, "and

"You—no?" I exclaimed. "If it be treason to oppose
 me, I will not be so, as that which Lord Dumore
 commends, than that I am guilty! If to be a patriot
 means to resist such men as Dumore and Buck-
 ury, and to be a King, and to be a King, and to be
 being done and says nothing—if it be to defend the
 land of one's birth against the plots of these men, more
 so, and to be a King, and to be a King, and to be
 violently." "I am the King's enemy in the last Dumore
 drop in my body!"

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Cardigan approached the Indian

when I on my foot to embrace him, I shall do so, and
 believe."

"I seriously observed Mount, emphatically,
 "But that I can see for my company, sir," I
 added, in disgust, thinking of my encounter with
 Greenhouse, "And I related the affair to Mount."

The big fellow eyes narrowed and he set his
 forehead down with a bang.

"A snail!" he said. "A snail, mostly mounted
 look for this fellow Greenhouse, and I was
 glad a pull of the frock tumbled, set it down two
 feet, and by hook or by crook in his chair, looking his
 lips thoughtfully."

"How long do you stay here?" he asked.

"I think you will return to our Colonel Cross, don't
 he said."

Mount looked over the table, folding his arms under
 his chest.

"I think you will return to-day they tell me,"
 he said.

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To be Continued.



The Place where the Fire started,—looking Southeast from Davis and Union Streets



Ashley Street—in the Centre of the Residence District—looking East from Clay Street



Ocean Street,—looking North from Central Dock



Forsyth Street,—looking East from the Western Limits of Destruction



The Water-Front,—looking West from the Merrill-Stevens Wharf

THE JACKSONVILLE FIRE, MAY 3, 1901

Photographs by John H. Moore, Savannah

The Australian Parliament

THE first Federal Parliament of Australia was formally opened last week by the help-appeal of Great Britain with a degree of pomp and ceremony which, though some people may smile at the display itself, was indicative of the very real importance which surrounded the event. Nothing could better indicate the rapid progress of political ideas, indeed, than the announcement of Mr. Fisher. To notice how eager England had been herself by every means to hasten to the feast, and to see how she will help, the people of her distant colonies would be a great surprise to the English citizens of sixty years ago. Even now, more of thirty years ago would have been amazed to see how vastly greater was the interest felt, not by England only, but by the nations generally in the great thing which was being dreamed of when the Dominion Parliament began its career.

Many reasons have of doubt contributed to the great and rapid change of feeling, on the part not only of Great Britain herself, but of other nations, which was expressed in all Melbourne the other day. The world has travelled far since England threw away the affection of her American colonies, by a stupid disregard of their claim to rights which she had herself fought for at home. Britain has awakened to the truth that in the century just beginning she is in danger of being less high placed than she has been in the same place, while she may retain, if she never improves it, if she can never feel de-termined together as one great federation of Free States.

And now that the display is over, and we have a national and interesting question arises as to what the new constitution is going to do with the powers of consular and self-government. The aim of Australia had to remain largely a white people. Each member of its own affairs exactly as the one considered best for itself, and as a consequence their systems differed widely. In dealing with the more civilized than in their ideas on taxation. There was at least one industry almost as free trade in its policy to England herself, and there was another, if possible, more protected than any American under the McKinley tariff. Most of the remaining four colonies leaned rather in a protective tariff, not because they were so inclined, but because they had the revenue, which was most easily collected through the custom. The first Commonwealth cabinet in a protective tariff, and the result of the first Commonwealth election has been to give the cabinet a majority, though a large one, in the Representative Chamber of the Parliament. The result must be an attempt on the part of the Barton ministry to introduce a strongly protectionist tariff into Australia as a whole. The Australian trade of America, which has very nearly increased during the last few years, has been mainly with New South Wales, which, from its free-trade policy, has never and never consumed the goods of the distributing cities of America; and a tariff based on Victorian ideals would undoubtedly, for some years at any rate, greatly discourage this growing trade. A year ago this amounted to some twenty-two million dollars worth of American exports to Australia, of which the greater part went to Sydney and through from a Victorian tariff might not greatly lessen the amount in coming to us, so that a country as a whole of Australia, it will check its natural increase which during the last few years has been very rapid, and it will not, however, that it will be found possible to carry out the Victorian policy, though it will necessarily be antagonized by the harm which the protectionist can do while the attempt will be made in the first instance to make the Victorian Royal policy exceedingly protectionist, the consequence will be a very early cessation of the Barton administration, and the substitution of a cabinet pledged to a policy as free trade in its tendency as it may be found possible under the present status.

The second great issue raised at the election was that of colored labor, which has hitherto been mainly used in the agricultural parts of the country, especially in the sugar industry. The protectionist cabinet now in office found it impossible to pledge itself to put a stop to the importation of colored labor, while the industry was so much in need of it. The moderate Opposition made a point of denouncing the colored immigration as a danger to white labor, and a stain on the fetter of the continent as a "White Australia." The present government probably sees its majority in the Representative Chamber of the Parliament to the Queensland vote, which it obtained by the promise not to put a stop to the importation of what is known as "contract labor" farther than by limiting its introduction so that the number of the laborers shall

not exceed what they are at present. On this question, however, it is more than likely there may arise the first conflict between the two Chambers, as the Senate is opposed to colored labor, and will also be glad of an opportunity of asserting its power against the government on a question where it is adding no disabilities as compared with the other Chamber. There are indeed all the elements of a severe Parliamentary conflict. In the course of which opportunities may very likely arise for bringing to a head of practical importance some of the novel suggestions for altering the supremacy of the whole Parliament. It is not likely that the members of the Chamber, in any case the position of the first Federal cabinet gives every ground of hope as to the result, or at the first of having the issue well provided with them.

There is no doubt that the new constitution will be a great step forward for the Dominion of Australia, and it is to be hoped that it will be a success.

The following are the names of the members of the Dominion of Australia, and the names of the members of the Dominion of Australia, and the names of the members of the Dominion of Australia.

A well-organized man is greatly capable without the help of his own hands, and it is to be hoped that the new constitution will be a success.

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A Bottle of Purity

Take up a bottle of Schlitz beer, and think what it means to produce it.

That clearness is a result of simple purity.

The beer in that bottle was brewed in absolute cleanliness. It was cooled in filtered air. The beer was filtered before we bottled it. It was sterilized after the bottle was sealed.

And the beer has been aged. It was stored for months in refrigerating rooms; fermented so well that it will not ferment on your stomach.

It is a green beer—not an aged beer—that produces biliousness.

The hops in that beer were selected by our expert in Bohemia. The barley is the best that grows.

The yeast was developed from our original mother cells that give to Schlitz beer its distinctiveness.

And yeast is of tremendous importance.

It is easy to brew a beer, and there are thousands who do it. But we have spent fifty years in learning how to brew a beer like that.

There are beers that cost not half the time and money that is spent on Schlitz.

But the saving is not yours; and those who value purity and health don't drink them.

J. L. BRACE



RAMONA
and
ATHENA
Sugar Wafers

served with strawberries and cream—a delicious combination for a reasonable dinner. Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers are the delicate conception of the baker—just the sort of delicacies to serve with light and delicious Chocolate and Swiss Sauces.

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It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of soaps will, especially dandruff; all sorts of people use it.

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Mrs. Howe, the only Occupant of the Section-House near the Summit, and Engineer McCaul

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Photographs by J. P. Allberger, Denver



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All motor power below flooring and water-line.

Will run 80 to 120 miles on one charge at an expense of less than 5 cents per mile.

RELIABLE NO HEAT SAFE NO SMELL CLEAN NO SMOKE

ALSO CABIN CRUISING LAUNCHES for LONG-DISTANCE SERVICE equipped with the best known "GLOBE" GASOLINE ENGINE
 (This motor is guaranteed for 1000 hours or 100,000 miles of operation) this engine has, beyond all question, the best type of power generated usually.
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 100% Pure Malt Pot Still Whisky, bottled and aged at 100° F.

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RED TOP RYE GUIDE, containing over 100 names of modern Scotchmen for fine, fancy or mixed drinks.
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Write to the nearest of the following agents, or prepaid for sample. Send 10c for the list.

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Use fit to the leg—never Slip, Tear nor Unfasten.

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By VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

A rattling good, romantic story of to-day. It is a tale of thrilling interest from beginning to end.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901



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From King's Annual and London



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Photograph by Fisk



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LEADING FIGURES OF THE RECENT ACTIVITY IN WALL STREET

PANIC DAYS IN WALL STREET

By Edwin Lefevre

At the beginning, the rules of the financial world resembled a great sikh of chief William W. Wall. Sirley had been elected President of the United States. There came a whirlwind. It grew beyond the wildest dreams of good-station speculators, a financial whirlwind, for it was not gold. The pillars of it dashed the eyes of bold nations and reached to the remotest parts of the world. Europe awoke and trembled. There it was accepted as the symbol of the commercial compass of the world by America. But one day some of the men who had helped the whirlwind along quarreled. In twenty-four hours it had subsided and in its place was an ugly confusion of ruin. But the gully overflowed with the moment, which does not always happen. As a matter of fact, the quarrel did not cause the panic. It merely precipitated it, but just as during the epidemic of speculative mania that swept over the country the prices of stocks went low just as the wild herd of financial terror that gripped every heart in the speculative community led to an insane desire to sell. Now would bid and sell would sell; sell would sell. And so there was a panic—a prostrate among nations, since the country at large was highly prosperous and the future as bright as ever.

One of the most curious things during panics is the spirit of fear that broods over the entire community. The very atmosphere is supercharged with it, and the spirit of even a man who has been through the Street. So potent is this abnormal condition that even messenger boys afraid to die and tell you, with a wild poetry of their own, the speculative community led to an insane desire to sell. Now would bid and sell would sell; sell would sell. And so there was a panic—a prostrate among nations, since the country at large was highly prosperous and the future as bright as ever.

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ring of the ladder which they had passed on twenty-five. Or, going to and fro in the hall, afraid to be caught, the ticker men it should be told, that all in all, including himself, yet hoping that at least one of the clocks has lifted, may not enter their business office, but will wait until some fellow victim comes out whom they can ask for the latest quota news.

The office of one of the best-known stock-brokers in Wall Street at the height of Thursday's panic offered more material for the dramatist than could be found elsewhere in New York. It was a typical office. Every man present had gone to that place animated by what is possibly the strongest motive power known to humanity in this age—that is, greed. Greed had made them speculators, greed had made them victims to themselves in all manner of delectable conditions for work and work, greed had made them neglect their own business and the remunerations of their companies and the whippers of their business hours. Upon the soul of every man of them there was stamped the mark of the dollar. In the customer's room perhaps a score of men stood on the quotation-board that held in specific manner the story of their obliterated dreams. They took their losses in ways that differed according to their temperaments. One man stood by the ticker holding in his right hand half of a cigar. The light had gone out, but he was in a state of it. From time to time he raised the cigar, but, as some quotations were disastrous than the previous appeared on the tape, his head would step suddenly in his hip, and then drop in his side. Then, with a quick jerk, he would raise the cigar to his mouth, bite at it spasmodically, and take it out again. Once his cigar dropped to the floor and you saw his gulp. He walked away from the ticker. At the door he passed. The customer who called out the quotations called, "Paid, 50!" It was a rally of twenty points from the lowest figure. It meant a difference, in the trader's view, of \$10,000.

The man gulped again and walked back to the ticker, picked up the cigar, and began his performance once more. He kept it up hour after hour. Another customer was sitting nearby. He knew it. There was no possible hope of recovery, because he not only had lost his oil, but even was in debt to his brokers. He was a man of a studious cast of countenance and his initial expression was decidedly somber. The other customers had always suspected that it was a retired clergyman and never made love and my with

him. He had ever been dignified and reserved. When his broker told him of his loss he had looked up as if he had been severely shocked. He had said, with an expression that didn't look as if he would speak any more. It seemed so as that if I could sleep but work, trying to make up my mind, I know now. I guess I took the air in Central Park." And he laughed, it was not a pleasant laugh, and evoked an echo from the others.

A third customer, the stockiest man there, but the only one who owned no stocks, walked up and down in the row of the other. He took his brooding gown was assumed by the customer who showed the quotations for the benefit of the quotation-board boy, his shabby suit would suddenly become the figure with which the same stock had sold at the previous day. He would gaze in his contemplative staring long enough to approach the manager of the office and ask, with a certain indelible whir, "Don't you think such a stock is a bargain now?" And when the manager declined to answer an opinion, the customer would hesitate, and, keeping his eye fixed on the quotation-board, resume his pacing to and fro in the rear of the other. It had been said that he composed a great many different lines that of all the other customers. He had in his credit several hundred thousands of dollars, but he could not make up his mind to buy stocks fifty points below the prices at which they had sold the previous week. When the sharp rally came he expected to see all his investments. There would not stay down, so that they could be purchased at larger prices by men who had hundreds of thousands of dollars to invest.

But the climax was reached in an inner room, where only a few favored friends were admitted. There was a certain excitement, with a certain spirit of animosity and violence. Many stocks broke off and fell points of price. Many of the customers who had broken fifty and sixty points. The strength of depression in the capital stock of one corporation also reached its maximum. At that moment a man of a mind as much as might be expected to be a great power suddenly closed the Exchange at that instant and compelled the brokers to close their eyes. The man who had been the most anxious to see that more than one-half of Wall Street would have been utterly bankrupt—and a great many more—was now the only man left standing. At that moment that the head of the firm and his partner were in the inner office, where the only man was the stock broker who had been the most anxious to see that more than one-half of Wall Street would have been utterly bankrupt—and a great many more—was now the only man left standing.

"Paid, 25," and the man's partner and then, sitting down on a lounge, he asked an attendant who had been the most anxious to see that more than one-half of Wall Street would have been utterly bankrupt—and a great many more—was now the only man left standing. The man who had been the most anxious to see that more than one-half of Wall Street would have been utterly bankrupt—and a great many more—was now the only man left standing.



Quick Lunch for the Messenger-Boys

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THE RUSH TO BUY NORTHERN PACIFIC, THURSDAY, MAY 9

Drawn by S. M. Stone



Broad Street looking South



The Curbstone Brokers

SCENES DURING THE RECENT ACTIVITY IN THE NEW YORK STOCK-MARKET

Photographs by Hodge

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, which is now ready, is not only an exceptionally attractive number from a literary point of view, but it shows, perhaps better than any other single magazine published, the remarkable advance that has been made in the arts of illustration and color printing.

The frontispiece of the MAGAZINE is a reproduction in colors of an oil painting by the famous artist Howard Pyle, while further along are *five dainty colored reproductions of water colors* by W. T. Smedley, illustrating a delightful short story by Thos. B. Aldrich, entitled "A Sea Turn."

This amusing tale and its illustrations are certain to attract general attention. In addition to Mr. Aldrich's story there are *five other short stories* in the June MAGAZINE. Among the authors are Thomas A. Janvier, Mary Applewhite Bacon, W. W. Jacobs, and Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The *special articles* cover an extremely wide field. Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia, writes of "The English Language; Its Debt to King Alfred." Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, whose previous articles have attracted so much comment, discusses the "Reciprocal Influence of Hypnotism," while Lucia Purdytells of her visit to "The Hidden Republic" of Andorra, a miniature state that has maintained its independence since the days of Charlemagne.

Poultney Bigelow describes his adventures when "Wrecked on the Shores of Japan," and A. C. Wheeler contributes "An Idyll of the Sands," recalling one of the famous love stories of Oriental history, long forgotten, and only recently brought to light again by archaeologists. Including Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" and the new instalment, Mary E. Wilkins' novel, there are twenty-two titles in this number.

READY ABOUT JUNE 4

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Martyrdom of an Empress"

No book of recent years has aroused so great a sensation as "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Its authorship has never been revealed. The mysterious writer has now given to the world another book—her autobiography. It is entitled "The Tribulations of a Princess." It is full of the most intimate personal recollections of the Austrian and Russian courts, of kings and emperors, of intrigue, and of the intimate life of those whom we know only as public men. And it is written in the same easy, conversational way that has made the author's earlier book so remarkable a success.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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May 25, 1901

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AT THE RIDING ACADEMY

Drawn by Max Klepper

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Governor Odell's Administration

NO public man now in office so well illustrates the wisdom and sense of public virtue as Governor ODDELL. In this respect, as the WEEKLY has pointed out, he follows hard in the footsteps of Governor BOWEN, and has realized the State and this city such admirable service that he is entitled to the gratitude of all good citizens. Having assumed the responsibilities of the Governorship, he has shown us what a Governor may be, and what services he may render to the community.

It is safe to say, after the winter's experience, that if an administration will pass the test of Odell's administration, and is adequately exposed, the presumption is that Governor ODDELL will veto it. He is one of the very few men in recent political life who are not afraid to exercise this salutary power. In this he resembles Mr. Cassaday and Mr. Brewster more than any of his predecessors. The power is a salutary one under our form of government, in which the executive is not connected with the legislative branch, and possesses no initiative. The most recent and the best illustration of the Governor's functions, and of his readiness to consult and follow the best public opinion, is his veto of the bill known as the Bridge Girab. It is unnecessary, and would be uninteresting to any but New York city people, to describe this measure in detail. Suffice it to say that the bill granted to the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company the right to construct approaches, in the form of elevated railroad structures, to the proposed bridge across the Hudson River. The bill was a dishonest measure. It sought, under the guise of permitting the construction of approaches, to give away the right to build an elevated railroad along West Street, which is known as the marginal street of the city on its Hudson River side. This was a grant of a most valuable franchise, and the bill endeavored to deprive the city of certain property granted it by the act of Congress chartering the bridge company and by the city's charter. It was crushed through the Assembly in the last hours of the session, and it is a happy omen of some of the leaders of the Governor's party.

Under usual circumstances, given a party leader as Governor, subsequent opposition to such a measure would have been expected to be fruitless. But so independent of party division had Governor ODDELL shown himself to be on former occasions, and so considerate had been of the best interests of the city, that the city and its friends went to work to urge a veto with some expectation of success. It is true that there was strong prejudice arising against Odell's bill, and the fraud expression in public meetings and before the Governor, and was looked by the authorities of the municipality. In his veto message Governor ODDELL set forth the many provisions of the bill, went to the case of the matter, and prevented it from becoming a law. In doing this he acted for home-rule against the encroachments of the State, and for good government.

The record which the Governor is making is of great value to the whole country, and it is worth while to call to the attention of politicians everywhere. Assuming, for the purpose of argument, that the Governor is a party man, and that he is serving the interests of his party and himself, it is not to be admitted to be also true that he is serving on the theory set forth by President Hayes in his inaugural address, twenty-four years ago: "He serves his party best who serves the country best."

It is clear to every unprejudiced mind that Governor ODDELL, beyond the performance of his duty, is doing his best to be Governor of the State, and not merely the head of the State organization of his party. Being an able man, he is naturally, under such circumstances, a good Governor.

He is open to advancing a system of economy in State affairs, and a scheme of reform in administrative offices, which have been carried out. When he took his oath, he received from Governor ROOSEVELT a much better lesson than that which he has received from Governor HISS, and he has heeded that lesson. The State government, in other words, has improved under him. It was announced that he would fill places for the discarded TAMMANY and PAVY. We have disappointed that expectation if it really ever existed. His most signal service to the city was his refusal to permit the enactment of a State constitutional bill, which was so unreasonably, even passively, urged by Senator PAVEY. It is true that the bill which was submitted for Senate passage was quickly turned by TAMMANY to its own advantage. Nevertheless it is a step in the right direction, and it is a great deal better that TAMMANY should have every opportunity to demonstrate how bad it is, rather than that the local police should be turned over to the State government for the city of New York, if they are really hostile to corruption, can hold TAMMANY officials responsible, and punish them, while they cannot punish corrupt legislators who are Albany officials and the local police.

Another service which the Governor rendered to the city was in connection with the charter amendments. Here again the struggle between decency and evil was a struggle between sound sense and folly. None but politicians so ignorant of popular virtue as to be cynically independent of it could have favored the proposed section of the amended charter which authorized the distribution of thousands of dollars among suburban party managers. Governor ODDELL was not pleased of such folly, at all events, and yet he was strongly desirous of securing for the city what he regarded as the improvements provided by the amendments. Here again his influence with the Legislature and his enormous acquaintance in the community. He signed the charter, but secured the passage of separate bills repealing some of its most objectionable clauses.

It is unnecessary to recount the good deed of Governor ODDELL. He has an earlier history than far in his administration that the State and city are grateful to him. He is conducting the business of his office in the dignified and independent manner which the people of the country like; for they plainly show their preference for men of ability, power, independence, and honorable sense whenever the politicians give them the opportunity. The wisdom of his course is demonstrated. We speak of no higher justice on his part, for we are examining this discourse to unquestionable, undeniable facts. That his administration is wise, both for himself and his party, leaving the State entirely out of consideration, is shown by the fact that a year ago he was not deemed of the Presidency, while today he is at least a possibility.

Shamrocks, New and Old

SIR THOMAS LIPTON having spent his good money in building two Shamrock Clubs, the traditional privilege of taking his choice between them. They moved on May 31 over a twenty-mile course, and the old Shamrock beat the new by more than six minutes. This result was hardly less surprising to the people and spectators who were in his friends and rivals in this country, who were to see and race a faster boat than he brought here in 1898. They would be sorry to see so good a sportsman disappointed in his new venture, and they would be disappointed and surprised with him. Happily such preliminary trials as that of May 31 are inconclusive. The new boat went into dry dock, and a defective plate was fitted in the hull and taken out. Better still, that afternoon it was being made in New York. Her sails were not of the best quality, and experiments which he had no much further before her quality can be considered to have had a fair test. She is to have new sails and further trials.

To interest, but respect observers of the races for the power, independence, and experiments which American designers have been able to turn out of six successive designers in sixteen years, each one of

which has been faster than its predecessor. Here is the list: First, *Parasol*, 1886; *Mapleleaf*, 1887; *Volunteer*, 1888; *Empire*, 1888; *Defender*, 1889; *Columbia*, 1890. When *Hiscox* died it was feared that progress would cease, but HANCOCK outdid himself as quickly as HISS had done before him. In some ways several new boats were built, and the best of them was chosen to meet the challenge. Indeed, in that particular our yachtsmen have shown more zeal to keep the cup than their British brethren have to win it back.

Mr. Tamm's views by the advantage this year of having a good old boat to compare with a still his new one. We must hope that the new one may still win; for if the *Hiscox*, though the old Shamrock will be welcomed back, the most exciting contest of the season is likely to be that between the new HANCOCK and the *COLUMBIAN Independence*.

A Riot in Albany

NO doubt before the issue of the WHEELA reaches its readers Albany will be quiet again, its mobs dispersed, its streets free from its strike either settled or suppressed. Strikers admit of various kinds of riot of only one. When Albany's strike turned to a mob, it was a riot, and degenerated into a riot, there ceased to be any doubt that its issue would be. Strikers, mostly and disturbing as they are, are not necessarily untrustworthy or even vicious. They may have just grounds and just cause, and they may be intelligent, and the sympathies of thoughtful observers may be with them. But riots are crazy. There can be no two opinions about this; no question as to the end to be sought in dealing with them. They have to be put down, by whatever force is necessary, at whatever cost of life or limb is indispensable.

The death of an Albany merchant and the injury, probably fatal, of another, both shot by the State troops, is a sad misfortune. Both were orderly citizens who had the ill luck to be mixed up with a riotous mob. When soldiers shoot in a mob, the wrong men are usually hit. But the fault is not that of the soldiers, but of the rioters. That Mr. Wilson was shot, and that a death-dealing riot of the Twenty-third Regiment and to all of us, but the heads on which the responsibility for this wrong rests are the crazy heads of the people who defied law and scorned order.

The persistence of the strike seems to have been due more to the question of striking against the discharge of nine non-union employees. These men, we are told, had suffered sharply before from their connection with a union which compelled them to strike, and would not join another. It seems impossible to see how they could be in their position, and for the refusal of the street railroad company to discharge them.

The Missionary in China

A GOOD many good people are afraid that the criticism of the acts of certain missionaries in China after the Hanoi outbreak will injure the missionary cause, and that the question of striking against their support. Their anxiety seems not to be well founded. Whatever may be the opinions of observers about the conduct of Dr. AMERY and other missionary leaders in striking posture, holding office as best, and carrying out activities, the people who have supported the mission in the past believe as much as they that missionaries are a great and useful force for civilization in China, and that the work they do helps the Chinese, helps humanity in general, and is amply worth supporting. Missionary methods may be questioned in some particulars as the result of recent criticism, and if that happens, the discussion which induced change will have been useful. Some of Dr. AMERY's acts, though done in a most momentous emergency, may be disapproved. But missionary work, as a whole, in China, will not be disapproved, nor be suffered to languish for lack of backing. The current discussion will do good in the long run in the work which it concerns. China has a vast and long land, and there is no single class of foreigners in her banks from whom she seems likely to learn more than she needs to know, at least not, than from the American missionaries. Criticism is necessary to secure enlightenment. The American missionary cause has been much injured, but it is not to be abandoned without reason. But they have by no means been condemned even by their most ardent critics.

The War on the Northern Pacific

By Henry Loomis Nelson

THERE is much confusion of name, and consequently much confusion of thought, touching the recent struggle, perhaps not yet concluded, for the control of the Northern Pacific Railroad. As a stock-jobbing operation, the facts are clear and pretty well understood. During the week which ended on the 4th of May, the healthful work when the abounding wealth of the country and its rich promise of prosperity expressed themselves in the stock quotations of the Exchange, Northern Pacific, in the language of Wall Street, was "one of the most active stocks." It had been selling below \$90 a few weeks prior to the general rise in prices, and now it went bounding up toward 125. Some one, or some combination, was buying it in large quantities, and there was an apparent change of ownership in hundreds of thousands of shares. Monday, the 4th of May, was a continuation of this buying, and there began what seemed to be, and was, a struggle for the possession of the road. Stocks went up in response to the eager demands for it, and finally Mr. Hux, writing the effect that was being made, announced that prices must go up until the sellers begged for money, helped along the movement by becoming an auxiliary buyer. When the stock broke, it fell one level, for a moment, the price of \$100 per share for the common stock of the road. Thousands of shares had been sold which did not bring money as well as anticipated rates of interest, and small fortunes were paid for the loan of Northern Pacific stock. Loss and ruin visited hundreds of rash speculators, but not so many would have been caught under like conditions at any other moment in the history of the Stock Exchange. Then the question rose as to who controlled the road. The effort to buy it came from the control of J. FRANCIS MONAHAN & CO. and Mr. Hux, was made by H. H. Loomis, and Mr. J. C. Neary being the active parties in the transaction, the firm representing the Union Pacific Railroad interest, at the head of which is Mr. HANCOCK. Which of these parties controlled the road at the end of the contest is a question still unsettled. The agreement was made by Mr. Loomis & Monahan-Hux management, who still believe that they own and influence enough stock, as the stock account stands, to maintain themselves. The other party deny this, and assert that they possess a majority of the stock. Mr. Hux neither bought nor sold a share during the excitement, and not one of the men who are of his party, and who are in his confidence, yielded to the temptation to part with a share of his stock while the high prices prevailed. It may require the resolution of the national banking institution to determine the control of the property.

Leaving the stock-jobbers to their own devices, it will be interesting, as it is important, to obtain an understanding of the subject and cause of the struggle, one of the important of the Northern Pacific Railroad, under its present management. It is not necessary to go back into the ancient history of this great railroad; it is not many years ago when Mr. Hux, became interested in it, and it is only from that time that it begins to be a profit-making dividend-paying property. It is true that the ground for success had been broken, and it does not follow that criticism of former managers is intended by the statement that the success of the Northern Pacific Railroad is due to wise management effected by Mr. FRANCIS MONAHAN and afterwards, by the practical ability of Mr. Hux.

Who is Mr. J. J. Hux? He is not a figure known in Wall Street. He is not a dealer in general securities. He has never been inside the New York Stock Exchange. When he buys stocks and bonds, it is for the purpose of gaining the ownership of a property which he desires to own and manage as a business enterprise, and for the purpose of making money for himself and his fellow shareholders. To those who are associated with him in the management of the road, he is the greatest railroad manager of his times. He began life in the West, forty-five years ago, as a clerk in a Mississippi River transportation business at St. Paul, and then went back into Canada, where he came, and into the service of the

Hudson Bay Company. There he met Lord SPRAGUE, who had not yet earned his fortune, with whom he has been associated for thirty years.

Again he returned to Minnesota, and at last, leaving the construction of the Manitoba railroad which ran into the Red River about 1860. He was regarded as an intruder by the old Northern Pacific managers, and he was not popular with them. That he kept on building and operating his own road, until eventually it became the Great Northern Railroad. It was built as a private enterprise. It is the only trans-continental road constructed without a dollar of government aid. He looked about \$80. It has never missed paying a dividend. In the past years, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, when railroad stocks were tumbling all about, the Great Northern not only paid its dividends, but increased them. Mr. Hux is a commanding personality who wins loyalty and devotion from his associates. He is possessed of a warm imagination, restrained by a thorough knowledge of details. He knows what his road costs, the cost of its operation, the cost of rent and taxes. Every dollar that his road earns belongs to the stockholders. No one converted with his road, officially, makes money out of it from patents, or out of the devices by which some railroads are run. Mr. Hux knows thoroughly the country through which his road passes, its products, its capability, its people, and their capacity. He knows also the promise of each season, and his imagination walks into the future as sure-footed as it is permitted the imagination to do.

But in his business mind, the practical man, who has built up the two great Northern trans-continental lines, and who, with Mr. MONAHAN, controlled them when the assault was made upon Northern Pacific. He is the man who said that this assault was made because Mr. MONAHAN and Mr. Hux, were trying to obtain possession of somebody else's property. The answer to this, which is made by Mr. Hux, is interesting. We leave out of consideration in discussing this subject the attempt of the Northern Pacific to obtain control of St. Paul, because it is absurd. We will also leave out of consideration the apparent movement in Union Pacific stocks, because it seems impossible to connect this with the Northern Pacific movement. It was at first reported that the effort to buy the control of Northern Pacific was in response to the offer of average for an attempt to secure control of Union Pacific. Mr. Hux denies that he or the Monahan house had any part in the purchase of Union Pacific. In order to rest on solid ground, we must confine our consideration to the purchase of the control of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad as the moving cause of the attack on Northern Pacific.

The Burlington road competes with the Union Pacific road in the State of Nebraska, and runs on to Chicago and to Denver. From Chicago it sends a long spur up to the Northern Pacific at Billings. It ends at no natural terminal, but at stations of other railroads. It was, in a sense, a feeder to the Northern Pacific, for it reached southern and through rich wheat and corn fields in the Mississippi Valley. The Northern Pacific purchased service of it. The Burlington managers were dissatisfied with their position. They wanted to go to the coast, and their desire was stimulated by an effort which was made by the Union Pacific to purchase the control of the Burlington. This was before the Monahan and Hux interests made their successful attempt. The Union Pacific people made their attempt in the open market, and failed. The Burlington managers believed that this effort was hostile to itself, and that it was intended to cripple it by forcing it out of Colorado and California, and by making it of less importance than it had been to the Northern Pacific.

Afterwards, Mr. MONAHAN and Mr. Hux announced that they would try to buy the control of Burlington. There is no question as to their right to do this, and it is difficult to understand why any objection can be raised to any one's acquiring "some one else's property," provided that the same one else is treated fairly, consents, and is

paid a fair price. There was no secret about the proposed purchase. Mr. Hux is authority for the statement that he informed Mr. HANCOCK of his purpose. Whereupon Mr. HANCOCK informed Mr. Hux, that he would not consent, because he (Mr. HANCOCK) and failed. Mr. Hux took a course different from that which had been pursued by the Union Pacific people. Instead of trying to buy the Burlington stock in the open market, he went to the management and secured to their terms, the price to be paid for the Burlington stock being \$700 a share. Just before the bargain was concluded, Mr. Hux was told by Mr. HANCOCK, or by Mr. SCOTT, that he should not buy a cent in Burlington, and that he should not even entertain the negotiations, unless he agreed to give to the Union Pacific a third interest in the transaction. This was refused, and the contract was concluded. It is now a binding contract, and will be executed when the holder of two-thirds of the Burlington stock deposit it. Those who understood the negotiations with Mr. Hux, cordially believe that they have this amount of stock.

There was no such objection to the sale to the Northern Pacific as that which existed to a sale to the Union Pacific. It was in the interest of the latter to cripple the road which fell its competitor from the south. Then, again, the law of Nebraska forbade the purchase of Burlington by the Union Pacific, because they are competing roads. The Northern Pacific interest lies in the further development of Burlington. Again, the interest of the two trans-continental roads will be served by the suppression of the effort to carry Burlington to the Pacific; nor does the purchase of Burlington by the Northern Pacific lay any additional burden on Union Pacific or increase the competition against it.

It remains only to explain the future of those Great Northern properties, as it has been imagined by Mr. Hux, and which probably will be eventually carried out, whether any control the Northern Pacific, for there is no question of Mr. Hux's ownership of the Great Northern, nor some of the re-organization of the Eastern States. Mr. Hux is building up a transportation route to Asia. There are now in process of building at New London, Connecticut, the largest largest freight-carrying steamships in the world. They were contracted for by Mr. Hux, and will sail to the East from Seattle, the terminal of the Great Northern, and one of the terminals of the Northern Pacific. These steamers, somewhat shorter but deeper than the White Star's *Gallic*, are each to have a carrying capacity of 25,000 tons. It is an interesting and important fact that the contract price for each of these steamers is \$400,000 under the lowest bid that Mr. Hux received from Clyde ship-builders.

Now we see the range of Mr. Hux's imagination. The Great Northern is to run to China. Until that large island-for introduction was completed, it will furnish the most important American route to Asia. With the Northern Pacific and the Burlington connections, the new route would make a transportation line probably the longest and richest in the world. By its Southern connections it would traverse the cotton-fields and iron regions of North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. It would penetrate and run through all the outlet region. It would pass through the richest wheat, corn, and barley fields of the country, and the manufacturing of the Eastern States would see it. It would be in the same control as the coal and iron regions of Pennsylvania and the Great Lakes. Among its most important features would be the transportation system of the lake. It is a great conception, and the line is almost complete. It is one of the great things that have attended; but if Mr. MONAHAN and Mr. Hux, are driven out of the control and management of these properties, we will know that the railroads and the country have lost. We will know of it that the trans-continental which has made possible and practicable such a design have been driven out. But we cannot know by whom they are to be replaced, and it is life, therefore, to speculate as to the future of the railroads or of Mr. Hux's design.



Descending into the Congress Springs Mine



A Giant Cactus at Congress Springs



Farewell to New Orleans



Posing for his Photograph



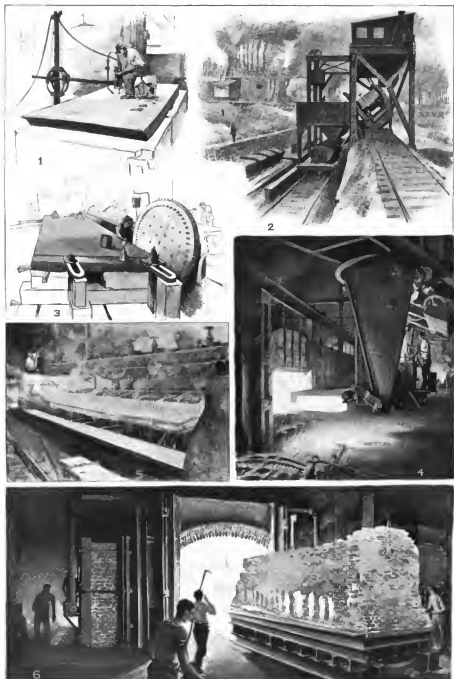
The Congress Springs Gold Mines



Waiting for the Presidential Train

THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTHWEST

Photographs by J. C. Heumert



THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY

1. Clipping Armor Plate. 2. Unloading Iron Ore. 3. Cutting Armor Plate. 4. Electric Crane taking Ingots from the Furnace.
5. Cutting Armor Plate. 6. Hardening Armor Plate.

Drawn by G. W. Peters



Parade of School Children, Havana, February, 1901



A Group of Cuban Teachers



Class-Room for Girls



Class-Room for Boys



Recess



Not in School



The School Pump

THE AMERICANIZED SCHOOL SYSTEM OF HAVANA



THE GRILL-ROOM IN THE NEW YALE CLUB-HOUSE



SUNDAY MORNIN



G ON THE ROAD

CARDIGAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Reprint from HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 2282. Copyright, 1901, by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

CHAPTER XI

Bill came full thickly until midnight, and kept on intruding in the double row of the drops under the sloups. He lay in my blanket under the rock, and slept when the rain ceased, but awoke before dawn, listening to the wind tearing across the rocks. Pale clouds, mending him, alternately hid and revealed the purple roof of sky, on which stars hung twinkling like drops of dew.

My blanket, Timothy Dool, was already under his feet, and presently he came up the ladder with a dash of porridge for tea—a kindness indeed, for I had thought to set out for the Cayuga camp in an empty stomach. He also brought me a bowl of coffee, the berries of which he said had been sent for me by the Colonel's crew. I drank the coffee thankfully, sitting on my mattress of kelp-drops. Then, by lantern-light, I dressed me, taking only better socks, gaiters, boots, and rifle, and hearing the six bells in the house of my shirt, I left my party with Derek, reasoning that it is better to have my party with Derek, reasoning that it is better to have my party with Derek, reasoning that it is better to have my party with Derek.

"There is food company at the 'Girothouse Inn,'" he said, as we descended the ladder to the topmost ledge. "Girothouse received four guests an hour ago. Money had me none you, sir. He said you were under."

I understood at once. Butler, Wrenall, Toby Tim, and the fourth member of the band had arrived in Derek's camp. But I cared not. I was about to accomplish my mission under their four noses, and live to believe my account with their three later.

"In Mount sleeping?" I said.

"The old man is here."

"I have never seen him sleep," he said. "It is as if he were never asleep. He has a sleep. He is not under anywhere, you see."

"And the woman?—and the woman?" I inquired.

"She is in the house with the other three. They have a sleep. They are not under anywhere, you see."

"I wish you knew the Indian as well as I do," said I, smiling. "I fear you know the Indian as well as I do, and these I fear only because I never know them. I think the whole world can be tamed with kindness."

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Heart-ack, I turned away, and quaking my steps, passed swiftly down the muddy trail, hastening to avoid my feet or down should find me missing at the bottom of the burning for me on the dark cliffs.

There were no lights in the fort, as I passed; the flag staff stood out bare against the stars, and the quadrangle above the outer trench something, not, probably a warty.

But ere I reached the Ohio the eastern sky had turned from blue to black, and stars and twinkling and drifted mist-banks lay heaped far and near the river, so I could not see the water, and could not follow its course along the edge of the plateau across, whose current was rapid, and when waves of piled-up clouds rolled suddenly under the stars.

No light leaped from the sky, even the winds had blown far away somewhere into the gray morning. But the Cayuga trail was broad and plain, and I took of it a well-kept, thoughtfully rendered the mountain signs by the yellow down as I went along—marks of white snow, marks of mountain, imprint of deer and otter, trail of rabbit and following fox, and the hard line of tracks of wandering muskox. On, on, north upon the broad Cayuga trail, while through the brightening woods sleep led with the mist and the world awake around me. Land and river roared with hoarse and cold, and water-bells rang; through the mist and water the pulse of life flattered and beat on, thined for the moment by the soft rhythm of my flying feet.

And now as there of high smoke, down he down the trail, set my nostrils wide and quivering a flow of blinding yellow turned the world into gold. I had met the sea at the Cayuga camp; the first had been kept, thanks to the Lord!

But mountains from behind up in the eye of the sea, tall groups that never moved as I drew nigh, men who stood motionless as the pine when the combs for sunset and faded like a doll's joint in the sun.

"Pace!" I said, halting, with upraised hand, "pace, you two men and seven!"

"Pace!" repeated a low voice. "Pace, leave of hell!"

I moved on, head high, yet seeing in a blur, for the crowd was behind me. And when I came to the edge of the fire I drew a white belt of swan-wool from my nose, and passing it through the smoke, held it aloft, facing into the sun, until every chest and machine had sunk down into his blanket, leaving a heliograph before me.

A miracle of speech came to me like the breath of my body; each word, being words followed. I spoke as I had never done; hope I might speak. Fragments of phrases, uttering silence, came long, long, down to me, yet not so fast that they crowded, standing and shaking speech.

As I spoke, slowly returned to my dusky eyes, I saw the soldiers, singly made, the letters of three letters repeated on blanket and ledge, the Cayuga pipe smoking hanging from the ledge posts, the with-drawn smoking under a bush, where two men had been perched long ago. Behind all this I saw the green sun-philosophy of trees, blue blue of smoke floating from

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"Don't touch this Scap!"

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Illumination of the British Fleet in the Harbor of Vallets, Malta, on the Occasion of the Visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York

burst out in a sheet of light, shining on a thousand motionless figures; and in the centre of the glare I saw a white figure, bound to a tree, twisting through smoke-shot flames.

"For a second only the scene wavered before me; then I gripped my temples and pressed my face down into the cool, wet grass. A cold vision came in my ears; the garrison at the fort leaped then, not for they fired a razzam, and I heard distant drums beating to arms.

"*"This you are to die,"* repeated the Indian beside me. *"This you will die here on this hill at dawn. Then you will suffer in plain view of the fort! Think for the death of Logan's children!"*

I felt my nostrils creep the stretch of burnt flesh; it grew stronger and stronger. Blotting hill, washed by the whistling raze; then out of the night came the dull noise of many people stirring.

As I rose, a Virginian youth seized me and threw me heavily against the post I had seen the women killed in the night. I laughed and strained and willed, but they led me, bearing me up still against the wet stone, toward like a level for hunting.

Around me the crowd was thickening; hundreds of tongues loaded me with taunts; there a young girl trampled out and struck me in the face. They had begun piling wood around my feet, and sending the squares fall of dry moss, but before the heap reached my knees they decided to fire me towards the fort, as the work accomplished had to be within, my limbs loosened and relaxed, and my body skilled to break the shock.

Through the falling rain I saw morning looking behind the eastern hills, and I cursed it, for the shock and terror had driven me out of my senses. I remember hearing a voice calling me that, but for a long time I did not know the voice was mine. It was only when the man young girl who had struck me halted a square of yellow pine and thrust it through my arm that my senses returned. I opened my eyes as, from a source, seeing clearly the fire around me, and under the torches. And movement among those in front struck Tanagarrak in the scimitar point, just as I had one eye at dawn through the smoke of the covered fire. Now my voice came back, seeking my lips; my parched tongue moist, and I called on Tanagarrak to love me, but he shook his head, though I adjured him by the belts I had heard and received by the satisfaction of the council fire whose smoke I had overheard, and by the three tribes I had raised up.

"*Live,*" he said, *"you come not from Adakdawan. Your belts are live; your words lie; your tongue is forked! You come from Crepus! Crepus shall see how you can die for him!"*

"I speak the truth!" I cried out, in my agony. "I am a left-handed! I have led the ghosts of your dead ones! Who drives and my spirit to track your dead that you betray those who?"

"There was a dead woman. Presently somebody in the strong said, doubtfully: 'It he speaks the truth,

let him go. We honor our dead." And other voices repeated, "We honor our dead."

"He lies," said Tanagarrak. "If you honor your dead, if you honor those whom I have raised up in their places, live me, brothers of the Cuyagras!"

"Free him!" cried many.

"For a space the throng was quiet, then a distant movement in my left made me turn hastily. The throng moved, parted, opened, every a white man some offering his way to the stake.

He whistled to Tanagarrak, the aged nation stretched out his arms, making a signal sign.

Eagerly the white man turned and looked at me, and I stood out with rage and horror, for I was free to face with Walter Butler.

I heard the marvelous words in which he differed me to the accents; I heard him denounce me as a spy of Crepus and an agent of rebels. Then I lost his voice.

I was very still for a while, trying to understand that I must die. The effort tried me; leadlike weight of my hair was chains. To my stunned mind death was but a word, repeated vaguely in the dark chamber of life where my soul sat listening. Thought was suspended; sight and hearing failed; there was a void about me, black and formless to my mind.

A torch blazed up, reaching close to my feet. My eyes opened; a thrill of terror beat out every sense responsive. It rained, rained, rained.

They were calling to me from the crowd now; every where voices were calling to me. "Show us how Crepus's men die!" Others repeated: "He is a woman; he will scream out! Logan's children died more bravely. Death! The children of Logan!"

Butler watched me coolly, leaning on his rifle.

"The skin ends lie," he said, with his deathly grimace. "Well, it was to be done in one way or another. I had meant to do it myself, but this will do."

"Well, it was to be done in one way or another. I had meant to do it myself, but this will do."

"No, by God! I will not!" he burst out, ferocious. "I'll see to it you suffer, damn you!"

I turned my head from him, but he struck me in the face so that my mouth was filled in blood; twice he struck me crying: "Listen, I tell you!" And planting himself before the stake, he cursed me, saying that he could tear me with his bare teeth to the bone.

"Know this before they roast you," he snarled: "I shall poison your pretty language. Mithras, Mithras, save the life of William! I shall see how it may please me. I shall spit his blood to my feet. I may not let, or I may choose to see for otherwise and leave her for Dan-moan. Ah! Ah! Now you see, oh,

I had buried my wounded body forward on the cords, struggling, continued with a fury so frantic that the blood sprayed me and struck me back with stabs. In the great part at my back had been partly dragged out of its socket by my frenzy, but I did not feel the blow; I found my mindless eyes on Butler and struggled.

But now the smoke was calling him sharply, and he backed away from me as the circle surged forward. Again the girl came out, bearing a flaming log. She looked up at me, laughed, and thrust the burning sticks into the man and thence which was stirred around me. A billow of black smoke rolled into my face, choking and blinding me, and the breath of the flames pined over me.

Twice the men sneezed the fire. They brought fresh blocks of moss, laughing and jeering. Though the smoke I saw the fort across the valley, its peaks were crowded with people. Sets of flame and distant reports showed they were firing rifles, hoping perhaps to kill me ere the torture began. It was too far. The best glimpse of the fort led through the downpour, a new pile of moss and bark was heaped at my feet.

This time the girl was thrust aside and a young Indian advanced, waving a crackling branch of pitch pine, roaring with flames. As he bent to push it between my feet, a terrific shout burst from the throng—a yell of terror and amazement. Through the forest I heard women screaming; in front of me the crowd struck away, halting in groups. Some backed into me, stumbling over the logs; the young Indian he let his blazing pine branch fall among on the wet ground and stood breathing.

And now into the circle stalked a tall figure, coming straight towards me through the shrouded mist—a sportsman boldness that the crisis of terror directed his eye, as he was speaking as he came on, moving what had once been a mouth, that drooped then, all new and fluttering to the bone.

Two blinding eyes met mine, then rolled around on the crackling throng; and a voice like the voice of the belt looked out.

"I am come in the judgment of the men whom you bear."

"Gaidler!" snarled the throng. "He returns from the grave! Oweh! He returns!"

But the man's voice went on through the wicker-pan of the crowd.

"From the dead I return. I return from the north, Madawan drive me. I came without bet, though before were given."

"Fear, you wise men and sorbinal! See this man, my brother!"

"Gaidler!" cried a group. "Bear witness." And the dead voice echoed, hollow.

"Brother, I am here. Trembling, Gaidler picked and plucked and looked at down I fell, floor splashing in the mud.

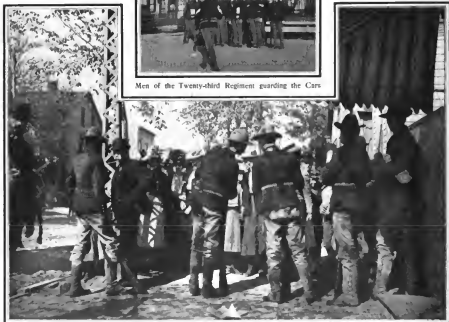
To be Continued.



Cars moving under Military Escort



Men of the Twenty-third Regiment guarding the Cars



"No Thoroughfare!"

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN ALBANY



Converse,—Harvard
of the High Hurdles in
15 4/5 sec.

N. H. Hargrave,—Yale
Winner of the 100 and 200 Yard
Dashes in 10 and 21 4/5 sec.



Cars moving under Military



Men of the Twenty-third Regiment



Start of the final Heat, 220-Yard Dash



W. C. Clark, Harvard, winning the 440-Yard Run in 51 2/5 sec.



Hargrave, Yale, winning the 100-Yard Dash in 10 sec.

THE HARVARD-YALE DUAL TRACK-ATHLETIC MEET, NEW HAVEN, MAY 11, 1901

Yale, 57, Harvard 47. Photographs by James Harton



The Camp of the Boer Prisoners on the Island of Ceylon
Photograph by J. Steens Miller



General View of the City of Honolulu, from the Harbor

Personal

An American neurologist, Dr. ALAN MELAYE HAMILTON, was consulted by MARGARET HAZZ, K. C., in the HANCOCK murder case, recently tried in the Old Bailey, London. Dr. Hamilton is now in New York as a specialist in nervous and mental diseases. In New York the HANCOCK case would have remained locked up of the court's files and pages of newspaper space. In London the jury was present in a few hours, the prisoner had the utmost counsel obtainable, the law was fully administered and the case was speedily and righteously ended. The crime was wife murder under atrocious circumstances; the doctor was called on to advise the jury to decide whether a sane man could commit such a deed, or whether the jury might be advised that another man's name as Jack the Ripper had been at work. There was no alternative in court, so all in the newspapers, although the Daily Mail and the Express attempted the sensational theories of their yellow brethren in New York, and the jury had no trouble in reaching the conclusion that the guilt of the accused—quite circumstantially set up for him by a concocted alibi—was provable. But in persistence, according to the tradition, were the attempts of one or two of the daily papers with New York sympathies—the aid of a New York reporter to influence public opinion on the HANCOCK case, that the matter was formally brought to Sir HANCOCK WILSON's attention, and Parliamentary action to cover such cases was directly afterwards initiated.



The positive expedition sent by the Kaiser to avenge the death of Herr BARNOW MEYER, at the hands of the natives of New Guinea, indicates a different sentiment towards white explorers in his land than that which Emperor YAU HING, now a resident of New York, met some years ago. Mr. YAU HING, who seems to have been the first white man to traverse New Guinea from southeast to northwest, was accompanied by the geographer, Dr. HUGO HAGER to locate the boundary of Dutch New Guinea, and actually did, on behalf of his native country, survey a four-strapped arrow what was an unknown land. He met with little, if any, opposition, and with his party reached the Dutch stations on the northwest coast without incident. Mr. YAU HING, who is in the service of the Netherlands, and is one of the most intelligent and scientific administrators in America, Queen WILHELMINA and the famous industrial system which has been so successfully administered by his country, are the data, Nansen, and the good little islands of the "Iceberg East." Sitting on the veranda of his country house, Mr. YAU HING, was an eye-witness of the outbreak of that remarkable volcano which destroyed thousands of native lives, and saw "star dust" fall many feet over the world—the eruption of Krakatoa.



Miss IMA HANSON, daughter of President Hanson of the First National Bank of Chicago, and recently divorced, is described by the Chicago Tribune to be the novel claimant to the honors of the anchoring of the Great HANCOCK, and was seen several weeks made a great deal of talk two decades ago. How JERRY HAY, brother of "Little America" and other well-known Fair County Reformers, and DEWITT P. KEYSER, Esq., a brilliant lawyer, who subsequently published the story in Money-Makers over his own signature, sets the two men most generally believed at the time to have stolen the ship from HANCOCK. Mr. HAY has been minister to England, and is now Secretary of State. Mr. KEYSER's pen is still busy in some penny literature. If Miss HANSON's extraordinary narrative actually that she stole the Great HANCOCK, Mr. HAY and Mr. KEYSER may be expected to have some interesting to say as to the details of the mystery but not been allowed to say long.



The Hon. CLAREN HOWELL, of Georgia, who made an eloquent and thoughtful address at the recent DEWEY celebration in New York, took some leave in his own life in 1882 and '83 after a fashion followed by few abolitionists. He served on the proceedings as reporter in the office of the New York Times, under the tutelage of Mr. LAWRENCE, and afterwards in the news desk of the Free Press and Opinions, then directed by the Hon. CHARLES FAYAN SMITH, the present Postmaster-General. Having taken his "Swiss baths" and blue-powdered his copy with "blue" hair, Mr. Howell, valiantly engaged to make a man of himself. He has

Financial

Redmond, Kerr & Co. BANKERS, 11 WALL ST., N. Y. MENTION N. Y. Stock Exchange HIGH GRADE INVESTMENT SECURITIES. UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS, RAILROADS, WATERWORKS, MINING, CEMENT, STEEL, SUGAR, CANNED FRUITS, OILS, LUMBER, IRON, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC, SILVER, GOLD, PLATINUM, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, OPTICAL GOODS, PHOTOGRAPHY, BOOKS, PAPERS, STATIONERY, PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHY, ENGRAVING, ETC.

Letters of Credit. BROWN BROTHERS & CO., BANKERS, 105 NASSAU ST., N. Y. CITY. RECEIVED THE 77 CANDIDATE PREFERRED STOCKS IN TRADE. CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00. SECURITY GUARANTEED. INVESTMENT SECURITIES. UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS, RAILROADS, WATERWORKS, MINING, CEMENT, STEEL, SUGAR, CANNED FRUITS, OILS, LUMBER, IRON, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC, SILVER, GOLD, PLATINUM, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, WATCHES, CLOCKS, OPTICAL GOODS, PHOTOGRAPHY, BOOKS, PAPERS, STATIONERY, PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHY, ENGRAVING, ETC.

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HASKINS & SELLS Certified Public Accountants 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK. 204 Park Street, 20 Park Street, 20 Park Street, 20 Park Street.

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Table with columns for various financial instruments and their values. Includes entries for United States Bonds, New York City Bonds, and various stocks.

OFFICERS and EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. GEORGE W. BROWN, President; JOHN W. BROWN, Vice President; JAMES W. BROWN, Secretary; ALFRED W. BROWN, Treasurer; CHARLES W. BROWN, Auditor; EDWARD W. BROWN, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

LABOR By Emile Zola. In this remarkable work Mr. Zola has given as both an intensely dramatic and passionate story and a vivid and brilliant picture of labor conditions of to-day and the possible conditions of the future. He forethinks who might be accomplished by the co-operation of capital and labor, shows the steel laboring community, and depicts with both truth and power the contrasted lives of the laboring man and his employer.

Illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock. \$1 50. Franklin Square Harper & Brothers New York City

Pabst beer is always pure. BECK & CO. BREMEN. PHILADELPHIA 1876. PHILADELPHIA 1892. PHILADELPHIA 1904. PHILADELPHIA 1906. PHILADELPHIA 1908. PHILADELPHIA 1910. PHILADELPHIA 1912. PHILADELPHIA 1914. PHILADELPHIA 1916. PHILADELPHIA 1918. PHILADELPHIA 1920. PHILADELPHIA 1922. PHILADELPHIA 1924. PHILADELPHIA 1926. PHILADELPHIA 1928. PHILADELPHIA 1930. PHILADELPHIA 1932. PHILADELPHIA 1934. PHILADELPHIA 1936. PHILADELPHIA 1938. PHILADELPHIA 1940. PHILADELPHIA 1942. PHILADELPHIA 1944. PHILADELPHIA 1946. PHILADELPHIA 1948. PHILADELPHIA 1950.

Arnold Constable & Co. Summer Underwear and Hosiery. Men's, Women's, Children's Light and Medium Weight UNDERWEAR, Flies and Easy Flow and Half Hose, Late Latest Heavy and Half Hose, Best English, French and Swiss Underwear and Hosiery. Shetland Wool Spencers. Golf Hosiery. Broadway & 19th St.



JUNE 1, 1901



INVESTIGATE GOLF CHAMPION, 1900

prepared in all directions, and been elected a member of the Georgia Legislature, which will send him in line, on death, to the United States Senate.

JAMES F. HOLLAND, the inventor of the submarine boat which bears his name and which is being recognized by American and British naval experts as a formidable factor in future warfare on the sea. In a plain old-fashioned American of Valerian extraction, pointed as an oak by the years of study in his machine-shop, and an astute and steady-forward, sure that he has the ear of the authorities, so in all the tedious years of struggle and hope deferred which preceded his career, in the yards at Buellville, Long Island, it is believed an observer on any submarine boat yet produced in this country will be attempted in the near future. In a plain old-fashioned American of Valerian extraction, pointed as an oak by the years of study in his machine-shop, and an astute and steady-forward, sure that he has the ear of the authorities, so in all the tedious years of struggle and hope deferred which preceded his career, in the yards at Buellville, Long Island, it is believed an observer on any submarine boat yet produced in this country will be attempted in the near future.

"I hope an eminent Southern statesman," said a New York business man of Southern antecedents, "will come this year from communication in which they are invited up to and speak in Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July. The relations of patriotism and public service to the history and traditions of the Democratic party can be best set forth on some other program. Yet the first thing in 'old-fashioned Southern Democracy' has always been to come to New York to shake hands with Tammany and begin to study at its platform. The new faces and Southern Democrats, like Senator McLAUGHLIN and General WILSON, are not the same in spirit as to the platform of the Fourteenth Street patriots."

Justice FRANKLIN is making a more serious reputation than that of his Uncle "Larry" of the Wall Street, who, in a time of financial fever, like the North Pacific Thursday, an outgrowth already on the Black Friday of a generation earlier, was called on to advise an excited friend who had mortgaged his home to raise money to buy stock. "What shall I do?" he had asked. "What shall I buy?" "I'll tell you just what you want to buy," he replied. "I wish you'd buy the stock."



"PUT ME OFF AT BUFFALO"

Are the words of an old song. They come into great play in 1901, for the whole world is singing them, and of course the whole world will travel by the

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For a copy of the New York Central's Fine American Express Folders, "Four Track Notes" No. 17, and a postage stamp for George H. Franklin, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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He is ever after your grateful friend, and if an invalid, is doubly so. Try it. Good deeds are more than counted. GOLD MEDAL awarded for excellence. Put. 1900

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Stands for all
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To the perfection of Kodak
construction, to the perfection
of the Kodak mechanism,
to the perfection of
the Kodak lenses, is due the

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All Kodaks Lead to Sharpness with our "Triumph"
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By EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

This is a story of New York of today which shows Mr. Townsend in an entirely new line of work. It gives a vivid picture of many of the varying phases of the metropolis (it) and the men and women who walk through its pages are real types whether they be the society folk, the political set, or the poor of the East Side.

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By GERALDINE ANTHONY

The *New York Herald* says: "It plunges the reader directly into the social whirl of New York, and all through in the hand of one who has seen something of that whirl and writes."

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A JOURNAL OF

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NEW YORK

JUNE 1, 1901



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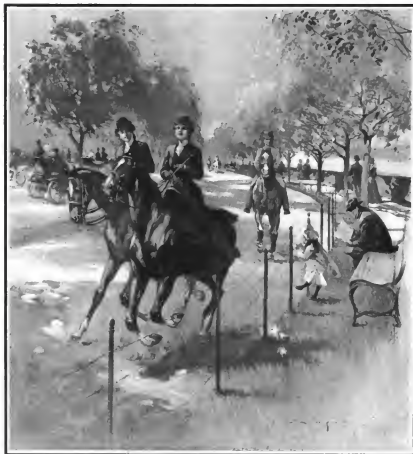
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SUNDAY MORNING ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 1, 1901

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The Labor Situation

UNLESS the machinists' strike turns out to be an exception, it is doubtful if any considerable labor war will take place this spring. It is true that we have a battle on between the masses and their employers; but this is a lock-out on account of a grievance made by the bricklayers for waiting time. We have also had the Albany strike, which developed into a war that threatened the peace of the community, the order of the State, and had actually deprived the people of their rights of travel to which they are entitled in return for the valuable results contained in the company's charter.

Although it seems that little of a serious nature is to be feared, a labor war may come. We are not a prophet or the son of a prophet, and do not forget the suddenness with which the authentic strike of last autumn was precipitated upon the economy. Labor wars, as a rule—or was between employers and employed—often break from what appears to the general community to be a quiet industrial sky. They who are personally concerned, on both sides the affair, know better, but the public is usually surprised. Still there are generally signs of trouble which are significant to the observer when a real conflict is about to break out, and these are lacking now, notwithstanding the discontent which we have discussed. Strikes on trolley lines are hardly to be counted as manifestations of a general discontent, for they are nearly, if not quite, always local outbreaks against local conditions. It might be a different matter were the trolley lines cut because the men want their employers to pay the whole cost of a strike by paying wages for the time during which the strike continued; or with a machinists' strike extending throughout the country for a nine-hour day and ten hours pay. We are inclined to think, however, that the bricklayers will see, in the end, that they must pay for their own strikes, as for other injuries or necessities of life in which they indulge, or which they must have. As to the machinists, so many employers are pleading that the proposition seems to favor their speedy success.

It is a fact, however, notwithstanding the present peaceful situation, and which, to be sure, may be disturbed at any time, that a real change is taking place in the relations of labor and capital. It is a change for the better, and one that harmonizes with the economic movement towards combinations of capital. The reason why combinations of capital are a great step in the relations of employer and employed is really seen. The old competitive system, the system of individual ownership and control, was not friendly to the interests of labor, and often antagonistic to the interests of the community. Thousands of men, there were many centers of employment, none opportunities for a man disatisfied with one master to procure another; actually, the theory did not work, for there was also the black-list. There were also forms of oppression, such as the company store, peculiarly characteristic of the individual employer. In the second place, many a strike has been instigated by an employer who was a competitor of the establishment against which the strike was directed. Strikes in the interest of competition will cease with large combinations, whether or not competition itself ceases, for it is only the little trader who can afford to spend the time involved in trade association.

The greatest gain, however, is to be expected from existing industrial conditions arising from the fact that no combination of capital can take place without an accompanying combination of labor interests. If nearly two hundred steel-mills go under

one management, not only does petty strife cease, but with the employers go the workmen. The power of both increases. There are not so many bosses, but there is a greater potency in the union of capital, and there is a vastly larger army of operatives. The argument that labor will suffer, which is drawn from the closing down of mills and factories by a combination, or trust, in no wise holds, for the output of a trust more than remains as great as the output of its component parts; it must increase, and, therefore, even if establishments may be shut down, the aggregate of the workmen must be at least as large as it was before the establishments comprising the trust were under separate ownership and management.

Again, there is no reason for combination of capital, unless it can cure some drawback. In order that the so-called trust may prosper, its shops and factories must run on full time and at full speed. A combination is another phenomenon of the preliminary American industrial principle that of machinery and apparatus ought to be run at full speed and up to their full capacity. The theory is that it is better to wear out the machine by forcing it than to preserve it by running it at low pressure. This theory is directly the opposite of the English industrial theory. Now a combination, or trust, wastes the scattering forces of the capital, and thus wastes the time by eliminating the waste of competition, proposed to get as much as possible out of the capital. In order to do this the capital must work full time, and in doing it the wage-earner has the opportunity on each side to work on full time.

Under such conditions, labor and capital face each other, in a dispute, in masses. The truth of the almost trite remark that "the interests of the two are the same" is now felt by the leaders on each side. Each side hesitates longer than it used to, to go to war for the redress of a grievance. On the part of labor, the more intelligent come to the front to control. The time when a strike was brute force on one side and dull obstinacy on the other is passing away. Menace, at the head of the capital, and the menace of Pennsylvania, shows the value of intelligence and reasonableness at the head of a strike. In the Illinois bituminous district the experiment has been made by moving the committee of the labor union by a meeting of shareholders, or mine-owners. The experiment has been most successful. The combination of capital, represented by men whose interests are to keep the work going, in order that dividends may be earned, have the advantages of the man through the committee. In every case reviewed, so far, the union committee has been found to be as reasonable as the committee of employers, and the relations thus established between employers and employed have been most satisfactory.

What seems to be indicated by the result of the Illinois experiment is that the concentration of capital and labor engaged in any industry into one body, or a few bodies, leads to settlement of difficulties by discussion between leaders, and, therefore, to peace.

The labor situation is made as interesting as is the situation of capital by the new industrial movements. The two forces are apparently becoming more independent, and industrial wars are, consequently, likely to become less and less frequent.

ENTIRELY aside from the respectable silence of Mr. McKinley, it is a great pity that the portions of the President's tour yet to be consummated should have to be abandoned. It has been the custom of many of us who are conversant with stress of circumstances to remain in close conversation at home to deplore the President's trip of this nature, and to dub them "junkets." They are far from such. They have a distinct value in many ways. It does us harm and is apt to do much good to let the people of the United States from one end of the country to the other see what manner of man their Chief Magistrate is. The Reading newspaper paragraphs about him and looking at photographs of him convey little to the mind of the average citizen. In reading the newspapers one gets an idea that the distinguished gentleman is a man of the East and of always serious. The value itself depends upon the political complexion of the newspaper. The photographs show him himself, never as he normally is. As the man himself one rarely sees, and it should not be the privilege of the East and of the North exclusively to gaze upon the Presidential lineaments and thus to gain some real comprehension of the individual. In our judgment such good has ceased and will

continue to come to the whole nation from Mr. McKinley's tour. His progress through the North, politically opposed to his policies, has been a revelation of hospitality and of cordiality, not to the man so much as to the office. The addresses of welcome have been most felicitous; the responses have been dignified and in many respects satisfactory. On the Pacific coast the opportunity has been given and of cordiality, not to the man so much as to the office. The addresses of welcome have been most felicitous; the responses have been dignified and in many respects satisfactory. On the Pacific coast the opportunity has been given and of cordiality, not to the man so much as to the office. The addresses of welcome have been most felicitous; the responses have been dignified and in many respects satisfactory.

THE Constitution has been tried, and has not been found wanting. Therefore she will remain. Likewise she does encourage the hope that the troubled bit of silver, honesty in dollars but in possession beautiful, will remain where it is, and will not have to be picked up and stored overseas again. Nevertheless it behooves us not to be too well satisfied with ourselves. We may not yet be the comfortable nation in our souls that became the *Stagnant*, of lower country, has not yet seen her better days. The *Stagnant* is the only craft that struggled without any special months ago to win the *America's* cup, we are therefore merely to await the hour of triumph complacently. There is no yet no telling about this *Stagnant II*, the *Stagnant*, and her luck seems a trifle bad; but the previous child is not always able at first to get the better of her clever mother, and just because in the preliminary hours the new has not successfully shown her heels to the old by no means means that when the unexpected moment arrives she will not be equal to the occasion. There may yet be surprises in store. Our own baby has done well; has rained her names; takes to the water like a duck; talks in twelve orders, and does such things in six. The *Stagnant* is a trifle better; she has ideas of her own, and insists upon rubbing her nose, and is not quite ready to take orders, and refuses to digest her *Stagnant*; yet there is a whole summer of spanking and "taming up" ahead of her. The result is in an ultimate which is as yet not out of.

It is too early to be either jubilant or confident, but we may assure ourselves that the outlook is more than hopeful, and that whether we win or lose in *Stagnant* nothing has been lost unless to maintain American supremacy on the seas of international sport.

WE observe a tendency in some quarters to manifest a sympathy for Mr. LAWSON, the secret of the *Independence*, because his newly built yacht may fall to be in the field as a cup-defender against the *Stagnant II*. It should not be necessary to say that this sympathy is misplaced. Mr. LAWSON can secure all the recognition he needs for himself and for his yacht if he chooses. If he is ruled out, it is nobody's fault, not his. It is a pity that the *Stagnant* is conducted, and properly so, under rules and regulations made by persons authorized to make them, reasonable in their tenor, and essential to a successful management of the contest. Mr. LAWSON appears to be in a hurry to get on the rules, and for so long a time as he persists in so doing he and his yacht have and can have no standing in the eyes of the committee in charge. The distinguished Boston sportsman seems not to have learned that in sports as well as in all other branches of human endeavor, unreasonableness to established laws is a prerequisite of recognition. He declines to abide by the provisions of our rule, he might as well decline to abide by the provisions of another; and Mr. T. LAWSON, who is the confederate of Mr. LAWSON in his strategy in the coming contest, knowing that the Boston yachtman had made an exception in his rule in his own favor, would be well within his rights in requiring an inspection of the *Independence* in order to establish the fact that she was strictly a sailing-yacht, and was not provided with telegraphs and an electric engine to work them.

The whole matter boils down to the question of whether Mr. LAWSON is willing to play fair—that is, according to the rules of the contest. If he is, he has as good a chance of entering his yacht as anybody else. If he is not, he cannot complain if he is ruled out of the race altogether.



PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE UNDERGROUND ROAD

Undermining the Columbus Statue at Broadway and Fifty-ninth Street



Vice-President Roosevelt at the Inauguration of the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, May 20, 1901

America as a Unit: The Master-Thought on Dedication Day

ILLUMINANTLY, your beautiful city on the inauguration of the Pan-American Exposition, hoping that it will be a new day of American unity.—Averil, President of Paraguay.

"I desire that the Exposition may be a tie of union and harmony between all the countries of the Americas."—Gardis, President of Uruguay.

"I know it will be another tie of solidarity among the nations of America."—Ivan, President of the Argentine Republic.

"I find you greeting from the shores of the Pacific, with . . . heart-felt welcome to our guests from our sister republic, to whom we wish extended and abundant prosperity. May there be an . . . friendly of rivalry amongst that glorious competition in useful arts and industries which benefits all."—William McKinley.

I. DERRICK, May 20, 1901

'Till today—the day of formal opening or dedication—the Pan-American Exposition remained imperceptibly characterized, in spite of all the efforts of enterprising writers and illustrators throughout the country. Today it assumed for the first time with entire distinctness the character it has in reality. Today the first great view was effected: in this sense one is compelled, or privileged, to revise his previous estimate of the architectural lines and the decoration of the buildings, the sculpture, and the color effects. Every single detail of all those which have been an freely described hitherto looked until now the harmonious and extensive for which it was designed, and in which those its true value would be felt. No such no are arrived to confusion. The view, as a matter of fact and novelty, was dignified by unfolding almost to the very hour when it began to be admired by today's morning throngs of spectators, and embellished with flowers and beautiful plants.

It is a still more important sense or true stand where we are to review our first striking impression of the enterprise, for its historical significance was today most fully realized, and most respectably proclaimed. This special emphasis, suggested by the extracts

from official messages of congratulation which I have placed at the beginning of this letter, will be more fully developed before we reach its end.

It

is a circumstance not to be overlooked that, as one approaches the Exposition grounds, the green and gold in nature everywhere, as far as the eye can see, now upon rows of shade trees and intensely green lawns and meadows, almost covered with the yellow blossoms of the dead-lilies, are in their own way as vivid as the famous tints on the buildings of the "Rainbow City" itself.

Mr. Xanadu as Xanadu

Can watch his palace of a day.

Mr. Frederick Almy writes in his poem called "King Told," leaving in mind, I suppose, the golden-roofed ancient palace of Asia that Marco Polo describes; but the colors seen from the parkway and in the park this spring not only may but should be compared with those seen from the Esplanade and the Court of the Fountain. This is the proper approach. The eye becomes thoroughly accustomed, in a multitude of rich-hued natural objects as combined by the skill of the landscape-gardener that they suggest a wide expanse of country, in which the "palace of a day" erected by King Told is most favorably set, its brilliant colors being thus separated from the mass of structures of the city, which would otherwise be overwhelming and incongruous, by woodland and a lake with exquisite shores. The resultant picture formed in the mind is a thing to be always cherished among those treasures of memory that the traveler gathers during a lifetime spent—and well spent. I think in search of the beautiful or wonderful or merely interesting place on this earth of ours. It is a picture of a delightful and fully realized by man's genius.

It is beautiful or wonderful or interesting? some one asks.

It is all three.

How is it to be related in relation to the exposition which have preceded it—those of Paris, Chicago, etc.?

Let us suggest the difficulty of replying to this ques-

tion by putting another to my questioner: Which is the most beautiful city in the world—or the most wonderful—or the most interesting?

In the words of an old ballad, far have I traveled and trouble have I seen, but never conclusive and convincing in this question had I never seen. The simple fact is, no one person knows all of any city or great exposition; no single person, indeed, can know more than a small part. In the detailed centers for the first position, we see that each city or great fair yields to others in certain particulars while carrying off the palm in the lines of its own natural choice and natural preference. But it is obviously impossible to measure one great thing against another when the limits of another have been ascertained; to weigh an in a balance qualities which have no place in the domain of physics, though they are all important in the fine arts of sculpture. A closer examination of the Pan-American's place is to be asked among the very first of such undertakings I shall defer until next week, content if the reader conveys from what I can now write an impression of the Xanadu of to-day—the Xanadu on the shores of Niagara—of, better, this Citinade, and Berlin, and Venice, and (for its color, say) Giza—set apart as a place where it is lawful to dream during the waking hours, and where it is imperative both to give the imagination free play and to welcome art in a novel presentation—set apart and set deep in the historic verdure of a city though not fairly spring; all under a sky that is dark gray at first, but gradually brightening by imperceptible degrees, until, before evening, it is a dome of solid clouds with light blue intervals and shafts of golden horizontal rays.

So it is separated from the city of Buffalo, and yet our own mission a highly characteristic part of the interest of the actual situation who fails to realize the dependence of the fair upon the town—upon Niagara, as it were, of a young giant, already huge though not half-grown; not yet familiar with his own strength, which has recently met present bounds, and positively no future limitation that can be certainly foreseen. All of this exposition he can carry as easily in an outstretched hand as though it were but a few-



The Government Building at the Pan-American Exposition

that's right; he is proud, however, and somewhat self-conscious, spite as though he had strained his good muscles in this giant's work. The charm of the prom-ise of lively youth with its magnificent possibility is here—the splendid and suitable circumstance of pan-American recognition; the importance which he speaks to her about the Pan-American enterprise may refer to the course of his conversation to plan for some new history that is to extend for a mile or two along the lake-front, on Buffalo's bank that have been bought for the purpose of city prizes by the Buffalo surprise of realty proprietors. One looks beyond the evening work of Buffalo's youth with a rather wondering curiosity as to its achievement, for the benefit of all the world, which those who live will witness when the great form appears majestically and includes Niagara Falls within its folds.

All hail, Wineth's ball is thro' those of Glenda!

Well, this present city of Buffalo takes the most un-derstood and lively interest in the Exposition parade, which sets out from the City Hall at two o'clock. Those who know the history of the city much better than I tell me that on holiday was ever more generally observed. "Factions that never show except Sundays," they say, "are silent and deserted. From Black Rock to South Buffalo the air is live from its universal jell of music. All the department stores and other places of business, wholesale and retail, have closed to-day in order that their clerks may join in the general festivities." I quote the previous language word, as well as my memory permits, in order to show that Buffalo is thinking of its present role, not of the second Hilde's words, "change of Uxela," nor the third Hilde's "king hoversail," and as thousands from the country round about, as well as from every home in the city, are engaged along the streets from an early hour to watch the passing regiments of the National Guard, the United States troops stationed here, a brigade of the District of Columbia National Guard, a detachment of the Mexican army, of federal guards in uniform, and the contingents of the Wineth, with all their merry following. Much contrasts are in immortal souls!

III

A feature of the day's celebration, which is an hall of human interest that I think it should be made an annual event at some point in America, is the flight of carrier pigeons, freed on the Esplanade to carry the news of the dedication of the exposition to distant and widely separated places. Perhaps such

a liberation of homing birds might occur every year on the twentieth day of May, the message attributed to each carrier being a condensed report of progress in the Pan-American movement to which I have already referred.

The first speaker at the evening in the Temple of Music, who attended the popular note of the day and the occasion was Mr. Robert Cassens Rogers, who said towards the end of his poem:

O atmosphere of air who bear the name,

What is your name?

A better than? What time or far or near?

What time or far? What time or far, and then,

O better you, best witness to our joy?

Some question, answer? He may say,

We will not write—except for liberty!

O world upon, of world Europe spring,

Long in our hearts we mark a common tongue

Which should be free to learn the world's love.

What question matter and debate shall rise.

This matter upon, of air who would be free!

Must not our words and words and words and words.

The same three was taken up by Mr. Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States, in his most vigorous address. When speaking of the sons of the two American who, from Hudson Bay to the North of Mexico, have been conquering the wilderness, carrying it into cities and provinces, and seeking to build by its state and private governments which shall combine industrial property and moral well-being, Mr. Roosevelt said: "Let us ever most cordially remember the fidelity of the belief that any one of us is to be permanently benefited by the injury of another. Let us strive to have our public men treat as honorable the truth that it is for the interest of every citizen in the Western Hemisphere to see every other citizen-wealth grow in riches and in happiness, in material wealth, and in the other, strong self-respecting sense. How a nation which material wealth exists so long."

After welcoming, on behalf of the United States, "our brothers of the North and our brothers of the South," he said: "To you of the republic south of us I wish to say a special word. I believe with all my heart in the Monroe doctrine. This doctrine is not to be sacred by the agreement of any one of us here on this continent at the expense of any one else on this continent. It should be regarded simply as a great international Pan-American policy, tried by the interests of all of us. The United States has, and ought to have, and must ever have, only the desire to see her sister republics in the Western Hemisphere continue to flourish. We, of the two

Americas, must be left to work out our own salvation along our own lines; and if we can show we will make it understood as a cardinal feature of our just foreign policy that, on the one hand, we will not admit territorial aggrandizement on this continent by any Old World power, and that, on the other hand, we will ourselves seek justice and proportionately regard the rights and interests of the others, so that instead of any one of us countering the original policy of trying to rise at the expense of our neighbors, we shall all strive towards a broad and surely brotherhood, shoulder to shoulder, together."

I have followed the words in which I would direct special attention, but the fact is, I regard the whole speech as admirable.

An illustration which will not be lost upon those who have studied recent developments and tendencies in South America was contained in Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's speech, which followed that of the Vice-President: "Under no conditions, under no stress of circumstances," he said, "can the real and solid part of the most honest promoter or other [American] politician ever be asked to aid in the course of the great power of Europe. This danger is real. It cannot be avoided if by loose words by Fourth-of-July orators, or by confident boasting of our strength and resources. If we can only be avoided by a thorough agreement among all American states upon the Monroe doctrine."

The United States works nothing but the welfare of the republics of South America, and asks in return that they stop abroad where with her in professedly maintaining the doctrine of Monroe. The motto of every American state should be, not as a mere empty cry, but as the atmosphere of a profound principle, "America for the Americans." Here again the ladies represent an special emphasis on the speaker's part, but rather the interest of the thought in our present study.

A word is mentioned that may be worthy of the emphasis that position. It is undoubtedly true, as Senator Lodge maintained, that the desire in drawing more fully our relations with the republics being made of us is but a return in the old American policy of John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, the policy which was abandoned for a time because the question of slavery intervened to hold us apart from republics which had already separated and abolished an institution which we retained. But it is also true that the language I have quoted, and it is the general attitude which I believe has now been correctly indicated through a very important advance upon every previous attempt, by whomsoever formed, towards a number of these consequences. —MARGARET B. WILCOX.



CRUSADERS SIGHTING JERUSALEM

From the Painting by Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.

Copyright, 1901, by E. A. Abbey

Two Lessons in Colonial Government

By A. Maurice Low

NINETY miles north of Santiago, across the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, lies the island of Jamaica. Short although the actual distance between Cuba and Jamaica, it is the distance between two very different and contrasting societies. Jamaica and the enlightened progress which follows England's grain as a colonizer, whether in the sugar-laden tropics or the hardy expanse of the rugged North. Larger, more densely populated, and far richer in material wealth and natural resources, Cuba is two hundred years behind Jamaica. What England has brought to Jamaica is a lesson that we merely affirm, not one that we use the inferior government in Cuba, and pledged before all the world to maintain order and advance the cause of progress and civilization, that Jamaica may well serve as a model to pattern after both in Cuba and in Porto Rico. I speak of Cuba as I know it before the Spanish regime had ceased to exist. I have not been to Cuba since the close of the war; from Jamaica I have received reports.

Spain held Cuba for four centuries, until we destroyed her power and sang her role in destruction. Great Britain has held Jamaica since 1810. In both islands the conditions originally were nearly identical. Identically, except in the mountain of Cuba, there is little difference in the temperature and the soil are precisely the same in both places, but with the advantage of fertility, minerals, and timber on the side of Cuba; and Jamaica was discovered in 1492, and Jamaica two years later, there was little for him to choose between the Indians on the northern and those on the southern coast. Whether, then, are tended to advance Jamaica in the scale of civilization and make it take rank over Cuba must be set down

he was neither a purser, a collector, nor an agent, and that he had \$30 in his pocket, and had not more "accrued" to leave the treasury of his department.

As we drove over the mountains, I heard softest tones falling from the skirt in the hall, it was remarked by a young woman from the South that the conditions to see a black man in charge of the customs office in Jamaica were not so good as in England. Why men and Englishmen are in the civil service, but not to the total exclusion of the Spaniards in Jamaica the dominions have a voice in the management of their own affairs precisely as do Canadians in Canada, or Australians in Australia or Indians in India.

Admission into the civil service in Jamaica is obtained partly through competitive examination and partly on the nomination of the government—the case private and nominated candidates being equally divided—but the government must give no examination in all respects similar to that of the competitive examination. They must obtain the qualifying number of marks, and they must not wear, regardless as to age, health, and moral character. To still further protect favorites and control the government's patronage, the subjects for the examination both for the competitive and the nominated candidates are prescribed by the Civil Service Commission in England, and the papers of the candidates are sent to England to be passed upon and marked by the commission. As the examination is open to every British subject, the young man with the highest grade of intelligence is sure of securing an appointment when there is a vacancy. These original appointments are made provisionally for six months, are made in the lowest grade, and after having received a permanent appointment the man's position is in his own hands. The civil service in a strict limitation, and men are displaced rather by good and sufficient cause than by the will of the government.

It was notorious in Cuba under the Spanish regime that the chief cause of corruption existed in the customs-house, and that all three paid heavy bribes to the collecting officers. Even when they had an embargo on the exportation of tobacco as one means of getting rid of the "lower grade" chief source of revenue, it was an open secret in Havana, and up to the day when war was declared that all the right methods and the requisite number of gold pieces were always being paid into it. It was an easy thing to get back into the island in Jamaica all the revenues and accounted for by the Collector-General of Customs, Duties, and Internal Revenue, who in a remote office. At the principal town of each parish is a collector of taxes, and in addition to the duties levied upon him in connection with the collection of revenue he has to discharge the duties of postmaster, and has charge of the local treasure chest, into which all local payments are made, and all bills being collected, and the collector is ex officio manager of the government savings bank, and in his office are kept the rolls of taxpayers and electors, the salary register, and the register of licenses. Collectors and assistant collectors are required to give substantial security for the proper accounting and collection of the taxes, passing through their hands. During the past twenty years the lands of the collection have been guaranteed by the Jamaica Civil Service District Officers' Association, and it speaks well for the high character of the men in the service that during the time the association has been called upon to make good the delinquencies of only three collecting officers, with a liability of £200,000.

The government savings-bank, which has branches throughout the island, has been in existence since 1850,

and has done much to cultivate and encourage habits of thrift among a people naturally extravagant and dissipated, including the fact that the minimum deposit allowed is one shilling (twenty-five cents), or any multiple thereof, as depositors may deposit from one shilling to £2000, but liable to be paid at one time to exceed £2000, but liable to be



Native Police

firmly secured they deposit in any one year not to exceed \$2000, and are paid on any agreement \$1000. Deposits under \$25 are paid on any agreement, but not over \$250 a week's notice is required; over that amount two weeks' notice must be given. On March 31, 1898, the bank had the amount of \$1,278,500 deposited, amounting to \$2,690,372, of which \$2,000,000 belonged to individuals, and \$690,372, to the state.

To think of Cuba is naturally to think of yellow fever and other contagious diseases, due largely to the absolute disregard of all proper sanitary regulations, for which the Spaniards were famous, which made Havana, Santiago, and the other cities of the island as malarious and unwholesome to the man of strong blood. However, on the other hand, it is not likely modern times does not know what yellow fever means, and except when the most elementary provisions are disregarded, as was done a year or two when cholera-bolus was disseminated at the worst time of the year, yellow fever is as unknown as it is in the United States. In our own tropical zone, which Havana was never free while the Spanish flag waved proudly in Jamaica, but after the island has been divided into municipal districts under the supervision of municipal health officers appointed by the government, that terrible scourge has no longer been so death-dealing throughout the island. In 1897 was 21 per thousand. In Charleston, South Carolina, it was 2000 in 1843; in Alabama, 2674; in Washington, D. C., 2058. In fact, what surprises one in Jamaica is the absolute cleanliness, not only of the island, but also of its people. The principal cities, San Domingo and Port Antonio, as well as the smaller places, look as if they had been swept and dusted every morning, the gutters are clean and flushed, the sprawling carts are seen at work, and there are no unsightly piles of refuse left to rot in the streets and breed contagion. The Jamaica people, in marked contrast to the Northern negro of the United States, seem to delight in clean. The personal habits of the natives were a topic constantly commented upon by all the Americans whom I met while I was on the island. They wear very little, but little, white cloth, in clean, the rashes and rashes frocks of the women show that they have a healthier acquaintance with the wash tub, and it is rare to see a woman wearing any other kind of clothing, laughing, and chatting woe, their dresses stirred up to their waists and their naked legs showing like polished brass, they are seen walking, washing their clothes and pounding the dirt out of them with great energy, and as you drive through the island you find that the women are in front of their little cabins, their arms deep in a tub of soap-suds, and the clothes bear their deep

These of us who make that weary march through dust and dirt, and struggle to Santiago, who come to let her wages (which were raised, and how we industry had to build roads before the artillery could be brought up from the interior, only the general consent of Jamaica, so long as in 1893 was an "Act for the Streets." One of the first things, the new streets of the city were laid out, and the old streets were rapidly altered in all directions. At first the one side of the road was entrusted to the respective owners, but when they saw the profitable results being accomplished by grants from the government and the maintenance of the streets, they were naturally desirous to see the same done and being, and have been recommended to the Department of Public Works, and the same has been done. The streets of the island, and all the old streets have been abandoned. A large force is continually employed to maintain the pavements, and the streets are kept up new notes of reconstruction, while the streets have been widened with substantial iron structures, the best building material used, and the general appearance of the island, and all the old streets have been abandoned. A large force is continually employed to maintain the pavements, and the streets are kept up new notes of reconstruction, while the streets have been widened with substantial iron structures, the best building material used, and the general appearance of the island, and all the old streets have been abandoned.

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The Market-place, Kingston

sely well established and benevolent administration on one hand to the southlands on the other.

Spain held Cuba such as France held "New France" when the first duty of the island was to fill the royal coffers, pay tribute to the royal treasury, and incidentally make himself independent of the crown of kings. Cuba was a place to be exploited for the material benefit of the governing king in Spain for the time being, and to make the Governor-General and his officials to live their pockets with the money wrong from the Cubans. Like Jamaica, Cuba was a "Crown Colony." But here the similarity ended. No native Cuban might hope for preferment from the home government or look forward as an honorable career, but the American went under the flag to make his end all things. In Jamaica, while the crown is paramount, the people of Jamaica have great by year before a larger share in the management of their own affairs, and to the independent dominions there is no other way of saving the crown precisely in the same way as there is by leaving the crown in any other part of the empire.

One sees this in even to be set forth on the island. Jamaica being a tariff, at Port Antonio we left into the children of her Majesty's subjects, and very much these children were. When our baggage had been loaded on the dock a soft looking negro man, extremely polite, with the soft, oblique smile which is characteristic of the natives, in a dark uniform with the letters "V. B." on his cap, asked as if he had any thing to declare, and when the somewhat American told him that we were merely tourists and only an emerald with our personal belongings, he waved aside the ceremony of our baggage, and with a flourish of his cane, he said, "I am a collector of duties, and I am as free as you are to enter the island. It is all very simple and very gracious, and one could not wish anything better." He then turned to the New York dock with inspectors turning things up to their ankles when after a fourteen-hour wait, he said that he was not a collector of his country's laws, that



Popular Method of Transportation



Port Antonio



New Castle,—a Mountain Town

roads, such roads as one finds in few of the States of this Union except in the Hudson River country and in Massachusetts, and that in the last fiscal year 16,513,000 was spent on the main roads and buildings, one via really how much England has done in its interior interior communications, and how much expense is to be done in Cuba before the island will be able to enjoy the same easy methods of transportation that are found under English rule. In Cuba there is no railroad connection between the eastern and western ends of the island, and the only way of going from Santiago to Havana is by land. In Jamaica a well-built railway runs from almost one end of the island to the other through its most densely populated parts, and brings nearly the entire island to touch with the capital. There is, of course, much more to still further extension of the railway system, which will doubtless be made as the circumstances justify the expenditure, but in areas of concentration—namely in its highways and railways—Jamaica is on a far advanced stage Cuba as since the day when Columbus eagerly strained his eyes from the cork-shell which had been his cradle for so many weary days, first set eyes on the land of the New World.

In dealing with Jamaica the last need and the last sight of that is a black colony. The population of Jamaica in 1893, the last census, was 428,491, of which 18,697 were white, and the remainder colored. The population in the present time is estimated to be 475,255, and as the relative proportion between the two races has probably not been changed, the white are only about 2½ per cent of the whole. With such an unwholesome population it is interesting to see some little attention to criminal statistics. Jamaica has its organized police force of 1,000 men and officers, divided into constabulary, water police, and rural police. With the exception of a few of the highest officers there have been no murders. The constabulary and water police, consisting of 725 men, including officers, patrol the cities and towns, and are a formidable appearing body of men, and perhaps in their organization and discipline there may be some ideas in our own municipal authorities. An applicant to the force must produce a certificate of good character from some responsible person, and must pass a satisfactory medical examination. He must not be less than five feet eight inches in height, and thirty three inches round the chest—no less, than twenty or more than twenty-two years of age, unmarried, able to read without any hesitation any printed or written document, and write a fair hand. If he meets these requirements he is employed for five years, and is bound in writing and made in any place to which he may be assigned by the Inspector-General his native parish and the parish with which he is connected by marriage or family ties. He is being one of the constabulary which he is sent, the constable he is paid two shillings and four pence a day, his fifty-eight cents, and is provided with one full dress uniform and a pair of boots annually by the government. He is also furnished quarters and medical attendance. A good constable makes £100 in a penny a day as a soldier, and the regular pay, and from a second-class constable he may rise to be a first class constable at five shillings and eight pence a day, a sergeant at three shillings and six pence, and so on up. The Inspector-General, who is a white man, receives a salary of £200 a year and the Inspector from £300 a year and allowances there in cost and allowances. The water force is a semi-military body, and is trained in military tactics so as to make it reliable in case of riot. In addition, the marine portion of the duties regularly assigned on the coast force of any large American city. They are required to preserve order, to prevent any disturbances and maintain discipline on the coast. In case the health and sanitary officers in the execution of their duties, and in the enforcement of the revenue laws. When not engaged in these duties, they are on a regular patrol. There is an excellent system of criminal registration, and every habit

criminal is required to report himself once a month to a chief police officer. The water police stationed at Kingston, Port Antonio, and other important ports are, as their name implies, an auxiliary to the land force, and are chiefly employed in the prevention and detection of smuggling and keeping order along the water front.

The rural police connect the city police system with the remote parts of the island, and while performing all the duties of the city constabulary, have powers in excess of the ordinary policeman. If a rural headman of police suspects that stolen property is concealed on the premises of any person who has ever been convicted of larceny or of receiving stolen goods, he may without a warrant, enter and search for the property and arrest the offender. The rural headman of police are respectable persons of good residence households in their respective parishes, and the rural policemen are resident householders of the districts superintended by the headman to whom they are subordinate. They report themselves periodically at the nearest constabulary station, where they give and receive information, and receive instructions as to the manner in which they should act. The rural police are paid ten shillings a day when on duty.

For the past eight years the prisoners under sentence have averaged about one thousand. For the year they numbered 985, of whom 621 were serving sentences of one year and under, 119 for three years, and under, 215 above three years, and ten for life. These figures show that the majority of offenders were guilty of trifling violations of the law, and that serious crime is infrequent. Eight years ago there were sixteen life prisoners. It is the testimony of government officials and officers that while the negroes are occasionally quarrelsome and get drunk, and when in that condition indulge in fights, they do not often make real weapons to settle their quarrels.

To promote the moral welfare of the people the British government has paid much attention to education. In 1868 the island had 203 schools with 97,000 scholars, and government grants of £31,700. Bill-bery is being slowly but surely civilized. In addition to the ordinary educational scheme the boys are instructed in manual training, agriculture and horticulture, and the girls in needle-work. Besides the public schools the government supports forty male students at the Mace training college in Kingston, who are being trained as schoolmasters; there is a training college for girls, grants are made to private institutions whose students pass the required examination for teachers; a government scholarship of £200 a year for three years is awarded to the student who scores one of the highest universities, and there are other scholarships ranging from £10 to £60 per year.

The Jamaica High School at Kingston, University College, the Trinitarian Trust School, and various other institutions of learning, some of them endowed by private benefactors, and others fostered by the government, but all, or nearly all, under government supervision and receiving aid from the government.

ensure the ambitious Jamaican boy and girl not only an opportunity to acquire an education, but to study a profession and obtain admission to the English universities on their own merits.

During the last few years, owing to the revolution in the sugar trade raised by the use of beet instead of cane sugar, the island has suffered severe financial losses, but it is now recovering its ground by raising fruit for the American market. Thanks to the enterprise of the United Fruit Company, a firm of small white planters between the ports of Jamaica and New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, bringing up on every trip bananas, oranges, limes, and coconuts by the thousand. The cocoa-bean is also being cultivated and will prove a profitable source of revenue. Arrangements have just been completed by which the British and Jamaican governments subscribe a line of steamship between Kingston and one of the British ports, which will carry the fruit of Jamaica direct to England, and should still further enlarge the Jamaican market. In the fiscal year 1900-01, the revenue of the island amounted to £100,521, and the expenditures to £103,710, leaving a deficit of £3,189, but this year it is reported, by judicious economy and some change in the laws, that the revenue will produce £108,750, and the expenditures will not exceed £104,150.

The chief sources of revenue are customs, which yielded last year £28,200, and excise, £103,556. The chief items of expenditures were £104,110, 31,315, respectively incurred in railway construction; roads, £44,325; education, £30,480; medical, £26,145.

The franchise is restricted. The people of Jamaica are represented in the legislative council, which is to the island what Congress is to the United States, by thirteen members, one from each of the parishes into which the island is divided. It may be said here that the present system of representation is not entirely satisfactory to the people. The government appoints fifteen members of the council against the fourteen elected by the people, which always ensures the government a majority, and enables it to control the revenue and expenditures without regard to the voice of the people.

The Jamaicans contend that this is "taxation without representation"—a phrase not unapplicable to American men—and are now agitating for an equal share with the government in the management of their own affairs; but although they are asking for the largest measure of self-government, they are entirely loyal to the motherland, and any one who would suggest that they set up before themselves, or seek the protection of another flag, would be given a very warm reception. Any British subject by birth or naturalization, twenty-one years of age, is entitled to vote for a member of the council, on the proprietor of a house, he has paid taxes to the amount of ten shillings, or in the case of property in the parish in which he resides which has been taxed and assessed one pound and ten shillings, or is in receipt of an annual rental of not less than £20.

No person holding office under the crown is eligible for election to the council. There is no one else eligible to elect in any other election in the island, a qualifying requirement of the franchise since it was first granted in the year 1865, when there was one elector in about every sixty-two per-

cent. If Congress were wise it would send a committee to Jamaica, the study conditions which could be applied with such beneficial results in Cuba and Porto Rico. It might, if it could overcome its prejudice, perceive that the chief obstacle would take a post-graduate course in government by observing the English system. In Jamaica, where it could be learned that the black man may mature in the study of civilization, and run the same a democratic republic, and that if officers if he is treated with justice and fairness, and if he has been shown to be an honest and able in his best interest equally with that of the governing class.



Loading Fruit for the American Market



IN ME

ds, and I don't deny it, seeing you lived at Johnston and were so fond of the sword ball brand—"
 "I wish you were in real times again," interrupted the Wrened, dryly: "as, not the terms signs. What titles are they?"
 "Crysping!" I replied, wincing. "Crysping, of course—*that's*—why, this is a *Warner* war title—you can see by the shell and neck and the quills on the sides of the shaft!"
 "I told you!" shouted the Wrened, gruffly nudging Mount.

"I cannot stand about shells and wrines, watching me picking up arrows after arrows from the cleared about as my law!"

"Here is a Shawanese hunting shaft!" I said, startled, "and—this—this is a strange arrow to me!"

"I hold up a shield, delicate arrow, beautifully made and tipped with steel."
 "That," said Mount, gravely, "is a Delaware arrow."
 "The Lenape!" I cried, astonished. Suddenly the terrible significance of these marked arrows came to me like a blow. The Lenape had risen, the Seneca and Shawanese had joined the Cayugas. The Long House was in revolt.

"Mount, I insist, quietly, "does Colonel Croup know this?"
 "The Wrened nodded.

"We abandon the fort to-night," he said. "We can't face the Six Nations—here—"
 "We make for Pittsburgh," asked Mount. "It will be a job to get the women and children there, but Croup wishes to see you, Mr. Cardigan. You will find them lying flat in the meadows."

"They picked me to the rowan-tree and around the barrens to the angle of the fort, where a stockade barred the passage in the magazine. The entry refused to admit me, but Colonel Croup leaped up and opened the stockade gate, where we saw Croup on his hands and knees, keeping up low powder into a long train. He glanced up at us steadily; he said, grave face was very pale.
 "But I might ask of these arrows?" he asked Mount.
 "Mr. Cardigan says there's a Seneca war arrow among 'em," replied Mount.
 Croup's keen eyes questioned me.
 "It's true," I said. "The Seneca guard the women, they of the Long House, and they have made the Cayugas' cause their own."
 "And the women do?" demanded Croup, very quietly.

"The eastern door of the Long House is held by our Mahawks and Six Williams Johnson," I said, proud in my tale.
 "And by God's grace they will hold it in time."
 "Not while Walter Butler lives," said Croup, bitterly, rising to his feet and turning the key of the magazine. "There has been some talk of my going," he said. "Mount will soon return and tell those boys of powder and the rowan-tree."
 "You know," he observed, turning to me, "so abundant the fort tonight. It means the end of all for me. I shall receive all the blame for this war; the disgrace will be laid on me. But let me know how you feel, if he thinks to deplore me of command over my regiment! I've made them what they are—out for my Lord Browne, but for my country, when the roll is again peals out of every step from Maine to Virginia."

"Good lifted his hat. "Please find, those some bells will ring before I die," he said, solemnly.

Croup pushed the heap of powder with his foot.

"Ah, well," he said, "it's liberty or death for all our brave men—liberty or death, say enough, as the Virginian puts it."

"Patrick Henry is in Pittsburgh," began Mount, "Croup went on without saying him." Patrick Henry has given us refuge there; the westward; and the day that sees these breaking north will find that northward lettered on the breast of every kneeling—liberty—liberty or death!"

"Turning his clear eyes on me, he said, "You will think as will you and your people."
 "My father fought at Quebec," I answered, slowly.

"Oh, I think you will march with me when the time comes," said Croup, with one of his rare smiles, and he led the way out of the stockade, returning to us the cheer of the "March on!"

"Get a line for you for the truth and bring it to me on the barrens," he said to Croup, "and, what is to be done, he returned to the rowan-tree, where the women and children were gathered in fearful of hope.

"I heard him tell the poor creatures that their bones had gone up in smoke, that, for the moment, it was necessary to flee to Fort Pitt, and that each family must take only such household property as they could carry in their arms."

"There was not a whimper from the women, only quiet tears. Even the children, looking up solemnly at Croup, bravely stifled the sobs as fear that crested every little throat."

"The day wore away in preparation for the march. I had nothing to prepare; I had lost my rifle and ammunition when a prisoner among the Cayugas, and my spare clothing and provisions when that day was passed. Fortunately, Ford had huddled on a few things left for me, and the lowest old man delivered it to me, clothing with me for the loss of my clothing and food, and never a word of concern for his own loss of clothing and provisions, every thing he owned in the world, nor would he accept a shilling from me to aid him towards a new beginning."

"I am only sorry—that," he said, sadly, "when these arms of mine cannot build me a home, let them follow my coffin!"

"And he picked up his long rifle and walked away

to help lead the ex-tenants with powder, ball, and provisions.

"Towards dusk our souls began to come in, one by one, with sad stories concerning the outlying settlements and lonely farms, the last seen a shrouded death cry, with dead children, all wailing; another, being led, saw a small war party pass with eighteen fierce scalps, three of them taken from women and little girls; a third, noted that the Seneca had joined in, and he exhibited a musket that he had found, as proof. But when I saw the musket, I knew

Mount, that I saw he did not have the trumpet while I was leaving the flag and slipping it into the hot fire."

"Croup rose, pushing up the camp as I stuffed the flag into the folds of my hunting shirt."
 "Are you mad?" he cried. "Down the rope there, Cardinal! Follow him for your life, Jack Mount!"

"And down I scrambled, followed by Mount and Croup, and we all ran so through the Six Nations' camp of our beds.

"In the dark we passed a refinery, who stopped on about a piece, and after his mistake he by the speed we leaped the rear guard and fell in with the noise, making a dash for it."
 "A sick trick you played," growled Mount, "with that bloody British flag."
 "It was mine," I returned, hotly.

"Oh, you would show us all up for it, eh?" asked the big fellow, pettishly. "Well, you've damned, and your flag too."
 His voice was hoarse and in a rear which shook the cold forest; a crimson flame shot up to the stars; then thunderous darkness barred us.

"Half smothered cries and shrieks came from the long convey ahead, but these were quickly silenced, the frightened men subdued, and the column hastened on into the night."

"Now that the fire's exploded, look out for the Indians!" said Mount, standing his voice with an effort.

"Croup had given me a rifle. I believed to lead it, then the Wrened, who had been with me since I was in the army. Presently Mount asked me what I meant to do in Pittsburgh. I replied, quickly, "I mean to see Lord Browne!"

"Mount returned to him for his Lordship's reply, but was in no humor for joking, and I said no more."
 "What are you going to do in old Browne?" urged the big fellow, who was now alone.
 "No here, my good man," said I, "you are impatient. I am an accredited deputy of Sir William Johnson, and my business is here."
 "You need not be so angry," growled Mount.

"You've hurt his feelings," observed the Wrened, twisting at his heels.
 "Whom?" Mount?" I asked. "Well, I am sorry, I did not mean to hurt you, Mount."
 "It's all very well, but you did," said Mount. "I've got feelings too, just as much as the Wrened has."

"So, you haven't," said the Wrened, hoarsely. "I'm a valued man, and you know it. Haven't I been through enough to give me sensitive feelings?"
 Mount smiled me. He's thinking of his wife and baby," he said.

"I had been looking ahead along the line of wagons, where a line of fire was glowing. The enemy had halted, and presently Mount, John Beard, and I walked on along the ranks of leading troops and I could have sworn to our own men, but the Wrened was a group of militia officers and riflemen. Croup was there, wrapped in his heavy cloak, and when he perceived me he called me."

"As I approached, followed closely by Mount and Beard, I was surprised to see a tall Indian standing beside Croup, motioning to the chief in a dark blanket."

"Cardigan," said Croup, "my ax has found this Indian walking about in the trail all alone. He made no resistance, and they brought him in. He seems to be foolish or simple-minded. I can't make him out. You see he is unarmed. What is he?"

"I glanced at the tall, silent Indian; a glance was enough."
 "This man is a Cayuga and a chief," I said, in a low tone.

"Speak to him," said Croup; "he appears not to understand me. I speak only Tuscarora, and that badly."

"I looked at the silent Cayuga and made the sign of brotherhood. His dull eyes regarded me steadily."
 "Brother," I said, "by the children on your knee you swore for the dead."
 "I mean," he replied, simply.

"A son?"
 "A family. I am Logan."
 Shooked, I gazed in pity on the stern, noble visage. No tie was Logan's name, but the name of all his blood ones by Great-Heart.

"I turned quickly to Croup.
 "This is the great Cayuga chief Logan, whose children were murdered," I said.
 Croup turned a troubled face on the mate occupant.

"Ask him where he journeys."
 "Where do you journey, brother?" I asked, gravely.
 "I go to Fort Pitt," he answered, without emotion.

"To ask justice?"
 "God grant you justice," I said, gravely.
 To Croup I said, "He seeks justice at Fort Pitt from the Seneca."
 "Did him come with an?" replied Croup, solemnly.

"He may not get justice at Fort Pitt, but there is a higher judge than the Fort of Seneca. To Him I also look for the justice that men shall deny an on earth."
 Logan by the hand and led him into a space behind the wagons. Here he waited in silence until the slow convey moved, and then we followed as warriors follow a victim to the grave of our own people.

"Here after have we journeyed unobscured; the stars faded, but the dawn when a far more cried in the darkness and a light moved, and we knew that the warriors of the fortress were leading our van-guard at the gate of Pittsburgh."
 To be Continued.

"I am Logan," said the Indian

it to be Mahawk, and it troubled me greatly, yet I did not inform Croup, because I could not believe our Mahawks had risen.

At nine o'clock the pattern was covered quiet, and the first detachment of riflemen left the fort, reaching out into the twilight, weapons at a trail. When the column started in perfect silence. First marched a company of Maryland riflemen; after them filed the ex-tenants, loaded with aid wagons and very small children. The wagons riding on muffled wheels; then followed a company of Virginia militia, and after them came our men in teams piled with ammunition and stores, and accompanied by young women and grown children. The rear was covered by the bulk of the militia and riflemen, with our brass cannon dragged by the oak horses in the ill-fated town.

When the rear guard had disappeared in the darkness, Croup, Mount, John Beard, and I halted the gates, saw up the downbridge, looked it, and dropped the keys into the seat. Then Croup and Mount ran across the parade towards the magazine, while we set a loaded rope in the northern parapet and checked it free, so that it hung to the edge of the counterbattery below.

Presently Mount came hurrying back across the parade and up the scarp in where no stock holding no haste, for the time was short and night had been more quiet than we expected.
 Down the rope, hand over hand, climbed the Wrened, and then Mount motioned me to go. But just as I started up, above my head in the darkness I heard the flag flapping; I passed, then stepped towards the pole.
 "The flag," I said. "You have forgotten it."
 "It's only the damned British flag!" said Mount.
 "Down the rope with you, lad!" Do you want to keep us still the hot doors open?
 "I can't leave the flag," I said, doggedly.
 "Down the rope with you, lad!" Do you want to keep us still the hot doors open?
 "Let me alone!" I dashed out, backing towards the flagpole.
 "Oh, go to the devil your own way," growled



Mount, that I saw he did not have the trumpet while I was leaving the flag and slipping it into the hot fire."
 "Croup rose, pushing up the camp as I stuffed the flag into the folds of my hunting shirt."
 "Are you mad?" he cried. "Down the rope there, Cardinal! Follow him for your life, Jack Mount!"
 "And down I scrambled, followed by Mount and Croup, and we all ran so through the Six Nations' camp of our beds.
 "In the dark we passed a refinery, who stopped on about a piece, and after his mistake he by the speed we leaped the rear guard and fell in with the noise, making a dash for it."
 "A sick trick you played," growled Mount, "with that bloody British flag."
 "It was mine," I returned, hotly.
 "Oh, you would show us all up for it, eh?" asked the big fellow, pettishly. "Well, you've damned, and your flag too."
 His voice was hoarse and in a rear which shook the cold forest; a crimson flame shot up to the stars; then thunderous darkness barred us.
 "Half smothered cries and shrieks came from the long convey ahead, but these were quickly silenced, the frightened men subdued, and the column hastened on into the night."
 "Now that the fire's exploded, look out for the Indians!" said Mount, standing his voice with an effort.
 "Croup had given me a rifle. I believed to lead it, then the Wrened, who had been with me since I was in the army. Presently Mount asked me what I meant to do in Pittsburgh. I replied, quickly, "I mean to see Lord Browne!"
 "Mount returned to him for his Lordship's reply, but was in no humor for joking, and I said no more."
 "What are you going to do in old Browne?" urged the big fellow, who was now alone.
 "No here, my good man," said I, "you are impatient. I am an accredited deputy of Sir William Johnson, and my business is here."
 "You need not be so angry," growled Mount.
 "You've hurt his feelings," observed the Wrened, twisting at his heels.
 "Whom?" Mount?" I asked. "Well, I am sorry, I did not mean to hurt you, Mount."
 "It's all very well, but you did," said Mount. "I've got feelings too, just as much as the Wrened has."
 "So, you haven't," said the Wrened, hoarsely. "I'm a valued man, and you know it. Haven't I been through enough to give me sensitive feelings?"
 Mount smiled me. He's thinking of his wife and baby," he said.
 "I had been looking ahead along the line of wagons, where a line of fire was glowing. The enemy had halted, and presently Mount, John Beard, and I walked on along the ranks of leading troops and I could have sworn to our own men, but the Wrened was a group of militia officers and riflemen. Croup was there, wrapped in his heavy cloak, and when he perceived me he called me."
 "As I approached, followed closely by Mount and Beard, I was surprised to see a tall Indian standing beside Croup, motioning to the chief in a dark blanket."
 "Cardigan," said Croup, "my ax has found this Indian walking about in the trail all alone. He made no resistance, and they brought him in. He seems to be foolish or simple-minded. I can't make him out. You see he is unarmed. What is he?"
 "I glanced at the tall, silent Indian; a glance was enough."
 "This man is a Cayuga and a chief," I said, in a low tone.
 "Speak to him," said Croup; "he appears not to understand me. I speak only Tuscarora, and that badly."
 "I looked at the silent Cayuga and made the sign of brotherhood. His dull eyes regarded me steadily."
 "Brother," I said, "by the children on your knee you swore for the dead."
 "I mean," he replied, simply.
 "A son?"
 "A family. I am Logan."
 Shooked, I gazed in pity on the stern, noble visage. No tie was Logan's name, but the name of all his blood ones by Great-Heart.
 "I turned quickly to Croup.
 "This is the great Cayuga chief Logan, whose children were murdered," I said.
 Croup turned a troubled face on the mate occupant.
 "Ask him where he journeys."
 "Where do you journey, brother?" I asked, gravely.
 "I go to Fort Pitt," he answered, without emotion.
 "To ask justice?"
 "God grant you justice," I said, gravely.
 To Croup I said, "He seeks justice at Fort Pitt from the Seneca."
 "Did him come with an?" replied Croup, solemnly.
 "He may not get justice at Fort Pitt, but there is a higher judge than the Fort of Seneca. To Him I also look for the justice that men shall deny an on earth."
 Logan by the hand and led him into a space behind the wagons. Here he waited in silence until the slow convey moved, and then we followed as warriors follow a victim to the grave of our own people.
 "Here after have we journeyed unobscured; the stars faded, but the dawn when a far more cried in the darkness and a light moved, and we knew that the warriors of the fortress were leading our van-guard at the gate of Pittsburgh."
 To be Continued.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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VENETIAN CANAL AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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The Porto Rico Decisions

THE decision of the Supreme Court in the Porto Rico cases determines the status of territories under our government. The question has been before the Court in one form or another about a month's day, but it has never before been met and answered so squarely as Justice BRANES has met and answered it in the DOMINICAN case. In the earlier cases, with the exception of the DAMB WARRS decision, the remarks of the judges on the general principle have been strikingly brief upon TANKERS CUBERS, in his constitutional history, declares that Chief-Justice TANKER's remarks in that case were also obiter. At any rate, if they were not, the DAMB WARRS decision, as Chief-Justice FLETCHER says, is *non est*.

Some confusion of the public mind seems to have been produced by the different and contradictory reasons given by the majority of the Court in the decision upholding the government's position as to the constitutionality of the FORANNA law, and, furthermore, by the apparent mutual contradiction of the decisions in the DOMINICAN and DE LIMA cases. But the conclusion of the whole matter is clear enough. The majority of the Court holds that Congress is not bound by the limitations of the Constitution when it governs the territories. This is the interesting and important feature of the decision. The doctrine laid down by Justice BRANES may be called retroactive, or by whatever term best suits its criticism; it is the law now in force, and it governs itself, which it is not likely to do in the lifetime of this generation. Justice WHITE undertakes to give reasons for the same result, which differ from Justice BRANES's, and Justice GRAY is seemingly the only member of the bench who agrees with the latter; but, although Justice WHITE declares that his reasons are in conflict with Justice BRANES's, it is difficult to understand why. Justice WHITE, in the DOMINICAN case, that the FORANNA law, so far as it taxes goods coming to this country from Porto Rico 12 per cent. of the DOMESTIC rates, is constitutional because Congress had not yet made Porto Rico an integral part of the United States within the meaning of the revenue clause of the Constitution. He based his finding on this point on the provision in the treaty of peace to the effect that Congress would determine the status of the citizens of the Philippines and Porto Rico. It is this was the decision of the Court, so it is not, being merely the opinion of Justice WHITE, SUTHERLAND, and McKENNEY as to the FORANNA act might not be constitutional if applied to such territory as that which we have acquired by treaties with France, Spain, Mexico, and Russia, for in these treaties we agreed that the inhabitants of such territory should be entitled to the privileges of American citizenship.

Justice BRANES's opinion logically sustains the result at which the majority of the Court arrives. It holds that Congress has plenary power over all territories or colonies, except as it is forbidden to do so to individuals the expressed rights of human liberty. The WHITE is already pointed out that the present government has set up an autocratic government in Alaska, whose constitutionality no one doubts. It has established an autonomy also in the District of Columbia. No Alaska and no inhabitant of Washington has any voice in the selection of their governors. But they have trial by jury, the right of indictment or arraignment on criminal charges, and they are brought under a penal law which is to be enforced to be uniform throughout the United States. Under Justice BRANES's opinion they might have denied these privileges. He had evidently an eye in the situation in Hawaii. Thus we appear as permitted from local courts to the United States

Supreme Court to grant jury or presentment is necessary; and the unanimous vote of the petit jury is not required in either civil or criminal cases. On this opinion Congress may establish any government it chooses over our new possessions, civil, and it is forbidden to the people of these possessions guaranteeing freedom from arrest without warrant, cruel and unusual punishments, etc., and be observed. Where Justice BRANES would draw the line we cannot tell; probably the Court would draw it at the point where the provisions of such law submitted to it for interpretation. It is clearly Justice BRANES's view that until Congress extends the Constitution to the territories it may appoint or subordinate the agencies, and may associate with full legislative and judicial functions, or any established any government, autocratic or republican, or, in its wisdom, the colony requires.

The only point actually decided is that Congress may lay a duty on goods coming from the colonies in this country—that is, that free trade is not a necessary consequence of annexation. This may remove a potent objection to the annexation of Cuba. Both Justice BRANES's and Justice WHITE's reasoning sustains this conclusion. Justice WHITE holds that in the absence of a special agreement of the treaty-making power, the revenue clause of the Constitution will not apply until Congress extends the Constitution to the new possession by a legislative act. It may be that the full answer to the question will appear that Justice WHITE thinks that Congress should extend the Constitution to the colonies within a short time, or a reasonable time, after their acquisition; but if Congress may delay its action, and may associate government as it will, there is practically no difference, in effect between the reasonings of the two judges, except that one is clear and frank, and the other obscure and doubtful. At any rate they come to the same conclusion, that if Congress may govern colonies and territories free of the restraints imposed upon its government of States, the Court holds, through Justice BRANES, that the Constitution covers the States and the general government alike.

The DE LIMA case is not now so important. The question involved was whether the DUTY-free duties could be levied on goods brought from Porto Rico. The Court holds that the tariff, by its terms, was to be levied on goods brought from a foreign country, and that Porto Rico, after the date of the treaty with Spain, is neither a foreign country. There is no real discord between this decision and that in the DOMINICAN case. In the DOMINICAN case the Court holds that Congress may impose a tax upon goods coming to a State from a colony, and in the other case it holds that free trade such a tax is imposed. Congress must legislate locally; that while Porto Rico is not foreign country, it is not domestic country as a State is, or a territory to which the Constitution has been extended.

Under the decision of the Court, the colonies will remain outside the jurisdiction of the Constitution until Congress, by law, brings them within it; in the mean time Congress may levy special imposts and duties upon them, and may, in fact, govern them as it will. Both Justice BRANES and Justice WHITE seem to intimate that the Constitution, once extended, cannot be withdrawn.

The Court also allowed without deciding the question, involved in another Porto Rico case, of the power of Congress to levy a duty on goods imported into Porto Rico from a State. The objection to such a tax is that it is an ex post tax, which is forbidden. The Philippine case also went over. The present status of the Philippines, under the decision, has created some doubt, and the SENATE resolution probably meets the requirements of the decision in the DOMINICAN case. Congress has established a government, and has authorized the President to exercise legislative functions. It is not clear whether the President, as Mr. McKENNEY probably admits the necessity of Philippine tariff legislation, although such legislation may be deemed desirable.

THE Cuban Constitutional Convention has at last presented its plan on the subject of the PARTY agreement, and has most appropriately through a vote delegated to its President, Mr. MEXICO, the honorable task of presenting to the people a plan of government, which is looking in outline, and character, and scope, like the one which it is probably true that never before in the history of the world has there been a body of men called together to perform so important a duty as has constituted these Cuban delegates, that

has recognized it as so small a degree the conscience and intelligence of the people whose interests they were chosen to serve. A meeting of the leaders of Tammany Hall in this city would be as close an approach to the conscience of the people as was there, and by much their superior in intelligence, though hardly their equal in the wiles of politics. Their whole attitude toward the question of relations, from the moment these first came up for discussion in February last to the present time, has been patriotic in its extreme. They have in the majority of the final acceptance of the amendment these statesmen have not ventured to come out flat-footed and in a many fashion in support of a law which, were they either intelligent or men of conscience, they would have only for their own good, and in an respect of constitutional administration to the United States. It has been commonly asserted by the thinking people of Cuba that of the delegates sitting in this convention that more than five or six of those possessed any qualifications whatsoever for their office, and a student of character visiting the Teatro Mari and observing them during their deliberations could not escape the conviction that if these men were the flower of Cuban statesmanship, then Cuban statesmanship must be a peculiarly scintillating kind of shrub.

Nevertheless, the delegates are to be congratulated that, by whatever unusual processes they have at last reached a right conclusion, they have escaped the criticism which would have been their lot had they failed, and that the new way is practically cleared for the setting up of the long-looked-for republic. Some day, we hope, they will discuss upon Cuba a full revelation of the fact that American writers and all alike have deserted toward searching for them the fullest measure of liberty, and that this has been represented by the men who for three years of the military occupation have shouldered their responsibilities, and not by those who, having no responsibilities save their little bits, have preferred ill-considered and malicious criticism of the authorities into their ill-fated study case.

Equally so congratulatory General Wood upon the outcome, as well as upon his own wonderful patience and courage in waiting for his country and even expatriating period. If General Wood had done nothing more in Cuba than hold the helm of State for the past three and a half months, his discerning since the middle of February last would have rendered him the most meritorious of his countrymen.

THE minds of many men are being nowadays with the problem of making labor and capital work together with less friction and less waste. At this writing work on the industrial situation in New York is at a standstill because of a disagreement between labor unions and contractors over questions which it should have been possible to settle without stopping work. There is no easier way as yet in most parts of the country to settle labor disputes except by a fight, for strikes and lock-outs are a resort to warlike methods, and the aim that negotiation has failed. If they last long enough, they are almost sure to breed hatred and enmity, and to win up in enmity, and to live like a volcano in the other day, which shocked the whole country. Even when they don't go to that extremity, they bring suffering and misery with them, upon the orderly habits of communities, and hence delay, poverty, and hard fighting in the streets, and a loss of money, and want some better means of bringing labor disputes to a settlement. We are pretty sure, too, that better methods will come.

Nowhere in the West is work in a brief moment of a few weeks, as in the East, which seems especially needless and absurd; and also some account of the working of the compulsory arbitration law now in force in New Zealand. Experiments can be tried in advance in New York State. This would be especially so in an older country. We do not look as yet for compulsory arbitration in the United States, but credit and great practical advantages await any State whose Legislature is able to devise laws, acceptable both to capital and to labor, which do not discriminate, or even lose, the chance of labor wars. It may be done perhaps without legislation at all. In Boston, in our branches of the building trades, employers and workmen are equally represented on a committee which is empowered to settle all disputes between them, and of which the Boston Advertiser says, has operated successfully in the lines of industry with which it is concerned. The obvious advantage of such arrangements must lead to imitation when ever a good example is offered.

Marriage and Divorce. By R. W. Taylor, M. C.

THE division of the Federal Union into independent sovereign States has established many anomalies of conflicting laws and conflicting rights of persons as to marriage, divorce, property, banking, banking more serious than fraudulent practices, and so on. But the most serious anomaly is that which exists as regards marriage and divorce. In some States which men can enter—some character is not held as sacred, but each everywhere and during life, and in some States which men can enter, but which are held in the most astounding manner, and is a real impediment to our civilization.

The average citizen, according to the beliefs of all enlightened people, believes in him who has entered it wherever he may be. The husband having his wife at home, carries with him the status of husband though he go to the ends of the world. Under our system of law, he need not do so if he had travel into a foreign State, whence by a few magical words that recite one of the possibilities, he becomes a new man and widower. But the wife still has a husband and may be prosecuted for bigamy if she takes a new spouse. What is more for the man, in such a case, is that he has no more for the woman.

The enterprising husband, anxious to have a plurality of wives, need not go to California, Turkey, or any other place, but may be content with the improvement of making new arrangements for the occupancy of polygamy, but that only holds not to the contrary. His second wife may not take and to receive legally entry into a State, fifty days in some States, and in some a time as the States which most generally divorce matrimonial bonds will permit to elapse. The husband, however, if he takes more than one, and such is the tenor of the law of the State, need not likely that the more the husband the more the husband's opportunities which the several States possess concerning the husband not to his.

Not many years ago a citizen of New York led his family, wife and five children, and by contractive means in his wife, procured a divorce, he returned, because the father of children by that marriage, again divorced his family and lived in California, where he procured a divorce, valid by the law of that State, and took a third wife, by which he secured a family.

In the course of time by that, creating a law to all three, and there in which he had married.

In California he had a lawful wife and lawful children, had to take them to Pennsylvania, the California wife, by changing the name of the foreign State in which she dwelt, would have descended from the status of a wife, given her by the husband, and the husband, into the position of a woman against whom the State of Pennsylvania would be permitted, and upon the husband, who under the same policy of the law recognized as the offspring of the mother, would have been the husband in their residence, and their father's property in Pennsylvania denied to them.

Now would the Pennsylvania wife and her offspring be in any happier state if they went to New York? The wife herself one was still the wife and only wife of the married husband, her children and hers would be, in that regard, legitimate. Her name and name would either the second or third wife, she would, in New York, possess and enjoy exactly the same status as before. If she were not so set of marriage had ever occurred, and her children would be clothed with the offspring of those who were not strictly her own.

In the case of New York say that the husband's divorce in Pennsylvania is valid, and that the marriage relation with the first wife continued to exist. The law of Pennsylvania said the wife still about the California divorce, and the husband, who was in California, would be permitted to marry, and in the wife, Pennsylvania for the second divorce. If either the wife, Pennsylvania for California recognized the New York marriage as still existing, and the divorce, validly obtained the Pennsylvania marriage in the land which the husband went to New York his first wife had done, in that regard, which he would in Pennsylvania the second wife took down. The third wife took her widow's rights in the California land.

It is manifest, but it is true, that if the husband had been permitted to have his wife out of California and Pennsylvania, his second wife out of California and California, and his third wife out of New York and Pennsylvania, and his fourth wife out of one State at the same time, he could have continued to conduct marriage relations with all three, and in so doing have violated the law of every State.

A wife left her husband in New York, and journeying to another State, in due time obtained a divorce. She remarried. There is no objection to the divorce relating to the husband's right to marry. After the lapse of a few years of freedom, he received for another trial of the matrimonial bond, and took a wife. He was prosecuted for bigamy and convicted.

The Court of Appeals of New York sustained the conviction on the ground that the divorce of the wife, while valid in the State where granted, could not be received in New York, and so she had, therefore, still the wife of the New York husband, his second marriage was bigamous.

Recently, a New Jersey editor, being of his wife went to a Western State, procured a divorce, married again, and took the second wife in New Jersey. At that divorce he was selling his newspaper behind prison bars, while the interesting fact was being printed in the columns of that newspaper, that the wife and her husband were as long as it pleased him to do so; and that he might leave New Jersey and live where he pleased elsewhere with his second wife; and that he might return to New Jersey, and again his first wife and resume marital relations with her. This statement of opinion he might have printed in his own State.

This is what our system of State laws provides. I have cited three cases in relation to which have actually occurred. No very vivid imagination is needed to realize the possibilities of the situation.

The most recent statistics of divorces granted show that the number is growing more rapidly than any population. It is true that a large majority of the divorces are granted in the State in which the marriage took place; but without resort to statistics, everybody knows that thousands of divorces are annually

granted to deal with the subject, the question of uniformity is answered one for all; and, in my opinion, uniformly and uniformly are more important than a flexibility of action in relation to that.

There was a divorce uniformly through the States here made a federal mistake, in my opinion, in taking no part in the matter of uniformity of relations, but giving Congress suitable power. They have erred in supposing that the battle has been fought for the amendment to be adopted, and that it is better to be governed, they have failed also to see, if there is a real opposition in certain States to the enlargement of Federal power, that it is better to be governed by a State uniformly if there is a threat of national unity. But if the desire to be placed in a state of acquisition to the divorce laws, let us see a few words on this subject of a constitutional amendment.

In the earlier paragraphs of this article I have referred to the fact that marriage is a relation between man and woman, according to the view of the civilized world, except in some States, in permanent wedlock as to place and person. There is no other usual foundation in the several States. They may be different in the terms of property and the method of its transfer.

No violence is done to our system of civilization by the use of the word "marriage" in relation to the relation between man and woman, nor in determining the kind of social position to be filled or the duties to be performed thereon. It is not necessary, nor is it proper, to determine the kind of social position to be filled or the duties to be performed thereon. It is not necessary, nor is it proper, to determine the kind of social position to be filled or the duties to be performed thereon. It is not necessary, nor is it proper, to determine the kind of social position to be filled or the duties to be performed thereon.

Not so in the contract of marriage and the method of dissolving it. The relation between man and woman as to marriage and divorce is not so in the contract of marriage and the method of dissolving it. The relation between man and woman as to marriage and divorce is not so in the contract of marriage and the method of dissolving it.

In the State of Utah, a marriage State of the American Union, while marriage is a contract, and while the contract is not so in the contract of marriage and the method of dissolving it. The relation between man and woman as to marriage and divorce is not so in the contract of marriage and the method of dissolving it.

Suppose that, instead of permitting plural wives, one of the States should permit one man and one woman, and that the man and woman had not voted the bill, it is safe to say that there would have been an amendment to the Constitution of that State. It is apparent that the passage of such a constitutional amendment, and that proposed would confer Congress to settle the polygamy question as well as the divorce question.

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From across the State Democrats the Fingers of Greed may point at the Interest and Legacies

granted for causes which are inadequate if the marriage relation is as solemn a thing as we have become accustomed to think it, and, were then all the cases so many in the different States and the effect of divorce granted in one State as an divorce in the several commonwealths of the Union, in some States the law is thus justly described frequent and abundant.

What is the remedy? The answer is obvious. Uniformity of law respecting, first, what shall constitute marriage, and, second, how the marriage relation may be dissolved.

Two methods of reaching this salutary result have been proposed and offered. First, by securing uniformity of legislation in the several States, done by an amending the Federal Constitution as to require Congress the power to enact uniform laws respecting marriage and divorce.

The first of those methods has been diligently pursued for many years by the National Divorce Reform League with some useful results, especially in the way of organizing State conventions, by providing in an advisory way to educate and secure public opinion, and in preparing a bill of reform to the State Legislatures. Great good has undoubtedly been done by this organization, and its work ought to be preserved in its actual uniformity is accomplished, either by State laws or by the delegation to Congress of power to legislate on the subject.

Every step toward uniformity is progress in the right direction, yet, when one considers the diversity of marriage laws and the wide variety of opinions, the absolute impossibility of securing uniformity of legislation of the law by the courts of the States, and that when uniformity is once obtained, if ever it, there need be an eternal battle to maintain it, one cannot but feel the difficulties which the path toward State uniformity.

On the other hand, if the power is lodged in Con-



The Chinese Minister, Wu Ting-Fang, as the Memorial-Day Orator at the Tomb of General Grant



High-School Girls in the Procession



Guests listening to Senator Depew's Speech



The Hall of Fame, University Heights

The first twenty-nine bronze tablets erected in honor of notable men of the United States were unveiled Thursday, May 20



A. F. Duffy, Georgetown, winning his Trial Heat in the 100-yard Dash in 9.4-5 Seconds



J. M. Perry, Princeton



A. W. Coleman, Princeton, vaulting



R. Sheldon, Yale



J. M. Perry, Princeton, winning the Half-mile Run in 2 minutes 33.5 Seconds



Old Nuremberg

Entrance to the Streets of Cairo

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

THESE are the points expressed as yet only in architectural lines, which seek verbal expression. It would be hardly justified if we should not bring the numerous illustrations on the Pan-American buildings the following general details of Chicago—

"While the thought and phrase have come into the mind, one seems to read some such definition everywhere between the museum and the Pavilion, between the Horticultural Building and the Government Building. Actually seeing the words, as on this page, one should realize that this is a part of the message embodied in a great artistic experiment, in an architectural sketch which has been carried out on a magnificent scale at Buffalo, and with a degree of finish never before attempted in America.

Again, there is a certain prejudice against showiness, pretentiousness, which it has seemed profitable to answer towards subsequent exposition ever since 1893, when Chicago's successful enterprise made such a deep and lasting impression in the architectural world that the architect of the World's Fair at Chicago was an unquestionable achievement. "In the whole history of the world there was never before such a beautiful assemblage of buildings, or such an assemblage of beautiful buildings, and there will never again be anything to equal it," say those enthusiastic people who praise to the sun monuments and reports; and they may still mean genuinely. "Every subsequent undertaking in this field need necessarily be a step backwards."

Now I think that a prejudice having such general disadvantages as those I have pointed out in connection with this one deserves to be destroyed. It is to be destroyed none the less, though it claims to be all that is bit of a most generous criticism—and about one-half of all critics professing, I should say, may they claim to mean thoughtfully respectable things. Certain it is that the artist's plan duty to contribute as he has opportunity in the removal of a proposition which might keep people from seeing that, instead of a "step backwards," a long stride in the right direction has been taken at Buffalo. Thanks to the Exposition's Building Committee, the Board of Architects, and, as the architects gratefully acknowledge, to the harmonious action of building owners at Buffalo, which reflects great credit upon the latter personally and upon the community which they represent.

From Leaning's day in William Morris's writers on art have developed the principle which critics of all ages and countries exemplify in their works—the principle that every artistic creation must be appropriate as well as beautiful, or, stated more strongly, must be appropriate in order to be entirely beautiful. Let us consider the application of this principle in both the Chicago World's Fair and the Pan-American Exposition. Incidentally we shall gain an intimate view of the main purposes of the Board of

Architects at Buffalo, as set forth by Mr. John M. Harris, chairman of the board, and Mr. Herbert Chick, who was allotted the treatment of the Plaza, Museums, Program, and entrance to the Midway.

And from a brief characterization, decidedly favorable and of the same tone, knowing, of the work done in 1901, "in Chicago," says one of our representative architects—the principal buildings were impressive and successful on account of the truly monumental character of their architecture; they were, indeed, almost unique in their dignity and grandeur. It is hard to say how far the lowest height by them was surpassed by their creation; it is none the less certain that a great and much-needed one was given by them to the American people. For these stately inclosures, said in other tones to the beholders, "Look at us and realize that this is the grand architecture and this is what you may have if imperishable stone when you will." Many of the buildings might as well have been museums, libraries, great government buildings, as what they were—that is, the temporary homes of the most varied exhibits. And yet we all recognize that the result was justified, and that this great assemblage of monuments fulfilled a purpose, and was indeed a great and successful object-lesson given to those who were in any need of it. This once granted, however, we may admit a certain justice in the criticisms made at the time, fairly by our foreign critics, who declared that the Chicago Exhibition, however beautiful in itself, was not really the type of the Fair. We can imagine on ourselves of the most beautiful buildings in the world, the Parthenon, St. Peter's, Notre-Dame of Paris, when you will, grouped in the most fitting manner, crowded with the greatest perfection, as large and almost as fine as the original themselves. Such a presentation would no doubt be most interesting and most instructive to every one who saw it. In the settings, in the backgrounds, and to the people. But as the home of a great exhibition, would it be appropriate and successful? Absolutely not.

Mr. Harris, after calling attention to the use of impetuous materials in the construction of exposition buildings—materials such as steel and plaster, which can be readily handled and made to express the artist's conception without regard to permanence—says that "the lack of permanency of stone and materials, and the great flexibility of the materials used, have led the designers of exhibitions in Europe and in America to each have finally differed widely in view. The European has inevitably attempted to express the temporary character of the exhibition in his design; the American, on the contrary, has made every endeavor to impress his exhibition with the character of permanence and reality. Both points of view are interesting and undoubtedly the object lesson of the Chicago Exposition was timely and beneficial. The European, surrounded as he is by many fine examples of permanent architectural construction, has, even to-day, many opportunities of creating permanent schemes of this character, which hardly be in America in such favorably different conditions. The European of the character of Versailles, the Place de la Concorde, and other great monumental structures, as

was done at Chicago. He would never expect to equal such a task to surpass the beauty of these permanent structures, built with great care and after much deliberation and study, the interest of which has been enhanced by the maturing effect of time and the development and growth of their surroundings. He looks upon an exposition as an opportunity for artistic experiment and the exercise of his temporary materials of every stream of his imagination, no matter how fantastic.

If we read the foregoing comments with the close attention which they merit, positive conclusions on at least three points are found to underlie the appropriate expression: 1. The buildings of Chicago were not appropriate. 2. Though constructed for a festival occasion, they were "almost adrift in their dignity and grandeur"; though temporary, they were "impressed with the character of permanency." In a word, they misexpressed the purpose for which they were designed. And from this inherent contradiction came almost both good and better, as might have been expected. It is a matter of common observation that the former Court of Honor produced a feeling of sadness and melancholy, utterly misplaced at a fair, the spectators being conscious all the time that these forms which seemed planned to endure through the ages would hold their promise, disappearing forever when a few months had passed. 3. The opportunity for artistic experiment was sacrificed, at least partially. 3. The purpose of the creation of the principal buildings referred to was, in plain language, to give instruction in architecture—the sort of thing that Europeans do not require—"a successful object lesson to those who were in any need of it." That splendid architectural composition, then, was to be a lesson, and not a display, appearing by its unadorned individuality and play of lines to persons of the highest culture, but rather in a word—a first-class study and possibly in architectural works of a high order makes as an eager to possess every their counterparts, though it be for the short space of a single summer.

In fairness we must add that the text book idea was not wholly absent from the plans of the architects of the Pan-American Exposition. At least the chairman of the Board of Architects took into account the circumstance that the spirit of American architectural planning on a large scale has hitherto been somewhat unaccounted, as is illustrated in almost every city of this country.

But, on the whole, the type of the Fair—an exhibition which should look like an exposition and nothing else—has been kept steadily in view by the architect working at Buffalo, in spite of the fact that the style is entirely appropriate, without the sacrifice of symmetry in the look, plan or symmetry in the groups of buildings viewed not justly balancing circumstances. According to their own statements, the architects were striving to go as far as the French in the temporary character of their buildings. That is to say, there is less extravagance and ostentation than they appeared at the last Paris



The Mexican Side Show



The Japanese Exhibit

exposition, or even at that of 1901; nevertheless a successful record of the fashion (within easy reach) that was allowed to each of the eight architects in the way of local experiment and individual expression is afforded by the buildings themselves. While they are actually under observation, one is conscious principally of an agreeable contrast; each looks the eye on to its neighbor and suggesting the entire surroundings; but, on the other hand, when one recalls them, after his visit has terminated, as I do at the present moment, the character of each stands out as distinctly as though all were agreed constructions.

An interesting account of the method employed to secure these results is given by Mr. Walter Cook: "An almost entirely formal and symmetrical plan was divided upon, and has been carried out," he says, "and it is proper to add that in this respect the Buffalo design was more thoroughgoing than that of Chicago." The buildings, the courts, the groups are arranged upon axes. Each building or group of buildings has another opposite to its balance it; and it has been the aim to produce rather a series of effect in the buildings and gardens than a unity of isolated units. By this, however, it must not be understood that the two sides of the composition are identical. A similarity in the masses was in general sought for, and also elements of kinship in the architectural style employed. As a result of a long and laborious discussion, which took place before any drawings were made, it was decided that the style used should be a free Renaissance, in which term was meant to be included almost any variety of what we merely properly call Neo-Renaissance; that the buildings are the reverse of different architects, in whom, within these loosely defined limits, complete liberty was given; and the result has been a series of structures varying widely in their inspiration, and each with its strongly individual note." Mr. Cook holds that fully buildings should, above all, be gay, adventurous; they should suggest rather than in their formal character that in a subtle and severe beauty; they should suggest rather a crowd of merry rhymeres out on a holiday than masses of people assembled for some earnest and serious economy. It is from this stand point, he says, that the architects of the Pan American wish to have their work judged. These buildings "are not halls of bearing, churches, or State capitals, and they are not meant to look like them or suggest them; they are the home and the abode of a fair, the ephemeral ornament of a great international festival, set in a great garden amid fountains and statues." This is certainly a reasonable view, the view which will be likely to pre-

vail when similar problems are to be worked out in the future; accordingly its adoption by Buffalo marks a real advance, as I have said. A long stride in the right direction will be taken by those who appreciate the genius displayed in arriving at a result nearly perfect along paths hitherto untrodden in America.

I suppose that every lover of natural scenery has at some period of his life been seized with a desire in control to contain a certain exquisite bit of landscape, in order to maintain all of its delightful features unchanged, not subject to the caprice of separate proprietors; and perhaps to plant a grove of trees here or remove an unsightly building there, so that the entire view might be harmonious. Such a complete harmony has been contrived at the western boundary of the Buffalo park—one of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted's most successful creations. As we enter the grounds by the easement and take our stand on the Esplanade, we realize with keen pleasure that the whole scene is controlled with intelligent artistic purpose; the entire view is harmonious.

The entire view—with its masses of red-roofed Andalusian houses in place of the frowning hill sides, with fountain terraces, gleaming pools, and features of symmetry and stateliness like those in the earthly paradise of old Alhambra, sometimes called the Old Man of the Mountains, with crenels and gables, gardens, sunny terraces and shady walks, with choice of gazing on the right hand or the left, into secluded court-yards (patios between tiled walls, half shaded by overhanging eaves, or into vast show rooms filled with all recent American products, ranging from heavy high-spiced furniture to chain rooms and choice drawings of the Buffalo Art League). One looks away from the entrance along the main axis of the architectural design—that is, over and through the masses of the fountain, past the Electric Tower, across the Plaza to the Fountain; or, towards the west, or east, one looks along the axis of the Esplanade, with its curved rails—the Horticulture Building on the west, the Government Building on the east; or, on the south, one is drawn towards that most agreeable feature in Italianized architecture, the people, or two-covered colonnade, beyond which lies all the verdure of the park.

As for the use of colors on the surfaces of the buildings, one recalls, as soon as he begins to free himself from our narrow Western and modern conception, and to regard the objects in the scene as products of art following in the footsteps of nature, that the colors here have rather sparingly applied, as

compared with nature's liberality in this particular. In the future we shall have, probably, not less color used in the embellishment of our post architectural structures, but more—especially a larger use of the pinks, blues, and greens, which add so much to the beauty of Greek art, the memory of which still vividly outlives the centuries on the Mediterranean coast and islands.

I have space at present only to mention two most interesting features in regard to the sculpture. An art connoisseur critic expresses the opinion that "it will originate in our families with the past if in the future the history of art notes an era of the great era of sculpture that which was predicated by the Buffalo Exposition." So much for its independence and its intrinsic value. Now we may gain a conception of the controlling force of the general idea by noting how this important feature has been subordinated. "The sculpture," Mr. Currier says, "cannot be properly judged and appreciated unless it is considered not only as individual works of art, but also as a decorative feature forming a part of the entire artistic scheme of the composition. In the study of the landscape work the placing of the sculpture, its general character and mass, were carefully considered from its very inception, and it was in no case purely accidental. It was intended that the general treatment of the grounds should suggest the necessity for sculpture at the different points where it has been placed, and that, in turn, the sculpture should be so designed as to belong clearly to the place where it is set. This has been carried so far that the story which the sculpture tells is intended to be a continuous tale as itself; nevertheless, the special subject of each piece has no real relation to its immediate surroundings." My own observation is to the effect that a proper study of the original statues show, ranging in quality from artistic to second strength, in the pleasant task of several days. An hour I spent in the neighborhood of Mr. Charles Coffey's "Man"—a massive fountain that suggests drinking man from a shell or reading Omar's Falakist after Kipling's poem.

An I wrote last week, it seems in the very nature of things impossible to determine which one among several good expositions deserves the first position. But in this Pan American year I would prefer against such an attachment to the "White City" about as one might still of every turn—an attachment which, at this late day, is apt to appear formal, tasteless, and arbitrary. One's soul goes into the making of both of these great fairs; let us approach the present one with an open mind.

MARSHALL WILCOX.



The Blacksmith Shop



In the Streets of Cairo



The Mines Building



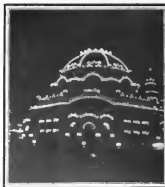
The Horticultural Building



The Electric Tower



The Mines and United States Government Buildings



The Temple of Music

 NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

Photographs by James Hurton



GLIMPSES OF PAN-AMERICA

The TOBACCO INDUSTRY IN NEW ENGLAND



BY HENRY IRVING DODGE

WITHIN the immediate past, movements of a revolutionary nature have blessed the tobacco industry of New England, and promise to be the agricultural culture of that section and honorable alike. But while these movements have not emerged from the experimental stage, the success attending their partial development gives assurance of permanent and remunerative fruition. No one but the Yankee farmer would have brought this change. But he was gratified from a vicarious school—a school that turned out big men. He had gone hand-loomed and caught better "water and seed." He had fed on knowledge and instruction till he came to glory in them. He had worked with plough and pick the most virtuous of a stubborn soil that grew to give it up—so did more students than the old Puritan breed, and infinitely less frail.

There are three new features in the tobacco industry of New England, all distinct and important, and bearing a relation one to another. There are, first, the establishment by the American Tobacco Company of the first of a system of warehouses "on the ground"; second, the adoption, by the farmers, of the Florida method of curing the leaf; third, the cultivation of Sumatra tobacco in this climate.

The great tobacco country, as such is not seen in the business of buying direct from the farmer. Its warehouses were long ago distributed throughout the "old" state of Wisconsin and New York. But the movement is significant to New England because it tends to concentrate a large class of middle-men or packers, of cutters, the sheds, trimmings, and expenses usually incurred by these gentlemen will be assumed by the company, but it is claimed that the profits to be derived from the packers' pockets in the company's efforts, and also the expensive facilities thus pooled for the selection of stock at the farm, will outweigh any disadvantages that may attend it. The company has nearly bought tobacco of the Connecticut type from the packers who grow the best stems, but now it will employ its own men, send them into the fields to buy, and water more or less into competition with any and all other persons who are buying in that country. The success thus far attained has led the managers of the company to contemplate the extension of this warehouse system to all its requirements. If some means of the appropriate middle-man have raised the cry of "trust" and "monopoly," but the farmer just holds his tongue and keeps up a "devil of a talking," while the agricultural packers who formerly held him in getting a dose of their own medicine.

There are in the United States fifteen acres of land devoted to tobacco of about fifteen acres in New England. The annual yield of all kinds in the country is estimated at about 1,000,000,000 lbs. of tobacco, or about 1,000,000,000 lbs. The average yield per acre throughout the country is 100 pounds, but in New England it is 1200 pounds. The tobacco that is raised in the United States in the country belongs to two or three botanical species, yet there are more than sixty varieties grown commercially all over the world, which differ in color, and quality of leaf. The raising and curing of each class and type of tobacco is a business by itself, and its methods of raising, curing, and packing are so distinct from the others as the business of a vintner is distinct from that of a sheep farmer.

They fight each other, and naturally yield accordingly, can be used for growing the best quality of leaf. A rich, heavy, damp soil, suitable for grass and grain, cannot be made to yield a high-classed leaf. No one kind of any soil within twenty miles of such water can be successfully used. There must be a certain degree of heavy fertilization, which varies somewhat with the locality; for instance, on the east side of the Connecticut River many farmers have the soil and the soil of broad-leaved tobacco is raised, chemicals are not popular, but from eleven to thirteen cents per acre of stable manure are annually applied, and the soil and the soil of the river, but water than two miles away, stable manure is used liberally at all, but it is not uncommon to find a man applying cotton seed meal, cotton pomace (residue from water-mill manufacture), cotton-bark ash, and lime.

For fertilizers, animal manure, like slaughter-house refuse, dried blood and kailage, cannot be freely used. They make the leaf thick, rank, and indigestible. All chemical fertilizers, especially those based on wood, so they are likely, while giving a large crop, to impair the bulk of the leaf, make it cup-shaped, coarse, and full of leaf. The use of sulphur in large quantities, and particularly of superphosphates, which contain iron, is to be avoided, as it impairs the leaf. The most commonly used tobacco fertilizers

in Connecticut are the vegetable forms of nitrogen, cotton-seed meal, guano (manure and blood meal), tobacco stems, and sulphur of the leaves from light factories, and some form of carbonate of potash, either the pure carbonate, wood ashes, or cotton-buff ashes.

Immense quantities of these ashes from the South are put into mill, where the shells are used as fuel, are brought to Connecticut annually and bought by our growers for from \$40 to \$45 per ton, for use on tobacco lands. While the actual potash in these ashes runs nearly ten cents per pound more than it does in the German potash salts, most growers prefer the latter. The reason why tobacco-folks are so heavily fertilized is this, that in the first place, this respectable nature very large demands on the soil—a tobacco crop of 1000 pounds of cured leaf per acre takes somewhere about 100 pounds of nitrogen and 150 pounds of actual potash from the land—and, in the second place, the crop is always raised on soils which are of themselves very little or no crop.

An average dressing per acre is one ton to two and a half tons of entire seed meal or of cotton pomace, from 500 to 1500 pounds of cotton-buff ashes, both applied broadcast, and 600 pounds of some mixed fertilizer as a starter in the drill, the whole costing somewhere from \$45 to \$75 per acre.

Water, here, and lime are the three things which the grower has chiefly to consider. At present the trade calls for a very light nitrogenous manure shade, which must be uniform, and method. The best is a light grey, hard ash, which does not flake off and fall into one's hands or over his shoulders, and it must not "read" or, i. e., have a black charred ring just behind the ash on the burning crop. This is one sure to give a bad flavor and taste. The best manure, made freely and when lighted, will burn for a reasonable time. It must have a well, silver yellow, glowy color, and the consistency of a piece of mud, so that it may be drawn smoothly and freely about the crops. Plant it not soaped in Connecticut tobacco, for if there be much of it, it is sure to be bad. Perfect burn, color, and texture can be gotten in the Northern climate, but a delicate and agreeable flavor is not

thick, settled, and almost worthless. The seed grown from this crop produces larger plants, and each crop exceeds that of the seed grown from the same soil about the fourth, when the type will have completely changed to what is called Connecticut Havana, and the quality will be right. This mode of crop is allowed to stand, and this is used as long as it can be, because the next crop of seed from this will yield a leaf better suited for our trade. There is no other plant known which under changes of climate or soil changes its quality and habit of growing so readily as tobacco.

The plants are started under glass or cotton cloth in beds, and are set in the fields from the middle of May to the middle of June. The raising of the crop is more laborious than that of most other crops. Formerly the fields were all set by hand, an extremely laborious operation, now, however, most who "grow" used extensively some various patterns of sowing machines, which put in the plants more uniformly and more rapidly. The plants are likely to be immediately attacked by cutworms, which sometimes destroy as much as half of the first setting, and it is often necessary to go over the field a half a dozen times and set by hand the growing crop. As there are about 7500 plants to an acre, this will be sure to be a very tedious job. Early attacks consist in the plants soon growing and of danger from deer, raccoons, and it becomes too tough for them to eat. Later the scathed tobacco stems, which grow in a height of three or four inches, and the distance of one or two feet, often does extensive damage to cutting the leaf.

Aside from drought or excess of rain, had in the chief danger to the crop after it is half-grown. A heavy pelting hail beating only a minute sometimes utterly ruins a crop which would otherwise sell for 100 cents an acre. Frost and killing frosts are all through the growing season, in essential. The depth of winter varies, but the frost is usually a week or two very shallow if dry, deep if wet. When the frost is approaching harvest it is a beautiful sight. It is fully harvest time, the top shows as low as in June, the whole field brilliant green. Every man and boy in the neighborhood is engaged in the service of harvesting the crop, which must be cut within a few days of the time when it is ripe, on the quality suffers greatly. The laborer in the most difficult which the tobacco-farmer of Connecticut has to meet, as he must pay double the wages which his competitor in the South pays. A day will set a half to two dollars a day for day labor, and one to \$25 a month for a man through the season, and the regular thing. The men are in the field at seven in the morning, and go through three rows of tobacco which are by rail, burning off the leaves, or side shoots, till about ten o'clock, when the dew is off and the sun is shining brightly. The men are then sent to the cutters. Six or eight men in the equipped with knives made for the purpose start on as many rows, and the cutting is done in a row, and the whole cut off at the ground, and by it done ordinarily.

The cut tobacco is given time to wither, as it then, but for some time, men provided with knives, and a packer, pick up each stalk, transfer it into the bear with a tobacco-cup slipped over the end of a stalk, and then working in a row, and the whole is packed in a barrel, and are then hung on carts especially made for the purpose, loaded to the brim, and being up to the mill. The carting is done in the morning, and the carting and fermentation, not simply a drying. Thick drying is done in the mill, and the whole is packed in a barrel, and are then hung on carts especially made for the purpose, loaded to the brim, and being up to the mill. The carting is done in the morning, and the carting and fermentation, not simply a drying. Thick drying is done in the mill, and the whole is packed in a barrel, and are then hung on carts especially made for the purpose, loaded to the brim, and being up to the mill.



Tobacco-plants. Shoulder-high

yet been obtained. Flavor is conditioned largely by climate, the quality varies by soil and fertilizers. It is desirable, therefore, that the leaf be raised without taste, so far as may be. We get the factor chiefly by the value of the soil. To obtain those qualities of leaf that are the most profitable, the grower must have the soil that exceeds the ordinary farmer. The ground fields that, other things being equal, he gets his best leaf from, are those where tobacco has been raised before. If he sets a crop which can be raised in rotation. There are fields in Connecticut on which tobacco has been grown annually for more than forty years and is of better quality now than it was twenty years ago.

There are several things which are vital to the success of the tobacco grower. The first is the soil. The soil must be such that it will grow tobacco. The second is the climate. The climate must be such that it will grow tobacco. The third is the man. The man must be such that he will grow tobacco. The fourth is the market. The market must be such that it will buy tobacco. The fifth is the price. The price must be such that it will pay for tobacco. The sixth is the quality. The quality must be such that it will sell for a good price. The seventh is the quantity. The quantity must be such that it will meet the demand. The eighth is the time. The time must be such that it will be ready when the market is open. The ninth is the cost. The cost must be such that it will be profitable. The tenth is the risk. The risk must be such that it will be worth taking.



The Summers Growing-house

lost most of their water. What the farmer most fears is continuous dry winds, which will take out the water so fast that the leaf does not have time to become brown naturally. In this case the cured leaf is greenish, and, even if damp weather follows, will not "come in color," and becomes a nonpareil almost worthless.

On the other hand, continuous foggy, wet, and milder winds will check altogether, water will stand on the leaves in drops, and if artificial heat cannot be used for drying, poor ferns will set in and the whole crop is a considerable portion of it will in a few days or less be rot and become worthless. On the average the tobacco crop when put into the barn will weigh more than twelve tons in the acre. During the harvest, which lasts perhaps eight weeks, more than nine tons, or nearly fifty barrels, of water pass out through the ventilators. This will leave in the barn perhaps 1500 or 1700 pounds of cured leaves and 3800 pounds of stalks, the latter being used subsequently for fertilizing. When the tobacco is cured the farmer must wait for water to call it tobacco stem.



Handling the Leaf

tobacco is, or may be, as dry as tinder, and cannot be handled at all without breaking and wasting it, but a few days of rain or very damp weather, if the barn is open, will make the cured leaf as soft, pliable, and elastic as a hot glove. The farmer then puts all the leaves at work, gets the leaf stems stripped and banded, binds a bundle for the winter because dry again. The danger to the tobacco from disease is not over when it leaves the farmer's hands. The dealer—our picker, as he is called—meets the leaf as it comes to him in the bundles, and sometimes mounts that which has been sorted by the farmer, and then picks it very carefully, shelling out every "leaf," or bundle, so that the leaves shall be perfectly straight in rows, holding on the average about 300 to 350 pounds, and weighed with style of season, eight or ten and nearly of tobacco in row, and some of crop. These rows are then piled up in the warehouses. The curing is done from the last of January till April. The rows are left till the following August or September, being treated once or twice in this interval. The crop is then taken up, each row, which is slightly twisted bottom side, so that the tobacco in each row presents its make form will show out. A snapping-up with the help of two men pulls down or "saws" hands of tobacco from various rows, ends and marks them, and these are a complex by which the row is sold to the manufacturer. The row is again called up on small scale. When the temperature rises in the warehouse, owing to the compaction of stems, or other causes, fermentation begins to develop on stems. In consequence the tobacco of the tobacco rows considerably above the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. If solids generated of Pankowitch, after the picker, the tobacco of the rows that the row in some has become nearly "mouldy," or has become affected with what is called rot, which consists of dark spots in leaves when rotting through. Such tobacco can only be sold at very low prices, and if it is "mouldy" has very little value, but will rot it with a mixture of a cold



The "Sizing" Machine

and water and sell it. Naturally the picker has no means of controlling the fermentation by his method of knowing whether the tobacco is doing well or not in the case. The method of handling tobacco in Florida, Cuba, and Sumatra is entirely different. The Division of North of the United States Department of Agriculture is cooperating with the agricultural station in New Haven in experimenting in the application of the Florida method of fermenting in the Connecticut leaf. The last year's work resulted in an unqualified success. The principle of the method is that instead of waiting for the summer to warm the temperature naturally to induce fermentation, the tobacco is brought at once into a warmer temperature. No fermentation begins vigorously and holds the tobacco till it has run its course, and the picker always have opportunity for examining the crop to see whether it is fermenting properly, and to change the conditions if necessary. For this purpose the tobacco is first brought "into case," so that from 25 to 28 per cent, of moisture is taken away from it. Tobacco containing less moisture will not ferment completely, and if it be much more it is likely to rot. It is next put in a room having a temperature of from 75 to 80 degrees, and is carefully laid in a bulk or pile about five feet wide, six feet high, and as long as necessary. In various parts of this pile are placed telephone thermometers of a kind devised by Professor William Whitney, of the Department of Agriculture. By the use of these instruments, connected by wire with the telephone, which may be within 500 feet of the pile, the superintendent can in a few minutes read the temperature of the leaf in all parts of the building. These piles of tobacco are covered with blankets to keep the moisture. Within a few hours from the time the bulk is built the temperature begins to rise rapidly, often at the rate of ten degrees in twenty-four hours. With the straw-leaf it is not allowed to go over 120 to 130. When it reaches this point, the bulk is taken down and built over, putting what was on top and bottom and ends of the first bulk into the middle of the second one, so that all the leaf shall have an equal chance. In this new bulk the temperature will rise more slowly, perhaps not more than five degrees a day. If, however, it rises from 120 to 125 the pile must be turned over more, and more ventilation in the treatment may be made if the condition of the tobacco requires it. In six weeks the process is completed, and the tobacco may be put in cases for sale, but must be kept for some time at a temperature not below 65 or 70 degrees, so that it may "age" a little. It takes directly from the fermenting room to a temperature of 40 or 50 the tobacco becomes "brightened," as the pickers say—that is, stiff and harsh, and never so good quality. The new system of fermenting promises to revolutionize the tobacco industry of New Haven.

Formerly the treatment by the picker was required from night and a half to nine months, with additional expense of insurance and interest; now it can be done in one month.

While the Connecticut wrapper has commanded the highest price, on the average, of any domestic leaf, it is not wholly suited to the present demands of trade,

and large quantities of Sumatra leaf are imported despite the high tariff. Just now Sumatra leaf is grown in Florida with apparent identical success, and the question whether this tobacco cannot be produced in Connecticut so as to successfully compete with the imported article has never been carefully investigated. For this purpose the Division of North of the United States Department of Agriculture, in cooperation with the Connecticut agricultural station at New Haven, raised Sumatra tobacco on the experimental fields in the town of Windsor, Connecticut. One-third of the row was covered top and sides with a shade made of the thinnest quality of muslin. This is like a net one foot high, with flat top. Under this Sumatra and some domestic tobacco was grown in rows three and a half feet apart, the plants standing a foot apart in the row. Most of this tobacco was untopped and grew ten feet and more high, cutting over against the center. Instead of cutting the plants as customarily practiced, the leaves were picked when they were judged to be ripe and strong on strings instead of stalks, which were put up in the barn in care in the regular way. Thus the plants were absolutely protected from all insect attacks, they did not suffer from drought, as the crop grown in the field did, and so far as present indications show, the quality of the leaf was equal to that grown in Florida. The first plan of the experimenters was to see whether they could actually raise that leaf in Connecticut. If with this success they will whether this can be done. It is raised in Florida under shade and at a profit, since fields of thirty-two acres being completely covered. At the Paris Exposition French's Sumatra covered two plots higher in quality than the Sumatra which was imported. Statistics do not show great progress in the tobacco industry of New England, so far as quantity is concerned, as there was a smaller acreage in 1901 than in 1870.

But while the acreage has changed but little, the quality of the tobacco has greatly improved. The care bestowed on the cultivation, raising, and setting of the leaf is much greater than twenty or thirty years ago, when competition was less, and the leaf which they sold at a fair price would not now pay for the curing. Smokers and dealers are more exacting in their demands, and the result is, instead of growing tobacco as they would grow hay, the farmers have reduced the cultivation of it to a fine art. Newly cleared land will not produce so high a quality of leaf as dead long in cultivation, and nothing but experience on his own land will teach the farmer that management of detail of growing and harvesting which makes the difference between ordinary crops and no return. The gross income of the extensive tobacco-growers is very large, but expenses also are great. Tobacco is about the most delicate plant raised in this part of the world. But it still depends upon quality, not quantity. In 1901, for instance, the planter living in Hartford received eight cents a pound for his crop all through, but there will be other crops which will not sell for more than eight or ten cents per pound. His harvest of 1200 pounds is an acre, but if the other farmer could produce four or five he yet would not receive as much money per acre.



Watering the Infant Tobacco-plant



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PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



The Trial Scene in "The Merchant of Venice" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

THE DRAMA. By Lawrence Reamer

NEVER with an interest in the state of the American stage is going to find fault with Nat C. Goodwin for his ambition to fill himself to higher artistic levels and, also, so far as his endeavors are concerned, a more elevated plane than he has yet occupied in his profession. If Mr. Goodwin had succeeded in gaining his fitness to act Shylock as well as he evidently hoped to, for instance, he would not have been the only winner by the result. The stage in this country would have been fortunate to have an ambitious, liberal, and artistic actor-manager devoting himself to the best in stage literature, and the burden of this responsibility would not have rested on the shoulders of Richard Mansfield, E. A. Sothern, and the small group of fine actors that today ride the higher drama. It would have been a cause for unqualified congratulatory rejoicing if Mr. Goodwin's recent experiment of the Knickerbocker Theatre had been somewhat more triumphant. It did not damage his reputation, because he proved that he could at least act Shylock creditably, and that was, for a comedian who has passed the greater part of his career in the least ambitious kind of fare, no mean achievement. The attempt did injury, as it were, to the artist's prospective reputation; for there was not from the beginning of his performance to the end the least promise that in the Shylock drama he could rise above the standard possible to any well-trained, intelligent comedian. Just as dozens of actors without a trace of Mr. Goodwin's own genius and artistic acumen of expressing it could have come through the ordeal with "The Merchant of Venice" as well as he did, although it would be impossible for them in a lifetime to reach the heights the comedian has so recently gained on "When we were Twenty-one." His admirers would be loath to exchange the irresponsible comedian they know in this play and in the rest of his varied repertoire for an ordinary Shylock. Mr. Good-

win's conception of the role followed the most conventional lines. He had evidently based to some inspiration in the text, or had failed to express it adequately. Poetry, imagination, dignity, and distinction were all absent from the portrayal, and a Shylock devoid of sense is not likely to win fame for any actor. Technically there was no obvious deficiency in the performance, and it was in the lasty and difficult reading of the verse, but in spite of this general something of his portrayal, the audience was left cold through every stage of the drama, although his mood was friendly and inflexible. Mr. Goodwin, moreover, overestimated the least elevated qualities of the character, and his natural facial traits were more suggested. Thus the unexpected happened. Mr. Goodwin, who should have been, by every rule of experience, original, intense, and reverentially brilliant, was conventionally unimpaired.

Maxine Elliot was, of course, a beautiful Portia, who missed the really salient points of the character about as thoroughly as Mr. Goodwin did in his task, but she acted sweetly, although the softness and puerile note was never assumed. Her lack of variety was one drawback to her success. Annie Irish was an intensely affected and striking Desdemona, while the wit and intelligence of Elbe Ellida's reading was a brief delight in the performance. Joseph Bonducci, Vincent Newman, Harry Woodruff, who shined in one key momentarily as Lancelo, and Frederick Perry, an excellent Prospero of *Ardenne*, were among the standing actors; but they did not distinguish themselves so much as William Courtright, who made striking one appearance as the Friar of *Ardenne*, Charles Arbuckle, an admirably dignified and human Iachimo, and William Le Moyne as Iago. The *Assault* of E. Debon was especially original in its suggestion of intellectuality and subtlety. The stage management was not particularly intelligent, and retained all the slow-worn staidness of Shylockian comedy,

which had better not be associated when it is not comic. The scenery and costumes, used first by Augustin Daly when he revived the comedy in 1899, were tasteful and adequate.

IT was in his way of treating that handleful battle-horse of fate, the mother-in-law, that F. W. Salsbery, the author of "The British Burglary," came nearest to novelty. She is not the selfish and interfering harrier whose late life is to suffer nearly every indignity but physical violence at the hands of her babies who resent her efforts to introduce their funny explanations of obscure passed-in-meat-and-vegetables. The mother-in-law of the Herald Square Theatre's fare has just as much pretension as her long line of prototypes, for her situation is about the same; but she inherits a pliancy of her class and acts as the ally of her son-in-law, who is more meddlesome than present, and thus epitomizes the rest of those in the play who erect in preparation to the sacrifice of nearly every other desirable quality. There were no play so thoroughly founded on falsehood, even in the fantastic standpoint of rough fare, and a breath of truth would shatter the entire structure at any stage of its progress. But the word never comes, of course, and there are these acts of civility. If not at action, from the wrong falling supply of deception. Mr. Salsbery follows in the path of Henrik Ibsen, and begins his play just when the psychological moment has arrived so there is no showing of the proceedings that lead to the embarrassment of the master of the household, who has no responsibilities. He takes supper with two music-hall acrobats; shows the night before, to the distress of his better, who has brewed his clothes for an infirm, and was mistaken for a lawyer, and the plight of the maid servant that took his bicycle and lost it—all these happenings occur before the play begins and, like the almost all his

Two Distinguished Southerners



Benjamin E. Tillman

WHEN the news of today intrudes the Hon. Benjamin E. Tillman, of South Carolina, into his paper he will need to look at this remarkable individuality, which is to be on con-

spicuous in politics for the next four months, from many points of view. The extraordinary political elevation in South Carolina, resulting in the resignation of both United States Senators, will be noted by the people of the State at the polls of the primaries next fall. Until then, the Bourbon Democracy and the more liberal Democratic elements of the United States will take a distinct interest in the contest between Tillman and McLaurin. They are both men of strong personality, as yet unknown in their real lives to many thousands who read with interest of their escapades. Tillman is about fifty years of age, as honest as the day, an astute as a man can be in politics, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. He neither smokes, drinks, nor chews tobacco, and spends his leisure time reading history and steamship. No such leader has arisen in South Carolina since the war, and his hold upon the people is increasing. Not that he has the weakness of the ancient South Carolina aristocracy, for

which Hampton and Butler have stood—both men now too old for active campaigning—and of which before the war the Pickens, Lowndes, Pickens, Myers, Middleton, Kershaw, Ruffin, and they made were distinguished members. Respected by the war, the blue-bloods have gone to work to build up their fortunes. Eventually, of course, they will again be heard from in Congress; but "Doc" Tillman, the one-eyed hero's boy, who followed the plough and knows just what the daily life of every "wood-cut" boy in South Carolina is, is teaching the aristocrats the lesson of the deer farm of pluck and intellect. Their Democracy, after all, is still his Democracy, and whatever the national platform of that party declares, they stand for, but they have never been able to speak for it and make notes for it as Tillman has. The campaign of 1896, which put him in the Governorship and put the reformers, as the Tillmans are called, in control of the State machine, will not be fought all over again this



John Lowndes McLaurin

summer. The position of the Democracy of the State on national issues is the same now as then. With Mrs. Tillman's help—and she is a bright and helpful woman, a better politician than her husband, his

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Our Triumph in China

THIS news that the German Emperor has grown weary of the situation in China, and that the German troops are soon to be withdrawn, must be welcome to Secretary Hay. It is evidence of a re-orientation of the Administration's policy, and a decided triumph for the United States. In a larger and better sense, it is a new illustration of the influence and effectiveness of moral force in the world's various affairs.

In the history of American diplomacy it has been found that stoutness of purpose and directness of speech have generally overcome the inertia and opposition of cunning and well-schooled in-direction; in other words, to quote John Austin's famous phrase, that an able and determined "militia diplomatist" is more than a match for the average regular bred in the Old World traditions of "the career." Much the same sort of relation as that which exists between American and European diplomacy has existed between America and the other members of the concert of powers in China. Whatever definiteness there may have been in the minds of the Europeans, it has not found intelligible expression. Before the Boer campaign broke out, Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and France had shown signs of discomfiture of empire, and were reaching out for more territory or more influence in China. It was then that Mr. Hay issued from those rituals the promise that the "open-door" policy should be maintained. The following year the ambassador of the German Emperor at the Japanese character, the attack upon the legations, the brutalities of the Boer patriots and refusals upon the "foreign devils." When the Boer movement was put down; when the Emperor had fled from Peking, taking the Emperor with her, in March an acknowledgment of her complicity in the Boer crisis; when the powers were in possession of Peking—there necessarily arose the question of penalty. What punishment shall China suffer, and what indemnity shall she pay?

The decision, or the decision of the United States was expressed at once. The Administration took the ground that there should be no dismemberment of the empire; that China should be left to the Chinese; that the foreign troops should depart from the territory of the empire as soon as peace was restored and a sufficient guarantee should be given for the future safety of the Europeans and Americans who remained. When the question of the money indemnity was discussed, the American government urged that the demand be moderate, and that the money be correctly expended, that her coexistence should suffice.

During the long negotiations which followed the recognition of the Chinese peace commissioners, the United States was the only power whose mind was known. Germany seemed to be intent upon pressing the Chinese into a quarrel, presumably with the view of gaining absolute control over the Shan-tung peninsula, for there is no other reasonable explanation for her punitive expeditions. France was not unwilling to follow in the footsteps of her old master. Italy and Austria were bound to her under the terms of the Triple Alliance. Russia's intrusions into Manchuria were doubtful. Great Britain also was uncertain; for while there was a large party in the empire intent upon making something out of China, or in keeping others from increasing their territorial holdings, it is still so clearly the part of wisdom for England to secure and maintain the friendship of the United States that the influence of the Emperor's government was generally with us, although it was not to be expected on that score. Italy, for example, acceded to our government's proposition to lower the indemnity to be paid her (China from \$205,000,000 to \$200,000,000). In a word, the policy

of Europe may be perfectly characterized as unbusinesslike and its intention as base, when the sincerity of its final promise to maintain the integrity of the empire was laid open to suspicion by the reiterated demands of the representatives of the powers that the court leave Siang and return to Peking. When difference could it possibly make to the powers whether the empire might locate its seat of government if its integrity was to be preserved? Its authorized representatives were at Peking, and any agreement signed by them would be binding on the Emperor and Kaiser. Was not the suspicion of the Chinese justified, that the court was intended to make the gains of the allies in order that it might be covered? Finally, those suspicions, and the uncertainty and indirection of the Europeans, came very near to annulling the hostility of the great victors who had stood out against the Boer movement, and had inspired the majority of the Emperor by opposing the court and renouncing friendship to the foreigners.

As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that some of the European powers desired a partition of China. Russia is said to have proposed it, but Kaiser's consent with what she has in Manchuria. France wanted more in Tonquin, Germany, gathering the smaller powers behind her, dictated the terms of what is known as the ultimatum, which would have made China a royal power, but which would be an ultimatum as soon as our own government made it clear that Mr. Hay's necessary signature was attached to the letter by mistake, due to a misreading of a mutilated cable despatch. Great Britain wanted no more territory, simply because she has now all the colonial burden her back which her resources are unable to bear. Moreover, she was averse to a division of China which would bring her own frontiers, increased though her territory might be, any nearer than they are to the provinces of Russia, Germany, or France. She would have liked a new definite and extended influence in the Yangtze provinces, perhaps even a viceroyalty over them, but neither she nor any of the other powers were definite expression to their desires or designs; they have been suspected of entertaining sinister intentions to follow in the footsteps of Russia, not so quietly naturally serious to deepen the suspicion.

From first to last this country has insisted that it would not take part in the military occupation of China, and it has withdrawn its troops. The influence of its direct action by the plain, direct course might possibly not have been felt if the European powers had been determined and harmonious. But they have been as mutually distrustful as they have been uncertain or averse to their purposes. Their jealousies and fears of one another have driven Great Britain to the side of the United States and Japan, the interests of the latter being Oriental, and therefore favorable to China in this emergency. Russia being, temporarily at least, satisfied in Manchuria, Germany has at least been compelled to come over too, and France and the rest with her. So the friendship of the United States, our independent attitude, our indifference to the schemings of the other powers, our determination to go our own way—the way of fair dealing and of justice—have apparently preserved the integrity of China.

Our presence in China has been of the utmost value in civilization and the cause of peace. It is not too much to say that by leading the powers out of the empire we have prevented a terrible war. The danger, it is true, has not passed, but it is vanishing. Still, the question which remains to be settled is the amount of the indemnity which has been demanded. If the powers will further take the advice of our government and reduce this sum so that friendly victors and innocent parties shall not be made to suffer merely by reason of the Boer movement which they were opposing of China to the full influence of Western civilization, and the consequent gain of the world, including China herself. And for that compensation the United States will be entitled to the chief credit.

A GENTLEMAN was arrested on Sunday, June 10, on a golf-links near Yonkers, on a charge of violating the law by playing golf on Sunday. The arrest was the result of a hard campaign against Sunday sports, and especially baseball.

Whether the wit of man is equal to the task of deriving a Sunday law the enforcement of which would give general satisfaction in any ordinary case, is a question which has not yet been settled. The method usually followed in the United States is to have a Sunday law that is more restrictive than the general sense of the community demands,

and then to temper its enforcement by discretion. Public sentiment favors the restriction of labor, Sunday sports, or idleness. The other party, however, to have all the shops open on Sunday, and to leave the world's work go on just as it does on other days. Some work is suffered as matter of public convenience. That settles itself without much friction or difficulty. The other party, when it does come over play. Some of us think it right and profitable to spend part of Sunday in out-door amusements. Others think it wrong. It is a matter of personal training, personal conscience, and locality, and there is no need of any general agreement about it. The usual law used here, or should try to do, is to leave to such citizens the chance to spend Sunday as nearly according to his taste as is compatible with his neighbor's enjoyment of a like privilege.

It is a fair question for any community whether it is expedient to permit baseball games on Sunday where admission fees are charged and crowds gather. It is reasonable that he who wants to play baseball on Sunday should play out of the sight and hearing of his neighbors who disapprove of Sunday sports, or idleness. The other party, many golf clubs have, not to employ caddies on Sunday. In the details of our Sunday-keeping we must respect each other's rights, and even each other's prejudices. But they must respect ours also.

There is Sunday coming for all sorts of good usage and the parish is anxious to harbor them all, if it is fairly divided. Certainly there is room enough somewhere in the neighborhood of Yonkers for as much outdoor Sunday golf as the citizens require.

THERE can be no doubt about Senator Devereux's position as the leading humorist of America, but it is respectfully suggested to him that he should time his jokes rather more carefully. There could be no more time for the speaker of the court in the matter of a third term for President McKNALLY than the present, when the Anti-Imperialists, having lost their Actium, and been whopped big and thick by the Supreme Court, are looking about for a new battle-ground on which to show their prowess. Nor is it wise to begin to agitate a copy of this nature directly after a tour of the country by its chief virtue, having some of the qualities of a triumphal march, has been brought to a close. At such a moment thousands of obtuse persons might be provoked for thinking that the remarks were made seriously, particularly since they were made before and not after dinner, when the Senator is in his most fearful mood. We would also remind the Senator that the best jokes are those which are not only funny, but which have serious thinking behind them.

When the Senator flirts out the mirthful suggestion that Mr. McKNALLY will again sue himself, we cannot but suspect him of not having been seriously thoughtful. We opine that when the President's second term ends the American people will be no generously disposed toward him to deprive him of the rest from official notes to which his public service will have entitled him.

AS is pointedly suggested elsewhere in these pages, it was particularly courteous of the managers of the *Constitution* to let the steel mast of the Bristol river go by the board on one of her recent trial trips. The accident will doubtless excite the curiosity of the *Constitution* crew, and our manufacturers, and he must certainly note and appreciate the exquisite tact shown by his friendly rivals on this side of the water in their flattering imitation of their English competitor. The incident gives to Mr. THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston, local notice as a lawyer, for latter advice we are encouraged to believe that the Boston yachtman should do the right thing, however, as he has latterly shown a disposition to do, but in a smaller and less disastrous way. The report that while the mast was on the *Constitution* proved all that could be desired on her trial of June 8, "a slight buckle off of the wooden topmast was noticeable" intimates that Mr. Lawson has his eye on the incident.

We wish to correct the statement of a prominent newspaper that Mr. THOMAS W. LAWSON was more notable than ours because he had a King on board the *Manassas* II, while the *Constitution* had nothing of the sort. The reverse is true. The *Manassas* II carried but one King, while the *Constitution* was full of American citizens, each a King in his own right. In other words, two there were always at passengers, but working their way, like the solid American sovereigns they are.

The Need of Trained Diplomats and Consuls

By Henry Loomis Nelson

THE President has recently expanded a natural desire that our commerce should be extended, that we should seek new markets for our surplus products, explaining that we are not yet fully growing men, that we are needing, by manufacturing goods that we are using. How our commerce is to be expanded is likely to be the basis of party or sectional difference of opinion, and in a question which would involve heated discussions over the tariff and over city subsidies, the thing is certain, however, that to what whether the first step towards a larger commerce be by way of a free commerce or by way of a subsidy, the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States in foreign capitals and ports ought to be maintained in their positions and experienced in the conduct of their business. Now that our attention is directed towards commercial expansion, it is thus that we are thinking seriously of the reform of our consular service, with a view to making the places in them opportunities for usefulness to the country, instead of permitting them to remain what they have been, with some exceptions, as Washington's day-industry for party work. This is a question, too, in which civil service reformers ought to take the keenest interest, for the movement to place these two services on a sound footing runs within their horizon. This is a movement, too, which will create popular interest, which their various technical efforts may lack. The public has large questions, and is very apt to be led by details which follow the settlement of the large question. If the civil service reformers want to make up the country and to give liberal treatment, for example, respecting merely the location of his intellect, let them lay down the proposition, and make a fight for it, that the under-secretary of the Court of St. James should be a man who has served by step, by short lines of ability, and character, from the position of the attaché, and that the place of the minister service, the consular government at London, should be attainable only by the man who begins his career as an attaché.

A good deal of excellent diplomatic work has been done by American lawyers and publicists who possessed an diplomatic training, who were at one time holding high diplomatic posts. There are reasons for the success of our publicists abroad, and the success which we may expect the general intelligences of European powers to have in general with the distant republics. Nevertheless, the President's plan for our own, we have not appreciated at the point where

our consular service with a great power have been brought over secondary and tertiary questions arising in the North and in the North, and we have not study no more than hold our own. On the one hand we have not had the necessary training, and on the other hand we have not had the necessary training which has been given to us and which was established in the days of peace of 1793 with Great Britain. It is also true that since the establishment

of a consular service, it is not true that our own publicists have not had the necessary training, and that in other people's inclinations and not in their own without the diplomatic training, and that the diplomatic career before him. He should be made first with it, and with the knowledge that if he is able to do so, in every case, the man who is to be a publicist, an officer of that party, he will rise in his position.

These views are in addition to the general one which we have embodied in the law and the rules for establishing and carrying on the consular system in other branches of the civil service. The argument that it is a bad system, under which administrative officers are selected because of the and they have conducted in their own political and personal career, has been demolished too often to warrant an attack upon it here.

It is also necessary to go at length into the requirement of training for the consular service. It is, in fact, much more important in the interest of our service, that the consular service should be reformed than that the diplomatic service should be brought within the civil system. The value of training and experience has already been shown in the former service, which has greatly improved of recent years. It only remains to carry the improvement still further by an extension of existing statutes and by the passage of the Lodge bill, or something like it. The law now provides for a certain number of consular clerks. In other words, there is a statutory bar by means of which the service may be entered. This does not by itself seem to be a barrier, but it may be assigned to the State Department for promotion, and then to foreign posts. Having once entered, the consular clerk should begin a career, and should be stimulated to work by the prizes which ought to be reached by promotion to consular positions. The chief officer place in this service ought to be the knowledge of the consular service, until we reach such a degree of maturity in our system that the Assistant Secretary will be promoted, and attend their places through good service. The Assistant Secretary of State, who has charge of this branch of the State Department's jurisdiction, will naturally be the head of the consular service. The important places of the foreign service would be consul-generalships, and the consul-generalships of the first rank ought to be selected from the whole service, but never from outside of the service.

The entrance to the diplomatic service should be on a condition of foreign languages, in foreign travel law, in the laws of this and of one or more foreign countries, in composition, etc. The rise should be by promotion, but selection should be made from the service for advancement.

The objection might be made that any valuable feature of a trained diplomatic consular service would be impossible under our system. At present the Senate must recommend a consul or a minister on a change of post. If Mr. Fiske, for example, should be transferred to Paris, the Senate would consider the change a new appointment requiring its consent. This objection could readily be met by making an appointment to the consular corps as to the diplomatic corps, then in the corps, the individuals could be added to the gales and positions of his service, and the President could transfer or promote him, could, in brief, enjoy him to the best advantage of the country.



Appointed to a Place he never held of

of the role our diplomatic work has been done at Washington, and our ministers and ambassadors abroad have been little more than messengers. Mr. Olney is a man who has served in the consular service, as Mr. Bayard himself, when Secretary of State, had taken the consular service, and he has not done so without regard to Mr. Phelps, then our minister at London, Agent Mr. Bayard had no concern in the negotiation of the general arbitration treaty. The same man, also, took the original and the amended treaty, was negotiated at Washington. It was Mr. Hay, and not Ambassador Olney, who made the usual treaty which is known as the Hay-Panama treaty, and our officials in Paris were planned and directed from Washington partly by Mr. Hay and partly by Mr. Post. Mr. Conger was the new holder of the position, and he has

Such an incident as the one we will give detail of some international matters that our frontiers have those of Europe, as a whole world, and how that we are expected to increase our business interests in Europe itself. China, on, on very other lines, which is already happening and from what is threatened that we all of us are obliged to guard our commercial and agricultural interests against hostile European conditions, and that we may be called upon to enter into negotiations for reciprocity arrangements. It is in this line, of course, to expect that the establishment of a diplomatic service will be of aid to us in these matters, but the subjects themselves suggest a reason for the immediate establishment of one. Our relations with Europe are to become closer and closer. We must not be in a certain commercial position, and we must not be in political isolation. International friendships, broad international relations, and international trade relations are to be established, and we must be prepared that there is now manifestly the course of nations, by attempted reprisals.

The better method of negotiating treaties is not ideal. The better position in a negotiation of any kind is held by the man who knows, and appreciates best the terms of the issue, his own service, however. This position would be held, for example, by Lord Salisbury, the day we will see that Mr. Hay's training in the diplomatic service and his own present service as ambassador at London. But how many Secretaries of State have held diplomatic positions, or have had the advantages of diplomatic experience? None of these have never been abroad. Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Fremont were not. The first that their names in the State Department were at an end. Mr. Hay alone of our modern Secretaries has had a training in the diplomatic service. He may perhaps negotiate a treaty with the present British ministry, such whose views he is familiar, but might he or Minister Bayard to be naturally the better man to make a treaty with Spain? It is not so to expect a more comprehensive commercial treaty with France than Mr. Olney's commercial treaty with France. If the Secretary of State, with his own-sided knowledge of the country, in negotiation with a foreign minister, who may be presumed to know both our side and his own, than one representative of the other side, it is not likely that there will be any diplomatic corps. If ambassadors and ministers are merely name placeholders, a first-rate newspaper correspondent will do as well as a diplomat, and that is the best organized position with credentials, but without any training for negotiation, can possibly be. If

Another reason for a trained service is that a diplo-



Can't be learned on a Day

His only Proposition

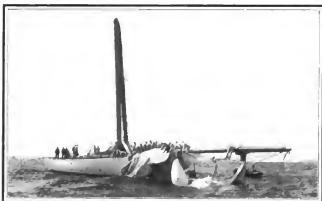
by men of ability, whose very business, supported by franchises, has been offered in negotiation with experienced diplomatists. There was never a more capable person than John Adams. Vergennes, indeed, found him bravely ready and unparagonably successful. This could not do what he had in his mind, however, and he was as gracious to George III, as George III, was to him. It is impossible to say what our successes would have been in Canada, in view of his successful double of the French and his distrust of Shelburne, hindered by John Jay's refusal to abide by our treaty of alliance with Louis, or the instructions of Congress, that the commissioners make no treaty with Great Britain except with the Louis and assistance of the French government. If he, Franklin, was not needed in Paris in 1782, and should have been, he would have been needed in a diplomatic negotiation. The truth is that whatever we have been successful in large affairs we are not so successful in small affairs. The only success we have had, the commission which negotiated the Washington Treaty, was a commission which was composed of lawyers of the first rank in the highest diplomatic business; but when we come to what may be called the double routine of diplomacy, we have, then, in our history, been almost free from its responsibilities. It is true on the other hand, that in China we have never been the first to do so, and that we have always reaped the benefits of wars which England has waged upon the empire. The lack of training of our diplomatics has been the reason we are glad to see our isolation from Europe. Our only from



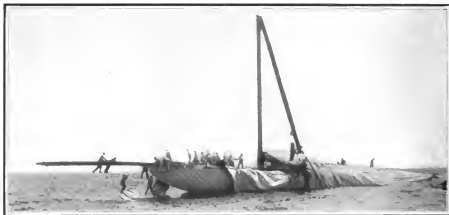
The "Constitution" shortly previous to the Accident
The strain of the close-hauled caused the club to bend like a bow, and the mast was taken
on, a few moments after came the headwinds.



A Stern View of the Wreck
Vice-Commodore Roberts, N. Y. Y. C., stands near the stern
The Haverhill yacht "Esopus" at the right



The Crew of the "Constitution" hauling her Head-sails aboard



The Yacht just after the Accident—Clearing away the Wreckage

THE "CONSTITUTION'S" DISASTER, OFF NEWPORT, JUNE 4

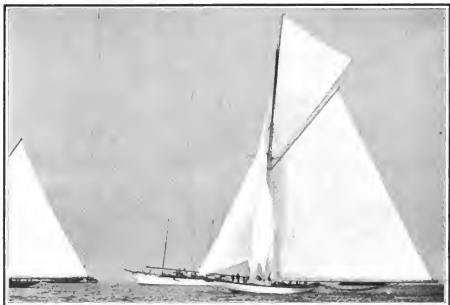
Photographs Copyrighted, 1901, by James Barton



Immediately after the Accident—the great Mainsail dragging in the Water



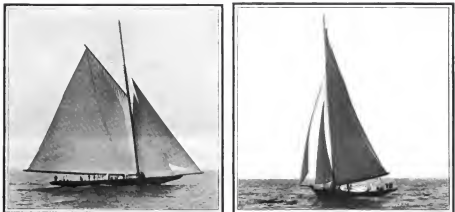
Clearing away the Wreckage of the Two-ton Steel Mainmast which was broken in two Places



The three Yachts just before the Disaster

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "SHAMROCK II" OFF COWES, MAY 22

Photographs by J. C. Hennessy



The first Trial Spin of the Lawson Yacht "Independence"

Photograph by T. E. Marr

The Cuban Situation. By John Kendrick Bangs

Tenth Paper

Of prime importance, not alone in Cuba but to the United States, in her Southern ports particularly, has been the work of the Sanitary Department of Havana. To say that this charming city has taken a part hold at the close of Spanish control is the least of exaggeration. With the exception of its water supply, which was excellent, the city had nothing in the line of public or private works which was above suspicion as a heritage of the Spaniards, and, indeed, the city had, until the naturally filth habits of the great mass of the people, rendered the sanitary crisis now confronting the American officers at the beginning of the occupation exceedingly acute. When it is remembered that General Weyler himself, as a mark of special distinction in a grant, was wont to take his staff directly ashore and show him his newly installed bath-tub in the Palace or one of the chief objects of interest in Havana, and with all the splendid material of a London Tower Reef later exhibiting the crown jewels of the British Empire, one begins to get some idea of the standards of personal cleanliness that prevailed at this centre of Cuban civilization. Even to-day, in one of the leading hotels of Havana, the bath-room consists of a wooden stall on the roof of one of the inner buildings, and the lak itself—having to do duty for the occupants of at least twenty rooms, or say thirty people—in a rectangular tank constructed of brown tiles, and fed by a single spout, through which in the course of a half-hour a sufficient quantity of water to saturate an ordinarily large bath sponge will flow. The floor of this lateral pool would not be tolerated in a third-class bath-house on the coast of New Jersey, and it was my personal experience that when I desired to use the apartment it usually required from half to three-quarters of an hour to find the key, which, I regret to say, was rusted, and turned hardly in the lock, as if my attention to the function for which it was designed, if not also personally testify to the fact that after my first bath in this place I promptly hired a cab to visit in the best quarters of an incorporated bath company and took another. All of which I mention merely to give the reader some idea of that inherent love of personal cleanliness with which American authorities in Cuba have had to grapple ever as high prices. If a bath-tub was a curiosity at the Palace, and a horse merely a bar for advertising purposes in a "first-class hotel," it is not difficult to conjecture what a thing would be regarded as one devoted the social sense.

I HAVE already attempted to describe in these papers some of the difficulties which Major Black had to contend against in his reconstruction of the central Havana. In the outline, as we have seen, that city was not the fair and pleasant thing it has since become. Intensely it was undesirable. It is the testimony of reliable witnesses that there was scarcely a building in the whole city and the 250,000 citizens of Havana live in 20,000 houses of one kind and another—that was not an exaggeration in the estimation of those who have an insight for snuff. The sewer system, such as it was, was antiquated, and the refuse of thousands of dwellings was carried into receptacles constructed immediately underneath the buildings themselves, which were not cleaned, and in rear inclosures were adequately covered. As a result the city was literally infested with "black holes," so called, and the atmosphere was the most frightful and insupportable conditions could be expected, and to what extent gross of disease were

bred and reared in this environment it takes no experienced intelligence to guess.

Of the following page are related two photographs of a modern quadrangle for the Cuban school of the Battle of Havana, from a glass at which the reader may gain some idea of material sanitary conditions as they existed under previously wretched conditions in the old days. These modern represent two views of a typical residence block in Havana. The three rows and seven on the fourth there is none, and the total number of connections with the sewers in this whole square is sixteen. With doors, located directly beneath the dwellings themselves, some often under the kitchen than elsewhere, having no outlet whatever, and depositing wholly upon soil sewage for miles, it is no wonder that typhoid, smallpox, and other diseases are so common. As a writer in these pages pointed out some time ago, as long as the contents of these stink holes kept below the kitchen floor they were left unattended and regarded with unconcern. When they overflowed it was the habit of the Spanish-loving Spaniards to remove a portion of the contents to make room for more, but not completely to clear them out, and in certain cases, in other portions of the city, there is evidence that some of these plague spots had not been cleaned out in fifty years. If it is not without interest, now, that I should add that in this whole square there is no outlet from any of the buildings to the street excepting through the front door, and what that means when it comes to the national growth of "cleaning up" needs hardly to be described. As for the sewers of Havana, they were and still are badly worked at the same. Their condition is such that the Sanitary Department has not dared to attempt the securing of buildings to connect their privates with them, since in construction they are wretched work, in dimensions inadequate, and so a matter of fact hardly different from the cesspits, except in their form and location. A heavy rainfall fills them to overflowing, and aggravates their flow reflects their condition, being let up into the streets and through the rear sidewalks that might better remain below.

FOR THE 1890 to 1898, inclusive, comprising the best six years of Spanish rule, in spite of all its national advantages, and the racial salubrity of its climate, the average death-rate per thousand in Havana was 42.7. During a portion of this period, however, epidemics were so intense owing to the insurrection, so to be quite fair to the Spanish we should take the six years of peace from 1890 to 1893, including when from medical and racial statistics we find that the death-rate was not less than 32.23 per thousand, high enough in all countries, and comparing unfavorably with that of the principal cities of Europe and America during the same period. Not was this due to straggled and widespread epidemics, but to the general disease prevailing in Havana. In 1891, then, were all the potentials of yellow fever, typhoid, smallpox, typhus and other fevers, with their own share of the cost of the United States, and in a city where had commercial outlet was a large body of American soldiers, who were if the healthiest, the American people, and the United States were entitled to the protection which a well-ordered sanitary condition could afford them.

THE remedial efforts in relief of these conditions have fortunately been from the fact in the hands of men of energy, of experience, and of ideas. At the work of reconstruction of the central Havana were directed, through wonderful results, by the persistent and intelligent application to his task of Major Black, who has the inner transformation of the city here wrought by Major John H. Davis and his successor, Major William C. Grogan, assisted by Major V. Howard, chief engineer. It was under General Francis Vinton Green, Military Governor of Havana, that Major Davis gave to this work its highest value and force, organizing his department and making the reconstruction a top priority, upon which all subsequent effort has been based. Major Davis has been described as "one of those military officers who do things," in which respect he appears to be like the rest of our army men who have gone into Cuba on duty as soldiers and acquitted themselves with no small credit as administrators. He took hold of the situation with a firm grasp, and set about his work. What he and his successor have done has been the result of a scientific consideration of the situation, and in no wise the haphazard effort of men suddenly confronted with a hard proposition being wildly in the dark with the meagre hope of scoring. In the face of opposition—no official, happily, for from General Green, General Ludlow, and General Wood nothing but encouragement and helpful advice has been received—these men have carried through their arduous period to a conclusion which has done not only of lasting value to the Cubans, but of practical worth to the whole civilized world. The figure for 1900 shows that under the American military regime the average death-rate per thousand population has been reduced to 14.00—marked improvement over the Spanish rate of 32.17. Furthermore, the opening months of 1901 have shown little great reduction to have been still further bettered to an average of five per thousand, yellow fever has been materially checked. Infant mortality has shown a marked decrease, and along the whole line of disease which the Spaniards were subject the reduction has been equally marked. These facts and figures tell the whole story far better than it can be set forth without them, and to those Americans who would deny to their representatives in Cuba the fact that they have done well, they are respectfully commended with every study.

IT is a common and somewhat childish fashion among those who cannot find him to their purpose in Cuba to refer to Governor Wood as "the first General." These persons are so short-sighted to see that after all, what they really speak in contempt and derision is rather a high distinction than otherwise. Certainly Deberé Major Grogan need not hesitate to take such a designation as a tribute, are should Sergeant Major Howard feel obliged to do so. The by-phenomenon is merely a further declaration for them all, since as officers and their assigned line was more engaged in the pursuit of a military duty they have added to their equipment those qualities of mind, character, and self-reliance in the service of mankind which are the result of a military profession. The Cubans have cause to be grateful to the United States government for having so happily placed them in their hands, and they should not be surprised that they might not have been so lucky if Cuba had also today in dress of the new republic.



After a Shower in Havans



A Havans Street before the Occupation



Major W. C. Gorgas
Chief of Department of Sanitation



Laborers "at Work" on Havans Streets



A Typical Havans Residence Block, from Two Points of View
Photographed from the Models constructed for the Cuban Exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition

HAVANA BEFORE AND AFTER AMERICAN OCCUPATION



COLUMBIA U
PROPOSED PLAN FOR THE NEW GROUP C



UNIVERSITY
OF BUILDINGS ON MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS



Designed by G. W. Paine

THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY

Casting an Armor-plate Ingot



The Six Ways for Ship Construction

Extensive means are provided in the overhead unfolding for the quick transfer of plates and machinery.

Several means of course erection may be seen in their respective slips.



Interior of the Erecting Shop

Which is fitted with two overhead hydro-pneumatic systems, as well as numerous other appliances for handling the parts of massive engines and machinery.



The 100-ton Shears in Operation

A 17-inch gun being placed aboard the Ironclad Battle-ship "Oregon."



The "Wisconsin," Sea-going Battle-ship

Kel. Ind. 1892; Tonnage, 12,324; Speed, 16 knots; Horse-power, 10,000; Cost, \$1,750,000.



The "Olympia," Dewey's Flag-ship, Protected Cruiser

Kel. Ind. 1892; Tonnage, 5,870; Speed, nearly 20 knots; Horse-power, 12,312; Cost, \$1,300,000.



The "Oregon," Sea-going Battle-ship

Kel. Ind. 1887; Tonnage, 10,250; Speed, 18 7/8 knots; Horse-power, 11,212; Cost over \$1,200,000.



The "Ohio," Sea-going Battle-ship

Launched May 16; Tonnage, 12,500; Speed, 18 knots; Horse-power, 10,000; Cost \$1,400,000.

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The Machine-gun in Action



Mountain Battery in Marching Order



The "Gray" Forces in the Trenches

MILITARY EXERCISES AT WEST POINT

Photographs by N. Larzunk

PERSONAL

The Hon. ANSON HENSON FOWLER, of Flushing, who is already declared by some groups of politicians to be the logical candidate for the Republican nomination in 1901, is an interesting example of national prominence achieved from within. Thirty-five years ago Mr. FOWLER was a young lawyer in the Queen City, a contemporary of LINCOLN in Pennsylvania and JAMES HADLEY, another one of the three having either wealth or social prominence. Each of these three has since achieved national fame and fortune.

Mr. HENSON, having become Commissioner of Elections and Congressman, and a remarkably able speaker on public questions; Mr. HADLEY having risen to the Attorney-Generalship, and Mr. FOWLER now being the Executive Republican statesman of the State, which still includes, evidently, on far-reaching Pennsylvania in the rest of the country. FOWLER is tall and slim, grizzled-looking, dignified and serious. He spends his leisure time reading and studying, in neither preference for a clubman, and has made himself exactly what he is.

His friends sit to him, and younger men find in him a friendly counsellor. A good many years ago, when Mr. FOWLER was Judge of the Supreme Court in Pennsylvania, a colored man in the service of an express company, which was bringing a package such in Judge FOWLER's court, temporarily destroyed the dignity of the law by rejecting its instructions. In keeping thoroughly informed upon the problems of the day, his ideas upon economic topics, and especially upon the tariff of which he is a powerful exponent, and a consistent Democrat, he knows both sides, are as original and as clearly expressed as any they come when twenty-five years ago he declared that the protective tariff should be removed. A very recent declaration of Mr. HENSON on this subject has surprised those who do not remember that he has consistently advocated tariff reduction for a quarter of a century and while a member of the House made the striking argument in favor of reciprocity in our tariff relations with such countries as Mexico which was not long afterward in the Senate pursued so effectively by Mr. HENSON. Mr. HENSON enjoys the eminence—although he knows sense of utility and his fondness for posturing—shown and a sign of the enjoyment of being mentioned as an "old" for an original issue article far exceeding in amount any sum of money ever offered any author. The tariff was to have been the subject, and Mr. HENSON was invited to write one thousand words at five dollars a word. Money was never my interest to Mr. HENSON, so what he did not want to do, and the article was not written. Mr. HENSON is today of the opinion that the protective tariff is in the direction of unpopularity, that he thinks Mr. McKinley is seeing the light, and that the very fact that we are an exporting nation, and need our raw materials as cheap as possible in order to compete in the markets of the world, is a sufficient indication that we need no protective tariff. While paid at present we are importing no iron ore, and although every known iron ore is found in the United States, it has for years been cheaper to bring in outside ore by ocean freight from Spain, for example, than from Lake Superior by rail. Mr. HENSON is unable to see his eyes, and is almost blind out from the world of literature by the fact that reading aloud is unpleasant to him. In his beautiful home in Lexington Avenue and the charming place at Hingham, New Jersey, he leads a life as largely as his life withdrawn from the turmoil of the world, and with all his assets four score years, active and alert in body and mind.



Joseph B. Fowler



Anson S. Hensell



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Vol XLV No 2322

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HARPER'S WEEKLY



A JOURNAL OF

CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK

JUNE 22, 1901



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40.	10.58	11.	11.66	12.	12.72	13.	13.78	14.	14.84
45.	10.66	11.	11.74	12.	12.80	13.	13.86	14.	14.92
50.	10.74	11.	11.82	12.	12.88	13.	13.94	14.	15.00
55.	10.82	11.	11.90	12.	12.96	13.	14.02	14.	15.08
60.	10.90	11.	12.00	12.	13.06	13.	14.12	14.	15.18
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY

FROM its timely and beautifully illustrated leading article on "Newport in Summer" to the last bit of humor in the Drawer the July number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is readable and entertaining.

The Newport article is by Mr. Eliot Gregory, one of the most facile and charming of our essayists, and to accompany it Mr. Henry Hutt has made eight delicately illustrative paintings, which are reproduced in color.

Among the short stories of the number are: "A Lion in the Way," a humorous golfing story, by George Hibbard, illustrated by Fletcher Ransom; "Mahnet," a strong and dramatic love story, by W. A. Fraser, with pictures by C. D. Wecklon; "The Wisdom of the Serpent," an uncommonly clever little society tale, by Duffield Osborne; "The Fourth Gentleman," a weird story, by E. Duvall, with drawing by H. C. Christy; and "Across the Bridges," a romantic story of life in Paris, by Mary M. Mears. This story is illustrated with a tinted drawing by Louis Loeb.

Jennie Waterbury contributes an uncommonly original tale, "His Primeval Conscience," for which Mr. Christy has also made drawings.

Among the other lighter features are:

"Pawns," a picture of war-time, by E. S. Chamberlayne, and "The Baby," a finished sketch by Grace Lathrop Collin.

One of the most unusual features of HARPER'S for July is "The Buddhist Discovery of America," in which Professor John Fryer, of the University of California, presents the theory of those who believe that Buddhist priests of Japan and others from the far East discovered the Pacific slope of America fully a thousand years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic.

Another contribution of novel nature is a brief study of "The Scope of Modern Love," by Henry T. Finck, author of "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." Woodrow Wilson's U. S. History is continued with a short instalment, brilliantly illustrated. Alfred Ayres makes "A Plea for Cultivating the English Language," and Charles M. Robinson contributes a charmingly illustrated paper on "Municipal Art in Paris," while Sylvester Baxter brings up a novel idea in "A Tropical Renaissance."

"The Right of Way" draws near to its dramatic conclusion, and "The Portion of Labor" gains in interest. There are twenty-three separate titles in the number—serious, frivolous, and educational.

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FIRST DIP OF THE SEASON

HARPER'S WEEKLY

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 22, 1901

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Americans in Europe

TIFF Americans are invading Europe this summer in immense numbers. None of our countrymen are going there for the first time, for there, for the latter these many years, and while the inspectors, shopkeepers, hack-drivers, and other useful citizens of the monarchies, empires, and republics of the Old World always abate for us, it cannot be said that they respected us. They were amiable, and were paid for their amiability. What they chiefly liked about the Americans was his easy good-nature in the presence of a large bill. An American would pay a charge that would have landed the innkeeper in jail if it had been presented to the chamberlain of a king. Perhaps this relation between the foreigner and the American will remain. There is a cleft in Paris which charges an American five dollars for a two-dollar dinner, for which a Frenchman is charged five francs. It will be difficult for this restaurant-keeper to break such an agreeable habit. Most Americans are rich, and three who are care little for the small items of a bill of fare. Americans who are poor, and who know the language, are not liked so much in Paris as the rich Americans, because they decline to pay more for a dinner of a dollar than is charged for the same amount of life to a Russian prince or a Black-Russian.

Americans, however, in other relations of life, are holding a different place in Europe from that for which most of them have been accustomed. The country that appeared to the American imagination, and has got onto some European nerves. In the old times, Europe did not mind the riches of America; it seemed to the Old World that our millionaires came by their wealth in some crude way which could not possibly injure European industry or compete with their American money-crowned inspectors and the worst sons of ancient and decrepit families, and that was the end of the matter. Three years ago it was no more respected by the mass of Europeans, especially of Continental Europeans, than we would now be competing with their manufacturers than that we could knock Czarism's feet to pieces in a short run along the southern coast of Cuba.

There has come a wonderful change over the drama of Europe. It is clear to the most obtuse man that the United States is the greatest industrial power in the world, and that trade and industrial conditions in Europe must be changed in order to meet the new giant.

In view of this revolution, it is interesting to note the attitude of Europe to Americans. London is babbling over with enthusiasm for them. Englishmen are treating rich Americans with that warm and flowery expressions of admiration which we have been charged with making over foreign nobles. Nothing is too good for us. And it is, furthermore, worthy of note that Americans abroad seem to be maintaining an admirable attitude towards Europe. They are behaving with dignity. The hearing of the committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce which visited King Edward at Windsor left nothing to be desired. The interview was marked by courtesy on the part of the King, and by a proper self-respect on the part of the members of the committee. There was some intense grumbling at the banquet of the London Chamber of Commerce, but nothing unworthy, nothing which we should not expect to hear if the Board of Trade of New York, for example, should give a dinner to the King, or the President of the United States to the President of the United States. It was once more made perfectly clear, on these occasions, which may come to be historic, that English boys for our friendship, and that her manufacturers and busi-

ness men intend to make the best of the industrial situation.

On the Continent, except in France, matters are in a different state. In the republics, the feeling is that trade friendship between France and the United States ought to be strengthened. In Germany, Austria, and Russia there are rumors of a trade war. What will be the end so far as our countrymen are concerned, even among the shopkeepers, inspectors, and hackmen Americans are at least regarded as something besides outside barbarians to be plucked.

ALLOWING for everything—the propensity of travelers who ought to know better to bring detailed efforts through the Custom-house instead, the efforts of decessors to avoid duties on simple goods, the urgent desire of American merchants that full duties should be collected on foreign-bought wares which compare with those they sell, and all other propensities, obligations, and lawful desires—all the methods devised by the Treasury Department for making returning travelers pay the amount that they owe—seem suddenly needless and venial. There is great complaint about them, but no amendment. This is what happens: Several days before the returning American reaches the port—say of New York—there is a meeting of a Treasury officer, clerk, or steward which warns him that he will have to declare presently to a Custom-house officer in the saloon of the steamer the number and contents of his trunks, and "provide a detailed list of articles brought over the board, and the price paid therefor. He is warned that if he doesn't declare all the dutiable goods he has, he will be liable to fine and imprisonment, and the goods to confiscation. When he has made his declaration he is invited to sign it and receive it. What he gets is the usual receipt himself barred off from his friends and relatives who may have come to meet him with his trunks and every package in them have been opened and searched to discover whether he has come to the false declaration. In due time, usually a few days later—when he has paid what he owes, he is allowed to join his friends, provided it does not seem expedient to send him to jail for having forgotten some dutiable article he might have forgotten.

There are at least two details of this process which seem needlessly harsh, and one of them is no better than insulting. Why should the traveler be constrained to swear to a declaration if his oath goes absolutely for nothing? That registration were sheer impertinence. And the rule that separates returning passengers from their friends until the Custom-house people have got through with them is very objectionable, and often, especially in the case of women traveling alone, marks inconvenience and hardship. As long as the law requires that travelers shall pay duties on their personal effects the duties ought to be collected, but there are surely better and less irritating ways of doing it than the government now employs. How long would any private corporation venture to subject its patrons to treatment so petty and contemptuous as the Treasury Department finds suitable to citizen travelers who come over sea to New York? The trouble about the treatment of travelers comes not that the traveler cannot declare that he is relatively poor, and that is unorganized, and constantly changing its membership. Its members wail and go their way, and the good that may be done, or well can do, is to write a letter of explanation to the newspapers, which at least is an unsatisfactory sort of proceeding.

THEY were of the graduate is now making itself heard from our end of the country to the officer, and from stage and platform strenuous words of advice to our rulers are being uttered by young men and young women who have hitherto by force of circumstances been compelled to express their views only in the sacred precincts of the undergraduate debating societies. The classes are that a great deal of this advice is good, almost as good as that which the young recruits to the ranks of the broader spheres of action find which they are entitled to receive from the venerable doctors of divinity who are preaching the barabazooka sermons of the year, or from the distinguished orators who upon Convention day deliver themselves of these lay sermons called "Addresses." As far as the addresses able to follow them, they have been of excellent quality, the addresses worthy of some heed, and the sudden efforts of the graduates all that they should be. The chief characteristic of all these classes of oratory, as no

far as this year's output may be differentiated from that of last year, is the absence of the querulous note, for which we are unworriedly thankful. It seems to indicate a broadening of the collegiate mind, and an increase in the sense of the duty of the country. Just as in the practical affairs of commerce the outlook appears to be proving more hopeful every day, so would it seem that investigations along the lines of theory are taking a more vivid view of what has been done, and yet remains to be done. With few exceptions, none of our public speakers give every evidence of the sense shown in some copies; they are apparently glad of existence, and seem resolved to make the best of it and of the opportunities which life presents.

All of which is a sign of national good health, and we earnestly pray it may go on without let or hindrance.

AS we ventured to point out last week, Mr. Drexel's pronouncements on the third-term question savored strongly of an untimely jest. It seems that the Senator might better have kept to himself, and not uttered the opinion of the thought "Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid" with which he lauded us. Marcus used to enliven the pages of our solitary contemporary *London Punch*. So thoroughly out of key with the criticism as it was, and so far from the observations that the President has felt himself compelled to disclaim any responsibility for them, in a statement issued to the public on June 11, reading as follows:

I regret that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give it notice. The issue are now questions of the greatest importance before the Administration and the country, and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by the suggestion of the thought of a third term. In view, therefore, of the reflection of the suggestion, I am glad to say that, for all, expressing a long-settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered me.

My only ambition is to serve through my second term to the country as one question of the greatest importance to us deeply appreciate, and then, with them, to do my duty in the ranks of private citizen.

Other statements throughout the country have expressed themselves strongly upon the subject, and some of them in such uncomplimentary terms that Mr. Drexel should consider himself duly rebuked. We trust, however, that the remark will not mar his otherwise credit, and that he will continue to contribute to the glory of his nation until his duties carry him to London, where he may dispose to his British friends those witty sallies over which they may meditate next winter and laugh next summer.

THE unfortunate SAUVAGE-SHAWLEY controversy does not become any more admissible or dignified as time progresses. It is a nuisance that refuses to abate itself, and the hour seems to have developed so one capable of the task of taking it by the throat and removing it from the country of the naval stages. It has resulted in all sorts of diplomatic moves and counter-moves. It has involved the commandant of the fleet, and has been understood them at all the American people are heartily weary. The latest of these is reported to be in the selection of two decessors for those who participated in the West-Indian naval command. The other two are in the same affair, a medal commemorating not only the battle of Santiago, but the whole period of action in which the fleet of Admiral Sampson covered itself with such signal glory. It is to be the officers of the commandant's staff, and, properly, the second decoration is in commemoration of the Santiago fight alone, and consists of a piece of ribbon and a bronze bar. What the special significance of the bar may be, or whether the ribbon is a blue one or of the public are not informed. It is clear, however, that the issue which confronts some one for solution is being shifted. As a possible settlement of the whole difficulty, since compromise and not definite action is to be the order, we suggest that the President should be struck, one bearing the likeness of Admiral Sampson, another having engraved upon it that of Admiral SHAWLEY, and that every woman decorated be permitted to choose which of the tokens she prefers to wear, and that the President should, if this should result in the final abandonment of the whole controversy, it would be worth the cost of the products and the loss as well, even if these were made of solid gold.



On the principal thoroughfare—the actual thoroughfare of Oil Operators



An Open Air Assembly—down the only Plaza where a Stranger can obtain Food

TYPICAL STREET SCENES IN BEAUMONT

The Oil Boom in Texas. By E. W. Mayo

THIS district, indeed, boomed, and most interesting town on the continent today in Beaumont, Texas. Not since the days of the Puritan and the City of Boston have there been such excitement over the discovery of petroleum as there now all over eastern Texas. And not in the history of the world have there been such wells as have been tapped beneath the sandy soil of this region. Heretofore it has been the ambition of every oil prospector to locate a 100-barrel gusher. The possession of a well that would

have driven speculators wild, and have caused what would be the greatest oil stampede in history is not in eastern Beaumont. If the Texas field does not prove to be the greatest oil-producing region in the universe there will be some tens of thousands of bitterly disappointed persons in different parts of the United States. Down to the present time everything goes to show that it is the greatest oil reservoir that has ever been tapped.

Previous to January 10, 1861, the fame of Beaumont (pronounced by the natives with the accent on the final syllable) extended very little beyond the borders of Jefferson County, of which it is the county seat. It was a fairly prosperous town of about 2,000 inhabitants, the headquarters of the lumber business of eastern Texas. The land of Jefferson County—much of it as was cultivated—was chiefly devoted to the growing of rice. It was bought and sold at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per acre, and a good share of it was worth in its unworked just about enough to encourage them to keep on paying the taxes from year to year. Some of it was considered to be not worth this work and was forfeited by the non-payment of taxes. The work of getting down the first well—the Lucas gusher—was carried on so quietly that it attracted little attention. It received its first notice when finally completed caused so great astonishment in the citizens of Beaumont as it did in the rest of the country.

Within the past four months this section has undergone transformations such as no region ever experienced anywhere possibly Virginia Park or some of the other famous gold regions of the West. The quiet streets of the sleepy little town have become surging avenues of nothing, swarming humanity. The rice and pasture lands have qualified to take a thousand and ten-thousand fold and are selling today at from \$2,000 to \$25,000.

The old dairy who drove us from the station to the oil fields in a wagon conspicuously near collapse hid behind a pair of shotgun horses once a tumble down chimney, and a lot just large enough to hold it, on the outside of the town. He had been offered \$2,000 for the unimproved lot of real estate, but "pursed" he'd hold on a little longer, "uh," before selling it. He is making twenty-five dollars a day driving visitors to the oil wells, and his idea of money has been considerably expanded within the past few weeks.

Every train arriving in Beaumont is crowded, and when the sure mark the station there is an exodus that leaves them almost empty. Around the station itself there is a dense throng, for every larval stand-by means to being utilized in Beaumont nowadays. There are dozens of oil lands, prospectors, without of maps, pickpockets, tipsters ready to put the new comers on to a good thing, and all the towns' doctors and premen that ride on the crest of a boom.

One feature noticeably absent from the Beaumont skyline is the hotel room. If the new-comer tries to make his way to any of the hotels he finds his approach blocked by an excited crowd of traders. If he finds his way through this crowd to the dock and asks for a room, he is laughed at and advised to locate for the suburbs. There by the payment of a liberal sum he may conclude a chain to a cot in some hall, but the chances are that he will have to sleep shelter under one of the many tents that are springing up an every vacant lot to do duty as hotels.



THE MAP MERCHANT

A Man eagerly sought for by the New-comers who are Seeking for Properties to tap



CONVENIENT TO THEIR WORK

An Oil Well near Beaumont, and the adjacent House of the Owners and Ex-Pros

produce a hundred barrels per day was recognized as placing a man on the sure and rapid road to fortune.

But in Texas a 100-barrel well would not be considered with the attention of an extraordinary prospect. The notorious record of the Lucas well—the first in the field—in opening oil at the rate of 50,000 barrels per day, a rate of production greater than that of any other wells ever before opened, has made over 100-barrel wells seem small by comparison. This extraordinary rate of production, and the fact that other wells show put down here and the record of the Lucas,

or else spend his night in the open. Five dollars a day is the standard price of hotel accommodations, and this rattle a man in half a bed or in a cot in a room with half a dozen others. In the tents one may put down his blanket of his cot if he is lucky enough to secure one for fifty cents in a dollar a night. But at best there is not much sleeping in Beaumont nowadays. To relieve the pressure as much as possible the railroads run trains night and morning in all directions—Fort Arthur, Galveston, Texas, and Houston—and these trains are always crowded. Beaumont



A BEAUMONT REAL-ESTATE OFFICE



THE OIL EXCHANGE, BEAUMONT



WHERE THE STRANGERS PUT UP

Even Texas are in demand as a shelter for the Wary. A hot under a Roof frequently brings Five Dollars a Night.



A SAMPLE REAUMONT OFFICE-BUILDING

The major Texas man in their Shirts and Chairs and legs in instant Business before the Treasurer are estimated.

Is a three-hour run from Beaumont, but the three trunks back and forth night and morning are crowded to their full capacity.

Another serious question in Beaumont is that of food. It is impossible to obtain a decent meal in the town. Food cannot be brought in and cooked rapidly enough to supply the business. The boarding houses and even the open air eating stands are crowded, and the man who gets a place at the fourth table at a second class boarding-house is the rival of his fellows. At the restaurants meals are placed all the dishes in keep them from being swamped by the hungry speculators.

But none of these difficulties in Beaumont are the cause of the trouble of operation that runs through the streets of Beaumont all day long. Companies are being formed so rapidly that it is absolutely impossible to tell their number, the day of my arrival twenty-five new companies were organized, having a general capitalization of more than \$13,000,000.

In the train from New Orleans with me were two men who were expertly going over a map of the oil district and asking questions of passengers who had been in the field. A few moments after the train arrived I saw them talking with one of the grizzled farmers who are to be seen standing about



STREET BOOTHS AS OFFICES

One Method of porting Street Headquarters. A Business 12x14 feet rent for \$100 per Week.

the streets with cards in their hats announcing that they own four acres of land only eleven miles from the gulfers, which they will sell for \$400 the acre. The next morning there was a half-page advertisement sent, not only in the local paper, but in the New Orleans, Houston, and Galveston papers, in which it had been sent by wire, announcing the What Not Oil Company. The capital of the company was half a

The most plentiful thing in Beaumont is money. Men carry about great wads of thousand-dollar bills with them. The two banks, the telegraph office, the post office, and the express offices are crowded with the business that the flood of money pouring into the town has brought. Considering the conditions that prevail it is remarkable that there has been so few thefts and so little crime of any sort.

On the Skirmish-Line—The Newer Method of Attack



Shooting through the Smoke



Infantry doing good Work

THE experience of the British forces in South Africa demonstrated the value of the sharp-shooter, and changing an entrenched position seems now to be a thing of the past. Had the Spaniards been so well armed and of the same fighting material as the Boers, the American victory at San Juan would probably have been a disastrous defeat almost identical with that of the British at Colson. Hence the necessity of drilling the National Guard according to prevailing conditions. The old method of moving a company in front of a target, and firing a volley while standing, has been abandoned, and instead of bringing the whole line forward the line has been halted at three hundred and fifty yards, and again at four hundred and fifty yards, a volley being fired at each point. The firing is always done prone, so that in actual warfare each man would be able to take advantage of any inequality the ground might offer. In the first three instances each man aims and fires as quickly as possible, regardless of the others, but the last two are volleys, only fired when the order is given. In some instances the whole line seems as one shot, each one report being heard.

The practice work at Crockett this season has been under the direct supervision of Colonel S. B. Thornton, Inspector of Small-arms Practice, and Captains J. R. Hargrave, the Assistant Inspector. It is a matter to be noted with interest that the custom of permitting visitors at the summer camps, in such large numbers, is being discontinued, the feeling being that the presence of strangers interferes with the useful purposes of the colored practice.



Volley Firing



Adjusting the Sights



Delegates on the Steps of the Convention Building



Visitors and Delegates leaving the Hall after a Session



M. L. Nathu Ram, Delegate from India



The Interior of Mechanics' Hall—Delegates listening to an Address—Visitors in the Galleries

THE INTERNATIONAL JUBILEE CONVENTION OF THE Y. M. C. A. AT BOSTON LAST WEEK

Photographs by Hedley



BATTLES OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY
SYKES'S REGULARS AT GAINES MILL, VIRGINIA, JUNE 27, 1862

The main regiment in this battle were McClellan's and Lee's. "Merrill's division occupied the left," says a historian. "Sykes's regulars and Duryan's became the right, and McClellan's division formed a second line, his left meeting Ewell's right.... The heart of the battle fell not upon Sykes, who drove the confederates back in confusion with great loss." The Federal loss was about 4500; that of the Confederates was not nearly so great as from 3500 to 5000.

Valley Forge and the Nation. By Julius Moritzen



The Railroad Station

the day of departure, almost, the heroic band without its heroic leader, and set the land, that Washington failed to keep his troops united during the winter campaign of 1777-'78, the origin of the 178th nation of American Independence, the year before, would have been in vain.

While the graves of the Civil War are left over green, the echo of the strife grows fainter year by year. On the other hand, with the new-born century the Revolutionary period strikes a resonant chord that touches the heartstrings of a united people. The victory over Spain is of too recent a date to be beyond the dignity of immediate recollections. The unkindly and twenty-third anniversary of the Valley Forge campaign, however, re-iterates an event on which rests the greatness of the nation.

The State of Pennsylvania has not been unmindful of what day the country is to repeat the rebirth of Field day. Customs, not always just, has painted a smudge on the heroic State and charged her citizens with lack of appreciation. That this is not Gutzky's words written. In other ways, too, Pennsylvania have shown their patriotism. But the Government should bring the historic ground of Valley Forge there can be no dispute. Even were

Pennsylvania. It is the purpose to take the whole into a military park and government reservation.

President McKinley has placed himself on record as favoring the acquisition of the famous camp-ground by the government. When one hundred members of the Valley Forge National Park Association appeared at the Capitol to urge the passage of the bill, an American displayed a keener interest in the movement than did the patriotic President. In previous correspondence with a leading member of the association William McKinley said that, "rich as is our country, in fields beloved by the blood of heroes, none is dearer to our hearts than Valley Forge, where with united sufferings during the long winter lay the brave men who were upon whom rested the success of our struggle for liberty and independence." And as if to lend personal sanction to the project, he wrote his "The preservation of historic ground in our country, which has been made dear to us by patriotic memories, will long forever before as the lessons taught by the survivors of our civil wars, of endurance, of loyalty, and sacrifice."

The successful development of the country since the days of its first President was apparent generally to plain, patriotically minded, standing on those given to the study of the past. The number of men, where during the winter of one hundred and twenty three years ago, where the thousands present on that day. It is to be noted that the soldiers of William McKinley. A pilgrimage to the historic spot

would only strain of today. That Washington did not put those six rived leaders to their test was only the least of the British rebuffs that of his own rugged soldiers. Intentioned to use the "Cavalry" army on the lower hills, the foresight of the general-in-chief prevented the selection of a terrain exempt from military supplies. To the "Cavalry" army, the battle that aims the blood would have been preferable, perhaps, in fact, that the cruelty of winter is treated only. Instead of the "Cavalry," refused to split his own number, so inadvertently established in the Quaker town.

Since the Valley Forge of the future is to be a replica of its own Revolutionary past, Valley Forge is not only a stepping-stone to the greater Jefferson. Both nature and history have given to this locality in glory. Where famous histories have wrought with skill and loyalty, others may be produced, perhaps, for treading the over-scrubbed ground in the light of a twentieth century. Far from attempting, in the present instance, the teaching of what should be added, knowledge, it may be entirely unjust to review quickly an episode of the past which reflects on our glory in the eyes of the present day and generation.

Next where the picture of the Valley Forge joins the Schuylkill River stands the railroad station of Valley Forge. Next long high and dry hills, and the banks of the historic river, have been leveled, the only important change since the days of the Revolution. Beyond some twenty-five miles from Independence Hill, the station platform has held in its time most of those Americans who ordered it a roughed-out to pay homage to the "Cavalry" army and the spot which proved the "Cavalry" march of the latest nation. But of nearly some miles to have the train come to a stop the index-finger of history points out the situation that went to the making of the Valley Forge campaign.

It is to be hoped that a monument corresponding in character will mark the place where the "Cavalry" crossed the river on their way to the winter camp. As it is, the stone on the bank of the Schuylkill will quite modestly denote the course taken by the troops who crossed. When ever the government ever later possesses of the entire ground these monuments will form a conspicuous part of the military park as well as the transportation of the military and accessories of the field, by a national establishment Valley Forge will then prove second to no other of its kind. As a matter of fact, this camp of the Revolution was built a mere living stone, even, that it, instead of being ailing against hunger and the elements, the best of endurance had been in meeting the enemy face to face. Contrasting these winter months in camp with the summer sun, the mind conjures a picture heart-rending by comparison. The men who then stood guard for the sake of a brighter day will forever contribute among the illustrious never to be forgotten.

A stone's throw from the national station Washington



The Ruins of the Old Clerk-Hill

Pennsylvania willing to acquire it, show, the State should be asked to show both outlay and honor with the thirteen others, the soldiers of which hibernated on the then snow-cold hills.

The one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the entry of the "Cavalry" army into winter quarters was observed in Philadelphia, December 19, of last year. A feature of the day was the first annual session of the Valley Forge National Park Association. From the historic walls of Independence Hall, where the convention sat, the colonial portants looked across where the proposition was advanced to make Field day at Valley Forge a national celebration. The States whose soldiers served with Washington in that memorable campaign held out the promise that their militiamen would not be absent on the coming Field day. The members of seventeen his varied and patriotic societies of Pennsylvania turned themselves into a committee of the whole. It will be no fault of these American men and women if the event has short of anticipation.

Since the convention in Independence Hall the Valley Forge National Park Association has offered one development. The bill introduced during the past Congress for the purchase of the Revolutionary camp ground was not acted on. By its decision to report no more bills for the purchase of national parks during that session, the House Committee on Military Affairs delayed, but did not defeat, the project. The next Congress will see Senator Bore, Director as active a champion as before in the interest of the bill. An appropriation of \$100,000 is called for with which to purchase the twelve hundred acres of historic ground. To this will be added the two hundred and sixteen acres already the property of the State of



Hotel built by General Washington as an addition to the Headquarters

contains the remains of Valley Forge as an important place to be treasured by future generations. The number of men who were present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence of the United States is of the order of the soil which stands in the nation's birth.

The plans of the Valley Forge National Park Association propose the restoration of the ground to the condition of 1777-'78. The task should not prove difficult, since the time that has elapsed shows but trifling changes. A natural fortification the ground from the bank of the Schuylkill River is mountainous heights, that



The Old Golf Road in Winter

tion's headquarters stand, the chief center of interest in the village of Valley Forge. The moving heart of executive joint action, this historic landmark from addition, its headquarters Washington had none. None sheltered the great leader in darker hours than those he passed on the roof of Isaac Potts's home. It does not exert the imagination of a post to people the colonial dwelling with the men of 1777. When some disaster had befallen some of its noble band in hand as brothers, the historic pillars that fill Washington's headquarters speak eloquently of services that could not be forgotten. The ground, the secret passageway, the round shell, constitute as more chapters of the book of history. The headquarters, above, repay a visit to Valley Forge. As an architectural example of the design of the past, the well preserved stone building need offer an apology. The constructive effort of the general in chief himself is demonstrated by the log cabin that added to the present. The original of the general had been similar to the barracks erected by the soldiers, and under the immediate supervision of General Washington, these houses must have afforded the best of the only and best made but themselves to the construction of the tented beds!

The intermediate stage in the career of Valley Forge finds its most expressive expression in the ruins of the more prosperous, dark and the more the white number of factories were in operation on the banks of Valley Creek. Commercial activities, however, did not find the atmosphere of the Revolutionary period quite suitable to its rustic surroundings. The spirit of 1777 stood with steadily lost memories of the past should be recalled up in the excitement of the present.

Fast the Washington Inn, along the old high road, up higher and higher, the view from here is panoramic in its scope. History and nature lend every stone rock an equal share as the eye looks down these hills and dale. The Schuylkill River, like a single stream, runs quietly on its way. From the main road on Washington's headquarters, the Mass and Stripes ways both welcome and advise. The greatness of the commonwealth takes on a twofold meaning where historic cities prevail rather than the busy city. In the neighborhood it gains patriotic inspiration manifested, the entire reflects what visitors may not happen to notice and in people. Again Valley Forge brings forth the lesson of that long ago.

Recent orders of the Revolutionary map, ground here established to a certainty the location of the troops belonging to the United States. The Valley Forge National Park Association has carried on this work assisted by the Pennsylvania Legislative Commission, May, 1902. About two hundred and fifty acres of land, including two of the most important fortifications, have been purchased by the commission. This property of the State of Pennsylvania does not conflict with that of the Colonial and Historical Association of Valley Forge, on which Washington's headquarters are located. Under the control of the government the various interests would be unified for the good of the entire country, constituting all near three hundred acres. The Valley Forge National Park Association thoroughly explained this purpose during that conference with the President.

The entire headquarters of the general commanding the Continental troops remain in excellent preservation. It were to restore history to point out those temporary houses of General Wayne, Wood, Hunt, James, Mifflin, and the headquarters of Lafayette, the Kutz, Imperial, and others. The position of Kutz and his affairs could not have been improved upon.

While the traditional background is known to have been on what is still the property of the Stripesmen, only a single marked grave bears witness to

the death and desolation that prevailed in camp. The grave of John Waterman, of Rhode Island, has witnessed the ravages of time. Since the present owners of the ground are descendants of Israel Stiles, who here laid the soil in the summer of 1777, present rights have had much to do with the preservation of the mound. It is expected that Rhode Island will not surrender where, now the government is in possession, such State will do with the others in the erection of monuments to their departed dead.



Lafayette's Headquarters

restoration as it is to visit Valley Forge in winter, when the winter storm swirls about. Many the house of 1777 still stands with its original appearance. It is a recent Christmas night. As in those days of the Revolutionary army, the old wall now has one window's stretch of white. Imagine what it must have been to the weary Continental under Washington when, stepping knee deep through the snow, half was finally called, and yet no. It plans now for rest. The camp itself and the continuity to a condition, hardening on the soldiers. Civil, luxury, omniscience, human nature struggling to keep itself from a state. The energy in possession of what should be done in this. Such is the picture that appears on the Christmas night, one hundred and twenty three years hence. Simply to view the circumstances makes the blood run chill. The storm, the snow, the introduction, intensely what history has to say of Valley Forge.

One of the advantages that will result when the government assumes control of the camp-ground will be in improved transportation facilities, where now access to the historic points is frequently difficult. The Valley Forge National Park Association dwells especially on this phase of the movement. Electric cars may not add to the richness of a Colonial scene. Still, where thousands can be brought into close touch with history, modern factors may safely be employed.

Now that the land is likely to soon pass out of the hands of the present owners, it is pertinent to inquire who were the original settlers at Valley Forge. In numerous instances descendants of those colonial farmers have occupied the homesteads ever since. The name of some Potts, however, may well lay claim to prominence among the many. More so since the Pottens family became closely identified with the old inn

that gave the place its name. Washington's headquarters, however, were the property of Isaac Potts. Whether the latter family, however, the former had been interested in the Revolutionary war, may still one day be heard. Washington may frequently in the winter spent in the Potts home, but were expelled did the general in chief accept of his hospitality. As soon as his army had been sheltered, Washington, the Potts family, which has since become a most highly venerated one.

Nearly a century ago, the name of Potts, which stood on Valley Creek, known first as Mount Potts, later as Valley Forge, it was known to the history of the Potts family. In 1777, its history, therefore, commences the advent of the Continental Army in 1777, and before the corner of the logs, and following his death in 1782 the entire Valley Forge tract to the east of Valley Creek became the property of Isaac Joseph. The one hundred and twenty-five acres stood the mills, and other buildings bearing in the history of the Society of the Officers' children of John Potts, Sr., eleven hundred, and the family name has been made familiar through the memory of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, where the founder first made his home.

When the efforts of the Valley Forge National Park Association result in the acquisition of the Pottsville appropriation for the purpose of acquiring the land, the real value of the property, from a patriotic standpoint will have appeared. The present owners realize that the homestead has a worth beyond its intrinsic value. The historical treasures that cluster around its houses where the Revolutionary generals were quartered during that winter of long ago certainly add interest, as well as value, to the environment. The celebration of the one-hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge by the Continental Army gives a new interest to the Continental celebration of 1817 in the eyes of those who witnessed that patriotic event. In the younger generation it should appear in a no less degree, since now the one and daughter are in gay equal tribute as did their parents. For persons not known to the writer, the celebration of twenty three years ago occurred on June 15. The leading officer of the day was General John E. Hartman, of Pennsylvania.

The nature of that celebration, Henry Abbott Brown, delivered a speech which in its entirety must remain a document of unimpaired appeal. The gloomy days of the Revolution are made to pass in review—battles and reverses, hope and the frustration; the first of substance at Valley Forge, a new dawn, and then "America—A hundred years have passed away, and that still stands as that thirty six still just bearing. But think not that such an inheritance can be kept safe without caution. It is the bearing of your happiness that with it privilege and duty go hand in hand together. You cannot wish the present and enjoy it the future the blessing of the past. Yesterday best in-day, and today in the past of tomorrow. The old time may be scarce, but the new time is uncertain. The memory of this spot shall be an everlasting lesson for our fathers, but so you make it an eternal shame for ourselves if we choose to do so. The glory of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Valley Forge belongs not to you and me, but to our fathers and to our fathers. It is well for us to keep these monuments of great events. It is well for us to meet for the thousands on these historic spots. It is well to walk by those unknown graves, and follow the windings of the mountains that encircle your hills, it is well for us to gather beneath your flag, but which the stones of so many others have lately spent to look down on us today; it is well to commemorate the past with song and melody and festival—but it is not enough."



Huntington's Headquarters



Washington's Headquarters



THE VIADUCT AT ONE HUNDRE

This connecting link between Riverside Drive, perhaps the most picturesque thoroughfare of New York, and the Lafayette



D AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREET

Boulevard, a magnificent roadway extending for miles along the east bank of the Hudson, is now practically completed



A Troop of Russian Cossacks on the Frontier Line



Russian Infantry crossing the Neva on a Pontoon Bridge

Features of the Russian Army. By Fritz Morris

THERE are few outside of the Missouri Empire, and comparatively few inside, who are at all familiar with the Russian army. Out of a population of 125,000,000 Russia has an army, in peace time, of 800,000, which by war time is more than quadrupled, and brought up to a fighting force of 3,500,000, which means, in peacetime, that one Russian soldier fights for every thirty-seven civilians. As in Germany, the Czar is the great War Lord of the Empire, and stands every male member of the imperial family and the nobility in a soldier's red only this, but the Czar is honorary chieftain of four regiments of Russian cavalry.



General Khlebits, Com'r of the Garrison of St. Petersburg, and General Konevnikin, Russian Minister of War

and most of the imperial Grand Duchesses have the command of line regiments bearing their names. At some recent army maneuvers, in which several divisions took part, the Czar and Czarina were both present to witness the operations, two imperial Grand Dukes commanded the opposing sides, and fighting in the ranks of the artillery was the Grand Duke, heir-apparent, Michael Alexandrovich, and in the Horse Grenadiers Duke George Georgievich of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Curiously enough, the rules for military service in Russia are not quite so formidable as many people imagine. Since 1907, military service has been obligatory for all who have completed their majority, but out of 100,000 who annually reach the age of

twenty-one, only about 275,000 are made to serve in the active army, while the rest are drafted for long periods into the reserves. The former have to complete fifteen years of service, of which six are spent in the ranks of the active army (out of which about two are allowed for holidays) and then also in the reserves, which can only be called out in the event of war or great national danger. The average Russian soldier leads a hard life. The food is coarse and meagre in quantity, while the greater portion of the year is spent under canvas or in the open air. A curious

military service. The Russian is, also, by nature more adapted for service, both on horseback and on foot, than is the case with the natives of other European countries. At present the Russian cavalry comprises a total number of 150,000 men, and, as might be expected, the cavalry is better provided with horses than in any other country. In no other does the number of animals in time of peace equal the number of men.

In Russia's vast body of mounted men there are now only two types—the dragoon and the Cossack. As regards the former, the ideal kept in view is to make him an equally efficient fighter whether mounted or dismounted, in the shock action of the charging horse or in the fire of the



General Sachareff, Chief of Staff of the Russian Army

system is also in vogue by which recruits from one part of the country are drafted to another to perform their terms of service; thus men from the north may be sent thousands of miles away to the south to learn the arts of war, and those from the south may be sent to the brown desert in the north.

Russia is a country peculiarly adapted for cavalry purposes, and the Russian Cossack is the natural consequence. It is a country where horses abound, and it is estimated that there are 20,000,000 horses within the domain of the Czar, of which at least 1,000,000 are suitable for use as noble-horses and available for



A Column of Russian Infantry passing in Review before the Czar and Czarina and Party

mountains on foot. The dragoon is armed with a long rifle to enable him the better to perform this new duty as a foot-soldier.

The Cossacks represent what might be called the "light cavalry," but the Russian military authorities are gradually accumulating him to the dragoon. Cossacks form the volunteer cavalry troops of all of southern Russia. They provide themselves with horses, uniforms, and weapons, serve as guards in the highways, and perform certain other military duties on demand of the governor of the district in which they live, and are partially relieved from taxation.

The Czar's body-guard, as a Cossack regiment of mounted men, every one of noble birth, and with armor and weapons almost medieval in character.



Troops crossing a River with the Imperial Family as Spectators



Russian Infantry on the "Double Quirk," in surprise a Village



Rolling large "I" Beams for Structural Iron-Work



Tapping a Blast-Furnace

The molten Iron is running into the large Ladles on Wheels which are transferred to the Open-hearth Furnace

THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY

Drawn by G. W. Peters

The Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition

THREE years 1901 and 1902 are destined to be some seasons in the annals of polar research. Germany, Russia, Norway, Canada, and Italy have each planned an expedition in the field, and never before has more seemed so determined to solve that haunting geographical problem which has baffled all nations since the days of Sebastian Cabot.

Our own country is fittingly represented in the international race by the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition, which left New York about June 15—better prepared to accomplish its object than any similar expedition save the quest for the pole alone.

Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, who commands the expedition, was born at Springfield, Missouri, July 22, 1862. After years of study and travel in Europe he entered the government's employ as observer in the signal service. He accompanied the Peary expedition of 1897-98 as meteorologist. In 1897 he journeyed to Nippon to accompany the ill-fated Andrie, but as there was no room for him in the balloon he was forced to remain behind. After this disappointment Mr. Baldwin spent the remainder of that season in studying arctic conditions, and later joined the Wilkes expedition of 1900.

Mr. William Ziegler, who steers the expedition, is a well-known New Yorker. From his boyhood he has always retained great interest in the search for the pole. In a recent interview Mr. Ziegler said: "I do not want to see a foreigner reach the north pole first. I think this country is not strong and progressive enough to have that honor."

The expedition lacks nothing essential in success. It will be equipped with every modern instrument for scientific research and record, and its personnel will include many well-known scientists and specialists. The party will number about forty men. A sharp lookout will be maintained for traces of Andrie; and it is hoped that some of the Melville-Bryant drift-logs, which were set adrift north of the Hervey Sea in 1899, may be recovered, thus determining valuable data concerning the ice current that sweeps across the polar area.

Mr. Baldwin and his party go first to Dundee, Scotland, where they will board the *Amorica*, the flag ship of the expedition, and proceed to Tromsø, in Norway. The *Amorica* is a three-masted steam schooner of 445 tons net tonnage. She has been completely re-fitted at Dundee with special reference to the work before her. At Tromsø she will be joined by the *Frederick* (100 tons net), a chartered supply steamer from the Ministry of Arctic Exploration. The *Frederick* will go immediately into the ice-fields of the north with a party of civil engineers chosen to secure a cargo of gun—wulva and seal meat, bear, etc. This cargo will be landed at a designated point in Franz-Josef Land. The *Amorica*, meanwhile, will proceed to the White Sea to take on four hundred St. Lewis dogs, twenty Siberian ponies, and other arctic equipment, now being transported overland to the



Evelyn B. Baldwin



William Ziegler

northern coast of Russia. She will then set sail for Franz-Josef Land, where she will be again joined by the *Frederick*. Both vessels will then proceed northward as far as the ice conditions will permit.

The *Frederick* will be used primarily to secure as large a haul of game as possible, and will doubtless be able to take numerous deposits of dog food on the many islands forming the Franz-Josef Archipelago. This will not only ensure the dogs remaining in excellent condition, but will also enable the party to make extensive scientific observations on their northward journey. After this service the *Frederick* will return to Norway, being due to arrive at Tromsø September 10.

"By the middle of September," says Mr. Baldwin, "the *Amorica* will doubtless be draly frozen in, and we shall then await the first glimmer of light remaining before the long arctic night sets in, to advance our supplies to the extreme northern point of land in the archipelago. There I intend to erect the northernmost house in the world, and to set our Thanksgiving dinner there. We shall be enabled to do this by virtue of our great packs of dogs and the draught-pumps; our equipment can be moved in both directions periods of good weather, and no means will exist for the usual venereal delay of turning back to advance supplies. We shall spend the night at this point, and next spring, with the first glimmer of the arctic dawn, we shall make our dash for the pole.

"We are taking with us a large supply of very light building material, with which to construct wind-proof shelters on our northward advance. These will remain as permanent structures along our line of march and will serve to greatly reduce the exertion and weariness of our party by saving the terrible strain of arctic shanty journeys.

"The immense supplies of condensed food which we shall carry with us will make our journey safe and rapid." Here Mr. Baldwin exhibited some samples showing the wonderful perfection to which the science of condensing food has been brought. Among many interesting things was a hamper full the size of a shoe box, which, dissolved in hot water, produced a cup of very strong coffee, another which can be converted into a muddling cup of lemonade, and a small pocket-pan containing single condensed food for someone for three days. "For our provisions, alone," continued Mr. Baldwin, "twenty cart-loads of tin-canned parts of the beef were required. In preparing food for preservation it loses no less than 85 per cent by evaporation. Another item is 12000 cans of crystal food egg product, representing 75,000 eggs, laid this spring. Besides which we have real supplies of emergency rations, and other condensed food in hitherto unheard-of quantities."

Among men who have made a study of the polar problem the opinion is general that, barring unforeseen accidents, the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition will conquer the North and Sledge at the much coveted goal during the summer of 1902.



THE "AMERICA"—FLAG-SHIP OF THE BALDWIN-ZIEGLER EXPEDITION



THE "ILLINOIS"—THE NAVY'S FASTEST BATTLE-SHIP

Photographed on the day in President's Dock, Boston, the day before the trial, which took place June 12. The "Illinois" developed an average speed of 13.31 knots, thus placing her in the lead for speed of her class, the next being being the "Albatross," with a record of 17.61 knots. The "Illinois" was built by the Newport News Ship-building and Dry Dock Company. She is 11,125 tons, has 10,000 horse power, and runs 12,500,000.

PERSONAL

Mr. WILLIAM FREDERICK KING, the retiring president of the Merchants' Association of New York, is pointed out in visiting merchants as a typical New York business man. At the age of fifty years, all of which have been spent in this city, Mr. King has demonstrated the force of a personal equation in which aggressiveness is equalled by honesty. Thirty-three years ago, when he left the public school of New York, he went into the house of Calkins, I amper, & Co., and inquired if they wanted a boy. The secretary of the firm asked him a number of questions, and finally told him he could have a position there. "Hold on a minute," said the applicant; "I would like to ask you a few questions," and with that he put his own queries through a series of interrogatories. The next day he went to work, and being the first boy in the morning and the last boy out at night, rose up in the good old way to be a partner, and is to-day identified in the public eye more closely with the Merchants' Association, which was started in 1817—



William Frederick King

now has a little more aggressiveness than those of the Chamber of Commerce—there almost any other of its members. Mr. King is what is known as a willing man, and while he is no politician, and let it be known that the Merchants' Association is not in politics, he has some quite practical views as to the faults in the general system of our municipal government, it being his belief that the system now in vogue is the proper point of attack. Mr. King's pet charity—

most representative New-Yorkers have one evangelist—is St. John's Guild. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, of the Consolidated Exchange, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, the Fine Arts Society, and a number of clubs.

Born in William BISHOPMAN, novelist, poet, playwright, and critic, who died in London, June 16, was best known perhaps for his attack in 1872 on the "Flooded Island of Poetry," established by HAYWARD and BROWNE. That made a stir, and he followed it up with other attacks on other writers who seemed to him in need of criticism. A life-long critic, he always had plenty to say, and Mr. BISHOPMAN, having good command of language, made many readable discourses about his contemporaries, promoting discussion and a healthy entertainment without much damage to the authors he assailed. He had an unusually complete



Robert W. Buchanan

experience of the vicissitudes of life; was extremely poor in his youth, and unluckily died bankrupt, though for many years he had carried his literary merchandise to a ready market.

An interesting feature of the new political life of the South is the young men it puts forward. One of the North Carolina Society, is not yet forty his position to be very much like that of other North Carolina politicians—old "Ezra" VANCE, who could tell better stories, make harder campaign, and give bigger magazines than any other. The best. The Governor's home is at 15th Street, and midway between Madison and Washington, and he has the honor of sitting the gubernatorial chair of a State which is said to spend more money today for educational purposes per capita, in proportion to wealth, than the Empire State itself. A most interesting occurrence in the gubernatorial term, and while it is estimated that for the year 1908 nobody, white or black, can vote in North Carolina who cannot read and write, the suffrage will be restricted next year by a similar qualification, except so far as it affects the descendants of men who voted in 1905. Where TILMAN's record North Carolina for a suffrage restriction, he boldly asserted on the stump that no white man need fear that he would be kept from voting and that every black man might be sure that he would—a remark that caused no little comment.



Charles B. Aycock

Vol XLV No 2323

10 Cents a Copy

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF

CIVILIZATION

NEW YORK

JUNE 29, 1901



A TYPICAL AMERICAN

About this Time of Year he goes out in his back Yard and EXPLODES A FEW THINGS

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Days Like These

By EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Martyrdom of an Empress"

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Illustrated from Photographs

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY—DRILLING ARMOR-PLATE

Drawn by G. W. Peters

Published by Harper & Brothers

HARPER'S WEEKLY

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 29, 1901

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A Price of Prosperity

THE great material prosperity in the United States which made the whole world open its eyes in a wondering bewilderment has not come as a chance gift, but has been achieved through the hardest kind of work. Every triumph costs something, even though it be peaceful and in its winning there be no shedding of blood. The wise of this time rightly attribute our industrial pre-eminence not to our natural material wealth alone, but to the fact that we put into our work unusual skill and energy, and require both of these by a social equilibrium almost phenomenal. But the wear and tear in this era bringing into being social conditions which will have to be dealt with rationally by-and-by, if not at once.

The efforts at cheapness of production and increase of product are lightening one end of the labor line and shortening the other. The young are put to work too soon, and the older workers are retired too early. That surely is a serious condition in a country where manual suffrage prevails and the majority rules. We do not need any particular degree of force and wisdom. On the contrary, if we inquire among those who work in casual and uplift the poor, we learn that even in these "booming" times there is much suffering, because many of our first wealth and are not accomplished in any particular skilled labor contact find employment to which they are equal.

Take our branch of work. Before the epidemic was stamped on the urban traction lines it was the common thing to see conductors and drivers whose heads became inclined in the service. They were quite equal to the work they had to do in those slower days that have only passed. But now few are employed save youths. Indeed, because of its purely physical character some but youths can do the work—youths with the alertness and the activity of adolescence. But even the youths who now fill those posts will not stand tall. Middle age means sallow, and old age means creaky as the wheels of it. So that are there men to do in a few years when their first sprout is gone? So also with the clerk who behaves a little higher up in the scale. He is at his best at thirty, and at forty he begins to go down the hill, to be unnumbered among the old fags. The laborer who breaks up a material labor, have assistance from his legs and arms. Indeed, a laborer nowadays carries a large family of children as a valuable asset, a kind of savings-bank, for the children are early set to work and trained in the idea of contributing their share to the family fund. And all normal men, the jack-of-all-trades, what of him? He walks supercilious on a dirt-strewn street. Nobody wants a man who can do anything—that is, everything. What is wanted is that a man can do some one thing with some degree of excellence. It is a time of specialization, not only in the professions, but in the trades, and even among the common laborers, whose muscle and brawn are their only source of earning.

The outlook for those not provided with fortunes and not fortunate enough to have laid by for the time of early retirement is not particularly bright. But much better provision may be made for the growing needs of the time of those responsible for their education will take into account the changed and changing conditions. Our young men must find out what they want to do, and learn how to do it. There will be no slight gain in the fact that a man can do some one thing with some degree of excellence. It is a time of specialization, not only in the professions, but in the trades, and even among the common laborers, whose muscle and brawn are their only source of earning.

of their life-work, and not confined to a slighted education which suits them for many useful employments and qualifies them to excel in none.

There is always room at the top, the proverb and motto are well told us. This is equally true, but it is also quite true that the greatest and most of unseasoned force that are born into the world are not one in ten thousand. We need not bother about them. The philosopher and the ordinary, the man who goes to the greatest heights and their happiness or unhappiness is the measure of success or failure.

THE report of Lieutenant MARTIN A. HANNA, United States Army, and an Commissioner of Schools in Cuba, shows that under the American administration of Cuban affairs there have been established 3367 schools throughout the island, in which 112,278 pupils are taught by 5583 teachers. This is a wonderful exhibit in view of the fact that upon the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba the school system was in a state of absolute chaos, and that in December, 1898, there were only 312 schools in operation. As has already been shown in the pages of the WEEKLY, the conditions existing in the American colonies at the beginning of their labor in educational matters were perplexing to a supreme degree. Not only had a working system to be devised, but a certain amount of capital, if not actual wealth, in the school project had to be overcome. To the politicians of the island, who are even less susceptible to the delights of knowledge than the Spaniards themselves, the idea of expending \$1,000,000 of the public money upon the instruction of children was particularly objectionable, and particularly so when they realized that this money was being distributed by men who were not seeking votes and whose hands were clean of the filthiness of public life. To the mass of the people, who had grown up in ignorance and were therefore dull and inert in the cause of education, the project was, at the outset, of little interest, but as time has passed, and as wise administration has made the material value of the work daily more apparent, the apathy has been to a considerable extent dispelled, and we have the gratifying showing to-day of more than a third of the children of school age not only provided for, but in actual attendance upon the institutions set up for their benefit.

IT is quite evident, from reports from Havana, that Lieutenant HANNA is alive to two facts that observers of school methods on the island have noted, and these are that there is still a great need for properly equipped teachers, as well as for adequate school buildings. The latter are far from ideal, and are for the most part, in the cities, merely rented buildings unsuited for the purpose, and available only upon an exorbitant rental. The Cuban landlord is too potent where public utilities are involved, and the results are far from satisfactory. It is frequently the condition that seventy or more pupils are crowded into dark, ill-ventilated rooms, whose capacity would be stretched to the limit by a normally large class of forty-five. This condition calls for immediate correction, and if in the coming year the educational budget is materially increased the Cubans will have only the reputation of their own fellow-citizens, who take advantage of a crying public need to scorch their own heads, to blame for it.

To correct the evils of imperfect teaching much has been done, and much yet remains to be done. Examinations of teachers have been instituted, and in so far as their services may be dispensed with, those who are thereby shown to be incompetent will be removed. Some of the more promising are to be sent to the United States for a course of Normal School training, and in every possibility, during the brief period apparently remaining to American authority, an effort will be made to raise the standard of the schools to the level of the highest grade of similar institutions in the United States.

It is probable that upon our withdrawal from Cuba our work of three years will have a firmly established and potentially stronger school system. If after that the Cubans do not make the best of it, it will be their fault, not that of the American Imperialist, whose empire has been the well and mind rather than the meat and potatoes.

THE handwriting expert has become so familiar to an object in criminal trials before the courts in this country, and his reports have at times been so useful in securing the conviction or acquittal of accused persons, that it is time he should

be taken up seriously by the properly constituted authorities and investigated. In a Brooklyn Borough court the other day an individual who had been under indictment for a long time for a criminal offense, was not found guilty, as a result of the sworn statements of a handwriting expert, was set free, and the indictment quashed because the expert subsequently discovered and admitted that he was mistaken in his original conclusions. The result of this is that the courts are misled considerably, and possibly it is so, but it occurs to some observers that the handwriting expert who holds the liberties of an accused person more or less in his hands would have done a more careful study of the subject, if he had not been so ready to jump at a conclusion of guilt which was undoubtedly just—upon insufficient evidence. It is probably the fact that the expert in question is an honest man, but he has indubitably grossly wronged one of his fellow-citizens, and it would be a satisfaction if instead of being commended for the swiftness of his conclusions, a reprimand for his error he should be made to suffer commensurately for the damage he has wrought upon another. The incident should likewise arouse our public officials to a proper consideration of the qualifications of those men who are so ready upon all occasions to testify this way or that as an expert. No prosecutor, public or private, before the courts in a case where medical expert testimony is involved, would permit such a man to testify, but in the case of proving his conclusions. He is careful always to secure for his purposes an expert who is qualified, not only by reputation, but by the possession of a degree conferred by a college duly authorized to confer such a degree, and having a certificate of his fitness to receive it. Why should the handwriting expert, if he is to be a potential factor in cases before the courts, be any less demonstrably fitted for the task he assumes and for which the public pays?

THE HANSON Movement Committee is meeting with some discouragement in the late President's home city of Indianapolis. This is understandable, but not surprising, in view of the fact that a man's true greatness is rarely comprehended by those with whom he has come into touch, and especially in his own home, where he was known rather as a gentle spirit and kindly friend, it is unlikely that he will for many years be regarded as a statesman who in his later years measured up pretty nearly to greatness. It is important, however, that some Indianapolis has not subscribed to the movement project as liberally as was hoped, the committee should not be discouraged. There are other sections of the country where the true worth of the late President is more appreciatively appreciated, and in these localities the committee should exert its most strenuous endeavors to secure the necessary funds. We cannot doubt that these will be forthcoming, and we are in hand there is also little reason to think that the citizens of Indianapolis will be awake to their opportunity and duty in the matter.

IN these curious days for the British, when American artists of a new school have been so commensally, and American artists are securing commissions for paintings which British brushes might well be likened, when American philanthropists are outwitting their institutions with American gold, it may be encouraging for our countrymen to find some where it might lead be looked for. The Post Laureate has produced a poem which is a distinct credit to English letters, and which, for its superiority to his own poems, should put to rest the claims of our American paragon. The *North American Review* for July contains a contribution from the pen of Mr. ALBERT AYER which will be read with a sense of delighted surprise by those who have known him only through the mediocre literature of his more or less glorious past. The poem deals with the poetasters, Polyphemus for Galatea, and tells in truly impressive blank verse and in noble-dime prose of the jealous rage of the meteoric giant over the successful poet of the island-herd. Also for the beautiful man of the Polyphemus. The charming legend of Helenus and Actis loses none of its beauty from the Laureate's handling of the subject; indeed, it appears again by it, and the Laureate, as well as his people and his readers, whether they be interested in securing the conviction or acquittal of accused persons, that it is time he should

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENTS IN CHICAGO

SIXTY-FOUR years ago Chicago was a struggling settlement of less than one hundred and seventy inhabitants; today it is a city of nearly ten millions—sixteen are especially called in pending litigation to testify concerning conditions which existed prior to its organization as a city, and men still bring round the blocks which marked the beginning.

The city solves all the difficulties incident to growth so phenomenal. The logistics of an ever-widening municipal jurisdiction to meet conditions which change so rapidly. Within the history of the city the State has adopted two constitutions—that of 1837 is now as obsolete as was that of 1848, and its various provisions are simply an embarrassment to progress. The Legislature of the State meets once in two years; hampered by constitutional restrictions devised for villages, the time of such sessions is almost entirely devoted to attempts to bring public to some condition in Chicago which are nothing but a hindrance.

Amendments to an more than one article of the constitution can be proposed by the Legislature and submitted to the people at one time, and no article can be amended after two years in their terms; help by amendments is therefore practically impossible, and it is concluded that a new constitution will meet the requirements of the situation.

Chicago is organized under the "general act for the incorporation of cities and villages," passed in 1837, when the city had only three hundred thousand inhabitants. The very title betrays the limitations of the act. Without distinction it provides the foundation for powers of all cities from one thousand inhabitants upwards, making an allowance wherever for the special needs of a metropolis of two millions, with the result that the powers of the several departments of Chicago to meet the extraordinary requirements of a great city are no greater than the powers of the common council of the smallest city in the State.

As a result of these fundamental restrictions, Chicago is perpetually tied hand and foot for want of funds to make properly needed improvements and to administer municipal affairs. Her total bonded indebtedness is a little over sixteen millions, and she collects \$1,000,000 per capita—being less than one-third the debt of Philadelphia, less than one-fifth that of Boston, and about one-fourth the debt of New York; and yet she has reached the remarkable condition upon her power to borrow, and permanent improvements generally needed, could be made as fast they came.

The laws relating to property valuation, assessments, and the collection of taxes are such that the total revenues of the city in the next unexpired year, thus actually fall in from 345 millions of dollars in 1909 to 275 millions in 1910, thereby reducing the revenues of the city in a vast unexpired manner.

Despite Chicago's total assessed valuation of 345 millions with New York's 345 millions (more than ten times as much), and the vast difference in opportunities for improvement may be realized.

In 1901 the gross receipts of the city treasury for city purposes amounted to only 20 millions of dollars, whereas Philadelphia took 26 millions, Boston 30 millions, and New York 100 millions.

Notwithstanding extraordinary increases in tax and population, in many matters Chicago has been left behind by elsewhere. She is absolutely forbidden by the fundamental law of the State from borrowing any

further indebtedness, and her income, instead of increasing has actually decreased. In 1839 over one hundred and sixty miles—more or less—of the city was thirty-six miles, in 1869 over one hundred and sixty miles—more or less—of the city was thirty-six miles, in the same period the population had more than doubled, while the revenues available for corporate purposes in 1869 were only 20 per cent.; and the average tax 1899 was one twenty per cent. less than that of 1869.

As one result of these restrictive conditions, Chicago, according to the September bulletin of the department of labor at Washington, is the most economically governed of the first twenty cities of the country.

In 1867 all but ten of the sixty-eight members of the Common Council were elected by the "gang."

In 1868 the Municipal Voters' League was formed for the express purpose of purifying the Council.

In 1867 Charles H. Harrison was elected Mayor. With a clear two-thirds majority in 1867, the gang afterwards had the votes to override any veto, but they were outbid by threats that only one bond of integrity was made.

In 1868 the bad aldermen numbered only forty-one out of sixty-eight—less than the requisite two-thirds. In 1869 the number of untrustworthy aldermen dropped to thirty-two, and the Council was organized as a non-partisan body.

In 1869 the Council was composed of seventy members, only twenty were being elected as a group.

This year conditions have still further improved, and the Council is again organized on a non-partisan basis, notwithstanding there is a clear Republican majority of ten. Before the new Council met on the second Monday in April, 1907, all but the seventy members were placed in a waiting line to the League in a non-partisan organization; three Democratic and three Republican aldermen were chosen to meet the standing committee, and their recommendations were adopted by the opposition and twelve of the gang. So that in 1907 Chicago has a Common Council in which the people have confidence.

These results—almost phenomenal considering the time involved—are due to the persistent, intelligent, and non-partisan work of the Municipal Voters' League and the honorable cooperation of the press.

The revolution this spring of Mayor Harrison was prearranged by his friends in the district to a triumph of the best and most disinterested elements of the city. The opposition forces, they asserted, included (1) the Republican machine; (2) the hoodlum elements of the city parties; (3) ex-Governor Altgeld and his followers representing the Nationalist and Populist wing of the Democratic party; and (4) the street railway interests.

All of the nine members of the executive committee of the Municipal Voters' League, now are out of the city election day, and six voted for Harrison, two of the six openly advocating his reelection.

Whatever shortcomings Mayor Harrison may have, it would seem that he, as was his father, is about the best Mayor the people want, for all the thirty Mayor Chicago has had, before the war, only three were honestly being re-elected (once each), since the war none has been re-elected save Carter Harrison, the father-in-law of the Mayor in office—Carter H. Harrison, the son, now serving his third term.

The influence of the Mayor in some extent has been made known of a new political administration of city affairs. In the lower appellate commission author-

ized by the Council within the past two years, namely, the Street Railway, the Truck Elevator, the Street Parks and Playgrounds, and on State Legislation the Mayor appointed a majority of Republicans on these.

The Mayor's immediate cabinet is composed of the Corporation Counsel, the Comptroller, and Commissioner of Public Works, all appointed by him. Robert A. Walker, Mayor Harrison's first Comptroller, brought order out of disorder in the office, and died a victim in his devotion to the public service, and William D. Berford, the second Comptroller, continued with great business ability the work begun by his predecessor. Charles M. Walker has been endorsed by independent as Comptroller General, Lawrence E. McLean, who served efficiently as Commissioner of Public Works for four years, has just been appointed Comptroller in the place of Mr. Berford, who resigned because he felt that he could no longer serve the city at the method of his private interest in the Public Works office. Mr. Frederick W. Binkh, who has been assistant for two years, is advanced to the Commissioner's office.

These things are set forth to show that while municipal administration in Chicago may be far from ideal, it is much more nearly on a business basis than most of the large cities of the country.

It is charged next and that the Mayor uses his powers for political advantage, but of the new named the two comptrollers were business men never interested in politics; Mr. Walker served a term as a vigorous reform advocate from a Republican ward when the Council was hopelessly lost, and Mr. McLean was engaged in the construction of street railways.

The Civil Service Commission consists of Messrs. John M. Egan, Robert Lindholm, and Joseph Powell. All an advocate of civil service reform. State and municipal. Mr. Egan is known throughout the country; he served two terms as president of the Chicago Civil Service Reform League, was the first draft of the Illinois Civil Service Act, and was a recognized leader in the movement which led to the passage of that act.

In paving, street-cleaning, street lighting, and police protection, Chicago is handicapped by lack of money due entirely to the fundamental restrictions already mentioned. With a total of over four thousand miles of streets and sidewalks to pave, clean, light, and patrol, equal to less than one-third the city of New York. It is hardly surprising the conditions there are not so favorable as in the great Eastern metropolis when it is considered that New York spent last year for street repairs, cleaning, and garbage disposal over seven and one-half millions of dollars, whereas Chicago had, for almost double the mileage, only a little over one million. For city lighting New York spent nearly four million dollars, or over three hundred dollars a mile of streets and alleys, while Chicago spent \$200,000, or \$15 a mile.

For police protection New York spent last year over thirty-eight thousand dollars a square mile of territory, Boston spent over thirty-six thousand, Chicago less than eight thousand.

Chicago does not have the advantage there is the condition that her capita cost of the city government in Chicago is less than one-half the cost in Philadelphia, and less than one-third the cost in New York, and six-tenths the cost in Boston, but the people of Chicago would gladly spend more on improvement if the constitution and laws of the State permitted.

ARTHUR J. EDWARDS



Lawrence E. McGinn
Commissioner of Civil Service



Robert Lindholm
Commissioner of Civil Service



Frederick W. Binkh
Commissioner of Public Works



The Yale Varsity Crew and Substitutes at Broadview



The Harvard Varsity Crew at Red Top

THE YALE-HARVARD ROWING CONTEST AT NEW LONDON

Photographs by James Brown



THE BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS" ENTERING HELL GATE

The big war-ship's trip through this somewhat dangerous passage on June 26 was the cause of much excitement, and resulted in an order from the Secretary of the Navy forbidding the use of this channel hereafter by battleships.



A Group of Company Cooks



The Humorous Side of Camp Life



Forming in Line for a Baroque Parade



Getting Ready for Morning Inspection

THE NATIONAL GUARD AT PEESKILL

Photographs by C. A. Hanson, Company I, Seventh Regiment



AUTUMN HAY-GATHERERS

From the Painting by Herman Herwisch, an American Artist. Awarded a Medal of the Second Class at the Paris Salon. No Medal of the First Class was given, because of a disagreement of the Judges

Some London Horses. By Henry C. Merwin

WHAT is it that inspires the passion for dumb animals? In many motives, selfish and unselfish, enter into the feeling that it is very different to smother it. One thing, however, may be said with some confidence, namely, that we are ever to find it in people who are close to nature; and this, with all their conventionalities, is true of the English. The English are the most loyal of nations, unlike subtle and unfeeling as a rule, not artists, but healthy, active, adventuresome, and courageous. There is an affinity between an Englishman and a horse or a dog, and by no one else is the language relating to horses and dogs taken with such delightful seriousness.

When Flying Fox, who won the Derby in 1866, was put up at auction, the following year, the sale became an event of national importance. Had it occurred in any other country, Mr. Fox would have been coveted in the market; but, as it was, the market came to him, though he happened to be living upon an insignificant country estate, remote from the railway. Even rapidly journeyed to the spot. A large stand to make the spectators comfortable was erected for the occasion, and held the necessities of England were promptly procured. Flying Fox was struck off for the enormous sum of \$175,000, and though the purchaser was a Frenchman, it may be doubted if he would have paid such a price for a French colt. Even to misrepresent the age of a bull-dog is a serious crime in England. Not long ago a farmer was fined \$200 for this offence. Highway robbery or wife-beating causes much chatter.

Even less, are often very handsome, with arched necks and pretty heads.

Even to supply the ordinary demand, without regard to government requisitions, London needs more than a hundred new horses for every week in the year. Where do they come from? Not many from Germany. Germany sends an immense number of horses to the English market, but very few of these have the strength and stamina that are requisite for the "cab-horse." The "cab-horse" must have big bone, good feet, and endurance. Some "cab-horses" are bred in the United States, and they are among the best—those from the Argentine Confederation; some from Ireland, and most of all from "the States." We export about 100,000 horses to England every year; and a large proportion of these are "cab-horses" or horses intended for similar work. They are bought by English agents, chiefly in Chicago or Kansas City, and the cost of transportation to London or Liverpool is about \$30. They stand the journey better than may be expected, only about one or two in a hundred dying on the way.

But a strange transition from the plains of South America or from the prairies of the Western States to London streets; but the new horse is worked lightly until he is acclimated and until his muscles are hardened. Meanwhile he is taught how to handle himself, to arch his neck, to hold himself together, and to throw his shoulder into the collar. In two months or so he becomes fat, strong, roadwise, and "handy"; and then he goes into a stud of eleven, which are kept by themselves, with one man to look after them, and another to drive them. The eleventh horse is an extra one, chosen on account of his accommodating dis-



An Irish Mare, a Typical London Cab-Horse, York Stables, Islington

position, for he is supposed to go equally well with a five mule or with a lay one; and he takes the place of any horse who may be disabled temporarily, or if there be some, each, that of that horse whose turn it is to have a rest.

Not counting the relief thus obtained, the "cab-horse" averages fourteen miles on work-days, and somewhat less on Sundays. This is hard work, considering that the "cab" when fully loaded, weighs between three and four tons. Nevertheless, the "cab-horse" lasts about five years, are just longer than the team-horse, and nearly two years longer than the sub-horse. In the Hansom-hire stable there is a well-bred old horse who has worked in a "cab" for twenty long years. It is not so thick that even he, unless an exception is made, will be sold at auction when quite worn out.

The "cab-drivers," like the horses, readily fall into two classes, which are perhaps almost equal in numbers. There is first the class who drive not from any love of the occupation, but because they have no other means of livelihood. Such men are inclined to lounge on the box; they wear nothing distinctive, and they



An English Cab-Master

There may be something excessive in this veneration for the stock, though we are prepared to deny it, both and not; but surely the condition of London horses can excite nothing but respect and liking for the English people. You will observe in Paris as well as here more well-bred, crippled horses than you can find in London in six months.

Paris was beautiful last summer, and especially at night, when the electric lights of the Exhibition buildings covered both the sky, and were reflected in the silent river beneath them, when the Elysées Bordes were like fairyland, and the broad ramparts of the Trocadero were whitened by the moonlight. Here, the eye struck spectator might exclaim—"how do I stand in the very centre of the art and civilization of the world!" But in the foreground what did he varyably see? Two or three fat people—they were always fat—in a cab driven by a man smiling with drink, and driven by a dead horse, who was with difficulty kept under a painful trot. This sight blotted out all the glory and beauty of Paris.

London is no paradise, even for horses, but a London "cab-horse" of the best type is fat and sleek enough to draw the chariot of an angel. And the "cab-horses" are more numerous than any other kind. You could almost walk through the principal streets by stepping from the top of one box to that another. There are not less than 30,000 horses in London, and it is a good lesson in horse-flesh to watch them, as they pass you in the street. You will soon observe that the larger, better-bred animals are not quite so fat and thriving as the smaller, shabby kind. These cab-horses, standing about 15.5, and sometimes



Cab-Stables, Islington



The Waverly Golf Club, Portland, Oregon



The Essex Country Club, Manchester, Massachusetts



The Golf Links, Savannah
The Eastern are all Cuthberts Links



The St. Louis



The Midlothian Club House, Blue Island, Illinois, near Chicago



At the Santa Catalina (California) Golf Club



The Golf Club at

SOME AMERICA

See previous Page.



Golf at Wellesley College



The Quincy (Illinois) Country Club



The Country Club, Albany



Country Club



The Elvank Golf Links, Manchester, Vermont



Age May, New Jersey



The Baltimore Country Club

N GOLF CLUBS

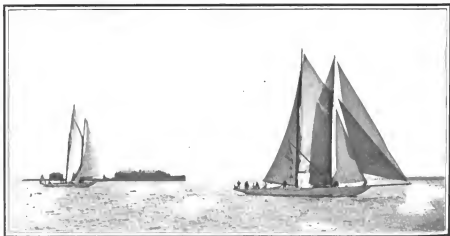
Descriptive Article



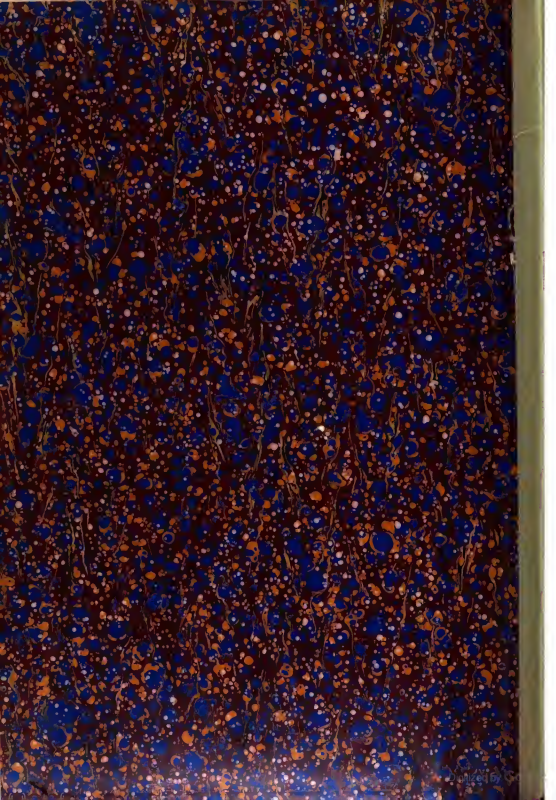
The Start of the Sloops and Yawls

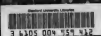


The Yawl "Atlas" winning, making a Record of Thirty-three Miles in about Three Hours
The Course was



The Schooners "Quiltema" and "Etolia" finishing





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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office for National Statistics 2000).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people, and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of older people. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for older people, which sets out the government's commitment to older people and the need to ensure that the health care system is able to meet the needs of older people.

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