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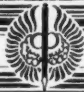
"The North Carolina Race War," By the Mayor of Wilmington

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF

ART LITERATVRE & CVRRENT EVENTS



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VOL TWENTY-TWO NO 8 | NEW YORK NOVEMBER 26 1898 | PRICE TEN CENTS

DRAWN BY H. DITZLER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SPOT

A SCENE IN THE RACE DISTURBANCE AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE AND CURRENT EVENTS

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

521—547 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET :: 518—524 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

NEW YORK NOVEMBER TWENTY-SIXTH 1898

LORD SALISBURY'S speech at the banquet given annually by the Lord Mayor of London was oracular in the Delphic sense. That is to say, it was ambiguous and may be intrepreted in either of two opposite ways. It may mean peace or it may mean war; the secret enemies of England and of the United States are at liberty to take their choice. What, for example, was intended by the curiously cryptic reference to the appearance of the great American republic among Asiatic factors. This was described by the speaker as a "grave and serious" event. All British Premiers cannot be expected to exhibit the Gladstonian faculty for rhetoric. "Grave and serious" is pleonastic. But it represents an attempt at emphasis and attests the intensity of the Prime Minister's anxiety. He went on to explain that while the new phenomenon, to which he directed attention, would be conducive to British interests, it was not, in his opinion, likely to promote the peace of the world. So far as the latter assertion goes, many students of the present and prospective situation in the Far East will disagree with Lord Salisbury. If Great Britain were left alone to bear the brunt of the struggle to maintain an "open door" in China it is doubtless possible that she might defer for a few years the complete partition of the Middle Kingdom, but it is certain that after the completion of the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian railway, she would have to give way before the overwhelming force which Russia could bring against her by land. The moment, however, that we come into possession of the Philippines, we shall acquire a strategic position, which will enable us to co-operate effectively with England in upholding China's territorial integrity, wherein we also are deeply interested. Nor would this be the sole outcome of our entrance into Far Eastern politics. So long as England stood alone, the Japanese might hesitate to associate their fortunes with hers, while Germany might either remain neutral or do as she did in 1895; that is to say, support the Franco-Russian league, so far as the Chinese question is concerned. Both of these powers, on the other hand, would be likely to assume a different attitude if they saw that not only England but also the American republic was determined to prevent any further dismemberment of China, for they would recognize that Russia and France could not contend against such odds. The more reasonable deduction, therefore, from the facts seems to be that our appearance among Asiatic factors will make for peace rather than for war, since Russia will no longer deem it prudent to prosecute her aggressive designs on the Celestial Empire.

IT IS not only what Lord Salisbury said which has set the tongues of the quidnuncs wagging; the things which he omitted to say have also caused not a little perplexity and perturbation. For instance, he announced that the Fashoda incident was closed, but he did not declare that England would refuse to surrender to France any part of the fertile Bahr-el-Gazel region, or that she would demand the abolition of the mixed tribunals in Egypt when they expire by limitation during the coming year. He neglected, also, to answer a question which must have been on the lip of every auditor, namely, Why, if the Fashoda incident is closed, are the British naval and military preparations pushed with unremitting ardor? Touching this question the oracle was dumb. The silence is variously construed. Some observers opine that Lord Salisbury knows or suspects that Russia, which has collected forty thousand soldiers at Port Arthur, contemplates an occupation of New-Chwang and an advance thence toward Pekin. Others think that he is determined to thwart the possible desire of certain European powers to interpose on behalf of Spain, in order to compel the United States either to recognize her sovereignty over the Philippines or to pay her an adequate price for the relinquishment thereof. There is another subject as to which Lord Salisbury failed to enlighten his hearers. Not a word did he utter about the Anglo-German agreement. That a compact of some kind has been made there is no doubt, but concerning its scope and conditions we have as yet no official information. A contributor, however, to the *Fortnightly Review*, who signs himself "Diplomaticus," and who apparently derives his knowledge from the British Foreign Office, asserts that the arrangement concluded between England and Germany contemplates the purchase and division of Portugal's possessions in Africa, possessions which comprehend an area of some 900,000 square miles. It is, in other words, an empire which these two powers have undertaken to appropriate, without consulting any of the other parties to the Berlin Congress of 1884–85, which assumed to regulate the partition of the Dark Continent. It is likely that the transaction will be long postponed, for the Portuguese treasury is on the verge of bankruptcy, while the Portuguese statesmen are shrewd enough to take warning by the fate of Spain, and are determined that their colonies shall be lost not by conquest, but by purchase.

COUNT CASSINI, the Russian embassador at Washington, has shown himself a zealous servant of his country by his desperate attempt to convince the American people that they are under no obligations to the British government for the attitude which it maintained before and during the late war with Spain. It would have been wiser for Count Cassini, while not contesting the reality of our debt to new friends, to urge us not to forget the old. Indisputably, Alexander II. rendered us a momentous service during our civil war at the juncture when Napoleon III. tried to bring about a joint intervention by France and England in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. It is just as certain that, had not England in the spring of the present year reversed the attitude in which she had persisted for three-quarters of a century with reference to Cuba, we should have had to renounce our wish to rescue that devastated island. If Count Cassini will review the diplomatic history of the Western Powers in relation to Cuba from the time of George Canning to the time of Lord Beaconsfield, he will discover that England and France continually refused to admit that the fate of Cuba was exclusively an American question, or even one that concerned the United States and Spain alone. He will find, on the high authority of the late Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State in the Grant administration, that at the time of the "Virginius" affair, when we had an even more flagrant and unequivocal *casus belli* than we derived from the destruction of the "Maine," we were on the point of interfering in Cuba, but were deterred because, in response to an inquiry, the British Foreign Office intimated that neither England nor France was disposed to recede from their traditional position with reference to Cuba. Against the joint naval force of England and France we were as powerless in the spring of the present year as we were in 1875, and, had not Great Britain refused to persist any longer in an attitude which France desired to maintain, we could not have moved a finger for the deliverance of Cuba. This is one of those cases where deeds are more eloquent than words, and therefore it is impossible to mislead the people of the United States touching their obligations to Great Britain in the war which seems to have been ended.

OUR DUTY IN CUBA

IN A discussion of "Pending Problems," contributed by the Hon. Hannis Taylor to the current number of the *North American Review*, will be found some sensible remarks on the course to be pursued by us toward Cuba. The views expressed are well worth noting, not only for their intrinsic interest but because the writer is a representative of Democratic opinion, which, it appears, is at one with the Republican party concerning the obligations contracted by our Government toward the Pearl of the Antilles.

It is recognized by Mr. Taylor that, whenever the question is asked, What is to be done with Cuba, the answer is invariably returned that the whole matter was settled in advance through the declaration uttered by Congress, when the war began, that the contest would be carried on with no other motive than to secure the complete political independence of the island from Spanish dominion. It is at the same time pointed out that, when that assurance was given, the best friends of Cuba in the United States honestly believed that the Cuban republic, alleged to have been established by the insurgents, was a reality, an organized and self-sustaining force that would be able to guarantee peace, order and law, when the sovereignty of Spain should have been overthrown. That belief is now held by Mr. Taylor, who once shared it, to have been an illusion. He asserts that, as the war progressed, the truth was disclosed that the moral and physical power of the so-called Cuban republic rested only upon the battered fragment of a patriot army, wasted by hunger and disease, which is not possessed of power adequate to grapple with the task of pacification, even if that task should be thrust upon it. It cannot be denied that much the same view of the actual situation in the island is taken by some of the principal military chiefs of the insurgents. Gen. Calixto Garcia, at all events, has advised that, so soon as the Spanish troops shall have been removed, the insurgent forces should be disbanded, and the work of thorough pacification be left to the United States, whose manifest duty it is to establish peace and order so as to enable all the inhabitants of Cuba, qualified to exercise the franchise, freely and fully to express their wishes regarding the future government of the island. We say that this is our

manifest duty, because we agree with Mr. Taylor that to acknowledge immediately the independence of Cuba, the moment the evacuation by the Spaniards is completed, would inevitably result in remanding the unhappy isle to a state of confusion almost as great as that from which it has emerged. If the promise given by Congress ever contemplated such a thing, which we do not admit, it would now appear to have been improvident. Touching this point, Mr. Taylor quotes with approval the remark made by Mr. James Bryce, the well-known author of "The American Commonwealth": "Declarations, honestly made, sometimes turn out, through intervening events and altered conditions, very hard to put in force." No matter, however, how difficult it may prove to put in force the promise given by us to Cuba and to the world, that promise will have to be performed in the sense that we must ultimately leave the Cubans at perfect liberty to determine for themselves what kind of government they will prefer. It is equally true that the time and manner of the performance of our promise remain within our control. Unquestionably, our own repose, no less than that of the Cuban people, demands that the reign of peace and law shall be so completely re-established throughout the island that agriculture and commerce may be revived and the administration of justice re-established upon such a firm foundation, that all property rights of natives and foreigners shall be secured. It is Mr. Taylor's opinion that, to bring about that state of things, something more will be needed than a mere military regime, although such a regime may have to be employed for a time in order to hush discord, and, in that way, render possible the foundation of a settled system of territorial government. He thinks that, when such a system is organized, its administration should be committed to a set of officials superior in character and capacity to those to whom our territories are generally assigned. Only through the maintenance of a liberal and stimulative regime, political and commercial, that will quickly promote the general welfare of the island, as well as our own, can we convince the Cuban people that their true interests lie in a closer relation with the one country upon which their economic dependence is unmistakable. Industrially, Cuba is a vast sugar estate, the product whereof, representing eight-tenths of the exports of the island, can now be sold only in the ports of the United States.

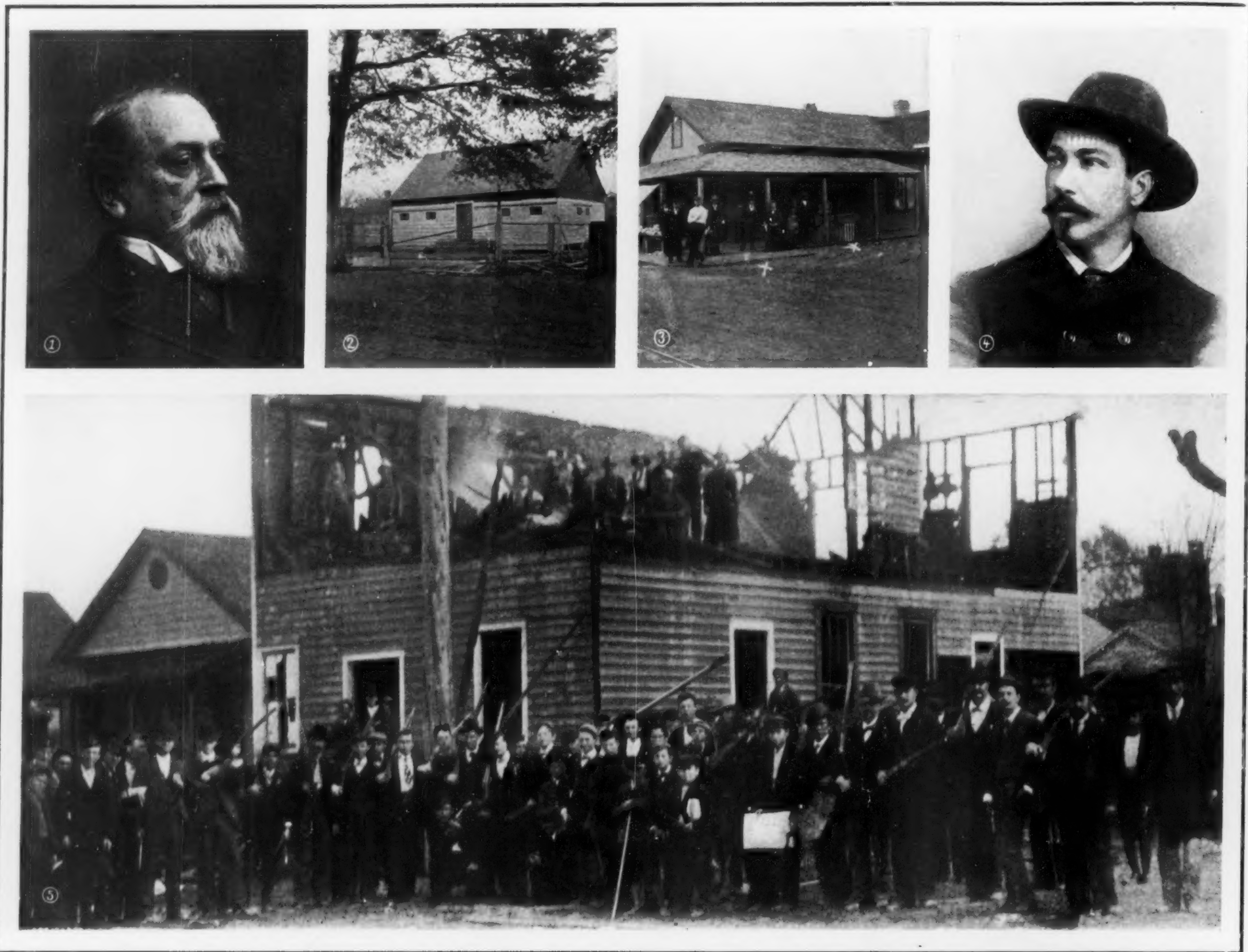
Mr. Taylor's conclusion is that, if, during the period devoted to the re-establishment of peace and order, we shall encourage and develop the growth of Cuban industry and commerce, and maintain a provisional government at once firm and liberal, the immediate consequence will be a very large immigration into Cuba from the United States. Only by a peaceful conquest of that kind can we hope, eventually, to make of the island a permanent element in our national life. The process of assimilation should be permitted to work itself out fully under a territorial system before the Cuban people shall be called upon to pass finally upon the question whether they will enter the Union as a State, or attempt to set up an independent nation and confront all the perils incident to such a venture.

THE OUTCOME OF THE ELECTIONS

WE pointed out some weeks ago that during the last forty years, with a single exception, whenever the party in power has lost the House of Representatives in the midway year of a Presidential term, it has, also, been defeated at the succeeding election for the Presidency. It is as if the pendulum had swung so far in one direction that it could not complete the returning oscillation in the short space of two years. That a reaction will occur to a certain extent in the midway year seems to be a law of political dynamics. The only practical question is as to the amount of the reaction. If the reaction is but slight, it does not, so far as observation goes, disturb the relation of parties at the ensuing trial of strength. That is to say, if a party in power retains its control of the House of Representatives in the midway year of a Presidential term, it is almost certain, if we may trust experience, to be successful also at the next Presidential election. The application of this empirical principle to the Republican party at the present time is obvious. There has been only a slight oscillation of the political pendulum. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives has been cut down, but it is still amply sufficient to organize the Chamber, and, if we may judge by precedents, it will be increased by the treatment of certain contested elections, notably in North Carolina. For those, therefore, who are accustomed to interpret the future by the past, the outcome of the appeal to the ballot-box on November 8 indicates the triumph of the Republican party in 1900 also.

This is a remarkable phenomenon, when we bear in mind that nearly a million more votes were cast for Mr. Bryan in 1896 than had ever been previously thrown for any Presidential candidate. It follows that the pendulum had, comparatively, but a little way to swing in the Democratic direction, yet, for one reason or another, it failed to bridge the distance. To what shall we attribute the failure? In the first place, to the proximity of a memorable war, and, in the second place, to the arrival of the long-promised and eagerly-awaited wave of prosperity. Experience has shown that, while a war is in progress, it is next to impossible to array the American people against the Administration which is responsible for the conduct of the contest. So long as a war with France seemed inevitable in the closing years of the last century—it will be remembered that informal maritime hostilities did actually occur—the Federalist administration of John Adams was unshakable. James Madison was re-elected President in the autumn of 1812, although the war with Great Britain had been in progress for nearly five months, and had reflected anything but credit on the Administration. It is true that the House of Representatives, elected in 1846, the midway year of Polk's administration, chose Robert C. Winthrop Speaker. But Winthrop, it must be remembered, had the support of the Southern Whigs, who warmly favored the war with Mexico, and, moreover, the resplendent victories that were to mark the contest, were, as yet, unwon. Still fresh in our memories is the ease with which Lincoln beat McClellan in 1864, notwithstanding the dissatisfaction with which many Republicans regarded the former's conduct of the struggle. In 1862, likewise, the midway year of Lincoln's first administration, although there was a pronounced reaction, it was far from being strong enough to loosen the Republican grasp upon the House of Representatives. When, on the other hand, a considerable period has elapsed after the conclusion of a war, it is observed that a military candidate makes but a faint impression on the American people. The success of Gen. Taylor, for example, in 1848, was due, not to his military record, but to the Barn-burner revolt which deprived the Democratic candidate of the State of New York. When Gen. Scott, the real hero of the war with Mexico, ran for President in 1852, the popular interest in his victories had so completely faded that he was overwhelmingly defeated. In 1880, when the Civil War was half a generation distant, the splendid gallantry which Hancock had displayed upon the battlefield could not earn for him the Presidency, nor did the supreme indebtment of his countrymen to Grant avail, at that date, to give him even a nomination for a third term. In a word, the effect of war upon American politics is an almost instantaneous, and not a continuous, effect. In the present instance, the Republican party had the twofold advantage, first, that our martial victories were still living on the lips of men, and, secondly, that it was recognized by all far-sighted men that the war with Spain was by no means over. When our voters went to the ballot-box on November 8, the splendid triumph gained by Admiral Dewey at Cavite was but six months, and the annihilation of the Spanish squadron under Cervera only four months, old. The people had not yet had time to balance the mistakes against the glories of the war. Neither, while the Peace Commission was still sitting in Paris, did they wish, by an apparent withdrawal of confidence from the Administration, to lend aid and comfort to the enemy. Had the general election taken place in October instead of November, it is probable that Mr. McKinley would have been much more emphatically indorsed, whereas, had the election been deferred a month or two, it is probable that the reaction would have acquired so much momentum, that the Republicans would have lost control of the House of Representatives. As it is, they have accomplished what they have never previously done since Grant's first term, they have maintained their grasp on the House of Representatives at the election in the midway year of a Republican's sojourn in the White House.

We call the election just concluded memorable, not only for the augury it offers with regard to 1900, but because it has blasted the hopes of the advocates of Free Silver for many years to come. The fact that the coalition of Democrats, Populists and Silver Republicans has held its ground in Colorado and Montana almost alone, while, in other Far Western States, including Kansas and Nebraska, it has encountered woful reverses, seems to afford conclusive proof that the masses of the voters in that section are content with the present and prospective indications of prosperity, and that, so long as these continue, they will be disinclined to follow the silver will-o'-the-wisp. Even should, however, the Far West and the Middle West reverse, in 1900, their present expression of opinion, and elect Mr. Bryan to the Presidency on a Free Silver platform, it is none the less true that the silver question is, practically, shelved. The number of State legislatures carried by the Republicans on November 8 assures to them so large a majority in the United States Senate that it cannot be extinguished for at least eight years to come. It follows that, no matter what may happen two years hence, the Democracy will not be able, under any possible circumstances, to carry through Congress the monetary legislation which it professes to desire. That is why we call the silver question dead. You cannot enthuse people for a cause, when they know that all their efforts on behalf of it are doomed to be abortive. Neither will the warning be lost upon intelligent Democrats throughout the Union, the warning embodied in the fact that, in every Northern and Western State, with the exception of Colorado and Montana, they experienced formidable losses wherever they uplifted the Free Silver standard, whereas, in New York and Maryland, where the silver issue was kept in the background, they made enormous gains, and came within a hair's breadth of victory. The real lesson of the general election in 1898 is that, at best, the Democrats have but a poor chance of winning in 1900, but that, if they would seize what chance they had, they must reform their columns, send the cranks to the rear and unfurl once more their old banner of Free Trade. Even Republicans are beginning to recognize that in respect of manufactures we have become an exporting rather than an importing country. But, if we can undersell foreigners abroad, why cannot we do it at home?



THE REVOLUTION AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

1. *Ex-Congressman Alfred M. Waddell, Revolutionary Mayor of Wilmington.* 2. *"Manhattan Park," where Shooting Affray took place.* 3. *Fourth and Harnet, where first Negroes fell.* 4. *E. G. Parmalee, new Chief of Police.* 5. *The wrecked "Record" Building and a Group of Vigilantes.*

THE STORY OF THE WILMINGTON, N. C., RACE RIOTS

BY COL. ALFRED M. WADDELL

Leader in the Reform Movement and now Revolutionary Mayor of Wilmington

MY ACTIVE connection with what has been termed the Revolutionary Government commenced when the Campaign Committee called upon me to make a speech stating my views; and I would like to say, in this connection, that some of the daily press representatives who have given an account of my speech selected two paragraphs for quotation, sent them out to the country, and the people at large necessarily formed an erroneous opinion of what I said, from those two paragraphs standing alone. They came to the conclusion that I was a violent revolutionist.

I said in my speech:

"If there should be a race conflict here (which God forbid!), the first men who should be held to strict accountability are the white leaders, who would be chiefly responsible, and the work should begin at the top of the list. I scorn to leave any doubt as to whom I mean by that phrase. I mean the Governor of this State, who is the engineer of all the deviltry and meanness."

That is one part of the speech. I also said:

"We will not live under these intolerable conditions. No society can stand it. We intend to change it, if we have to choke the current of the Cape Fear River with carcasses."

That is the other paragraph which some of the press representatives took out. All the rest of the speech, which was chiefly a statement of facts, was omitted. Those paragraphs, disconnected from the text, were sent out as my speech.

When the crisis came, there was a universal demand that I should take charge. Last week, at the mass meeting, they made me chairman by acclamation, and also chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Twenty-five.

Demand was made for the negroes to reply to our ultimatum to them, and their reply was delayed or sent astray (whether purposely or not, I do not know), and that caused all the trouble. The people came to me. Although two other men were in command, they demanded that I should lead them.

I took my Winchester rifle, assumed my position at the head of the procession, and marched to the "Record" office. We designed merely to destroy the press. I took a couple of men to the door, when our demand to open was not answered, and burst it in. Not I personally, for I have not the strength, but those with me did it.

We wrecked the house. I believe that the fire which occurred was purely accidental; it certainly was unintentional on our part. I saw smoke issuing from the top story. Some one said the house was afire. I could not believe it. There were a number of kerosene oil lamps hanging round. They were thrown down and smashed, and the kerosene ran over the floor. It is possible that some fellow set it afire with a match. Immediately there were shouts when the fire occurred.

"Stop that fire! Put it out! This won't do at all!"

I at once had the fire alarm bell rung. We saved the wooden buildings next to the "Record" office, and soon had the fire out.

I then marched the column back through the streets down to the armory, lined them up, and stood on the stoop and made a speech to them. I said:

"Now you have performed the duty which you called on me to lead you to perform. Now let us go quietly to our homes, and about our business, and obey the law, unless we are forced, in self-defense, to do otherwise." I came home. In about an hour, or less time, the trouble commenced over in the other end of town, by the negroes starting to come over here. I was not there at the time. I was here in this part of town. But we began immediately to turn out and prepare. And right here I want to say this about my part: I never dreamed the time would come when I would lead a mob. But I want to say, too, a United States Army officer, a prominent man, was here, and saw the whole performance. He said:

"I never witnessed anything like this before. It is the most orderly performance I ever witnessed!"

Then they got seven of the negro leaders, brought them downtown, and put them in jail. I had been elected mayor by that time. It was certainly the strangest performance in American history, though we literally followed the law, as the Fusionists made it themselves. There has not been a single illegal act committed in the change of government. Simply, the old board went out, and the new board came in—strictly according to law. In regard to those men who had been brought to the jail a crowd said that they intended to destroy them; that they were the leaders, and that they were going to take the men out of the jail.

I ordered a force of military around the jail. I said to the people:

"My position has been radically changed. I am now a sworn officer of the law. That jail and those people must have protection."

I went out and appealed to the people in different parts of the town. They realized the situation and told me I was right, and that they would stand by me.

I stayed up the whole night myself, and the forces stayed up all night, and we saved those wretched creatures' lives.

I waited until next morning at nine o'clock, and then I made the troops form a hollow square in front of the jail. We placed the scoundrels in the midst of the square and marched them to the railroad station. I bought and gave them tickets to Richmond, and told them to go and to never show up again. That bunch were all negroes. Then they had taken other fellows that they sent out, and had them somewhere protected. They took them under guard to another train—there were three whites in that party—and sent them off also.

Rumors fly here and there that the negroes are arming. There is no truth in that. They are utterly cowed and crushed, and are not going to interfere with anybody. I have sent messengers of both races out into the surrounding woods, where, it is said, fugitives are in hiding, begging the people to come back to their homes, and to rest assured they will be protected in their persons and property. A great many have come in, and I expect more will come to-night.

The negroes here have always professed to have faith in me. When I made the speech in the Opera House they were astounded. One of the leaders said:

"My God! when so conservative a man as Colonel Waddell talks about filling the river with dead niggers, *I* want to get out of town!"

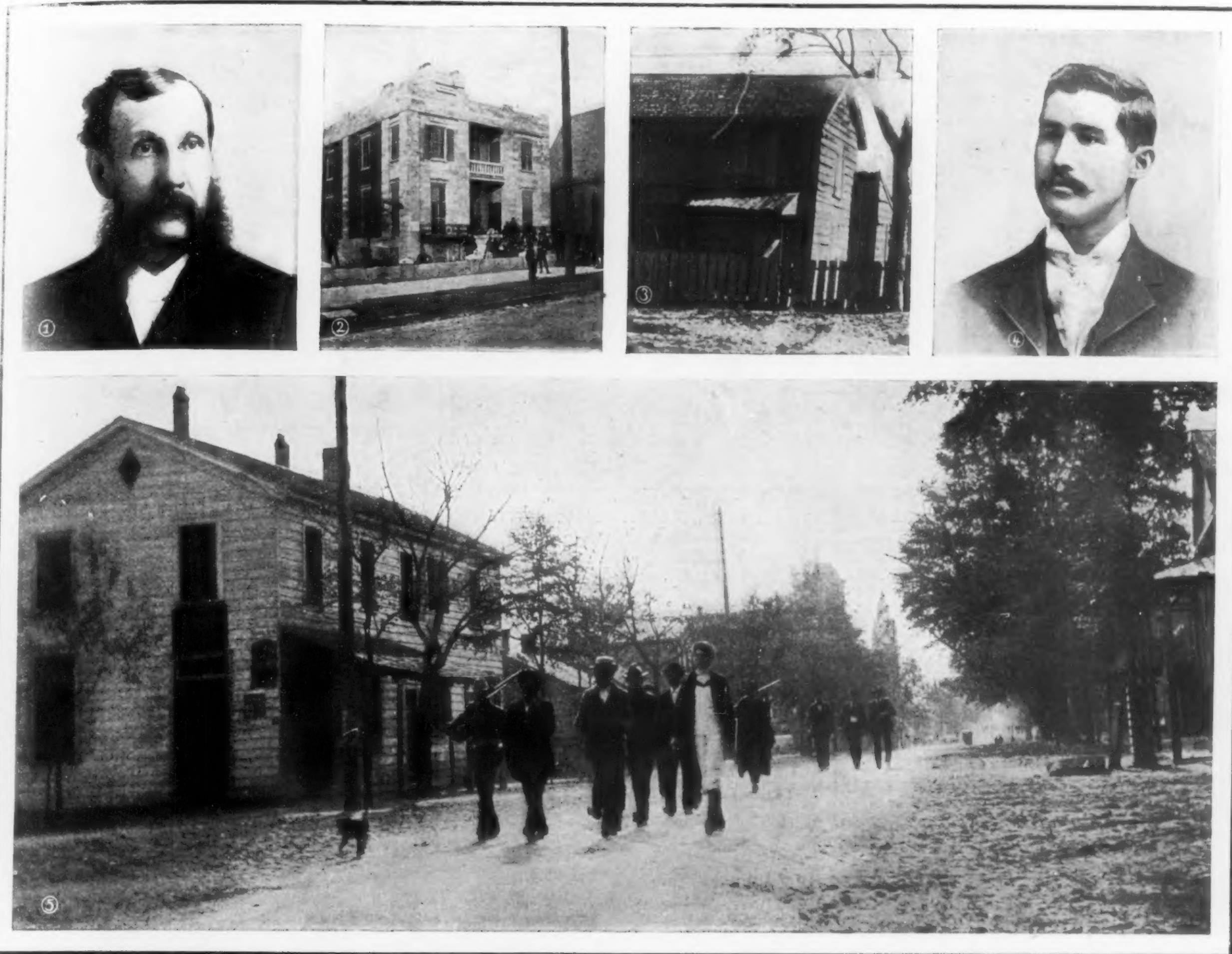
Since this trouble many negroes have come to me and said they are glad I have taken charge. I said:

"Never a hair of your heads will be harmed. I will dispense justice to you as I would to the first man in the community. I will try to discharge my duty honestly and impartially."

No one knows better than I that this has been a serious matter, but it has, like all such affairs, its humorous side. After the crisis had passed, an old negro came complaining to me about his jack-knife which he wanted me to get back for him. It seems it had been taken from him during the fracas. Then another negro came, complaining that some cattle had been penned up, and he wanted them "tu'nd loose."

The pendulum swung from the most tragic incidents to the most trivial. I have been bombarded with every kind of petition and complaint, both for protection against imaginary trouble, and for what I consider would be persecution—that spirit of cruelty that a revolution always develops; people who want to gratify their animosity and personal spite.

As to the government we have established, it is a perfectly legal one. The law, passed by the Republican Legislature itself, has been complied with. There was no intimidation used in the establishment of the present city government. The old government had become satisfied of their inefficieny and utterly helpless imbecility, and believed if they did not resign they would be run out of town. Therefore they came for-



THE REVOLUTION AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

1. *Dr. S. P. Wright, the deposed Mayor.* 2. *Light Infantry Armory, Headquarters of Troops.* 3. *Negro Shanty where Shooting Affray took place.* 4. *Editor Manley of the "Record."* 5. *Naval Reserves and Troops escorting Negro Prisoners to the Jail.*

ward, after consulting with men of our city, and they said each one of them wanted to resign—anxious to do so. They wanted to get rid of the responsibility. If our people would organize, they would be glad to resign and let us take the responsibility.

It was not a matter of coercion; the old city government simply realized it was not able to continue in control and wished to be released from the weight of responsibility. A change was imperatively necessary. Men were needed who could and would cope with existing conditions.

In order to accomplish this legally a meeting was held, and the old Board of Aldermen resigned by wards. One alderman would resign; that would make a vacancy; and then the mayor (who has escaped from here) would ask if there were any nominations for the vacancy; and one of his own men would nominate a man he knew we wanted for the ward, and so on, in succession, through each ward in town. We really didn't have anything to do with it. They asked us whom we wanted. Successively they resigned, and our men were elected. The room was as quiet as a room in a private house.

It became necessary to elect a mayor. Under the law which they made the mayor could be elected either from their own body or outside. They elected me mayor. We took the city and went right to work. There is not a flaw in the legality of the government. It was the result of revolution, but the forms of law were strictly complied with in every respect.

The ultimate outcome, of course, I do not know. There is no probability of further violence. I cannot more graphically or briefly express my opinion on that point than by repeating what I said to the Board of Aldermen when we were arranging for the police. I said: "Gentlemen, I will patrol this city with six women, so quiet and peaceful and orderly is it. It is like Sunday all the time."

But we went on and wanted to put matters beyond the possibility of a doubt. They have appointed a police force three times as large as I wanted it to be, so that everybody may feel perfectly confident and safe.

It is a fact that a large force of soldiers and naval reserves, armed with rifles, bayonets and revolvers, patrol the streets in squads. I never called on the Governor for any troops myself, but was glad that the commanding officer of the State Guard here notified him of the situation. I am using the State troops to co-operate with my police force, but there is no danger. It is simply to make the women and timid people feel secure that they will not be turned out or maltreated.

I believe the negroes are as much rejoiced as the white people that order has been evolved out of chaos.

They have seen my proclamation and they feel secure, and they are rejoiced over it.

"THE COMMITTEE OF TWENTY-FIVE"

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

WILMINGTON, N. C.

UNLESS the more ancient processes of negro disfranchisement at the ballot-box are considered to still be effective, it is quite possible that the successful capsizing of Wilmington's municipal government by "The Committee of Twenty-five" will be emulated in other communities where negro rule is oppressive, and followed by similar revolutions throughout the "Black Belt" of the South. At the present time representatives of many Southern cities are here, *finding out how the thing was done.*

Since the close of the Civil Conflict the South has vainly sought for a solution of the Race Problem. The necessity for white supremacy is the Gospel of the Southerner, who is also hampered by an ineradicable feeling of paternalism, inherited from slavery days.

It was reserved for Wilmington, N. C., to take the most startling and suggestive step looking to the absolute termination of negro rule and the disfranchisement of the race.

Wilmington is a pretty little city, tucked away among the sweet-smelling pines down in the southeast corner of the State, not far from the coast. Its population of 25,000 souls is made up of 8,000 whites and 17,000 negroes. It is a typical Southern city, with all the picturesque Southern attachments—mule-drawn vehicles, "coon dogs," grotesquely ragged darkies, ox-carts, fried bananas, red bandanas, hot biscuits, honking geese, and wandering shoats.

The recent revolution, which resulted in a reformation of the city government, was occasioned by municipal misrule and the dictatorship usurped by Governor Russell. Racial differences formed the basis of the revolt. Trouble was brewing for months. Before election, the city was in the power of the Fusionists, was practically without a charter or effective government, and was dominated by negroes and negro sympathizers. Many police officers and deputies were colored men.

If the unanimous testimony of reputable citizens, "householders and warm men" is to be depended upon, a reformation in the municipal regime was necessary. White women found it unsafe to walk through the streets in daytime without an escort. They were insulted and elbowed into the gutter by negro women and men. Children going to school were abused. Residences were broken into and their contents destroyed out of pure deviltry. Householders who complained to the Chief of Police (now in parts unknown) received no satisfaction. Besides, the tongue of the negress "is hung in the middle."

Before election there was an exodus of white women and children from the city. The tension was drawn close to the snapping point. Trouble was anticipated by both races. Local dealers were forbidden to sell arms to the negroes, who were poorly equipped with weapons. Application was made to the Winchester Arms Company by Fusionists for two hundred repeating rifles, it is said, and referred by the company to its North Carolina agent, who sent the letter to Wilmington, where it was published. Governor Russell and Senator Butler having announced their intention to speak at Wilmington, a committee of citizens waited upon those gentlemen in the interest of law and order, and "advised them to stay away." One of the committee was a former law partner of the Governor. The speeches were postponed.

On the day following election, the prominent Democratic citizens banded together and determined to act. The Fusionist officials in power, Dr. S. P. Wright, Mayor; J. R. Melton, Chief of Police; R. H. Bunting, Magistrate, and the entire Board of Aldermen, "resigned," and the new revolutionary government, consisting of A. M. Waddell, Mayor; E. G. Parmalee, Chief of Police, and a Town Council made up of prominent business men, assumed control. The streets filled with citizens, peacefully disposed, but whose pistol-pockets bulged out ominously.

The revolutionary government immediately swore in two hundred and fifty special policemen. As for the members of the old police force, "they simply forgot to report for duty."

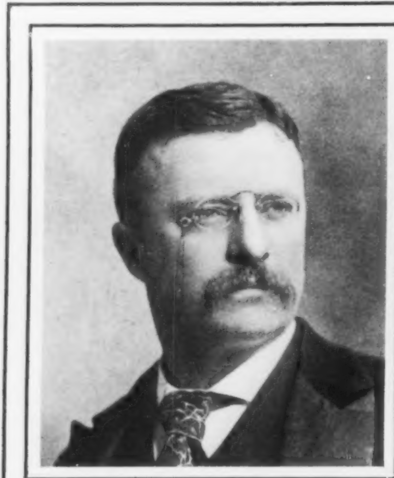
Incidentally the revolutionists in power proceeded to make it warm for negro-rule leaders and sympathizers. Objectionable Fusionists (all Fusionists are objectionable in Wilmington, by the way) were given to understand that they had become decidedly *persona non grata* in Wilmington. Whereupon passenger receipts of the railroad company began to look up.

Then the immediate cause of violence and bloodshed materialized.

There was (but is no more) in the city of Wilmington an "Afro-American" newspaper called the "Record," published by a mulatto named A. L. Manley. The "Record" had a large circulation among the negroes throughout the State. Manley had some time before election published an atrocious article defaming white women, a slander sufficiently vile to impel a Pennsylvania Dutchman to take up his butcher knife and go on the warpath. Proposals were made to lynch Manley when the article appeared, but cooler heads persuaded the hot young bloods to wait. The older men had planned to combine revolution with profit.

When the revolutionary government took charge, Editor Manley was expelled from the city, and a com-

(Continued on page 16)



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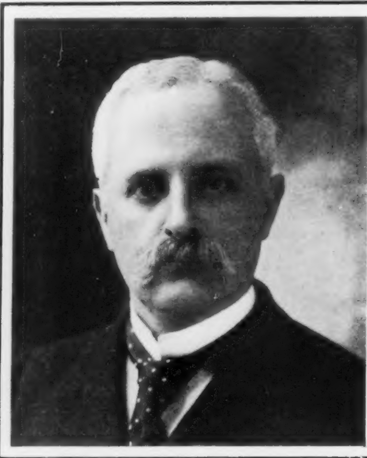

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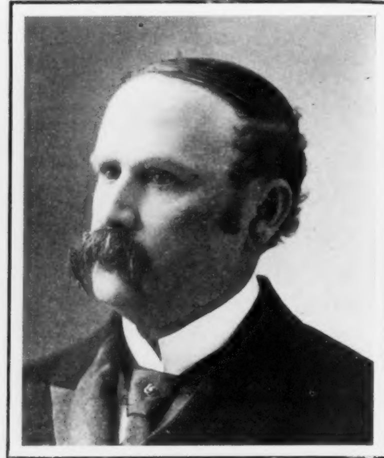
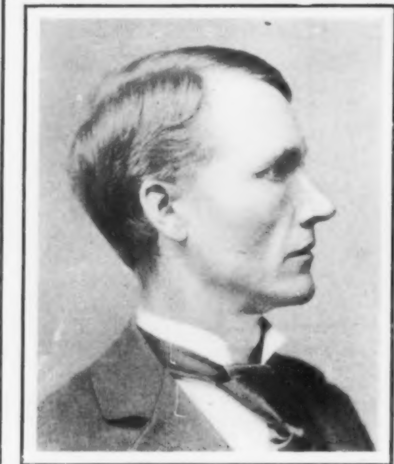
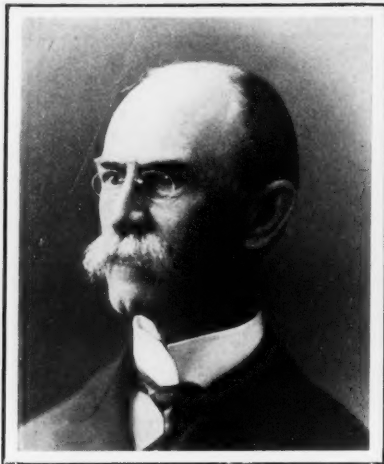


BENTON McMILLAN, TENNESSEE



JOHN LIND, MINNESOTA

W. E. STANLEY, KANSAS



Photograph by Rinehart
CHARLES S. THOMAS, COLORADO

SOME STATE GOVERNORS ELECTED NOVEMBER 8

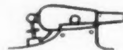
OUR NOTE-BOOK

CÆSAR GERMANICUS entered Byzance in the rain. Thirty years ago, when the purple galley of the Empress of the Gauls floated up to the Golden Horn it was raining also. But it was raining roses. For hours the Bosphorus rolled flowers and perfumes in greeting. The welcome of Wilhelm was less poetic. In lieu of bouquets there was the dread of bombs. But in the palace built on a palace where he lodged, in the haremlik through which he strolled, in the vision of power absolute which he beheld, there were flowers in plenty—bombs, too, no doubt—yet only of the variety which Tortoni confectioned and which some people still eat with a spoon. With the pilgrimage to Palestine that followed we know all about. Entirely up-to-date, it is well worth applauding if for no other reason than that it succeeded in being at once imperial, commercial and pious. Jerusalem has seen many strange things, but never any as eccentric as that. In days less utilitarian the scarp of Moriah would have crumbled and the Veil of the Temple been rent at the spectacle presented by this sceptered drummer who entered there, a New Testament in one hand and a bag of samples in the other. It was not in Jerusalem that he could have felt at ease, nor, should he pass that way, will he be better off in the gloom and grandeur of the Escorial. Sites more barbaric and by the same token more business-like are best suited to him.

THE YILDIZ-KIOSK, in which he stopped when at Constantinople, must have suited him perfectly. Laid out in three concentric inclosures, it is the one modern model of a camp of the Huns. In the first inclosure are sentries, soldiers, barracks and arsenals. The second, composed of stables and department-stores, is a city of butchers and bakers, hostlers and lackeys, servants civil and otherwise, jewelers and pastry cooks, officials and parasites, a townful of people whom the Sultan supports without being quite sure that they exist. For their amusement there are menageries, booths, bastinadoes and decapitations. Within the third inclosure, walled and fortified, is the palace of Abdul the Damned. It is there Wilhelm lodged. Less attractive than the enchanted residence of the Caliphs of Cordova, what it lacks in beauty it makes up in size. The throne-room is really majestic. Yet though the rug which covers the flooring is one of the most perfect and certainly the largest ever made, there stand on it plain tables of plain pine and with them the frippery of tawdry French salons. But on the walls there is compensation—tapestries done by Carlo Dolcis of the needle, mural decorations by native Valasquez in thread. Adjoining is the hammam, and next door, in a building which looks like a Swiss chalet, is the haremlik, the seraglio which, barring Cæsar Germanicus, no male European has entered, except, indeed, it is rumored, Mr. Ruskin, who, for reasons purely literary of course—the better, perhaps, to describe that which he afterward catalogued as the unspeakable empires of Mammon and Belial—effected an entrance through the back door. But that is gossip. In the hammam Sultan and Kaiser, it may be assumed, found relaxation from each other's conversation, while in the throne-room the latter, it may be also assumed, must have intercepted the vision, by no means commonplace, of absolute might.

ABDUL THE DAMNED obtained, it is reported, more from Cæsar Germanicus than the latter obtained from him. The report is probably correct. "Time and I against all comers" is the motto which hangs in that Kiosk. For years he has outwitted the diplomacy of Europe, and, having done it practically single-handed, there is no reason for supposing him incapable of outwitting the Kaiser now. The Prince of True Believers, Sultan of Sultans, Shadow of God on Earth, King of the Two Worlds, Lord of the Two Seas, *by whose life existence has been ennobled*, is the simple fashion in which this monster is officially described. For that he is a monster has been patent, but that he is a clever monster no one can deny. The factors that have made him what he is are many. First is heredity; second, education; third, want of money—not for his own needs, but for the administration of the country—and finally that atmosphere of ceaseless intrigue which is the very breath of Constantinople. These things, others too, have combined to heighten his cunning and increase his guile. It is said that no man is wholly bad. The Kaiser's recent host is the exception.

MR. TESLA'S announcement that he is prepared to destroy a ship by means of electricity yet not by means of wires has been received with cheerful incredulity. It is a bountiful Providence which has enabled man to ridicule whatever he does not understand. Ridicule has been the prelude of every great invention. It has crooned at its cradle. But though it came to jeer, again and again it has remained to stare. That is as it should be. The beginning of truth is amazement. But in this case, as in all others, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The value of Mr. Tesla's process remains to be shown. Just at present it is a mystery. Yet, so also is electricity. No marvel which electricity has worked is as marvelous as electricity itself. To call it a mystery, though, is a misuse of language. Correctly speaking, there is no such thing; but there is ignorance, and it is in a manner both delightful and flattering to general self-esteem that the one is confused with the other. In the chartless morrow which the future has in charge it is not extravagant to assume that ignorance will evaporate, knowledge become exact, that electricity will yield its secret, and, perhaps for those who then live, fathom the recesses of the sky. From a servant it may develop into a confidant; it may tell of its wanderings, of its conception, of its sudden avatars and all that it has seen. But this is conjuncture. The point is, that in manipulating it with a wire or without, there is a difference in degree rather than in kind.



THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL served as text for an address recently delivered by Sir John Lubbock, in the course of which, after stalking Crime and Wickedness to a common lair—Intemperance—he attributed the latter to dullness and a craving for excitement which he declared the reading of good books might relieve. The question arises, What are good books? But that we will consider later on. For the moment we may note that of these views one, at least, lacks the indorsement of science. Intemperance is not due to dullness but to drink, and the causes of it have,

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GRAND OPERA SEASON OF 1898-99—SOME OF THE ARTISTES

with much exactness, been defined as consisting, first, in liquor; second, in a love for it; and third, in a desire for more. There is another thing worth noting. In the youth of the world life was very lively, a craving for excitement could have been relieved wherever one looked, and yet though intemperance was less prevalent than it afterward became, there was more crime and wickedness than the contemporary press can exhibit. The fact, however, proves nothing. Youth is usually riotous and middle age austere. The point is that the really great criminals, the men and women whose stirring sins are the illumination of history, never drank a drop. Antony was an exception, and we all know what happened to him. But admitting the contrary, and with it the validity of the premises advanced, there remains to be considered the cure. A few years ago Sir John selected from general literature a hundred books which he labeled the best, and which he recommended every one to read. Alarming dullness is their chief characteristic. Now if, as he says, dullness causes drink and drink wickedness, the amount of crime and intemperance for which he is responsible statisticians of the future may alone compute.

MILAN OF SERVIA, who, M. Saint-Aubin reports, is the hero of Mr. Davis' story, is also reported to be a thoroughly disreputable person. But what of that? If kings are to behave as ordinary folk, in what does their majesty consist? Europe does not look to them for guidance spiritual, artistic, or even political. What Europe requires is that they shall so deport themselves that they can be talked about and denounced. That does royalty no harm, and makes the gossips feei all the more virtuous. "Besides," as Mr. Blount expressed it, "kings discrowned go forth not citizens, but outlawed men." That is always spectacular. We expect them to be wicked. If they are not we feel cheated. Even so, Milan is not as bad as he is painted. He could not be. In dull viciousness Leopold of Belgium is his superior. At the feet of the last king of Holland he could have sat and learned a lesson. The trouble with Milan is that he is common. He is the descendant of a swineherd, and shows it. He can't be splendid; he don't know how. When a royal can't be that his usefulness must cease. But that is a quality which is departing. The last real king was the Bavarian Ludwig. He was so magnificent that Europe thought him mad. Milan is not magnificent. He is not even mad. At best he is a lunatic with lucid intervals, in which he is simply stupid. If Mr. Davis has got that all down in his book, it matters little how the words are set.

A SCHOOL OF FICTION AND PLAY-WRITING is about to be opened in London. Should Mr. Hall Caine, as we trust, be spared to us, we hope that on his way home he will stop and profit by it. As a lady once remarked in reference to an author who shall be nameless, "He has so much taste." "Yes, indeed," the man to whom she was talking replied: "and all so bad." But that is a digression. Mr. Caine is a writer of great promise, which this school, at no distant date, will no doubt enable him to fulfill. Meanwhile there is no good and valid reason why we should not have one here. Concerning the lines on which the London institution is to be run, information at present is lacking. Even otherwise, imitation is to be fought against. English novels have no small talk and English plays no manners. Moreover, in English fiction an encounter with the nobility is inevitable. In English drama it is impossible to avoid the woman with a past. The latter is always fat too, and a woman with a past should be thin. But that also is a digression. The point is that our young in letters should be shielded from such influences. What they require is instruction from a corps of competent publishers and impresarii who can teach them how to write cheques. The moment they are qualified to do that they possess all the law and the prophets.

LUCCHENI, whose trial for the murder of the Empress of Austria recently began in Geneva, and who, by way of preparation, had his photograph taken, has not a face which fits the crime. His picture suggests a thief in a fog perhaps, yet nothing worse. But that was to be expected. All accounts agree that the assassin of Canovas had a retiring manner. Very retiring, we should say. Santo, Carnot's assassin, was regarded by his acquaintances as engaging in the extreme. Then there was Henry, the Paris bomb-thrower, a man highly educated, intellectual in conversation and aristocratic in appearance, who had but to smile to fascinate. Auguste Vaillant, too, who nearly blew up the French Parliament, was described by those who knew him as apparently shy as a girl, and of a sensibility which, seemingly, however, did not extend to the Chamber of Deputies. So it is with this brute. He looks like anything but a fiend. Yet, as already noted, that was to be expected. Anarchists spring from a class that has relapsed. They are the savages of civilization. In their savagery is their cunning. It is their crimes that startle, not their faces.

THE PHILIPPINE pie with the fingers of the German emperor in it might serve as subject for a cartoon. Spanish comment in regard to this country might serve for another. At once resigned and rude, it recalls a repartee which, after the Franco-Prussian war, a London wit is rumored to have made. The French embassador, after complaining that England had not intervened, concluded pleasantly, "Yet, after all, it is only what we might have expected; we always believed you to be a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know that you are." "Quite so," the wit, adjusting his monocle, replied; "but, you see, we always believed you to be a nation of soldiers, and now we know you are not." As a bit of banter the retort was good. It is probable, however, that the conversation never occurred. Even so, its merits are not diminished. Give the embassador's conclusion to Spain, put the Englishman's reply in the mouth of Uncle Sam, and there is a cartoon for Mr. Newell.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER, it is worth noting, has been drawn by Professor Japp. The latter recently produced a paper on Vitalism. The conclusions which that paper contained Mr. Spencer has traversed. Into the problem raised, the question whether nature can create single, asymmetric, optically active compounds which, when mechanically generated, are always double, symmetric and optically inactive, we need not enter. Mr. Spencer says that interpretations based on any such experiments are wrong in either way, that the theory of a vital principle is wrong, that the theory of a physico-chemical principle is wrong, that life, in its ultimate nature, is incomprehensible. Into all of which we need not enter either. Yet, nonetheless, does it not seem that Mr. Spencer in refusing to recognize the possibility of a knowable has sunk into the grossest superstitions?

EDGAR SALTUS.

PARTING WITH THE "CINCINNATI"

THE "MARIA TERESA"

Illustrated from Photographs by Ensign J. C. Summers, U. S. N.

WHEN Admiral Cervera attempted to take his fleet from Santiago Harbor he led the way in the armored cruiser "Infanta Maria Teresa," which vessel, therefore, was doomed to be first attacked, beached and surrendered. Perhaps because the Admiral was aboard, and discipline was better maintained than on the "Vizcaya" and "Oquendo," the "Maria Teresa's" magazines were flooded when resistance became useless; the crew were therefore spared the horrors that followed explosions on the other Spanish cruisers, and the ship itself, although severely riddled above the water-line, was found good enough in hull and engines to justify repairs with a view to adding the "Maria Teresa" to the American navy.

The original cost of the vessel—less than ten years ago—was about three million dollars. Since the eventful 3d of July the outlay for raising, towing to Guantanamo Bay, repairs, etc., amounted to less than one hundred thousand dollars, yet on October 29 the "Maria Teresa" started from Guantanamo Bay for Norfolk, for final repairs. Although towed by the naval repair ship "Vulcan" and the wrecking company's tug "Merritt," the "Teresa," as the navy men call her, had steam up and her engines were working. She had a crew of more than one hundred men, thirty-five of whom were employed by the wrecking company, forty-three were from the "Vulcan," others from the "Newark," the "Cincinnati," the "Potomac" and the "Glacier"; there were also seven members of the Illinois naval reserve in the crew, and nineteen Cubans, the latter having been shipped as coal passers.

The cruiser "Cincinnati" accompanied the vessel to and into the Windward Passage, off Cape Maysi, the eastern extremity of Cuba, and when she signaled "Pleasant voyage to you" and started back to Guantanamo the weather was good and the "Teresa" apparently safe, although there was water in the forward fireroom and coal from the same compartment got into the pumps.

Soon after midnight of the 31st the wind became very high and the "Teresa," which was then off Watling Island, labored greatly, and had to be kept "head on" to the sea, for the forward compartments took in much water. The wind and sea became higher, hour by hour. The vibration of the ship increased, and—a very bad sign—was greater athwartship than longitudinally. New leaks were discovered at the seams and ends of plates, showing, apparently, that the quality of the steel had been weakened by the fire that raged through the vessel on July 3. The "Teresa" rolled and pitched so severely that an 11-inch gun became loose in the after-turret, and for a few moments its great bulk threatened to make trouble.

About noon of November 1 Captain Chittenden of the wrecking company and Lieutenant-Commander Harris, in charge of the naval contingent on the "Teresa," wished that they might change the course to the westward and thus reach the lee of Watling Island, but after consultation, by signal, with the "Merritt," it was thought dangerous to turn the ship and place her in the trough of the sea, as the proposed change would compel. Water in the firerooms had reduced the steam by which the pumps, thirteen in number, were worked, and soon the engines stopped. Then Captain Harris signaled that he should "abandon ship"—an intention easier announced than put into execution; for the sea was so high that small boats could scarcely live, nor could they venture close to the hull of the leaking vessel. One surf-boat and one life-raft were manned, men were passed, one by one, over the side by rigging, dropped into the water, and dragged to the boat and raft, which took them, by the aid of lines, to the "Merritt," that vessel having stopped towing and made her way to the "Teresa's" lee. Both vessels threw

ROLLING UNTIL SPONSONS WERE A-WASH

RISING ON A WAVE AND DISCHARGING TONS OF WATER FROM HER SIDES

much oil on the water, yet the sea and wind were so furious that the transfer of the crew without the loss of a man seemed almost miraculous.

Meanwhile the crew of the "Vulcan" had been considering serious possibilities. It was necessary for the "Vulcan" to keep the "Teresa's" head to the wind, but the disabled vessel was visibly settling forward; her screw propellers and part of her keel were out of water; should she suddenly plunge bottomward her seven thousand tons of weight would also drag downward the "Vulcan"—a very much smaller ship. Men stood by the "Vulcan's" towing-bitts to cast loose the great hawser, five inches in thickness, at the slightest sign of danger, and near them stood COLLIER'S WEEKLY correspondent, camera in hand, photographing the "Teresa" in her successive plunges and rolls. The rolling became so great toward the last as to bury under water the sponsons, or gun-deck projections, on which some of the 5-inch guns had been mounted.

Night had fallen by the time the "Teresa" was fully abandoned; the "Merritt," "Vulcan" and "Leonidas" (a steam collier) remained in the vicinity during the night and until noon of the following day, but saw no signs of the wreck; so there was abundant reason for supposing that the "Teresa" had gone down.

Scarcely, however, had the report of the wreck reached the United States than there came a story that a large steamer with one mast and two funnels was aground on Cat Island. Vessels with two funnels and only one mast are unknown in the merchant marine; a strong current is known to set from Watling Island toward Cat Island, so the Navy Department shrewdly assumed that the "Teresa" had drifted ashore. The "Vulcan," which had just reached Norfolk, was hurried away in search, and a day later came positive assurance that the vessel ashore was really the "Maria Teresa"—the most distinguished Spanish craft that has reached Cat Island since Columbus in the "Santa Maria" sighted the same island and thus discovered the New World.

OUR NAVY AS IT WAS

From Captain Robley D. Evans' Introduction to "The Story of the War"

THE navy did its work in the late Spanish-American War quickly and effectively, thus proving itself better than the country thought it, and quite up to what its officers and men felt it able to accomplish. That it was a "crazy quilt" to begin with cannot be gainsaid, and will not be questioned by those who knew its condition. To say that it was prepared for the work it had to do would not be true; to say that it was in bad condition would be misleading. The enlisted force was all that could be asked—a superb fighting force, most thoroughly organized and drilled. The officers were far better than might have been expected, when it is recalled that they had lived thirty-five years under the worst system of promotion that could possibly be devised.

The ships were excellent—as single vessels—but the desirable adjuncts of a fleet, such as fast cruisers, torpedo-boat destroyers, colliers, etc., were entirely lacking.

Congress had made a start at building a navy, but stopped long before its work was completed.

We had a few battleships, as good as any that could be built anywhere, two armored cruisers, a good fleet of protected cruisers, a fair allowance of gunboats, and half a dozen experimental torpedo boats. Congress, in its wisdom, had said how large the vessels should be, how much water they should draw, of what quality of steel they should be made, the number of guns they should carry, the amount of coal they should stow, and how fast they should steam. It is not, therefore, difficult to place the praise or blame for the condition in which we found ourselves. Such a building scheme would not, I imagine, be favorably considered in any other country.

Professional men had freely given their advice when asked for it, and in many cases had urged it without the asking. They felt keenly the position in which the navy was, and did all they could to prepare for the war which they felt must come sooner or later.

When the "Maine" was blown up in the harbor of Havana, and war thereby assured, the squadron assembled at or near Key West was composed of the battleships "Iowa," "Indiana," and "Massachusetts"; the second-class battleship "Texas"; the armored cruiser "New York"; the protected cruisers "Cincinnati," "Marblehead," "Montgomery" and "Detroit"; a number of gunboats of various sizes and rates of speed, and the torpedo boats "Cushing," "Ericsson," "Porter," and "Dupont."

No torpedo-boat destroyers to guard the battleships; no armored cruisers to do the scouting and meet the fast cruisers of the enemy; no colliers to supply the necessary fuel; no ordnance-supply vessel to give us ammunition; no repair-ship to make necessary repairs, and no supply-ship to carry fresh water and provisions.

With the navy practically in the condition above described, war was declared against us by a nation which had been carrying on war for three years, and should, therefore, have been better prepared than we.

Before the actual declaration of war a flying squadron was organized at Hampton Roads, which took from the squadron at Key West the battleships "Massachusetts" and "Texas," and from other service the "Brooklyn," the fastest armored cruiser we had. At the same time, the monitors "Amphitrite," "Terror," and "Puritan" were sent south as fast as their antiquated machinery could take them. They eventually arrived, all more or less broken down, and took their places as part of the fighting force.

Active steps were taken by the able heads of the Navy Department to prepare and forward such vessels as could be secured to take the places of the torpedo-boat destroyers which had not been built, and the absence of which might any night have caused the loss of our entire armored squadron.

Only those who were there can know how glad we were at the arrival of even an ordinary New York tugboat with a few rapid-fire guns—anything to warn us of the approach of the vessels we knew the Spanish had on the coast of Cuba. We were sure of our officers and men, and if only we could get something to float them in, we felt more than hopeful of the result.

At ten o'clock on the night of April 21 the commanding officers of the ships lying off the bar at Key West were assembled in the cabin of the flagship "New York" awaiting the word from Washington for which they had all hoped, and which would free the many hands that were eager to wipe out the insult to the "Maine" and avenge her murdered crew.

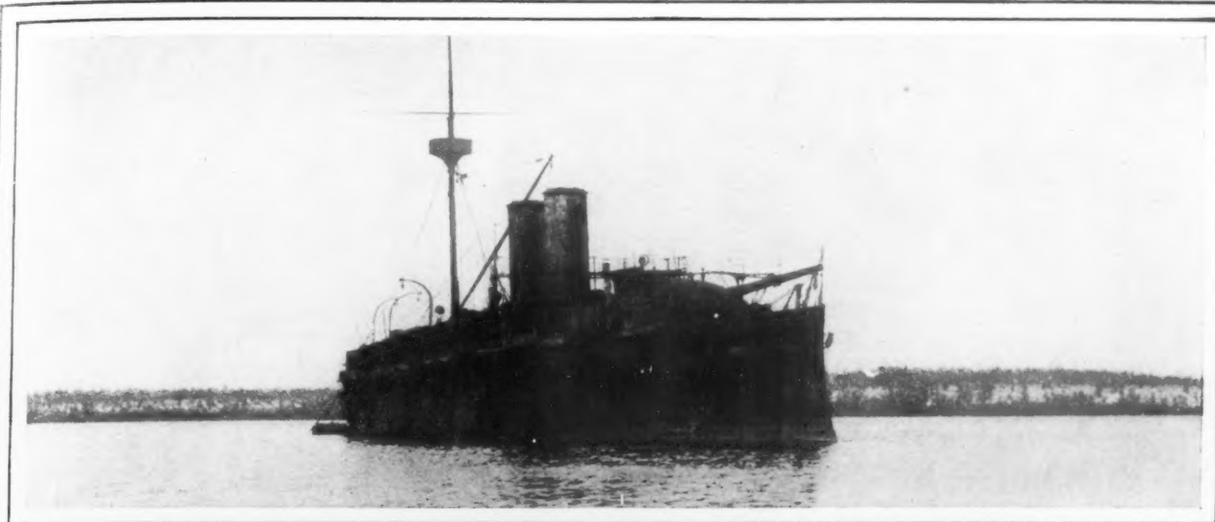
About midnight a torpedo boat came out bearing the message, "War declared; establish blockade," and the captains returned to their commands to work the rest of the night over such finishing touches as were still needed to prepare their ships for the crucial test of battle. An officer was sent into the harbor by the admiral to get under way the fleet of monitors and gunboats, and by one o'clock A.M. of the 22d the long spider legs of the searchlights could be seen feeling for the buoys as the vessels, one after another, went out in the black night to take their places ready for the start.

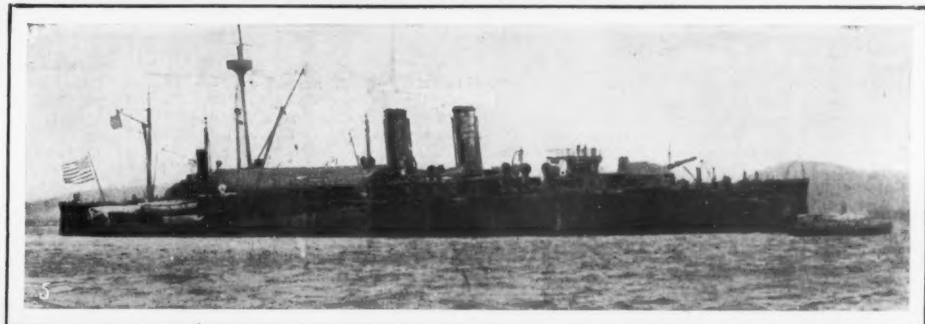
About 4 A.M. April 22, Admiral Sampson headed his fleet for the Morro of Havana—two columns of ships as ready and fit for their work as their officers and men could make them. Before 8 A.M. the first gun of the war had been fired by the gunboat "Nashville," and the first prize of the war was on her way to Key West, eight hours, be it remembered, after the word had come to start.

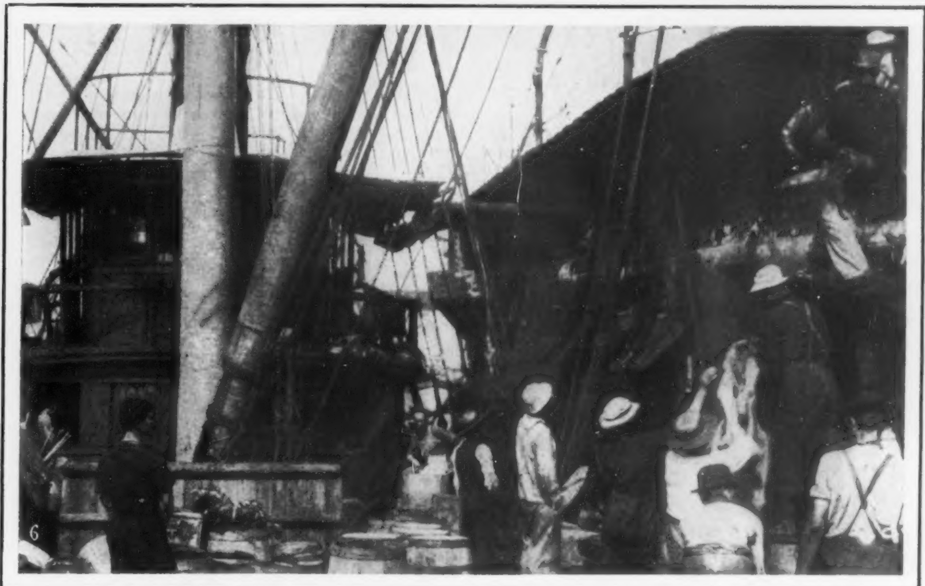
Can any one ask if we, the sea-going part of the service, were ready?

At sundown of April 22 this fleet of odd composition, led by the battleship "Iowa," steamed across the entrance to Havana Harbor, and the five signal guns fired from the Morro battery announced to the cafés of the city that the last crate of Louisiana chickens had passed in for many a long day to come.

The first stage—that of preparation—had been passed, and the curtain was rung up on the second—blockade. The lessons of one war had been remembered at least by those in command. Chain-cables and sand-bags were freely used to protect ammunition hoists, where armor had been left off, and everything possible was done to strengthen the weak points and prepare for the ordeal we believed was near at hand. Twenty hours after the declaration of war an effective blockade was established, and thereafter maintained. I think we proved beyond a doubt that we were able and ready to use the tools the Government had put into our hands.







PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENSIGN J. C. SUMMERS, U. S. N.

THE ARMORED CRUISER "MARIA TERESA"

1. *As she appeared after being raised and towed to Guantanamo Bay.* 2. *Looking aft from Starboard Side of Bridge.* 3. *Forward Turret and 11-inch Gun, as seen from Forecastle.* 4. *Under Tow in heavy Sea; Water escaping from Hawse-pipes.* 5. *About to start from Guantanamo for the United States.* 6. *Provisioning Ship the Day before the Start.*

Drawn by Max F. Klepper

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA;

THE HORSE SHOW

THE exhibition which began in New York on Monday, November 14, showed quickly that there had not been in the past year any diminution of metropolitan interest in the horse; the exhibits were quite as notable as ever in quantity and quality, while the spectators were bewildering in numbers and variety.

Probably no great metropolitan event is so generally misunderstood, outside of New York, as an exhibition of the National Horse Show Association. The show is genuinely what it purports to be—a competitive display of the finest horses of all classes; it is not, as many readers of news-letters have been led to believe—a great social function, with a few horses as a pretext for getting people together. It would be held annually, so long as the demand for fine horses did not diminish, were it attended only by breeders and buyers.

As, however, the horse is loved by all classes and conditions of men, and as the best horses are bought by the class that has most money to spend, it is not strange that the richest and most fashionable people frequent the Horse Show, preferably at the hours when the horses most interesting to them are on trial, and when the visitors may be sure of finding acquaintances with whom to compare notes. Such visitors to the Horse Show are well attired, principally for the reason that they dress well at all times; comparsions, however, of a night at the Horse Show with one at grand opera indicate that any writer making them is unfamiliar with at least one of the two events.

All of what is called society would fill but a small portion of Madison Square Garden, yet often in Horse Show week the great expanse of boxes, seats, promenade and standing-room is closely packed; probably some of the visitors come to look at the people, but far the greater number regard the horses as closely as if there were no other interesting objects of conversation within sight. There are other hours when the attendance is comparatively small, but there is never in the city any other exhibition which attracts visitors in so great variety and numbers.

And all because of the horse.

PUERTO RICO CHANGES

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, *Nov.* 1, 1898

FOR two weeks the island of Puerto Rico has been under the American flag, but this fact alone does not satisfy the islanders, who are wondering what action Congress will eventually take with regard to their future.

Puerto Rico is to-day under military control; this condition must not be confounded with martial law. General Brooke took possession of the palace on October 18, the day our flag was raised in San Juan, and he has since then occupied the position of the departed Spanish Captain-General Macias. Macias left before the American occupation; as a soldier of Spain who had never known defeat or surrender he sought to spare himself the humiliation of witnessing the Stars and Stripes flying over San Juan's battlements and public buildings. The last of the Spaniards did not leave the capital until after we were in possession.

Several days after the 18th the Spanish transport "Montevideo" carried eastward the last of the occupants of four hundred years. General Ricardo Ortega, the military commander of Puerto Rico, sailed on this ship. Ortega is a stern Spanish soldier; he won the admiration of all Americans here by his soldierly qualities. The last few days of his stay in the lost island and his departure therefrom must have been bitter and sad to a man of his quality. After the 18th he and his remaining soldiers were our guests; this gave rise to no visible unpleasantness, and there was noticeable a fraternity and good-fellowship between the soldier from Arizona and the soldier from Asturias. It was found necessary, at the last moment, to suggest that Ortega defer not his departure; this was done with consideration and firmness, but under this last pressure of the victorious hand the Spanish soldier winced only to straighten up and accept the inevitable with the best grace of the best men of Castile. His last words on shore predicted that Puerto Rico would at heart forever remain Spanish, which statement is accepted with considerable doubt by most of the islanders. He was saluted from Fort San Cristobal when he boarded his vessel; on the morning of the Sunday on which the "Montevideo" sailed, Admiral Schley, on the "Newark," sent General Ortega word that the American warship would salute him with thirteen guns when he departed. This last mark of courtesy from the victor was sincerely appreciated.

Now when the band plays in the plaza on Sunday evenings our navy and army officers take the places of their Spanish brothers in arms, and on the streets we see soldiers from the States instead of soldiers from Spain, otherwise the city appears much the same as it did before we arrived. There are signs of improvement, however, and as Americans enter the lists of commercial activity in competition with the men already established, one sees evidences of American ways of doing things. English signs appear on some shops, and the Get There Trading Company occupies a bare room to sell tobacco, pipes and notions.

It has long been a Puerto Rican custom to keep much stock in the back of stores, as far away as possible from the customer who might buy if he saw, and an attractive show-window was unknown. Now the thick walls of some shop-fronts are being torn out to make room for large windows, and general repairs on the business

Photographs by Harold Martin

CHURCH AT SAN JUAN, STRUCK TWICE BY SHELLS

THE RISING GENERATION, PUERTO RICO

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK

streets are made known by leaning ladders and the smell of fresh paint. There is an American express company that sells newspapers, there is an American café where, fortunately, cleanliness prevails, and there are enterprising Americans who will rent you the Puerto Rican equivalent of a hall bedroom or lease you a coffee estate that will make your fortune in a year; and, during a period of forty-eight hours, there were over twenty-five American applicants for relief at the doors of the former United States consul at San Juan—men dead-broke and anxious to get home—the same story from each one.

Along the docks we are unloading transports and quartermasters' vessels and storing in sheds the army supplies they carry; army wagons drawn by powerful mules are seen passing through the city streets, looking strangely out of place among the crude native carts that rumble behind straining oxen. The island ox-yoke is a heavy stick lashed with paddings to the animal's horns, and to this is fastened the tongue of the cart. In this respect our way certainly seems better, and there are enterprising men who will import large quantities of American ox-yokes. They will probably have to educate the islanders to their use, which will take time and make sales slow. But there is no vast influx of American capital; there are no signs of fine new buildings and manufactories; money is not found on bushes and street corners.

Puerto Rico's people are glad to be under the American flag; of that there is no doubt; and they are looking forward with more or less confidence to a bright future. They distinctly want three things: territorial rights, the immediate cessation of miltiary rule, and the installation of civil government. The result of the first concerted action on the part of the natives themselves to bring these things to pass was witnessed on Sunday, October 30. On that day there was a public meeting in the theatre of San Juan, the purpose of which was to consider and decide upon certain recommendations for the good of the island, and, further, to empower a commission to proceed to Washington and lay these matters before the American Government. The attendance at this meeting can be said to have been fairly representative; at it were read the recommendations of Political, Social and Economical committees, amendments were advanced, discussed and voted upon, there were many expressions of intelligent thought, and there were digressions from the main issue to discuss trivial detail. Altogether the meeting was of interest, and especially so when considered as the first effort of Puerto Ricans to think and act for themselves under the new regime.

When it came to the question of sending the commissioners to Washington, it was decided, instead, to send them to Mr. H. K. Carroll, President McKinley's Special Commissioner to the island of Puerto Rico; this gentleman has opened an office in San Juan for the purpose of listening to the ideas and requests of the islanders concerning their own future. It was certainly right and befitting that the findings of Sunday's meeting be handed to Mr. Carroll, but it would be an excellent thing for this island should it send to Washington certain properly empowered representatives. They should be men who could speak for the island, who held the confidence of the natives, and who would win the respect of Washington. They could serve with advantage as the island's mouthpiece at the seat of American government. There are certain Puerto Ricans who want to send such commissioners, but there is little unanimity of purpose noticeable. There is talk of commissioners from Ponce, commissioners from Yauco; from the start there are signs of discord and dissension about the one subject of all others upon which there should be organization. Several representatives at Washington from different parties and localities, giving proof by their presence alone of the island's inability to forget for a few days, and for a purpose of great mutual advantage, the dissensions which ruled in the past, would do much to injure the island's chances of becoming a Territory of the United States.

If territorial rights are not accorded to this island it will be a blow to the inhabitants thereof hard indeed for them to bear. Puerto Rico is on a par with most countries of Europe in culture and civilization; the United States have accorded the rights of Territory to Hawaii, surely they will do as much for us. Thus they argue. That we will accord them these rights was accepted at Sunday's meeting as practically a foregone conclusion; should we not do so, it is difficult to predict the effect of our determination upon the islanders. It would be a stinging blow to the pride of a sensitive people; it would shatter dreams, dispel illusions and hope, and rouse the ill-feeling of a passionate race.

San Juan City is still policed by men in Spanish uniform. This force is a municipal organization, which has been retained intact. Its members are mostly Puerto Ricans, and they have always been an insular institution. Some day they will be supplied with an American uniform, as has already been done in other towns. Municipal affairs generally are still in the hands of the mayor, and there they will be left. The military authorities are interfering in such matters as little as possible. There are many people, however, who consider that San Juan should have an American Board of Health. The city is clean on the surface, but very dirty within, and the questions of cleanliness and sanitation require determined and energetic handling. When this city is once thoroughly cleaned and has a good water supply its attractions will be many, especially during the winter months. Two or three years hence you may hear glowing accounts of its picturesqueness, its cool, clean hotels, and its desirability as a winter resort.

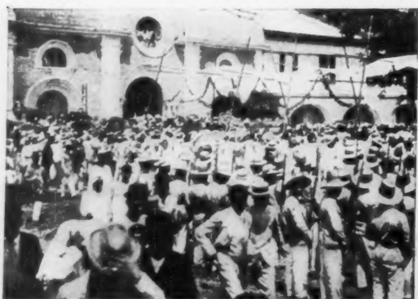
HAROLD MARTIN.

Photographs by Harold Martin

AN ANGLE OF CITY WALL, SAN JUAN

CHURCH AT CAYEY, ON MILITARY ROAD

IN FRONT, AFTER ADJOURNMENT

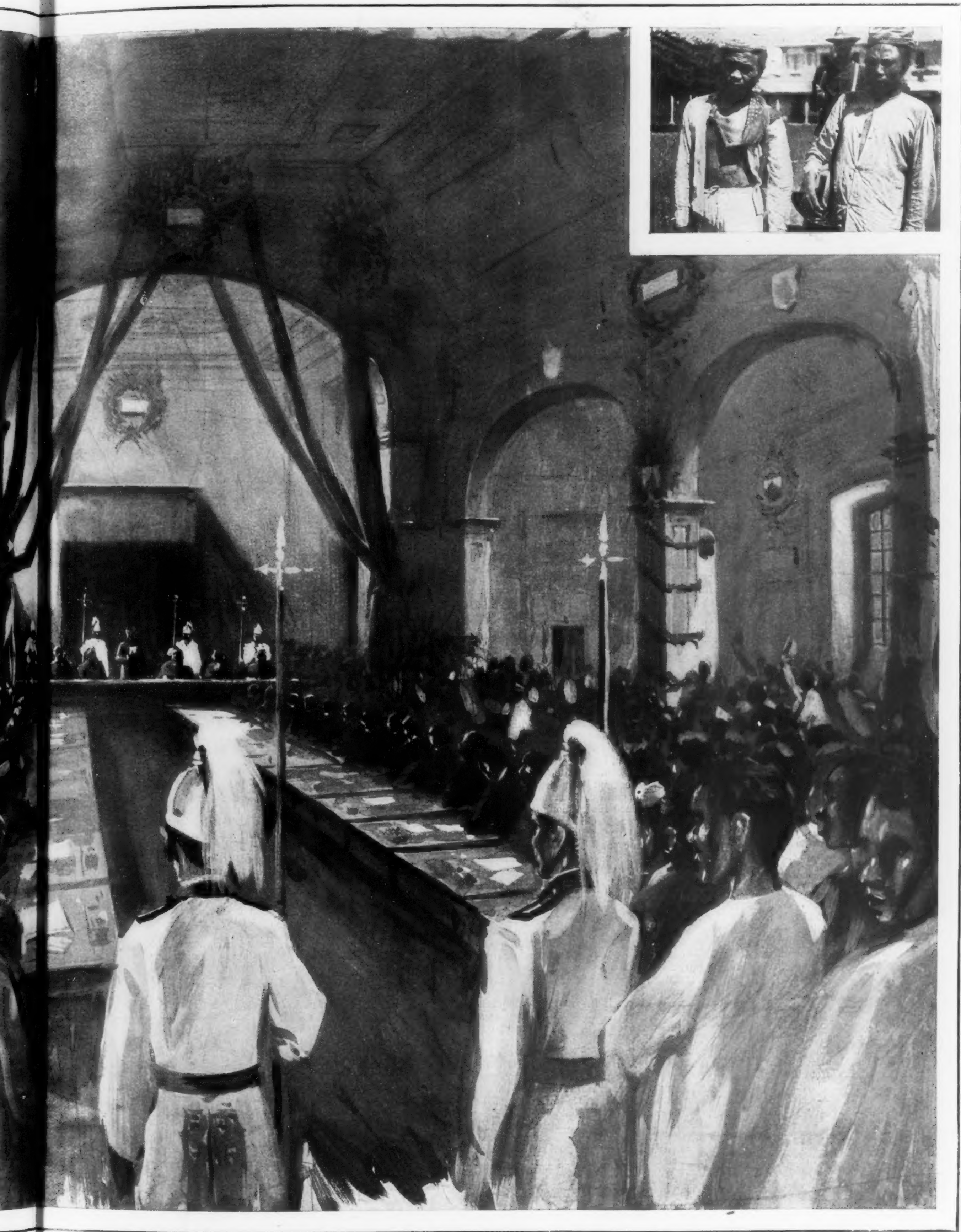


PHOTOGRAPHS AND ROUGH SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY G. W. PETERS

FIRST CONGRESS OF PHILIPPINE INSURGE

THE CONGRESS WAS HELD SEPTEMBER 15, IN A CHURCH AT MALOLOS—AGUINALDO'S HEADQUARTERS—A TOWN A

FULL-BLOOD NATIVES



NSURGENTS—AGUINALDO READING MESSAGE

S—A TOWN ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM MANILA. THE DELEGATES WERE FROM THE ISLAND OF LUZON ONLY

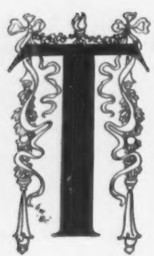
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY STEPHEN CRANE

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE BLUE HOTEL

BY STEPHEN CRANE

I



THE Palace Hotel at Fort Romper was painted a light blue, a shade that is on the legs of a kind of heron, causing the bird to declare its position against any background. The Palace Hotel, then, was always screaming and howling in a way that made the dazzling winter landscape of Nebraska seem only a gray swampish hush. It stood alone on the prairie, and when the snow was falling the town two hundred yards away was not visible. But when the traveler alighted at the railway station he was obliged to pass the Palace Hotel before he could come upon the company of low clap-board houses which composed Fort Romper, and it was not to be thought that any traveler could pass the Palace Hotel without looking at it. Pat Scully, the proprietor, had proved himself a master of strategy when he chose his paints. It is true that on clear days, when the great trans-continental expresses, long lines of swaying Pullmans, swept through Fort Romper, passengers were overcome at the sight, and the cult that knows the brown-reds and the subdivisions of the dark greens of the East expressed shame, pity, horror, in a laugh. But to the citizens of this prairie town, and to the people who would naturally stop there, Pat Scully had performed a feat. With this opulence and splendor, these creeds, classes, egotisms, that streamed through Romper on the rails day after day, they had no color in common.

As if the displayed delights of such a blue hotel were not sufficiently enticing, it was Scully's habit to go every morning and evening to meet the leisurely trains that stopped at Romper and work his seductions upon any man that he might see wavering, gripsack in hand.

One morning, when a snow-crusted engine dragged its long string of freight cars and its one passenger coach to the station, Scully performed the marvel of catching three men. One was a shaky and quick-eyed Swede, with a great shining cheap valise; one was a tall bronzed cowboy, who was on his way to a ranch near the Dakota line; one was a little silent man from the East, who didn't look it, and didn't announce it. Scully practically made them prisoners. He was so nimble and merry and kindly that each probably felt it would be the height of brutality to try to escape. They trudged off over the creaking board sidewalks in the wake of the eager little Irishman. He wore a heavy fur cap squeezed tightly down on his head. It caused his two red ears to stick out stiffly, as if they were made of tin.

At last, Scully, elaborately, with boisterous hospitality, conducted them through the portals of the blue hotel. The room which they entered was small. It seemed to be merely a proper temple for an enormous stove, which, in the center, was humming with god-like violence. At various points on its surface the iron had become luminous and glowed yellow from the heat. Beside the stove Scully's son Johnnie was playing High-Five with an old farmer who had whiskers both gray and sandy. They were quarreling. Frequently the old farmer turned his face toward a box of sawdust—colored brown from tobacco juice—that was behind the stove, and spat with an air of great impatience and irritation. With a loud flourish of words Scully destroyed the game of cards, and bustled his son upstairs with part of the baggage of the new guests. He himself conducted them to three basins of the coldest water in the world. The cowboy and the Easterner burnished themselves fiery red with this water, until it seemed to be some kind of a metal polish. The Swede, however, merely dipped his fingers gingerly and with trepidation. It was notable that throughout this series of small ceremonies the three travelers were made to feel that Scully was very benevolent. He was conferring great favors upon them. He handed the towel from one to the other with an air of philanthropic impulse.

Afterward they went to the first room, and, sitting about the stove, listened to Scully's officious clamor at his daughters, who were preparing the midday meal. They reflected in the silence of experienced men who tread carefully amid new people. Nevertheless, the old farmer, stationary, invincible in his chair near the warmest part of the stove, turned his face from the sawdust box frequently and addressed a glowing commonplace to the strangers. Usually he was answered in short but adequate sentences by either the cowboy or the Easterner. The Swede said nothing. He seemed to be occupied in making furtive estimates of each man in the room. One might have thought that he had the sense of silly suspicion which comes to guilt. He resembled a badly frightened man.

Later, at dinner, he spoke a little, addressing his conversation entirely to Scully. He volunteered that he had come from New York, where for ten years he had worked as a tailor. These facts seemed to strike Scully as fascinating, and afterward he volunteered that he had lived at Romper for fourteen years. The Swede asked about the crops and the price of labor. He seemed barely to listen to Scully's extended replies. His eyes continued to rove from man to man.

Finally, with a laugh and a wink, he said that some of these Western communities were very dangerous; and after his statement he straightened his legs under the table, tilted his head, and laughed again, loudly. It was plain that the demonstration had no meaning to the others. They looked at him wondering and in silence.

II

As the men trooped heavily back into the front room, the two little windows presented views of a turmoiling sea of snow. The huge arms of the wind were making attempts—mighty, circular, futile—to embrace the flakes as they sped. A gate-post like a still man with a blanched face stood aghast amid this profligate fury. In a hearty voice Scully announced the presence of a blizzard. The guests of the blue hotel, lighting their pipes, assented with grunts of lazy masculine contentment. No island of the sea could be exempt in the degree of this little room with its humming stove. Johnnie, son of Scully, in a tone which defined his opinion of his ability as a card-player, challenged the old farmer of both gray and sandy whiskers to a game of High-Five. The farmer agreed with a contemptuous and bitter scoff. They sat close to the stove, and squared their knees under a wide board. The cowboy and the Easterner watched the game with interest. The Swede remained near the window, aloof, but with a countenance that showed signs of an inexplicable excitement.

The play of Johnnie and the gray-beard was suddenly ended by another quarrel. The old man arose while casting a look of heated scorn at his adversary. He slowly buttoned his coat, and then stalked with fabulous dignity from the room. In the discreet silence of all other men the Swede laughed. His laughter rang somehow childish. Men by this time had begun to look at him askance, as if they wished to inquire what ailed him.

A new game was formed jocosely. The cowboy volunteered to become the partner of Johnnie, and they all then turned to ask the Swede to throw in his lot with the little Easterner. He asked some questions about the game, and learning that it wore many names, and that he had played it when it was under an alias, he accepted the invitation. He strode toward the men nervously, as if he expected to be assaulted. Finally, seated, he gazed from face to face and laughed shrilly. This laugh was so strange that the Easterner looked up quickly, the cowboy sat intent and with his mouth open, and Johnnie paused, holding the cards with still fingers.

Afterward there was a short silence. Then Johnnie said: "Well, let's get at it. Come on now!" They pulled their chairs forward until their knees were bunched under the board. They began to play, and their interest in the game caused the others to forget the manner of the Swede.

The cowboy was a board-whacker. Each time that he held superior cards he whanged them, one by one, with exceeding force, down upon the improvised table, and took the tricks with a glowing air of prowess and pride that sent thrills of indignation into the hearts of his opponents. A game with a board-whacker in it is sure to become intense. The countenances of the Easterner and the Swede were miserable whenever the cowboy thundered down his aces and kings, while Johnnie, his eyes gleaming with joy, chuckled and chuckled.

Because of the absorbing play none considered the strange ways of the Swede. They paid strict heed to the game. Finally, during a lull caused by a new deal, the Swede suddenly addressed Johnnie: "I suppose there have been a good many men killed in this room." The jaws of the others dropped and they looked at him

"What in hell are you talking about?" said Johnnie.

The Swede laughed again his blatant laugh, full of a kind of false courage and defiance. "Oh, you know what I mean all right," he answered.

"I'm a liar if I do!" Johnnie protested. The card was halted, and the men stared at the Swede. Johnnie evidently felt that as the son of the proprietor he should make a direct inquiry. "Now, what might you be drivin' at, mister?" he asked. The Swede winked at him. It was a wink full of cunning. His fingers shook on the edge of the board. "Oh, maybe you think I have been to nowheres. Maybe you think I'm a tenderfoot?"

"I don't know nothin' about you," answered Johnnie, "and I don't give a damn where you've been. All I got to say is that I don't know what you're driving at. There hain't never been nobody killed in this room."

The cowboy, who had been steadily gazing at the Swede, then spoke. "What's wrong with you, mister?"

Apparently it seemed to the Swede that he was formidably menaced. He shivered and turned white near the corners of his mouth. He sent an appealing glance in the direction of the little Easterner. During these moments he did not forget to wear his air of advanced pot-valor. "They say they don't know what I mean," he remarked mockingly to the Easterner.

The latter answered after prolonged and cautious reflection. "I don't understand you," he said, impassively.

The Swede made a movement then which announced that he thought he had encountered treachery from the only quarter where he had expected sympathy if not help. "Oh, I see you are all against me. I see—"

The cowboy was in a state of deep stupefaction. "Say," he cried, as he tumbled the deck violently down upon the board. "Say, what are you gittin' at, hey?"

The Swede sprang up with the celerity of a man escaping from a snake on the floor. "I don't want to fight! he shouted. "I don't want to fight!"

The cowboy stretched his long legs indolently and deliberately. His hands were in his pockets. He spat into the sawdust box. "Well, who the hell thought you did?" he inquired.

The Swede backed rapidly toward a corner of the room. His hands were out protectingly in front of his chest, but he was making an obvious struggle to control his fright. "Gentlemen," he quavered, "I suppose I am going to be killed before I can leave this house! I suppose I am going to be killed before I can leave this house." In his eyes was the dying swan look. Through the windows could be seen the snow turning blue in the shadow of dusk. The wind tore at the house and some loose thing beat regularly against the clap-boards like a spirit tapping.

A door opened, and Scully himself entered. He paused in surprise as he noted the tragic attitude of the Swede. Then he said: "What's the matter here?"

The Swede answered him swiftly and eagerly: "These men are going to kill me."

"Kill you!" ejaculated Scully. "Kill you! What are you talkin'?"

The Swede made the gesture of a martyr.

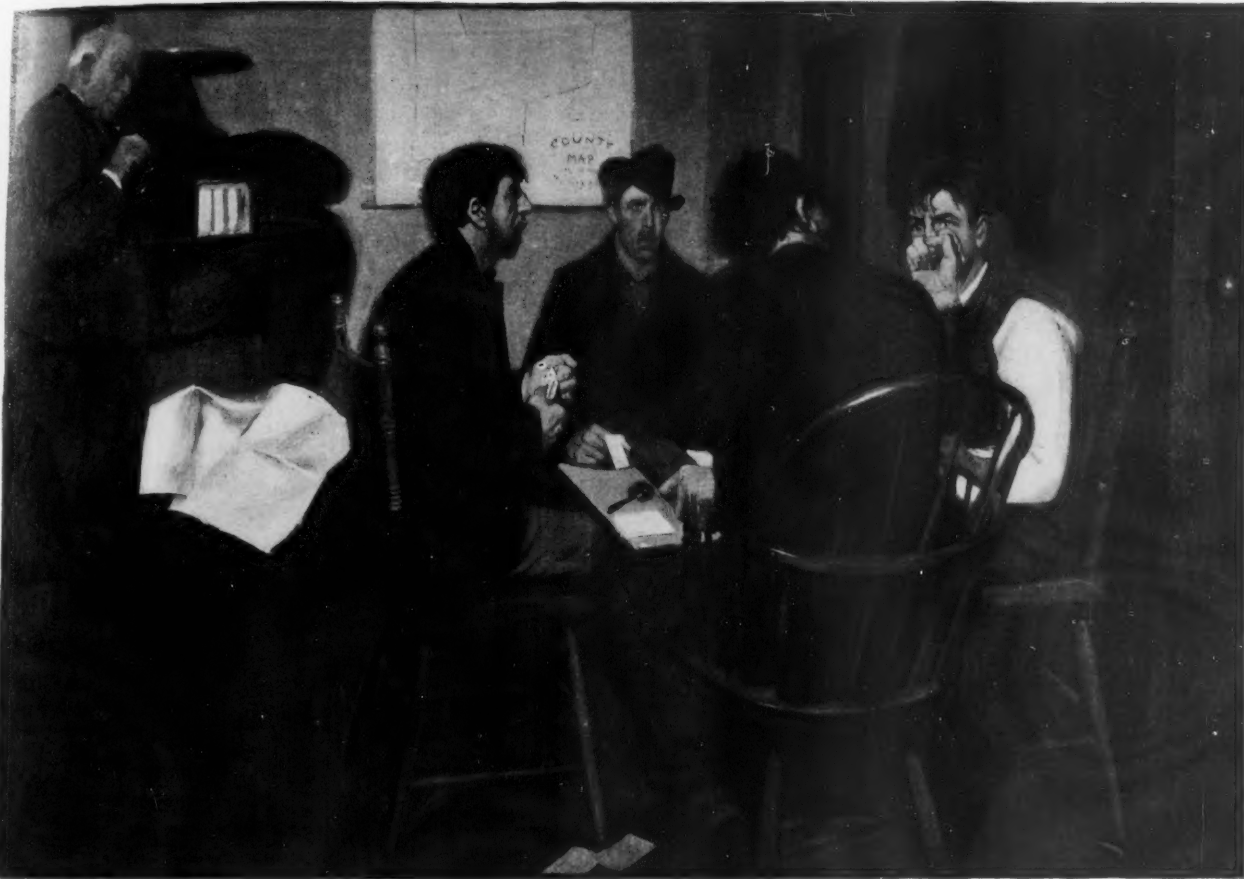
Scully wheeled sternly upon his son. "What is this, Johnnie?"

The lad had grown sullen. "Damned if I know," he answered. "I can't make no sense to it." He began to shuffle the cards, fluttering them together with an angry snap. "He says a good many men have been killed in this room, or something like that. And he says he's goin' to be killed here too. I don't know what ails him. He's crazy, I shouldn't wonder."

Scully then looked for explanation to the cowboy, but the cowboy simply shrugged his shoulders.

"Kill you?" said Scully again to the Swede. "Kill you? Man, you're off your nut."

"Oh, I know," burst out the Swede. "I know what will happen. Yes, I'm crazy—yes. Yes, of course, I'm crazy—yes. But I know one thing—" There was a sort of sweat of misery and terror upon his face. "I know I won't get out of here alive."



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SWEDE HELD A HUGE FIST IN FRONT OF JOHNNIE'S FACE

The cowboy drew a deep breath, as if his mind was passing into the last stages of dissolution. "Well, I'm dog-goned," he whispered to himself.

Scully wheeled suddenly and faced his son. "You've been troublin' this man!"

Johnnie's voice was loud with its burden of grievance. "Why, good Gawd, I ain't done nothin' to 'im."

The Swede broke in. "Gentlemen, do not disturb yourselves. I will leave this house. I will go 'way because—" He accused them dramatically with his glance. "Because I do not want to be killed."

Scully was furious with his son. "Will you tell me what is the matter, you young divil? What's the matter, anyhow? Speak out!"

"Blame it," cried Johnnie in despair, "don't I tell you I don't know. He—he says we want to kill him, and that's all I know. I can't tell what ails him."

The Swede continued to repeat: "Never mind, Mr. Scully, never mind. I will leave this house. I will go away, because I do not wish to be killed. Yes, of course, I am crazy—yes. But I know one thing! I will go away. I will leave this house. Never mind, Mr. Scully, never mind. I will go away."

"You will not go 'way," said Scully. "You will not go 'way until I hear the reason of this business. If anybody has troubled you I will take care of him. This is my house. You are under my roof, and I will not allow any peaceable man to be troubled here." He cast a terrible eye upon Johnnie, the cowboy, and the Easterner.

"Never mind, Mr. Scully; never mind. I will go 'way. I do not wish to be killed." The Swede moved toward the door, which opened upon the stairs. It was evidently his intention to go at once for his baggage.

"No, no," shouted Scully peremptorily; but the white-faced man slid by him and disappeared. "Now," said Scully severely, "what does this mane?"

Johnnie and the cowboy cried together: "Why, we didn't do nothin' to 'im!"

Scully's eyes were cold. "No," he said, "you didn't?"

Johnnie swore a deep oath. "Why, this is the wildest loon I ever see. We didn't do nothin' at all. We were jest sittin' here playin' cards and he—"

The father suddenly spoke to the Easterner. "Mr. Blanc," he asked, "what has these boys been doin'?"

The Easterner reflected again. "I didn't see anything wrong at all," he said at last slowly.

Scully began to howl. "But what does it mane?" He stared ferociously at his son. "I have a mind to lather you for this, me boy."

Johnnie was frantic. "Well, what have I done?" he bawled at his father.

III

"I THINK you are tongue-tied," said Scully finally to his son, the cowboy and the Easterner, and at the end of this scornful sentence he left the room.

Upstairs the Swede was swiftly fastening the straps of his great valise. Once his back happened to be half-turned toward the door, and hearing a noise there, he wheeled and sprang up, uttering a loud cry. Scully's wrinkled visage showed grimly in the light of the small lamp he carried. This yellow effulgence, streaming upward, colored only his prominent features, and left his eyes, for instance, in mysterious shadow. He resembled a murderer.

"Man, man!" he exclaimed, "have you gone daffy?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" rejoined the other. "There are people in this world who know pretty nearly as much as you do—understand?"

For a moment they stood gazing at each other. Upon the Swede's deathly pale cheeks were two spots brightly crimson and sharply edged, as if they had been carefully painted. Scully placed the light on the table and sat himself on the edge of the bed. He spoke ruminatively. "By cracky, I never heard of such a thing in my life. It's a complete muddle. I can't for the soul of me think how you ever got this idea into your head." Presently he lifted his eyes and asked: "And did you sure think they were going to kill you?"

The Swede scanned the old man as if he wished to see into his mind. "I did," he said at last. He obviously suspected that this answer might precipitate an outbreak. As he pulled on a strap his whole arm shook, the elbow wavering like a bit of paper.

Scully banged his hand impressively on the foot-board of the bed. "Why, man, we're goin' to have a line of ilictric street-cars in this town next spring."

"'A line of electric street-cars,'" repeated the Swede stupidly.

"And," said Scully, "there's a new railroad goin' to be built down from Broken Arm to here. Not to mintion the four churches and the smashin' big brick schoolhouse. Then there's the big factory, too. Why, in two years Romper'll be a met-tro-*pol*-is."

Having finished the preparation of his baggage, the Swede straightened himself. "Mr. Scully," he said with sudden hardihood, "how much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anythin'," said the old man angrily.

"Yes, I do," retorted the Swede. He took seventy-five cents from his pocket and tendered it to Scully; but the latter snapped his fingers in disdainful refusal. However, it happened that they both stood gazing in a strange fashion at three silver pieces on the Swede's open palm.

"I'll not take your money," said Scully at last. "Not after what's been goin' on here." Then a plan seemed to strike him. "Here," he cried, picking up his lamp and moving toward the door. "Here! Come with me a minute."

"No," said the Swede in overwhelming alarm.

"Yes," urged the old man. "Come on! I want you to come and see a picter—just across the hall—in my room."

The Swede must have concluded that his hour was come. His jaw dropped and his teeth showed like a dead man's. He ultimately followed Scully across the corridor, but he had the step of one hung in chains.

Scully flashed the light high on the wall of his own chamber. There was revealed a ridiculous photograph of a little girl. She was leaning against a balustrade of gorgeous decoration, and the formidable bang to her hair was prominent. The figure was as graceful as an upright sled-stake, and, withal, it was of the hue of lead. "There," said Scully tenderly. "That's the picter of my little girl that died. Her name was Carrie. She had the purtiest hair you ever saw! I was that fond of her, she—"

Turning then he saw that the Swede was not contemplating the picture at all, but, instead, was keeping keen watch on the gloom in the rear.

"Look, man!" shouted Scully heartily. "That's the picter of my little gal that died. Her name was Carrie. And then here's the picter of my oldest boy, Michael. He's a lawyer in Lincoln an' doin' well. I gave that boy a grand eddycation, and I'm glad for it now. He's a fine boy. Look at 'im now. Ain't he bold as blazes, him there in Lincoln, an honored an' respicted gintleman. An honored an' respicted gintleman," concluded Scully with a flourish. And so saying, he smote the Swede jovially on the back.

The Swede faintly smiled.

"Now," said the old man, "there's only one more thing." He dropped suddenly to the floor and thrust his head beneath the bed. The Swede could hear his muffled voice. "I'd keep it under me piller if it wasn't for that boy Johnnie. Then there's the old woman—Where is it now? I never put it twice in the same place. Ah, now come out with you!"

Presently he backed clumsily from under the bed, dragging with him an old coat rolled into a bundle. "I've fetched him," he muttered. Kneeling on the floor he unrolled the coat and extracted from its heart a large yellow-brown whisky bottle.

His first maneuver was to hold the bottle up to the light. Reassured, apparently, that nobody had been tampering with it, he thrust it with a generous movement toward the Swede.

The weak-kneed Swede was about to eagerly clutch this element of strength, but he suddenly jerked his hand away and cast a look of horror upon Scully.

"Drink," said the old man affectionately. He had arisen to his feet, and now stood facing the Swede.

There was a silence. Then again Scully said: "Drink!"

The Swede laughed wildly. He grabbed the bottle, put it to his mouth, and as his lips curled absurdly around the opening and his throat worked, he kept his glance burning with hatred upon the old man's face.

IV

AFTER the departure of Scully the three men, with the card-board still upon their knees, preserved for a long time an astounded silence. Then Johnnie said: "That's the dod-dangest Swede I ever see."

"He ain't no Swede," said the cowboy scornfully.

"Well, what is he then?" cried Johnnie. "What is he then?"

"It's my opinion," replied the cowboy deliberately, "he's some kind of a Dutchman." It was a venerable custom of the country to entitle as Swedes all light-haired men who spoke with a heavy tongue. In consequence the idea of the cowboy was not without its daring. "Yes, sir," he repeated. "It's my opinion this feller is some kind of a Dutchman."

"Well, he says he's a Swede, anyhow," muttered Johnnie sulkily. He turned to the Easterner: "What do you think, Mr. Blanc?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Easterner.

"Well, what do you think makes him act that way?" asked the cowboy.

"Why, he's frightened!" The Easterner knocked his pipe against a rim of the stove. "He's clear frightened out of his boots."

"What at?" cried Johnnie and cowboy together.

The Easterner reflected over his answer.

"What at?" cried the others again.

"Oh, I don't know, but it seems to me this man has been reading dime-novels, and he thinks he's right out in the middle of it—the shootin' and stabbin' and all."

"But," said the cowboy, deeply scandalized, "this ain't Wyoming, ner none of them places. This is Nebraska."

"Yes," added Johnnie, "an' why don't he wait till he gits *out West?*"

The traveled Easterner laughed. "It isn't different there even—not in these days. But he thinks he's right in the middle of hell."

Johnnie and the cowboy mused long.

"It's awful funny," remarked Johnnie at last.

"Yes," said the cowboy. "This is a queer game. I hope we don't git snowed in, because then we'd have to stand this here man bein' around with us all the time. That wouldn't be no good."

"I wish pop would throw him out," said Johnnie.

Presently they heard a loud stamping on the stairs, accompanied by ringing jokes in the voice of old Scully, and laughter, evidently from the Swede. The men around the stove stared vacantly at each other. "Gosh," said the cowboy. The door flew open, and old Scully, flushed and anecdotal, came into the room. He was jabbering at the Swede, who followed him, laughing bravely. It was the entry of two roysterers from a banquet hall.

"Come now," said Scully sharply to the three seated men, "move up and give us a chance at the stove." The cowboy and the Easterner obediently sidled their chairs to make room for the newcomers. Johnnie, however, simply arranged himself in a more indolent attitude, and then remained motionless.

"Come! Git over, there," said Scully.

"Plenty of room on the other side of the stove," said Johnnie.

"Do you think we want to sit in the draught?" roared the father.

But the Swede here interposed with a grandeur of confidence. "No, no. Let the boy sit where he likes," he cried in a bullying voice to the father.

"All right! All right!" said Scully deferentially. The cowboy and the Easterner exchanged glances of wonder.

The five chairs were formed in a crescent about one side of the stove. The Swede began to talk; he talked arrogantly, profanely, angrily. Johnnie, the cowboy and the Easterner maintained a morose silence, while old Scully appeared to be receptive and eager, breaking in constantly with sympathetic ejaculations.

Finally the Swede announced that he was thirsty. He moved in his chair, and said that he would go for a drink of water.

"I'll git it for you," cried Scully at once.

"No," said the Swede contemptuously. "I'll get it for myself." He arose and stalked with the air of an owner off into the executive parts of the hotel.

As soon as the Swede was out of hearing Scully sprang to his feet and whispered intensely to the others. "Upstairs he thought I was tryin' to poison 'im."

"Say," said Johnnie, "this makes me sick. Why don't you throw 'im out in the snow?"

"Why, he's all right now," declared Scully. "It was only that he was from the East and he thought this was a tough place. That's all. He's all right now."

The cowboy looked with admiration upon the Easterner. "You were straight," he said. "You were on to that there Dutchman."

"Well," said Johnnie to his father, "he may be all right now, but I don't see it. Other time he was scared, and now he's too fresh."

Scully's speech was always a combination of Irish brogue and idiom, Western twang and idiom, and scraps of curiously formal diction taken from the story-books and newspapers. He now hurled a strange mass of language at the head of his son. "What do I keep? What do I keep? What do I keep?" he demanded in a voice of thunder. He slapped his knee impressively, to indicate that he himself was going to make reply, and that all should heed. "I keep a hotel," he shouted. "A hotel, do you mind? A guest under my roof has sacred privileges. He is to be intimidated by none. Not one word shall he hear that would prijudice him in favor of goin' away. I'll not have it. There's no place in this here town where they can say they iver took in a guest of mine because he was afraid to stay here." He wheeled suddenly upon the cowboy and the Easterner. "Am I right?"

"Yes, Mr. Scully," said the cowboy, "I think you're right."

"Yes, Mr. Scully," said the Easterner, "I think you're right."

V

At six-o'clock supper, the Swede fizzed like a fire-wheel. He sometimes seemed on the point of bursting into riotous song, and in all his madness he was encouraged by old Scully. The Easterner was incased in reserve; the cowboy sat in wide-mouthed amazement, forgetting to eat, while Johnnie wrathily demolished great plates of food. The daughters of the house when they were obliged to replenish the biscuits approached as warily as Indians, and, having succeeded in their purposes, fled with ill-concealed trepidation. The Swede domineered the whole feast, and he gave it the appearance of a cruel bacchanal. He seemed to have grown suddenly taller; he gazed, brutally disdainful, into every face. His voice rang through the room. Once when he jabbed out harpoon-fashion with his fork to pinion a biscuit the weapon nearly impaled the hand of the Easterner which had been stretched quietly out for the same biscuit.

After supper, as the men filed toward the other room, the Swede smote Scully ruthlessly on the shoulder. "Well, old boy, that was a good square meal." Johnnie looked hopefully at his father; he knew that shoulder was tender from an old fall; and indeed it appeared for a moment as if Scully was going to flame out over the matter, but in the end he smiled a sickly smile and remained silent. The others understood from his manner that he was admitting his responsibility for the Swede's new viewpoint.

Johnnie, however, addressed his parent in an aside. "Why don't you license somebody to kick you downstairs?" Scully scowled darkly by way of reply.

When they were gathered about the stove, the Swede insisted on another game of High-Five. Scully gently deprecated the plan at first, but the Swede turned a wolfish glare upon him. The old man subsided, and the Swede canvassed the others. In his tone there was always a great threat. The cowboy and the Easterner both remarked indifferently that they would play. Scully said that he would presently have to go to meet the 6.58 train, and so the Swede turned menacingly upon Johnnie. For a moment their glances crossed like blades, and then Johnnie smiled and said: "Yes, I'll play."

They formed a square with the little board on their knees. The Easterner and the Swede were again partners. As the play went on, it was noticeable that the cowboy was not board-whacking as usual. Meanwhile, Scully, near the lamp, had put on his spectacles and, with an appearance curiously like an old priest, was reading a newspaper. In time he went out to meet the 6.58 train, and, despite his precautions, a gust of polar wind whirled into the room as he opened the door. Besides scattering the cards, it chilled the players to the marrow. The Swede cursed frightfully. When Scully returned, his entrance disturbed a cozy and friendly scene. The Swede again cursed. But presently they were once more intent, their heads bent forward and their hands moving swiftly. The Swede had adopted the fashion of board-whacking.

Scully took up his paper and for a long time remained immersed in matters which were extraordinarily remote from him. The lamp burned badly, and once he stopped to adjust the wick. The newspaper as he turned from page to page rustled with a slow and comfortable sound. Then suddenly he heard three terrible words: "You are cheatin'!"

Such scenes often prove that there can be little of dramatic import in environment. Any room can present a tragic front; any room can be comic. This little den was now hideous as a torture-chamber. The new faces of the men themselves had changed it upon the instant. The Swede held a huge fist in front of Johnnie's face, while the latter looked steadily over it into the blazing orbs of his accuser. The Easterner had grown pallid; the cowboy's jaw had dropped in that expression of bovine amazement which was one of his important mannerisms. After the three words, the first sound in the room was made by Scully's paper as it floated forgotten to his feet. His spectacles had also fallen from his nose, but by a clutch he had saved them in air. His hand, grasping the spectacles, now remained poised awkwardly and near his shoulder. He stared at the card-players.

(*To be concluded next week*)

"THE COMMITTEE OF TWENTY-FIVE"

(*Continued from page 5*)

mittee of representative negroes was given twenty-four hours to remove therefrom the "Record" printing plant. This the negroes agreed in writing to do, at the same time reprobating Manley and utterly disclaiming any responsibility for the scurrilous article.

But their answer to the Citizens' Committee was unaccountably delayed—it is said through the intentional neglect of a negro lawyer. At any rate, it was not received within the time limit specified, and the following morning the "Record" press was demolished and the building burned.

The negroes took the alarm, and indiscriminate street fighting followed. Nine negroes were killed during the day, and many whites and negroes were wounded. Business houses closed their doors, and all classes proceeded to arm. A "bad nigger," running amuck, shot a white man named Mayo, and was then given the privilege of running the gantlet for his life up a broad street, where the sand is so deep and yielding it is almost impossible to walk. He was riddled by a pint of bullets, like a pigeon thrown from a plunge trap.

A number of white men were fired at from a negro dance-hall, known as the "Manhattan," frequented by bad characters. They returned the fire, killed one negro, arrested a number of others, and wrecked the place. The negro that was killed received fifteen or twenty bullets while scrambl ng over a fence. As one of the shooting party said to me:

"When we tu'nd him ove' Misto Niggah had a look of s'pr se on his count'nance, I ashore yo!"

This house was pitted with shot-holes, and planks in the fence were literally cut in half by 44 caliber bullets.

The Kingston Naval Reserves and the m litary companies were ordered out. Rapid-fire machine guns were placed to command the negro quarters of the city, and the troops, rifle and revolver in hand, pa'rolled the streets. From adjacent towns bands of armed men arrived. Five companies of militia, riflemen, naval reserves and infantry were impressed for police duty, and the flame of internecine strife quieted down as suddenly as it had flared up. White men carried revolvers in their hands and negroes carried their hats in their hands. African cringed to Caucasian.

The feeling against Governor Russell is very bitter. The negroes are dubbed generally "Russell's savages," from a term currently reported to have been applied to them by the Governor himself, who, it is said, uses them for political purposes, while personally despising them as a race.

In North Carolina the negro has equal educational advantages with the white man. The negro schools duplicate those of the whites, and the same is true of the State institutions—the agricultural and mechanical colleges. But the negroes are notoriously improvident, and pay less than five per cent of the taxes of the State.

Some thousand public offices are held by negroes. A large number of magistrates and constables have been elected in eastern counties. Negroes have been appointed on school committees and vested with full authority to visit and oversee the public schools of the whites. This in face of the feeling voiced by a very small schoolboy, who had been questioning me with the unabashed frankness of Southern youth, and who remarked to a companion in a tone of great astonishment:

"Hi, Clayt'n! Yere's a gemman says they's been gemmen come yere a thousan' mile jes 'cause we alls killed a few d—d niggahs!"

Wilmington went temporarily "dry" as soon as the revolutionary government took office, but not obnoxiously so. I conferred with an official on the matter of medicine for a cold.

"Why, Bud," said he, sympathetically. "Bless yo haht! yo' shorely shall have it. A leetle liquor? Yes—of co'se!"

A tall naval reserve, recklessly flourishing a shining revolver, met me on the street.

"A friend o' mine has some right good cawn whisky, an' we're goin' to make him a co'chus call," he announced with a broad smile. And, to punctuate the joke, he tapped me on the shoulder with the muzzle of the murderous-looking, self-cocking pistol.

Colonel Waddell, the present Mayor of Wilmington, is a mild-mannered gentleman, who looks fifty years of age and confesses to sixty-five. He is extremely conservative, and is the very last man one would expect to find mixed up in a bloody revolution.

In the very improbable event of interference on the part of the Federal government, or an attempt to unseat the present revolutionary municipal authorities, the struggle will be long and bitter. It would be well for the Federal government to pick its way carefully to avoid intensifying sectional feeling.

"Months ago," said Colonel Waddell, "I told a friend of mine—a Northern banker—that this thing must surely come to pass. The Almighty never intended that white men should be governed by the blacks, and we white men here in Wilmington are determined not to submit to negro rule."

The heart of this kindly gentleman is torn with knowledge of the miseries which the revolution has necessarily caused to the poor ignorant blacks. It must be remembered that a great mass of Southern negroes are not only absolutely illiterate but are as utterly ignorant as Hottentots. It is the politician who rouses the slumbering devil in these poor creatures and throws them back into the murderous moods of barbaric Africa. Then, when their leaders desert them, fear of the white man grasps their souls and their world totters. They are flung upon the dregs and the sawdust.

The weather has been cold and dreary. Bone-chilling, drizzling rain falls sadly from a leaden sky, dripping from the moss-laden housetops and pattering among the sodden leaves and pine mast. Yet in the woods and swamps innocent hundreds of terrified men, women and children are wandering about, fearing the vengeance of the whites, fearful of death. Without money or food, insufficiently clothed—ragged for the most part—they reverted to savagery, fled from civilization, and sought a refuge in the wilderness. Wrapped in the mother's tattered shawl, the little ones whimper in the darkness and rain. Whispering and crawling things of the night keep them company. Fearing to light fires, listening for chance footsteps crushing fallen twigs, shuddering and peering gray-faced into the darkness, waiting, waiting—they know not for what.

One of the first uses Mayor Waddell made of his newly-acquired power was to send searching parties out into the surrounding forests to seek out the fugitives and bring them back to safety and comfort, and he assured me he will have them all back if human persuasion can accomplish that result.

Self-appointed vigilance committees, calling themselves "Rough Riders," are responsible for much of the misery outlined above, because of the indiscriminate way they went about "banishing" objectionable persons, no doubt—as Colonel Waddell remarked—to gratify personal spite in some cases. It reminds one of the "denunciations" of the French communards.

In the woods, in the night, in the blackness of the pines, I heard a child crying and a hoarse voice crooning softly a mournful song, the words of which fell into my memory with the air—

"When de battle's ov-er we kin war a crown
In de new Je-ru-sa-lum."

Next day I heard soldiers singing thoughtlessly, in the gayety of their hearts, a savagely suggestive refrain:

"Oh, you nigguhs, yo' had better lie low!"

CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE

LITERATURE

PHASES OF AN INFERIOR PLANET. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAKING OF MATTHIAS. By J. S. FLETCHER. New York: John Lane.

THE phenomenon of life on the inferior planet, *orbis terrarum*, upon which Miss Glasgow chiefly dilates, is hunger vanquishing love. It is probably within the observation of most of us that sentiment will capitulate to dinner, but in this book the question is complicated by the joint mutiny of physical and moral wants against the amorous despotism. Mariana almost lives on her emotions; Algarcife, almost by his. Her feelings are all romantic, artistic; her aim and study are to become a renowned singer. His pleasure is scientific research; it results in the conquest of a moderate amount of bread and butter. These two marry—unfortunately, each other. His poverty prohibits, and his bookishness does not understand, her enjoyment of the vocal and instrumental arts, as necessary to her as air, and his large pride and little purse are at one in condemning her proposed career. To support her, he imposes uncongenial work on his already overtaxed mind. Against such a situation the man's sense of duty holds out longer than the woman's impatience and hysteria. Nerves and illness hasten the catastrophe. They succumb, and separate. The sequel shows how the mutiny ended.

The reproach of pessimism, which the author is certain to incur, need not trouble her, since the trend of her story is the search of Truth. Job and Seneca, not contemptible persons, were truth-seeking pessimists. Nor can she escape impeachment for wit, erudition, and liberality. But here pigrammatic cynics are too much alike. Compare the passage on page 31, describing certain attributes of Ardly, with that on page 64, relating to Algarcife. You would deduce identity of character. The conversation of the inmates of The Gotham does not enable you to lift out individuals. Their cleverness is justified by their avocations, but they are only a clever crowd. Rowena and Rebecca would interest us less if both had had black hair. Mariana's airy temperament and high intellectuality are queer companions. Algarcife's character is more easily realized. The power of its conception lies in what the author withholds. The Bohemia of Miss Glasgow's imagination is not a delirious place. The supreme achievement there of the wildest bacchante is to take a glass of sherry, light a cigarette, and sit on a music stool. We acknowledge the explanation, on page 84, that this is Bohemia.

"The Descendant," by the same author, but published anonymously, merited and won popularity. May "Phases of an Inferior Planet" meet with equal approval.

THE LATE MAX ALVARY, DRAMATIC TENOR

Matthias was a son of nature. Bred on a farm, he had no knowledge, as other children have, of fairies and princes and dragons and castles. He lived with and loved the trees and the young colts, and the blackbirds and the winds of heaven; he understood their language, and they his thoughts. One day Matthias came into the possession of some books. They carried off his mind to the realms of fancy, so that he went out in the moonlight, and beheaded monstrous thistles with an old cavalry sword. On his twelfth birthday Matthias went to lay some primroses on the grave of his parents, whom he had never known. On the tombstone he found an old man sitting, who talked with him long and earnestly about the variety of the world's splendors and the unreality of all that was not pure, clean, God-made nature. That set Matthias thinking hard, and he began to suspect that the wonderful tales he had been reading might perhaps not help him to be good and useful. When his grandmother died he understood better still that he must leave the kingdom of imagination in order to serve God and man truly. This he at once tried to do, and although quite alone now, was successful.—And so Mr. Fletcher's charming idyll ends. The deep emotions and the philosophy of the author's "God's Failures" are absent from this simple, innocent, pathetic little story, which nevertheless proves the writer's power and taste anew. He is, in places, a prose Tennyson, with his direct Anglo-Saxon words, his loyal hatred of the modern ideas that would sap the substantial truths our forefathers upheld, his spiritual comprehension and artistic interpretation of nature's beauties, and his longing for the triumph of Right.

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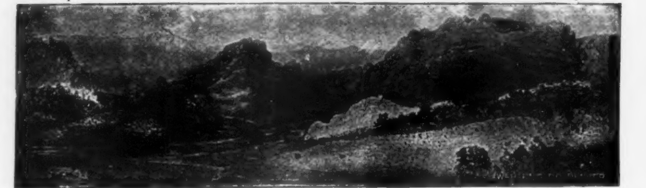

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MONSIEUR ET MADAME

THE world has grown singularly indocile. In nothing else has it changed so much since the days when a preacher was able to persuade by a word—a word which no man had to contradict for daily bread. The speakers of English particularly resist instruction, even when it is indisputable, authentic, and uncontradicted. It is now many a year since the two traveling nations were credibly told how to mend the manners of the race so as to resemble them—for the brief time of a journey—to the ways of the other part of the world. The lesson was never denied, but it has never been obeyed. The patient compilers repeat it in every handbook of dialogues for the use of the tourist. It is assumed that the learner candidly wishes to know how to accost the multitude of strangers whose services he will accept in the course of his little journey; and he can never aver that he received ambiguous instructions, or that his teachers were of many minds. Nonetheless he has remained invariably incredulous on the most important because the most constantly recurring points. He has never really believed that he ought to say Monsieur and Madame. He never says either.

The lesson makes no demand upon faith, for it is easily verified. The least observant traveler traveling the dullest roads, this year or any year, must have stood for a while at the little window of some ticket office, and must there have been compelled to hear his French fellow-tourist address the clerk, and ask explanations, and discuss some difficulty in his bundle of tickets. He cannot possibly have avoided hearing the "Monsieur"—the carefully and clearly exchanged title, for which there is always time even when time presses, and always room even in a crowd. But when the turn comes for his own ticket and his own inquiries, this Englishman does not say "Monsieur" to the clerk. It seems to him an improbable custom, and he respects his sense of improbability more than his sense of hearing.

Again, when he goes into a shop, he does not always go alone; other clients are at the counter. He has the opportunity of the looker-on and the bystander and the overhearer, the opportunity of which the public ways and public places are always full, which is invaluable, but of which few make the smallest personal use. He might satisfy himself, with a little moderate alertness, that the mistress of the shop is always called "Madame," that she is always greeted at the outset, and that leave is always taken of her or of any assistant who may be in waiting. These things are too obvious to repeat; but if they are so obvious, why, one wonders, are they not believed?

In Paris the shop is private ground; in London it is not so, socially, whatever it may be legally. So with the hotel. The manners of Mr. Marlow and Mr. Hastings to the old man they took for an innkeeper—detestable manners they were—and the kind of ease they took in their inn, show that the indecorous modes of address are not to be charged to our times, and to the recent lapse of all ceremony. Modernity is not responsible. The manners of Goldsmith's day are survivals of a very ungracious and unrefined feudalism; those of our own represent feudalism with the added off-growth of the town, the assiduous and sedulous town that flourishes and prospers by shopkeeping. These two men in the play have ceremony enough in their dealings with their equals—especially, it is needless to say, with the women. By the way, their use of the phrase "modest woman," as equivalent for "lady," is an implicit insult of incalculable magnitude and extent. It is the widest and most general insolence, covers unlimited ground, and wounds honor in the unknown, remote, obscure, and common places where honor, being ignorant and unread, is unaware of the outrage; and being inarticulate, cannot reply to it.

France is so well used to the untaught manners of tourists that there is no longer to be seen the quiet expression of distaste on the face of hotel-keeper or shopkeeper when the gross tourist turns his back. Or it lingers only in places less accustomed. But now and then a loitering Frenchman dispenses himself from the duty of superior manners. An Anglo-Saxon traveler arrives at a station late, is uncertain as to his train, and asks his way of the first bystander he knocks against without a word of excuse and with all the roughness of a man in an abject hurry. He takes for granted that this French bystander has the curious sympathy, universal among our race, with the interests of property great or small, and that he will share the anxiety of the owner of a ticket to catch a train which he would probably lose something by missing. But the French lounger cares not a jot whether a traveler with those manners be in time or not. He allows himself, then, for once the pleasure of an answering *grossièreté*; he replies to the heated inquiry with a blank and leisurely "I don't know."

On the other hand, he who never omits "*pardon*" when there is time, and never, never forgets "Monsieur," whether there be time or not, has his wildest questions answered, from one end of France to another, with unalterable courtesy. We have never yet learned to understand how thoroughly France is democratic. For it is only in France that "Monsieur" and "Madame," or their equivalents, are thus obligatory. The German, for example, takes a certain dignity from his vocation, whatever it may be, and uses the name of his trade like a title. You are polite, according to the hierarchic German politeness, if you call your butcher "Butcher." In Italy and in Egypt you cannot accost strangers of the poorer classes without a compliment to their beauty, which takes the place of the detestable "My worthy friend," once in use among ourselves. "Out of the road, beautiful young woman!" cries your coachman, as he drives at an apathetic old crone in the streets of Alexandria. "Clear the way, strong man!"—let the man be what he may. And so you say "*bella donna*" to every woman of the people of whom you may ask your way in the Italian country roads.

Italians do not resent a rough address as do the French; this does not mean that they admire it. They will serve, when properly accosted, with smiles which they otherwise refuse, and which are well worth having. Indeed, the tourist who knows how to preface his requests with "*favorisca*" has a quite unfair advantage over his less careful fellow-traveler, so well, sweetly, gayly, and promptly is he served.

If the Anglo-Saxon, conscious of his money, would but overcome his squalid fear of being overcharged! It is generally a vain dread, and it is the most common cause of the most horrible manners. You will hear people at a Neapolitan hotel giving one another an account of their day and of its excursions, and their ignominious anecdotes turn upon the half-*lira* which they were alert enough to refuse to pay to the boatman in the Capri cave or to the guide on Vesuvius. The truth is, that the Italian will often do you some little service without the expectation of pay. But Italians are not democratic. What they have is an easy general humanity.

Whatever mistakes may be made further afield, let us insist once more upon "Monsieur" and "Madame" for that land of France, which we so often reprove for her ignorance of our titles, our names, and our spelling. Our own ignorance is less excusable, for it refers to one thing, and that a thing very easily learned. There is no mystery about this indispensable rule of manners. Tourists of this year, let every man, except the hotel servant in the act of service, be "Monsieur" to you; let every woman be "Madame." Once more: lift your hat when you enter the shop of a citizen; lift your hat when you ask your way, when you have to jostle people in passing them, when you first talk to anybody. Say "Monsieur" and "Madame"; but we know you won't.

ALICE MEYNELL

MODEST.

QUIETLY, and in marked contrast with some of its contemporaries, the Chicago Great Western has just placed two royal new trains into service between Chicago and St. Paul, green and gold in colors, with red roofs and trucks, and simply Aladdin interiors. The new trains are Pullman palaces, built after special designs born in the Chicago Great Western general offices. The interiors are mahogany, richly inlaid, and the furnishings harmonious carpets and draperies. The club cars of these splendid new limited trains are something entirely new and novel under the sun. They have flat ceilings and resemble rooms more than cars. They have high-backed, luxuriously cushioned settees at the ends and in the corners, like those in the new Grand Pacific bar, with a mahogany center table, lamp-illumined, with rich canopy shades, and surrounded by easy chairs. The windows are diamond-shaped prismatic-glass lattice work, after the ancient German style. The club car has all the appointments and conveniences of the metropolitan club. At the front end is a conductor's room, with desk and lamp, where he can transact his ticket assorting unseen and undisturbed. The Chicago Great Western has excelled itself and contemporaries in the introduction of these imperial trains, but proposes to let them be discovered by the traveling public, hence their noiseless inaugural.

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As a Home Entertainer

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Such, however, is the Improved Gramophone, of which *The Churchman*, of New York, says:

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Messrs. Cullin and Collins
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By the Banda Rosa, the most famous band of Italy
5 Recitation - - - - - - A Negro Funeral Sermon
By George Graham
6 Clarinet Solo - - - - - - - La Sonambula
By A. P. Stengler, many years soloist Gilmore's Band
7 Soprano Solo - - - - - - - Staccato Polka
By Miss Virginia Powell Goodwin
8 Trombone Solo - - - - - - Love Thoughts Waltz
By Arthur W. Pryor, trombone soloist of Sousa's Band
9 "A Flag Without a Stain" - - - - Diamond Quartette
10 Orchestra Selection - - - - - The Pomona Waltz
By the Metropolitan Orchestra
11 The Crack Regiment - - - - - - Sousa's Band
12 The Lord's Prayer and XXIII Psalm Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage

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The silver strains of the cornet.
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The spirit-stirring rattle of the drum.
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The sonorous voice of Chauncey M. Depew.
The staccato utterances of Dr. Talmage.
The inimitable idiom of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle.

All as natural as life itself—these performances being nothing less than ACTUAL REPRODUCTIONS.

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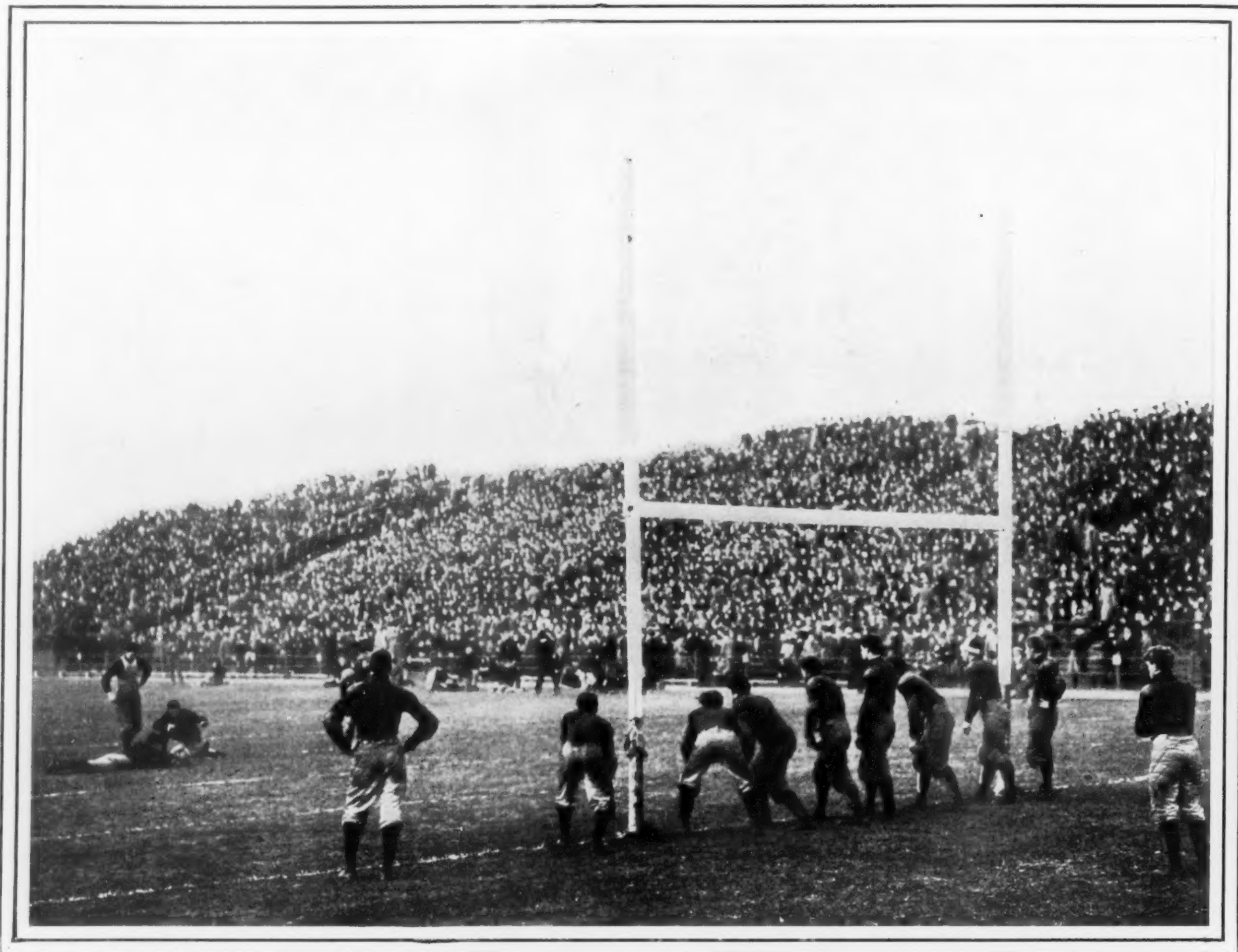

Photograph by James H. Hare

HARVARD-PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 5—COCHRANE ABOUT TO TRY FOR GOAL, ONE MINUTE AFTER GAME BEGAN

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

HERSCHBERGER'S KICKING

It is not right to let the Chicago team and their wonderful kicker return to Illinois without a more extended comment than was possible in our earlier issue. Stagg has always been a clever coach. Those who saw the work of his pupils at Philadelphia, and who had been saying that outside of a few tricks which might of course score or upset calculations there would be nothing in the Western wonders, found themselves mistaken. Had the game been within the limit of a twenty and a fifteen-minute half, as have so many of the minor contests, it might have seen Pennsylvania defeated, and that, too, by the kicking of one man, and the clever running of the team that carried him. The second half was only a case of seeing how long the Chicago line could stand the hammering of guards back. They had endured it for thirty-five minutes, but seventy was beyond them. So they go back beaten by a considerable score, and those who only read scores and do not see games have no fair measure of their work. Take the case of Herschberger, the exaggerated language that is applied to even ordinary kicking has been used to such an extreme that when a man writes of a sixty-yard punt, or a goal from the middle of the field, the average reader of accounts of football games is not at all impressed; in fact, he thinks it is done every day. But the readers of this column know that sixty-yard punts and midfield goal-kicking are not the ordinary events of the football field, and especially not the features of a game between two evenly matched teams. This young man is quite capable of performances of this nature, if one may base any judgment upon what he actually did do in the match at Philadelphia. The ground was not especially choice for kicking, being a bit slippery. The wind was light, and, in fact, Herschberger made his long kicks not entirely from one goal, but from each. A description of one play will also show the capabilities and resources of this team. It was toward the end of the first half. Pennsylvania had just scored, and it was Chicago's kick-off. There were only two or three moments of playing time remaining. If Chicago kicked off in the ordinary way, it was unlikely that Pennsylvania would permit them to secure the ball again. The Chicago team lined up for the kick-off. Every man kept behind the kicker, but they all came on a good run with him. As he reached the ball, instead of sending it down the field, he kicked it lightly on top with a sort of "follow," and he and all his men, going at speed, almost at once got well ahead of the ball and secured it on the forty-five yard line. Here the team lined up, and Herschberger, dropping back to a position between the fifty and fifty-five yard lines, tried at Pennsylvania's goal by a field kick from placement, and the ball came within a few feet of passing over the goal, going a little to the right and at a height almost level with the bar. Almost immediately after this time was called for the end of the half. There are probably several men who can make a place kick of fifty yards or so when they have plenty of time and the ball carefully set. But a man who can, in the face of a line of rushers like Pennsylvania's, stand fifty-three yards from the goal and send the ball so nearly over the bar as to make it only a question of feet is worth seeing.

ARTHUR POE (PRINCETON)

Who made the great Run in the Princeton-Yale Game, Saturday, Nov. 12

EAST AND WEST UNITED ON RULES

The unanimous adoption by the Western colleges of the Eastern rules, and the dropping of the special code drawn up by Messrs. Stagg and Elsom, is in line with the best interests of the sport. Now that the action is taken, and no false interpretation can be placed upon giving utterance to the truth, a frank statement of the entire affair is proper. After the close of the football season last fall it was evident that the usual alteration of the code which had been the general football law of the country for two years was in order. East and West alike had found certain points not fully or adequately covered. The Western colleges were, some of them, ready to act at once. Others preferred to await the usual action of the Rules Committee of the University Athletic Club. The radicals were in the majority, and a committee of three was appointed. When the committee met, however, one of them stated, upon learning that it was the purpose of the others to act independently of the Eastern committee, that neither he nor his university were prepared to do this, and, as the other two insisted, he withdrew. A code was then drawn up, and copies were sent to the members of the Eastern Rules Committee. This was just previous to the first meeting of the Eastern committee. At that first meeting, although some expression of opinion was natural regarding the impetuosity of the Western committee, it was agreed that, so far as practicable, the suggestions of the Western men be followed; and in fact that, where there was no serious objection, the very wording of the Western rules be adopted; in the belief and hope that the Western colleges would appreciate this, and in the end adopt the usual custom of following the Eastern ruling and avoiding the disagreeable features of two separate codes, thus uniting all under a harmonious set of rules. Before the rules were finally ratified by the Eastern Rules Committee, a still further attempt was made to insure this, but it was without avail. Then the committee accepted the apparently inevitable. It is therefore especially pleasing on all sides that, contrary to expectation, the Western colleges eventually decided to adopt, as always before, the Eastern code; and it is

Photograph by James H. Hare

Durston *Benjamin (with ball)* *Edwards* *Ayres* *Hillebrand*

PRINCETON-YALE, NOVEMBER 12—"NO GAIN FOR YALE"

most agreeable to the Eastern committee to feel that their attempts, by taking all the suggestions of their Western friends to bring about harmony, have not, in the end, been fruitless.

PACIFIC COAST

California football has had new life instilled into it by the advent and coaching of Cochran, last year's Princeton end and captain. It began to look as if the annual match between Stanford and Berkeley would never result in a victory for the latter. Certain good moves last season at the University of California, in the way of paying attention to the development of future material, are bearing fruit, and this, added to Cochran's work, promises to bring out a team that cannot be set down as beaten until after the game. Already Kaarsburg and Hall are doing work as full-back and half respectively that rightly gives the Stanford team some feelings of uneasiness. Percy Hall was a good man last year, but he had not the line to support him. This season Cochran is strengthening that vital point, and in Pringle at tackle and Hooper at guard he seems to have found promising material. Meantime Stanford is not standing still, although their improvement is not as marked as is that of the University of California. The duel between Harry Cross, the old Yale center, and Garrett Cochran, the Princeton end, as the two coaches, promises exciting times. The Olympic Club team is, as usual, the trial horse upon which both universities test their powers.

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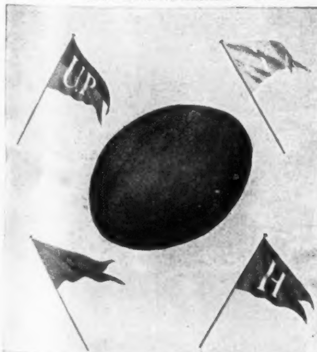

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THE DRAMA

SEVERAL years ago, in Paris, I made the acquaintance of a young French amateur of the theatre. As he had been partly educated at an English school, he spoke English very much better than I spoke French; so we got on comfortably. We frequently went to the theatre together, and through his suggestions I was enabled to appreciate many of the subtleties of the French writing as well as of the French point of view which I might otherwise have lost. At that time he wanted to come to America, and I had promised, when he did come, to take him to see some of our plays. Long absence from home had given me an optimistic view of everything American; so I fear that, quite unintentionally, I may have misled him with regard to the state of dramatic art here. At any rate, when, a short time ago, he finally arrived, I felt conscience-stricken and apprehensive.

When we discussed plans for theatre-going, he said that he wanted to see something distinctively American. So my mind ran swiftly over the plays now running at the theatres. I felt a thrill of delight on recalling that May Irwin was about to appear in her new play, "Kate Kip, Buyer," at the Bijou Theatre. Her coming seemed more than opportune; it was providential. "I shall take you to a play that is American from the ground up," I said, falling into the vernacular that I use only with foreigners; it seems to please them so much and they are so disappointed if you don't use it. "In fact, it couldn't have been written in any other country. I'm sure that you've never seen anything like it. You will find that it has a flavor of its own, a national flavor."

My friend was delighted; he referred to the piece several times, in the manner of a scientist about to be shown a new and remarkable specimen. In fact, he seemed to count so much on the enjoyment of the evening that I felt nervous again.

When we arrived at the Bijou Theatre we found a large audience; the boxes were crowded. "It's most curious," I explained, "the way May Irwin appeals to all classes of people. Now those people in the lower left-hand box are very well known in New York; you see their names all the time in the society columns of the newspapers. And that woman with the white face and the Titian hair, she represents another kind. She's a millionaire Bohemian from California; she affects the society of actors and artists, and she's always conspicuous on first nights—in wonderful toilets. And the very modestly dressed woman in the opposite box is an ex-actress who made a fortune and retired several years ago. In the orchestra here I can see society women and men about town, and writers, and painters, and people that one doesn't know anything about—the nondescript class that you find at all other theatres."

"Then this lady—Miss May Irwin—is a great artist, I suppose?" he asked innocently.

I don't why it was that I felt an impulse to smile. I know one critic of excellent judgment who thinks that May Irwin is a great artist. I kept a straight face, however, and I said: "She isn't generally taken as seriously as that. By most theatre-goers she is simply considered very amusing; they don't stop to classify her. But she is an artist in her line, though she can't exactly be called great. For many years she hardly ranked above what would now be called a music-hall performer. But even then her originality was recognized by one of our best managers, Mr. Augustin Daly, who engaged her for his stock company. Miss Irwin now says that she owes a great deal to Mr. Daly's training."

"Was she born here in New York?" he asked. "I believe you said she was an American."

I felt my face growing warm. "So I did; but that was because we always think of her as an American. But she was born in Canada, and she's Irish, by parentage, like so many of our actors. I know a manager who says that nearly all of our successful actors have some Irish in them."

"Yes, they have great temperament, the Irish," he said. "They are like us."

The curtain was about to rise, and we settled back in our seats to enjoy Mr. Glen Macdonough's farce-comedy. It opened, as all pieces of its kind open, with great flourish and bustle. We were not kept waiting long for the star. In a tight-fitting ulster, and with a hat of many feathers perched on her blonde hair, in marched "Kate Kip, Buyer." She had been in a railway wreck and she had propelled herself to town on a hand-car. My friend was delighted with her and with the breezy fashion in whch she related her adventure.

"I suppose that sort of thing is really quite common here," he said, "in the West."

"Well, I've never happened to hear of it," I replied, "but it may be. In Boston they tell a story of a rather eccentric rich woman who missed her train and went to an afternoon reception in the country in the cab of a locomotive that she had chartered. But that," I hastened to explain, "was very unusual."

I don't think he heard what I said. He was absorbed in watching Miss Irwin. As the plot developed, an expression of bewilderment appeared in his face. This disappeared only when Miss Irwin sang her coon songs. Then his face became luminous. At the close of the act he said:

"She is very wonderful; but I—I don't quite understand it. Is it—is it supposed to be a true picture of American life?"

"Oh, dear, no! If it were, it would bore people to death. In this country audiences don't care for that sort of thing. They look upon the theatre merely as a place for recreation after the work and the cares of the day. That is why a crazy farce like this amuses them. They don't have to think, and the extravagances appeal to the American sense of the incongruous, which is wonderfully developed."

He looked mystified again. After a moment, he started to ask a question; then he stopped, as if unable to formulate it. The curtain rose and I covertly watched him. I was having more amusement from the effect of the piece on him than from the work of the actors. His bewilderment seemed to deepen; at moments, when the house was in an uproar of laughter, he was unable to smile. When at last the curtain fell he turned to me:

"What do you critics do with a piece like this?"

"Such a piece is beyond the pale of criticism," I replied. "Those critics who take it seriously simply waste their energy."

Photograph by Aime Dupont

MISS MAY IRWIN

The fame of an actor is so largely a matter of the moment that when we see an old player, once celebrated as the chief figure in the romantic drama, it is hard to believe in the departed greatness. I had this experience in watching Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder when I first saw her act, about a dozen years ago. She must then have been past seventy years of age, and she was a hale old woman, playing like a veteran, in the manner that our older dramatic critics say can never be reproduced by the recent generation of actors. At that time few people knew of her brilliant history—she had lived so far away from her triumphs. As these began a very few years after 1811, when she was born, the public can hardly be blamed. Mrs. Fisher was one of the few child actresses who developed in maturity into first-rate artists. Since her death I have been reading her autobiography, published last year by the Dunlap Society, and a most delightful picture it gives of the theatrical life in England and America during the century. It is all the more delightful because it shows such an innocent unconsciousness of the fixed laws of writing, and because the writer is so absolutely sincere. It seems more like conversation than a book. From the actor's vanity Mrs. Maeder must have been as free as Fanny Kemble was. She never dwells on her successes, and for her brother and sister artists she has plenty of praise and affectionate reference. "I was taken to the theatre by my father," she says in the first chapter, "when I was only four years old—a mere baby; and, young as I was, took a violent fancy for the stage. . . The play was 'Jane Shore,' and Miss O'Neill performed the principal part." Her own public appearance was made one year later, in the play by David Garrick entitled "Lilliput," and in a part of the fifth act of "Richard the Third," in which the astonishing infant played Richard! "It was so successful," she writes, "that the Covent Garden managers made my father an offer to engage me to perform in a somewhat similar play called 'Harlequin Gulliver,' with the same portion of 'Richard,' which I gradually increased till I was able to give the whole play of 'Richard the Third.' " Shortly afterward little Miss Fisher studied other characters, including, of all characters, Shylock, and she "starred" for four years through England. It is amazing that this experience did not spoil her; but, through it all, she seems to have remained very child-like. "Even as a child I cared nothing for the papers," she says, "and heard little or nothing of their praise or blame; but I was sensitive as to my father's and mother's opinions, and those of my sister Jane." During the next few years she was associated with some of the most conspicuous figures in the history of the English stage—with Kemble, Kean and Macready—and she played before many of the celebrities of the early century. "I remember but once seeing George the Fourth, whom my father had known well, at Brighton. He was then Prince Regent—the king, George the Third, being ill and blind. I forget the play, which was specially ordered, but I went on with all the company to sing 'God Save the King,' and can slightly recollect the handsome prince as he bowed from his box to the cheering audience."

In 1827 Mrs. Maeder made her first appearance in this country, at the old Park Theatre in New York. She both acted and sang, for in her early life she had an excellent voice, and she began a long and successful American career. In referring to her American managers, she tells this suggestive story of John Stetson: "Once we were rehearsing 'David Copperfield,' and Mr. Stetson said he would like to alter the business of the play, entirely doing away with one scene, and substituting a shipwreck and various effects having nothing to do with the piece. Whereupon James O'Neill expostulated: 'Only consider, the author, Charles Dickens, had no such ideas.' 'Charles Dickens be d—d!' roared the manager. 'I'm looking out for John Stetson.'" For the elder Sothern Mrs. Maeder had a warm admiration. In speaking of his impersonation of Lord Dundreary, she says: "He told us that he had for some weeks watched the style of dress of the ultra-fashionable noblemen and swells of the day, and, observing a distinguished-looking man coming from a grand reception, he lifted his hat to him with a polite 'Good-morning.' The supposed nobleman returning the salute as politely, he had observed the style in which he parted his hair, and thereby got an idea for a proper wig, which he ordered and wore." One of her last engagements was with Mr. Richard Mansfield; though made for ten months, it lasted about ten days. "I didn't get along with Mr. Mansfield," Mrs. Maeder says ingenuously, "or he didn't with me, *somehow*."

Theatre-goers of a dozen years ago cannot have forgotten charming and vivacious Virginia Dreher, who used to play parts second to Miss Ada Rehan in the Daly Company. When Miss Dreher left the stage genuine regret was felt; she had not only won admiration, but she had made her way into the affections of her audiences. Without being in any sense a remarkable actress, she had a very graceful and charming talent. It was reported that Miss Dreher married a millionaire, and her marriage, together with that of Miss Edith Kingdon to George Gould, gave the Daly Company a reputation for providing brides to men of wealth. Miss Dreher did not, however, really marry a millionaire, though her husband was a man of means.

Photograph by Sarony

THE LATE VIRGINIA DREHER

When I first heard that we were to have "Cyrano de Bergerac," I thought with great satisfaction of the burlesques it would inspire. Capital sport was in prospect, and with eager anticipation I went the other night to Koster and Bial's to see "Sir Andy de Bootjack." But oh, what a disappointment! We had Mr. Richard Mansfield and Mr. Augustin Daly on the stage, to be sure; but the actors gave not the remotest suggestion of the Mr. Daly and the Mr. Mansfield that we know. So the effect of the satire, a very questionable satire at that, was wholly missed. Had the actors lost their nerve at the last moment or had the manager lost his nerve? Something must have happened. As Cyrano, Mr. Dick Bernard struggled valiantly through a wearisomely long part; occasionally he had a witty speech, but only occasionally. Miss Josephine Hall as Roxiana Rehan had practically nothing to do except to make references to one of the most brilliant actresses on our stage that were in extremely bad taste and stupid. The disappointment I felt may have put me in a humbler mood when I went to see "Cyranose de Bric-à-Brac," the joint work of Harry B. Smith, Edgar Smith and John Stromberg. At any rate, I expected nothing—that is, nothing good—and, to my astonishment, I enjoyed the burlesque immensely. It proved to be a fairly close and a very elaborate imitation of the chief episodes of the original, changed and colored, of course, to serve the purpose. The vast audience was plainly enchanted with it. The actors, including Miss Fay Templeton, formerly robust, now plump, and ever young, as "Roxy," all played with unflagging spirits. The burlesque was preceded by a skit on "The Christian," entitled "The Heathen," which was remarkably clever. Miss Mabel Fenton gave a delicious imitation of Miss Viola Allen. I hope that Mr. Hall Caine will not be allowed to leave New York without seeing it. But I forget. Mr. Caine's drama of music-hall life shows that he never goes into music-halls.

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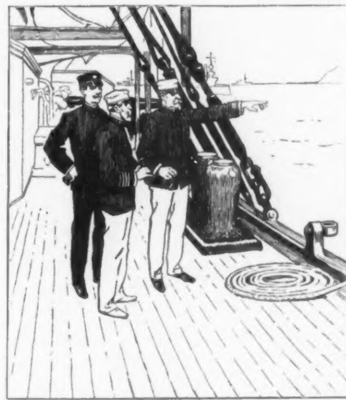

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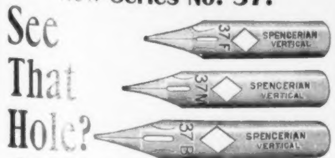

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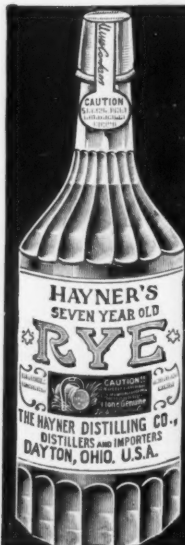

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